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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 17, No. 08): August 28, 1863

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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## THE LOVE KNOT.

Tying her bonnet under the chin,  
She tied the raven ringlets in;  
But not alone in the silken snare  
Did she catch her lovely floating hair,  
For tying her bonnet under her chin,  
She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill,  
Where the wind comes blowing merry and chill;  
And it blew the curls a frolicsome race,  
All over the happy peach-colored face,  
Till, smiling and laughing she tied them in,  
Under her beautiful dimpled chin.

And it blew a color bright as the bloom  
Of the pinkest fuchsia's tossing plume,  
All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl,  
That ever imprisoned a roosting curl,  
Or in tying her bonnet under her chin,  
She tied a young man's heart within.

On western wind, do you think it was fair,  
To play such tricks with her floating hair?  
To gladden, gleefully do your best,  
To blow her against the young man's breast,  
Where he has gladly folded her in,  
And kissed her lips and dimpled chin!

Oh, Elly Vane, you little thought  
An hour ago, when you besought  
This country lass to walk with you,  
After the sun had dried the dew,  
What perilous danger you'd be in,  
As she tied her bonnet under her chin.

## Children's Spectacles.

Ting a ling-a-ling! Ting a ling-a-ling!  
That's the children's bell. Are they all  
here? None of your great big boys and girls  
for this class—they know too much—but only  
the little fellows who have put on trousers,  
with pockets in them, (real pockets, remember)  
and have heels to their new boots, heels that  
make such a noise in the hall that every body  
thinks it is father coming. And girls, too, who  
are learning to hem and dress their own dolls,  
and who know which is the thumb finger, and  
what a c-h-coo it spells. And now children, that  
you are all here, I want to tell you something—  
You have all got spectacles on!

Ha! ha!  
But you have, though! and, what is strange-  
r still, you have not only one pair apiece,  
but about a dozen pair; and sometimes another.  
For instance: This morning, when Willie  
Winkie, the little fellow, you know, who every  
night

well, when he kissed the children's eyelids this  
morning, they jumped out of their beds one  
after the other, and some of them looked out  
of the window to see what kind of a day it  
would be.

The sun was crouching away off in a corner  
of the sky behind a thick grey cloud, and all  
the children, mind, had on their spectacles.

"Pshaw!" said one poor little fellow, who  
wore an ugly, grizzled, green pair, made by  
Ill-Nature; it's going to storm. I don't see  
what it had to be unpleasant today for."

"Perhaps it's going to snow, Johnny, and  
make good coasting for us," put in little Bob,  
who nearly always had on rosy spectacles.

"Oh, snow, who cares for snow? I want to  
try my new skates. Where's the use of having  
skates if there's never to be any ice? I  
gawled Johnny as he began to dress. But he  
had a shocking time getting on his shoes  
and stockings, and he said some very ill natu-  
red things, and could not see the sorrowful look  
in his mother's eyes—all on account of his bad  
spectacles."

In another part of the town, a girl named  
Susie, was peeping through the window blinds.  
She had on a bright blue pair belonging to  
Hope; so she called cheerfully to her mother:  
"The sky is very dark, mother, but it's go-  
ing to clear up. I can just see the sun shin-  
ing in the smoke!"

Bless her dear heart! she always will see  
something "shiny" as long as she lives.  
"Well, even if it doesn't, Sue," said her  
brother Charley, "we'll get along indoors.  
Come, let's see who'll be dressed first." His  
glasses were made by Cheerfulness, and they  
brightened every room he went in all day.

And yet another sunny-haired little fellow,  
whose spectacles would have fairly sparkled  
in the dark, was looking out into the street,  
where the sidewalk was all damp with the mist;  
and as he turned around, he said, half to  
himself, and half to himself:

"I wish I was Kis Kingle; I'd put a pair  
of rubber boots on everybody's Kismis tee  
and a big, big umbrellia, too."

So all over the town the wee folks were  
looking at the morning through their specta-  
cles; and when they stopped talking about it,  
the sun gave two or three winks, and then he  
pulled his big cloud cap over his eyes, and  
settled into a long day's nap. In the meantime,  
the children (and you, too, every one of you)  
went about the houses and streets and gardens  
with their spectacles on.

Some one looked at dark things and made  
them bright. Who? Was it you?

Some looked at bright things and made  
them dark. Who? Was it you?

Some have picked their way through the  
day, speaking this one and that one, doing no  
harm, speaking no cross word, and smiling on  
all the household through their clear loving  
spectacles. Oh! I do hope that was you.

And others, because they were dingy, cross  
grained ones, have stumbled about in every  
body's way; and instead of sunny spectacles,  
their eyes have been filled with raindrops from  
crying clouds nearly half the time. Who?  
No, no, I am sure it was not you.

But even if it were, the end of the day has  
not come yet. Even if it is bed time, and you  
are just about kissing for "good night," there  
is time enough for you to change your specta-  
cles for a better kind. You can whisk them  
off, in less time, if you try, than it takes grand  
mother to put on her glass and gold ones. For  
you see, she has a first fumble in her pocket  
for a morocco case; then she has to open it  
and get out her glasses, open them carefully,  
then rub them with her handkerchief, then  
put them on squarely and evenly over her nose.  
But you, little one, why your spectacle cases  
are your own hearts, ready for you at an  
instant's notice, and full as they can be of every  
kind of spectacles a child can need.

But if I were you, I'll tell you what I'd do.  
I would keep only the good kinds, and throw  
away all the poor ones. Whenever I jumped  
out of bed in the morning, with a pair on that  
made me see things in a crooked way, I'd take  
them off as soon as possible, and I would not  
put them back in my heart again, for fear they  
would do more mischief another time.

For bad spectacles will make little feathery  
troubles look like heavy stones.

Bad spectacles make you feel as if all the  
people in the world were making faces at you.  
Bad spectacles will turn even kisses into  
snaps.

Ting a ling-a-ling. Ting a ling-a-ling.  
There's that bell again. The class is dis-  
missed. Good bye, I think I have told you  
the lesson I want you to study for tomorrow.  
God bless you, little rosy cheeks, one and  
all and help you to learn your lesson.

[Christian Advocate.]

CASINO-OL ADMINISTRATION.—The medi-  
cal men of Paris recommend the following  
way of administering castor oil to children:—  
The quantity of oil prescribed is poured into  
a small earthen pan over a moderate fire, and

## The Eastern Mail.

VOL. XVII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... FRIDAY, AUG. 28, 1863.

NO. 8.

## The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DAN'L R. WING,

EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... AUG. 28, 1863.

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## THE LOVE-KNOT.

Tying her bonnet under the chin,  
She tied the raven ringlets in;  
But not alone in the silken snare  
Did she catch her lovely floating hair,  
For tying her bonnet under her chin,  
She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill,  
Where the wind comes blowing merry and chill;  
And it blew the curls a frolicsome race,  
All over the happy peach-colored face,  
Till scolding and laughing she tied them in,  
Under her beautiful dimpled chin.

And it blew a color bright as the bloom  
Of the pinkest fuchsia's tossing plume,  
All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl,  
That ever imprisoned a roving curl,  
Or, in tying her bonnet under her chin,  
Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill—  
Madder, merrier, cheerier still—  
The western wind blew down and played  
The wildest tricks with the little maid,  
As, tying her bonnet under her chin,  
She tied a young man's heart within.

Oh, Elery Vane, you little thought  
At that hour, when you walked with you,  
This country lass to walk with you,  
After the sun had dried the dew,  
What perilous danger you'd be in,  
As she tied her bonnet under her chin.

## Children's Spectacles.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling! Ting-a-ling-a-ling!  
That's the children's bell—Are they all  
here? None of your great big boys and girls  
for this class—they know too much—but only  
the little fellows who have eyes on trowsers,  
with pockets in them, (real pockets, remember)  
and have heels to their new boots, heels that  
make such a noise in the hall that every body  
thinks it is father coming. And girls, too, who  
are learning to hem and sew their own dolls,  
and who blow which is the thimble finger, and  
what a-o-hoo! spells. And now children, that  
you are all here. I want to tell you something.  
You have all got spectacles on!

Ha! ha!  
But you have, though I and, what is stranger  
will, you have not only one pair apiece,  
but about a dozen pair; and sometimes another.  
For instance: This morning, when Willie  
Winkle, the little fellow, you know, who  
every night

Walks thro' the town,  
Up stairs and down stairs,  
In his night gown,  
well, when he kissed the children's eyelids this  
morning, they jumped out of their beds one  
after the other, and some of them looked out  
of the window to see what kind of a day it  
would be.

The sun was crouching away off in a corner  
of the sky behind a thick gray cloud, and all  
the children, mind, had on their spectacles.  
Pshaw! I said one poor little fellow, who  
wore an ugly, grizzly, green pair, made by  
Ill-Nature; it's going to storm. I don't see  
what it had to be unpleasant today for.

Perhaps it's going to snow, Johnny, and  
make good coasting for us, put in little Bob,  
who nearly always had on rosy spectacles.  
Oh, snow, who cares for snow? I want to  
try my new skates. Where's the use of having  
skates if there's never to be any ice?

gawled Johnny as he began to dress. But he  
had a shocking time getting on his shoes  
and stockings, and he said some very ill nat-  
ured things, and could not see the sorrowful look  
in his mother's eyes—all on account of his bad  
spectacles.

In another part of the town, a girl named  
Susie, was peeping through the window blinds.  
She had on a bright blue pair belonging to  
Hope; so she called cheerfully to her mother:  
"The sky is very dark, mother, but it's going  
to clear up. I can just see the sun shinin'  
in the smoke!"

Bless her dear heart! she always will see  
something 'chime' as long as she lives.  
Well, even if it doesn't, Sue, said her  
brother Charley, we'll get along indoors.  
Come, let's see who'll be dressed first. His  
clothes were made by Cheerfulness, and they  
brightened every room he went in all day.

And yet another sunny haired little fellow,  
whose spectacles would have fairly sparked  
in the dark, was looking out into the street,  
where the sidewalk was all damp with the  
mist; and as he turned around, he said, half  
to his nurse and half to himself.

I wish I was Kis Kingle; I'd put a pair  
of rubber boots on everybody's Kismas tee  
and a big, big umbrellia, too.

So all over the town the wee folks were  
looking at the morning through their specta-  
cles; and when they stopped talking about it,  
the sun gave two or three winks, and then he  
puffed his big cloud cap over his eyes, and  
settled into a long day's nap. In the meantime,  
the children (and you, too, every one of you)  
went about the houses and streets and gardens  
with their spectacles on.

Some one looked at dark things and made  
them bright. Who? was it you?  
Some looked at bright things and made  
them dark. Who? was it you?

Some have picked their way through the  
day, helping this one and that one, doing no  
arm, speaking no cross word, and smiling on  
all the household through their clear loving  
spectacles. Oh! I do hope that was you.

And others, because they were dingy, cross  
grained ones, have stumbled about in every  
body's way; and instead of sunny sparkles,  
their eyes have been filled with raindrops from  
trying clouds nearly half the time. Who?  
No, no, I am sure it was not you.

But even if it were, the end of the day has  
not come yet. Even if it is bad time, and you  
are just about kissing for 'good night,' there  
is time enough for you to change your specta-  
cles for a better kind. You can whisk them  
off, in less time, if you try, than it takes grand  
mother to put on her glass and gold ones. For  
you see, she has to fumble in her pocket for  
a Morocco case; then she has to open it  
and get out her glasses, open them carefully,  
then rub them with her handkerchief, then  
put them on squarely and evenly over her nose.

But you, little one, why your spectacle cases  
are your own hearts, ready for you at an  
instant's notice, and full as they can be of every  
kind of spectacles a little child can need.

But if I were you, I'll tell you what I'd do.  
I would keep only the good kinds, and throw  
away all the poor ones. Whenever I jumped  
out of bed in the morning, with a pair on that  
made me see things in a crooked way, I'd take  
them off as soon as possible, and I would not  
put them back in my heart again, for fear  
they would do more mischief another time.

For bad spectacles will make little feathery  
roubles look like heavy stones.

Bad spectacles make you feel as if all the  
people in the world were making faces at you.  
Bad spectacles will turn even kisses into  
naps.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling. Ting-a-ling-a-ling.  
There's that bell again. The class is dis-  
solved. Good bye, I think I have told you  
the lesson I want you to study for tomorrow.  
God bless you, little rosy cheeks, one and  
all and help you to learn your lesson.

CASTOR-OIL ADMINISTRATION.—The medi-  
cal men of Paris recommend the following  
way of administering castor oil to children:—  
The quantity of oil prescribed is poured into  
a small earthen pan over a moderate fire, an

egg broken into it, and stirred up so as to form  
something like what cooks call buttered eggs;  
when it is done a little salt or sugar or a few  
drops of orange, or some currant jelly should  
be added. The sick child will eat eagerly  
and never discover the fraud.

Dieting. Dieting is usually considered to  
mean the same thing as a kind of starvation.  
The idea which the educated physician attaches  
to the term is a judicious regulation of the  
quantity and quality of the food, according to  
the circumstances of each case. A healthy  
man may diet himself in order to keep well;  
an invalid may diet with a view to the recovery  
of his health; yet the things eaten by the two  
will widely differ in their nature, bulk, and  
mode of preparation. A vast multitude are  
suffering hourly by the horrors of dyspepsia;  
no two are precisely alike in all points, since  
there is an endless variety of combinations as  
to age, sex, occupation, air, exercise, mode of  
eating, sleeping, constitution, temperament, &c.  
Yet dyspepsia is always brought on by over  
and irregular eating; it could be banished from  
the world in a generation, if the children were  
educated to eat moderately, regularly and  
slowly; the parents who do this will do their  
offspring a higher good than by leaving them  
large fortunes, which, in three cases out of  
four, foster idleness, gluttony and every evil  
thing. As the rich can get any thing to eat  
or drink when they want it, they, with indig-  
ent children, bring on dyspepsia by eating  
irregularly and without an appetite. The poor—  
those who have to work for a living—  
induce the horrible disease by eating too  
rapidly and at unreasonable hours; mainly by  
eating heartily at supper and going to bed  
within an hour or two afterward. In the  
heyday of youth and manly vigor there may  
not for a while be noticed any special ill effect  
from such a practice—in truth, it is at first  
inappreciable, but it is cumulative and impos-  
sible not to manifest itself in due time. Infi-  
nite Benevolence forgives a moral delinquency;  
but omnipotent as he is and loving towards all,  
it is not in the nature of his government of  
created things to work a miracle, to suspend  
a natural law in order to shield one of his  
creatures from the legitimate effects of a vio-  
lence offered the physical system by excesses  
in eating, drinking or exercise.

Perhaps hearty suppers make more dyspep-  
tics than any or all other causes combined.  
If dinner is at noon, nothing should be taken  
for supper but a single cup of weak tea, or  
other hot drink and a piece of stale bread and  
butter. After forty years of age, those who  
live in doctored, sedentary persons—that is, all  
who do not work with their hands as laborers  
—would do better not to take any supper at  
all. Half the sedentary, who eat at noon, do  
not feel hungry at supper; especially if they  
see nothing on the table but bread and butter  
and tea. But nature is goaded on to act  
against her instincts in almost every family in  
the nation by "relishes" being placed on the  
supper table, in the shape of chipped beef, salt  
fish, cake, preserves or other kinds of sweet  
meat, and before the person is aware, a hearty  
meal has been taken, resulting in present un-  
comfortableness, in disturbed sleep, in a weary  
waking in the morning, bad taste in the  
mouth and little or no appetite for breakfast,  
all of which can be avoided by beginning early  
to eat habitually, according to the suggestions  
above made. [Hall's Journal of Health.

SAVING SEEDS. As the season will soon  
arrive for saving seeds, I thought my way  
might be some benefit to your readers, and I  
will give it to them. It was what my grand  
mother taught me, when a little girl, living in  
Massachusetts, and now that I have settled a  
few miles from Chicago, and have plenty of  
garden room, I find it very useful by keeping  
my seed pure, and having fruit some two or  
three weeks earlier than others who planted at  
the same time. The first that comes of each  
kind I let grow and ripen for seed. I save a  
part of a row of peas, a few hills of beans, a  
hill or two of corn, that I never pick any from  
till fully matured for seed. The first squash  
of each kind, melons and cucumbers, I am very  
particular should not be picked. By saving  
the first they are more likely to be pure; the  
buds are not so plenty as a short time after-  
wards. Sometimes it is quite a cross to let  
them be, being the first of the season, but I  
find in a long run I am the gainer. I hope the  
readers will try this, it will save a great deal  
of trouble in the fall in going over the garden  
to see if they can pick up any thing for seed.  
How can we expect to have choice vegetables  
unless we take extra pains about saving seed?

Mr. Quilps, of the Boston Post, is handling  
a delicate subject, that of the ladies' waists.  
"Tell Ada Clare," says he, "that I admire her  
genius as much as any man in Boston, but  
that she makes a little error of fact, the other  
day, so manifest to all men that no good ob-  
server as Ada ought to have known better.  
Men do admire a reasonably small full in wom-  
en. I admit, but an hourglass waist never!  
A few quite young dandies fancy slender girls—  
slender, I mean, in waist, shoulders, and  
general figure—but of a thousand men of my  
acquaintance I never heard one praise a slim  
waist, and I have heard many speak of lacing  
as a monstrous aesthetic blunder. Indeed, so  
much are men struck with this absurd custom,  
that they often mention it to refute the state-  
ment that women dress to please men, or else  
to prove that women can never understand a  
man's taste in woman. The latter dogma is  
probably the true one. Nineteen men in  
twenty, for example, prefer an over plump  
woman to a lean one, but ninety women in a  
hundred think the contrary is the fact, and  
perhaps for that reason, abhor adipose, as if  
it were leprosy.

HUMAN NATURE.—Some wise man sagely  
remarked, "there is a good deal of human  
nature in man." It crops out occasionally in  
boys. One of the urchins in the school ship  
Massachusetts, who was quite sick, was vis-  
ited by a kind lady. The little fellow was  
suffering acutely, and his visitor asked him if  
he could do anything for him. "Yes," re-  
plied the patient, "read to me." "Will you  
have a story?" asked the lady. "No," an-  
swered the boy; "read from the bible; read  
about Lazarus," and the lady complied. The  
next day the visit was repeated, and again  
the boy asked the lady to read. "Shall I  
read from the Bible, she inquired. "Oh!  
no," was the reply, "I'm better to day; read  
me a love story."

A general law ought to be passed forbidding  
the thousands of young men who obtain exemp-  
tion from the draft on the ground of bodily in-  
firmity, to get married. If they are as infirm

## The Eastern Mail.

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WATERVILLE, MAINE.... FRIDAY, AUG. 28, 1863.

NO. 8.

## The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DAN'L R. WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... AUG. 28, 1863.

## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERSON & CO. Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State  
street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York, are Agents for  
the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements  
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tisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisers abroad are referred to the agents named  
above.

## ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

Relating either to the business or editorial departments of this  
paper, should be addressed to 'MAXHAM & WING,' or 'Eastern  
Mail Office.'

## THEIR PLATFORM.

There was an ap-  
parent difficulty, in the convention at Portland,  
in shaping a platform that would stand the  
investigation of honest democrats. Only a sin-  
gle point was actually fixed, so far as we can  
see, and that is the policy of recalling the  
Maine troops, in connection with New York  
and such other States as threaten the same  
thing, and arraying the State on the side of  
the Confederates. Though this has evidently  
been the aim of such leaders of that party as  
Anderson, McDonald, Moor, Dana, and their  
class, it has been denied that Mr. Bradbury,  
who is now their candidate for Governor,  
would commit himself to so open a measure of  
opposition to the government. It was not till  
the position was distinctly asserted by a prom-  
inent member of the convention, as one to  
which Mr. Bradbury was committed by his  
own declaration, that the honest and loyal dem-  
ocrats of Maine were allowed to know to what  
extremes a few corrupt leaders were aiming to  
precipitate them. Even then the disclosure  
seems to have been made in opposition to the  
policy of some of the more sly and intriguing  
of the conspirators. Such men as Bion Brad-  
bury have known the people better; even W. B. S. Moor is not open enough in  
his treason to be so foolish; and the 'honest  
quaker' who presided over the convention,  
with all his artless simplicity, and willingness  
to be led into temptation, knew the true dem-  
ocrats of Maine better than to let that formid-  
able cat out of the bag. Indeed it was only  
drawn out tail foremost. It was by a series  
of questions and answers, not set in the pro-  
gramme, that the radical Gen. Anderson  
forced the real truth before the meeting, by  
pledging himself as soon as the Governors of N.  
York, N. Jersey and Connecticut withdrew the  
troops of those States, Mr. Bradbury, "if  
governor," would do the same!

To this formidable policy, they the dem-  
ocrats of Maine stand pledged in voting for  
Bion Bradbury. They are to withdraw the  
State from the support of the government, and  
wait for the army of Jeff. Davis to enter Wash-  
ington and dictate to New England the con-  
ditions on which she may partake in the 're-  
construction of the Union'!

Did sane men ever concoct a scheme like this?  
And is this democracy? Do democrats stand  
by their country in this fashion? Were Thom-  
as Jefferson and Andrew Jackson such dem-  
ocrats as this? And why, we ask in the name  
of democracy, should such men as Samuel  
Taylor and W. B. S. Moor be permitted to  
yoke together against Jefferson and Jackson?  
O, democracy! how art thou fallen!

When the lean king  
And the starved swine  
Snuff at thy crib."

But this is not democracy—and democrats  
will never sustain a policy like this! A few such  
political villains as those concerned in this  
compact can never carry the democrats of  
Maine to such treason. In all the conflicts in  
which the country has been engaged, they never  
turned their backs upon her, and they never  
will. They will stand by the Union till the  
time when the old party harness is again cal-  
led for, and republicans and democrats again  
battle for their respective views. So do all  
true friends of their country, and so will they.

SOMERSET NOMINATIONS.—The Union  
Convention, on Tuesday, nominated J. S. Ten-  
ney, and D. D. Stewart of St. Albans, for Sen-  
ators; J. F. Nye, of Fairfield, for Sheriff; and  
S. W. Turner, of Skowhegan, for Treasur-  
er.

RAIN.—Over five inches of rain has fallen  
in this place since Monday night. How this  
severe rain will affect the potato crop remains  
to be seen. English grain cannot fail to suffer  
considerably, as it is about ready for the har-  
vest. The effect upon grass will show itself  
in butter and cheese and in fat beef and mutton.

Mr. Jewett, of Belfast, had a good audience  
on Monday evening, and was eloquent and  
successful in his efforts to show to the rank  
and file of all parties the danger of being de-  
ceived by false leaders. It was done most ef-  
fectually.

Capt. John McKinnon, a highly respected  
shipmaster of Rockland, was assassinated in  
Shanghai, China, on the 24th of last May, by  
a secessionist named Bulkley.

## AN "INNOCENT ABIGAIL."

Under this  
peculiarly appropriate head, the Bangor Cour-  
rier tells the following story of Samuel Taylor,  
of Fairfield—the gentleman whose own ac-  
count of his 'initiation' into the democratic  
party at Portland has been so extensively  
published. Mr. Taylor is 'no politician,' not  
he!—and 'no office seeker,' not he!—but an  
innocent, simple minded, unsophisticated old  
gentleman, who makes a most excellent match  
for W. B. S. Moor in the loving labor of  
emancipating the slaves! We recollect some-  
thing of the woful defeat of these gentlemen,  
about the time mentioned, though we 'know-  
nothing' how it happened; probably they  
helped one another.

In 1854, we think it was, Father Taylor  
was nominated by the Democracy of his dis-  
trict for Representative to the Legislature,  
and felt so perfectly sure of success in that  
Democratic stronghold that he made no effort  
by way of electioneering there. But on hear-  
ing that Wyman B. S. Moor had received the  
same nomination in Waterville he went there  
and seeking out Mr. Moor said to him:  
'Friend Moor, I see thou art nominated also  
for Representative as I have been, but as I am  
perfectly sure of an election by at least 200  
majority, I will give thee a little assistance in  
thy district if thee wants it.' Mr. Moor replied  
that he was equally sure of his election by a  
larger majority than that, but if friend Tay-  
lor, you are at leisure you will perhaps help  
me a little in West Waterville by your ex-  
position of Democratic principles and an  
exposure of 'Abolition Ramrodism.' Father  
Taylor went to West Waterville, expostulated  
with and warned the benighted voters, and  
returned home advising his brother Moor on  
the way that 'all was safe and sure.'

Election day came, and to their utter aston-  
ishment and mortification this 'innocent  
Abigail' and his Democratic, now Copperhead  
compatriot were knocked 'higher than a kite,'  
the abolition nags coming in ahead by almost  
the majorities that each was perfectly sure of  
receiving.

Father Taylor going to help Mr. Moor,  
is a proverb that needs no interpretation in  
Waterville and vicinity.

THOROUGHBREDED STOCK.—No doubt very  
extensive deceptions have been practiced by  
dealers in thoroughbred stock, both in this  
country and in Europe. More or less fraud  
has warped the veracity of the herd books;  
and it becomes those who would breed care-  
fully, as well as those who purchase among  
the 'fancies,' to make sure in regard to geneol-  
ogy. Wells Lothrop, a distinguished breeder  
of Shorthorns, at South Hadley, asserts in a  
late article in the Country Gentleman, that  
there is great inaccuracy in the herd books.  
His assertion may well lead many to doubt  
in remarks upon Mr. L's article, the Spring-  
field Republican very justly says,

We have sent some good judges of cattle to  
Europe to buy, and some not so good. We  
have imported some choice cattle, and some  
mongrels and scrubs. We have often paid  
high prices, doubtless to the delight of our  
transatlantic cousins. We have sometimes  
taken a long journey and fared worse than at  
home. We have occasionally paid for royal  
blood, and got plebeian, with pleuro pneumonia  
added. We have trusted in English herds  
books, and learned that they were fallible.  
Now let us use common sense. Probably as  
good stock can be found in this country as in  
any other. Let real merit be the test of worth  
in all selections, and speak for itself. Pedig-  
rees, if authentic, are no objection to any  
animal. Call no animals thorough bred sim-  
ply because they are recorded in the herd  
book. If blood will tell, let it.

Gov. Pierpont has set up a government for  
Eastern Virginia at Alexandria, he having  
been elected governor by those portions of  
territory under loyal control. Including the  
rebel functionary at Richmond, old Virginia  
rejoices in three governors.

The Scheldt Dues have finally been abol-  
ished, and the event was celebrated at Antwerp  
on the first of August, with great rejoicing.

A letter writer from Dixie sarcastically says  
that the rebels 'will not surrender either  
Charleston or Savannah to the Union forces,  
but will commit them to the flames and de-  
struction, precisely as they have done in the  
cases of Vicksburg and Port Hudson.

Smith, the razor-strop man, has had one of  
his limbs amputated at Gettysburg, and looks  
on the deprivation philosophically, declaring  
that, as in his razor-strop selling days, he still  
has 'one more left.'

Later news from Japan indicates that the  
trouble with England has been peaceably  
adjusted.

John Neal of Portland, introduced Hon.  
Albert G. Jewett, Mayor of Belfast, to a Uni-  
on meeting in the former city, the other  
evening, as 'a cast iron man—with a furnace  
in the right place.'

HAYFIELD THOUGHTS.—The Editor of the  
N. H. Journal of Agriculture, apologized  
last week for lack of 'original,' by saying that  
he prepared his budget with a rake in one  
hand and pitchfork in the other. With these  
tools in his hands, and perhaps a blister on one  
or both of his palms, he thus meditates:

Sometimes we think this rather a hard  
country to live in, as it is about as much as  
we can do during the summer to grow and  
gather enough for the subsistence of man  
and beast through a winter of six months.  
But this is the dark side of the picture.  
There is another and brighter side—one we  
love to contemplate; the beauty which illu-  
mines our whole existence. It points to the  
higher aims of life, and fills us with noble  
aspiration. As we go to the field let us con-  
template this brighter side; let us realize and  
enjoy it. It will lighten our labor and sub-  
due our passions. Let us grasp the substance—  
not the shadow—and cheerfully, hopefully,  
courageously, perform our allotted tasks, and  
leave the result with God.

## OUR TABLE.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The September number  
of this first of American monthlies has just made its ap-  
pearance with the following table of contents:—

The Puritan Minister; Thoreau's Flute; Mr. Martin's  
Disappointments; Robert and Clara Schumann; The  
Freemasonry at Port Royal; No and Yes; The Mather  
Safe; The Tertiary Age, and its Characteristic Animals;  
The New Sangre; Thomas de Quincy; Mrs.  
Lewis; Lyrics of the Street; Interesting Manuscripts of  
Edmund Burke; Harvard's Heroes; Who is Roebuck?  
Reviews and Literary Notices.

The article on 'The Freemasonry at Port Royal,' ought  
to be extensively read. It discusses, very candidly, the  
status and prospects of the African in America, and an-  
swers triumphantly in the affirmative the two great  
questions—'Will the negro fight for his freedom?' and  
'Will he work for a living?'

The Atlantic is published by Ticknor & Fields, Bos-  
ton, at \$3 a year, and is sold by all periodical dealers.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY for September has a  
continuation of Kimball's serial, 'Was he successful?'  
with another good story, entitled 'Spring Mountain';  
There will also be found an interesting paper on the  
'Early History of Printing and the Newspaper Press in  
Boston and New York,' a continuation of 'Reason,  
Rhyme and Rhythm,' by Mrs. Martha W. Cook; 'South-  
ern Halls of New England'; 'Japanese Foreign Relations';  
some additions to Walker's article on 'Jefferson Davis  
and Repudiation'; with other articles of interest.

The Continental is published by John F. Trow, New  
York, at \$3 a year.

EDINBURGH REVIEW.—The contents of this able British  
Quarterly for July are as follows:—

Memorials of Claverhouse; Druids and Bards; Modern  
Style of Architecture; Louis Blanc's French Revolu-  
tion; Sir G. C. Lewis on Forms of Government; The  
Navies of France and England; The Sources of the Nile;  
The Scots in France—the French in Scotland; Lyell on the  
Antiquity of Man.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.—The following is the  
table of contents of the July number:—

The Growth of Christianity; The Rival Races; Mr.  
Mitt on Utilitarianism; Gamblers and Gaming Houses;  
Marriages of Consanguinity; Saint Simon and his Disci-  
ples; The Naturalist on the River Amazon; M. Louis  
Blanc's History of the French Revolution; Poland; Lan-  
cashire; Contemporary Literature.

New volumes of Blackwood's Magazine and the  
British Reviews commence with the July numbers.  
The postage on the whole five works, under the new  
rates, will be but 56 cents a year.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Black-  
wood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co.  
38 Walker st., New York. Terms of subscription: For  
any one of the four—Reviews \$3 per annum; any two  
Reviews \$5; any three Reviews \$7; all four Reviews  
\$8; Blackwood's Magazine \$3; Blackwood and three  
Reviews \$9; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$10—with  
large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and  
towns, these works will be delivered free of postage.—  
When sent by mail, the postage on any part of the U.  
States will be but 24 cents a year for 'Blackwood,' and  
but 41 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

THE STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE.—This delightful  
juvenile magazine is now published by Joseph H. Allen,  
Boston, who has had some experience in providing in-  
struction for youth. 'Oliver Optic' will continue to act  
as editor and he is a great favorite with all the children  
in the land. The August number of this work, which  
has just come to hand, has a continuation of his new  
serial, 'Live and Learn,' and much other pleasant  
reading. Send a dollar to the publisher and enjoy the  
presence of this delightful visitor in your family for a  
whole year.

WAR OF REDEMPTION.—All eyes have  
been turned to Charleston, recently, where a  
great struggle is going on for the possession of  
this birthplace of secession. A courageous  
and persistent attack was looked for on the  
part of the government, and a desperate re-  
sistance on the part of the rebels, who have  
been 'setting their house in order,' in anti-  
cipation of this attack ever since Sumter fell.  
Burgard, who was permitted to plant his  
batteries unmolested for the reduction of Sum-  
ter, is now entrusted with its defence; and  
Gimlore, who was so successful at Pulaski,  
commands the Union forces. No one doubts  
that our engineer will prove the better man,  
and that Charleston will soon be in our pos-  
session. A gigantic attack commenced on  
Monday, and has been continued ever since—the  
iron clads and shore batteries pouring an  
awful fire upon Forts Sumter and Wagner.  
We have accounts to Thursday, at which time  
Wagner was pretty effectually silenced and  
Sumter in ruins. Our casualties are few, but  
among the killed were Commodore Rogers and  
Paymaster Woodbury, on board of the moni-  
tor Catekill. Gen. Gilmore announces that  
the work is progressing to his satisfaction.

The rebels under Quantrell, recently sacked  
and burned the town of Lawrence, Kansas.  
Property to the amount of two millions was  
destroyed.

A large destruction of rebel railroad prop-  
erty was recently made at Grenada, Miss., by  
an expedition sent out from Lagrange. After  
driving Gen. Slinger, with 2000 men and 3  
pieces of artillery from the place, the attack-  
ing force of federals destroyed 57 locomotives,  
400 cars, the depot buildings, machine shops,  
and a large quantity of ordnance and commis-  
sary stores.

The railroad to Brashear City has been re-  
opened. Francis Scott was executed at New  
Orleans, on the 15th, for the murder of Major  
Bullen of the 28th Me. regiment on the 5th of  
July.

Nearly 200 citizens were killed and wound-  
ed at Lawrence, Kansas, by the guerrillas, in  
their recent attack. These were unarmed  
men.

Gen. Banks, it is said, will speedily move  
against Mobile, having been largely reinforced  
by Grant.

A rebel privateer is reported at Foo Chow,  
in China.

Many are very confident that Lee will soon  
attack our forces, he having been reinforced.  
Our army is represented as being nearer  
Washington, and prepared for an attack.

Rosecrans, at last accounts, was in front of  
Chattanooga, and had commenced the siege.  
Joe Johnston is in command of the rebels  
there, having superceded Bragg. Stirring  
work is anticipated in this quarter.

Later.—Dispatches from Charleston, by  
Richmond papers, state that Sumter is in ru-

ins and Fort Moultrie silenced. On the night  
of the 23d Gen. Gilmore opened fire on the  
city, and all non-combatants were hurriedly ev-  
acuating.

Our forces sent in pursuit of Quantrell's  
robber band, encountered them on Big Creek  
and routed them after a sharp engagement  
killing 58, and recapturing considerable stolen  
property.

The Oxford Democrat says that Ephraim  
Gillman, convicted of murder, was sentenced  
by Judge Kent, Friday last, to be hanged, but  
to be confined in the State Prison at hard  
labor for one year before the sentence should  
be carried into effect.

ANECDOTES OF GEN. GRANT.—We find the  
following in the Detroit Free Press:

A gentleman in this city, who was an ear-  
ly friend of Gen. Grant, furnishes the follow-  
ing reminiscences of the brave General who  
has so inseparably linked his name with the  
victories of the Western armies.

'General Grant is of a Methodist family o-  
Ohio, and married the daughter of a Meth-  
odist local preacher, and the grand-daughter  
of the pioneer of Methodism in western Penn-  
sylvania, of the name of Wrenshall. When  
not much over twelve years of age he was at  
school, and had as a school-fellow



