

The Oxford Democrat

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MUCH."

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NEW SERIES, VOL. 19, NO. 25.

PARIS, MAINE, FRIDAY,

JULY 10, 1868.

OLD SERIES,

VOLUME 35, NO. 35.

The Oxford Democrat,
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, BY
H. E. SHAW,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS.—Two Dollars per year; One Dollar and Fifty Cents, if paid in advance.

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For 1 square, (10 lines of space) 1 week, \$1.00
Each subsequent week, .25
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POETRY.

THE CROSS.

It is not heavy, agonizing woe,
Bearing me down with hopeless, crushing weight;
No ray of comfort in the gathering gloom,
A heart bereaved—a house all desolate.

It is not sickness, with her withering hand,
Keeping me low upon a couch of pain;
Languishing each morning for the weary night—
At night, for weary day to come again.

It is not slanders with her evil tongue;
'Tis no presumptuous sin against my God:
Not reputation lost, or friends betrayed.
That such is not my cross I thank my God.

Mine is a daily cross of petty cares,
Of little duties pressing on my heart,
Of little troubles hard to reconcile,
Of inward struggles—overcome in part.

My feet are weary in their daily round,
My heart is weary of its daily care,
My sinful nature often doth rebel;
I pray for grace my daily cross to bear.

It is not heavy, Lord, yet oft I pine;
It is not heavy, but 'tis everywhere.
By day and night each hour my cross I bear;
I dare not lay it down—Thou keep'st it there.

I dare not lay it down—I only ask
That, taking up my daily cross, I may
Follow my Master humbly, step by step,
Through clouds and darkness, unto perfect day.

"THEY SAY."

They say, ah, well! suppose they do!
But can they prove the story true?
Suspicion may arise from naught,
But malice, envy, want of thought,
Why count yourself among the "they?"
Who whisper what they dare not say.

They say—but why the tale rehearse,
And help to make the matter worse?
No good can possibly accrue
From telling what may be untrue;
And is it not a nobler plan
To speak of all the good you can?

They say—well, if it should be so,
Why need you tell the tale of woe?
Will it be bitter wrong redress,
Or make one pang of sorrow less?
Will it the erring one restore,
Henceforth to "go and sin no more?"

They say—ah! pause and look within!
See how thy heart inclines to sin!
Watch, lest in dark temptation's hour,
Thou, too, shouldst sink beneath its power!
Pity the frail—weep o'er their fall,
But speak of good, or not at all!

MISCELLANY.

[From Packard's Monthly.]

WICKEDEST MAN IN NEW YORK.

BY OLIVER DYER.

He goes by the name of John Allen. He lives at number 304 Water-st. He keeps a dancing house there. He is about forty-five years old. He is reputed to be worth one hundred thousand dollars, more or less, and is known to be worth over seventy thousand. He has three brothers who are clergymen—two of them being Presbyterians and the other a Baptist, and is reported to have once been a minister of the Gospel himself. He is known formerly to have been a school teacher, and is a man of education and fine natural powers; was originally a good man; and is yet a "good fellow" in many respects. Were it not for his good qualities he never could have attained unto the bad eminence of being the Wickedest Man in New York.

The best bad is always the worst. Take him for all in all, our Wickedest Man is a phenomenon. He reads the Bible to his dance-house girls, and his favorite papers are the New York Observer and the Independent. He takes them regularly and reads them. We have repeatedly seen them lying on the counter of his bar-room, amid decanters and glasses, along with the Daily Herald and the Sun. We have also seen a dozen copies of the Little Wanderers' Friend at a time scattered about his place, for he takes an interest in mission work, and "goes in" generally for progress for other people.

This Wickedest Man is the only entity pertaining to the shady side of New York life which we have been unable to fathom, analyze, and account for. But he is too much for us. Why a human being of his education, natural tastes, force of character, and wealth, should continue to live in a Water-street dance-house, and bring up his children in a soul-destroying atmosphere of sin and degradation, is more than we can comprehend.

For this Wickedest Man loves his children. His little five-year-old boy is the apple of his eye, the core of his heart, and the chief object of his worship. He never misses an opportunity to sound the child's praises and to show off his accomplishments. And, all things considered, the little fellow is truly a wonder. He is crammed full of information on all manner of topics, and is ever ready to respond to his dancing father's attempts to make his smartness visible to the naked eye.

We have never visited the Wickedest Man's dance-house without having our attention called afresh to his little son's abilities, except once, and then he took us round to the school which the child attends, to let us see that he ranks with the best, and is a favorite with his teacher. That was on the 28th day of May last, at about a quarter to twelve in the day time, when we went

to No. 304 Water-street to tell Mr. Allen that the fated time had come for serving him up in a magazine article.

For, be it known to the reader, we have had our pen couched at John Allen for nearly two years. In the year 1865, the Sabbath after President Lincoln was assassinated, we began an exploration and sub-soiling of New York city, as to its crime, poverty, want, wretchedness and degradation, which we have pursued ever since, as other engagements would permit. Of course it was not long before we found out John Allen. We at once recognized his genius for wickedness and made him an especial study. But, as we have said, he baffles us. We have told him so, and have frequently asked him to help us out of our dilemma, but he always comes short of the complete thing.

We think we know why this Wickedest Man persists in living in his Water-street den—that we have, in fact, penetrated his secret; but as we are not absolutely certain as to the matter, we will not set our suspicion down in print, lest we should do him injustice.

We have said that our Wickedest Man is a phenomenon. We mean this in its application to the deepest springs of his character; but it is also, and perhaps equally applicable to the internal manifestations of those deepest springs.

Has the reader any notion of a Water-street dance-house? Concretely stated, it is a breathing-hole of hell—a trap-door of the bottomless pit. You step from the street into a bar-room, wherein lousy loafers lurk, and which is in some cases on a level with the sidewalk and in others far below it; and there you are in the general midst of things, if it happens to be a dance-house of the very lowest class. But usually there is a "saloon" in the rear of the bar-room.

Passing out of the bar-room, by a door opening in a partition across its rear, you enter the dancing saloon, which varies in size from fifteen feet square to a room 25 by 50 feet in extent. Along the wall in this room a bench extends, usually on three sides. In the farther end of the room is an orchestra, proportioned in numbers and skill to the prosperity of the establishment. The number of musicians is sometimes as high as six, but the average is not more than three. In one of the rear corners of the saloon there is a small bar, where the girls can drink with their victims without exposing their fascinations to the unthrifful gaze of a non-paying and censorious outside public.

Sitting on the benches, or grouping upon the floor, or whirling in the dance, are the girls, varying in number from four to twenty, but averaging about ten. These girls are not often comely to the fastidious eye. But to a sailor, just from a long cruise, where nothing lovelier than his weather-beaten shipmates has for years been seen, they are not without attractions. So too, do certain landmen, of a degraded type, pay homage to their strenuous charms. But a decent man, in the full possession and equipage of his faculties, can only regard them with sorrow unspeakable and pity too deep for tears.

The only girl we ever saw in a dance-house in whom we could detect the slightest vestige of comeliness or refinement, had been there but a few hours, and was reputed to be the daughter of a former Lieutenant Governor of a New England State.

The first time we entered John Allen's dance-house we found it in full blast. The hour was eleven in the evening. There were thirteen girls in the saloon, three musicians in the orchestra, and seven customers submitting to the blandishments of an equal number of the ballet-dressed syrens who pervaded the room. Our party consisted of the policeman who accompanied us, three clergymen on the look out for the "elephant," Mr. Albert C. Arnold of the Howard Mission, and the writer.

The Wickedest Man was in his glory. Things were moving briskly. He gave us all a hearty welcome, ordered the orchestra to do their best, and told the girls to "break him up." A vigorous dance followed, after which the proprietor called out:

"Hartford go up stairs and get me baby."

Hartford turned out to be one of the girls who immediately disappeared, and soon returned bearing in her arms an undressed, sleepy child, wrapped in a shawl. This was the juvenile prodigy. His father took him in his arms, with a glow of pride and affection upon his face, and said:

"Now, gentlemen, you are writers, philosophers and preachers; but I'll show you that my baby knows as much as any of you. He's hell on reading, writing, praying and fighting."

And without more ado, he stood the sleeping little fellow upon the floor and began to catechise him in ancient history, both sacred and profane, and then in modern history, geography, the political history of United States, etc., with a result which astonished us all. Suddenly he exclaimed,

"Chester, give us a song."
And Chester, for that is the child's name, gave us a song.

"Now, Chester, give us a 'break down.'"
The orchestra played a "break-down," and Chester danced it with precision and vigor, his mother looking on with delight.

"Now, Chester, give us a prayer."

And the child recited, first the Lord's Prayer, and then others in succession, mixed with which were such ribaldry and profanity on the father's part as cut us to the heart. And here it was that we got a glimpse of the pre-eminent wickedness of the man—wickedness to him unknown, and all the worse because of his unconsciousness of it; wickedness which is leading him to train up that idolized boy in a way and in an atmosphere which will yet make him an object of loathing even in his own heart.

For that dance-house child there seems to be no spiritual hope. The sacred and the profane are so intermingled in the childish understanding, that he will never be able to tell which is sacred and which is profane; and his nature being dogged and combative, he will grow up into the highest possible type of wickedness, if he grows up at all. Of the thousand painful cases where with we have met in this city, that of little Chester Allen gives us about the keenest pang.

After the infant phenomenon had been sent back to bed, his father asked our party if we wouldn't "mix in," and have a dance with the girls.

"It'll do you good," said he, "to tip it a little on the light fantastic. Besides, I like to do the fair thing by distinguished visitors. I'm fond of literary people, and especially of clergymen. I've three brothers myself who adorn the sacred calling; and grit and grace run through our family, like the Tigris and the Jordan through the Holy Land. Go in, gentlemen; the girls shan't hurt you. I'll watch over you like a hen over her chickens, and you shall leave my premises as virtuous as—you came in! Ha, ha! Come, what shall it be?"

On being assured that we would not "tip it on the light fantastic," he asked us if we (that is, our party) would not favor the girls with a song, whereupon Mr. Arnold suggested that we should all sing together, and asked the girls what they would like best. Several of them immediately responded in favor of "There is Rest for the Weary."

"Do you know that?" one of the clergymen asked.

"Yes," answered at least half a dozen of the girls.

"Where did you learn it?" asked another of the clergymen.

"At Sabbath school," was the reply.

We all looked at one another. Here was a revelation. These girls had been brought up to attend Sabbath school! Perhaps they were the daughters of Christian parents! But we had not time to pursue this painful speculation, for the girls began to sing—

In the Christian's home in Glory
There is a land of rest;
And my Savior's gone before me,
To fulfill my soul's request.

CHORUS: There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you,
On the other side of Jordan,
On the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the Tree of Life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

And oh, with what fervor and pathos they sang—especially the chorus—which, at the end of each verse, they sang three times over; some of them, at last, weeping as they sang. What girlish memories those sweet simple strains evoked! Memories, perhaps, of once happy homes, and affectionate Sabbath school teachers, and beloved companions, so sweetly contrasting with their dance-house condition. And so, these soul-weary creatures lingering fondly upon, and repeated over and over again the lines,

On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the Tree of Life is blooming,
There is rest for you!

Since that occasion we have repeatedly visited the abode of the Wickedest Man in New York, for the purpose of "studying him up," and of trying to hit upon some means of inducing him to abandon his course of life, and of saving his boy. For in truth, we not only feel an interest in, but also rather like him, wicked as he is. And so does nearly everybody whom we have taken to see him; and we have taken scores—most of them clergymen.

But all our efforts to get any vital hold upon him have been in vain. He is always cordial; always ready to let the girls "have a spiritual sing;" will even permit a little exhortation to them, in his dancing saloon; and is free with his Observer and Independent. But he keeps on his way with unyielding pertinacity.

On one occasion a party of us suggested that he should let us hold a prayer meeting in his saloon. After a little reflection he replied:

"Well; no, gentlemen, I can't go that. You know that every man must have regard to his profession and the opinion of his

neighbors. What with my Observer, and Independent, and you fellows coming here and singing camp-meeting hymns, I am already looked upon in the neighborhood as being rather loose and unsound; and if, at top of all that, I should let you hold a prayer meeting here, I should lose what little character I've got left."

But our friend Arnold, of the Howard Mission, was determined to achieve the prayer meeting. And during the fourth week in May last, when there were many of his clerical friends in the city, Mr. Arnold thought he'd bring a heavy spiritual cannonade to bear on Allen, and see what would come of it. So, on Monday night, May 25th, after a carefully considered preliminary season of prayer, an assailing party was formed, including six clergymen from different parts of the country, to march upon the citadel of the enemy. When we arrived it was half past twelve; the window shutters were closed, and we feared we were too late. But a light shone through the window over the door, and upon application we were admitted, and received a hearty welcome. Allen was just then undergoing a shamponing process, for the purpose, as he frankly stated, of going to bed sober. He added:

"You see, gentlemen, it won't do for a business man to go to bed drunk, nor for a literary man either. So, now, you take my advice, and whenever you find yourself drunk about bed time you just take a good shampoo, and you'll find the investment'll pay a big dividend in the morning. But walk into the saloon, gentlemen; walk in. The girls are in there, taking a rest and a smoke, after the arduous duties of the evening. Walk in."

We walked in and found the girls smoking pipes, and sitting and lounging about the room. In a few minutes Allen came in and proposed to have the girls dance for us, but we declined.

"Well then, damn it," Arnold, let's have a song," he exclaimed.

Mr. Arnold, as usual, asked the girls what they would like to hear, and they at once asked for their favorite—"There is Rest for the Weary."

"Here, mother, give me a fiddle," said Allen to his wife, "and bring out the books;" meaning the Little Wanderer's Friend, of which he keeps a supply.

The books were got out by one of the girls, the fiddle was handed him by his wife, and Allen led off on the treble, all hands joining in. There were eleven girls in the room, and they sang in the chorus with unusual fervor, even for them. As soon as this song was finished a couple of the girls, simultaneously, asked for "There's a Light in the Window for thee, Brother," which was sung with emphasis and feeling.

At the conclusion of the last-mentioned song Mr. Arnold believed that the appointed hour had come, and, tapping Allen on the shoulder, he said:

"Well, John, old boy, give us your hand; I feel just like praying here with you!"

Allen took the extended hand and gruffly said:

"What—damn it to hell—pray? Do you mean pray? No, sir, never!"

"Well, John," responded Mr. Arnold, "I am going to pray here anyhow. If I don't pray loud I'll pray soft. You shan't lose the prayer, at any rate."

"Well, Arnold, mind now, if you pray I won't hear you; mind that. I don't know anything about it. I won't hear you."

And backing slowly out of the room, and repeating "I won't hear you," over and over again, Allen went through the door leading to the bar, and closed it after him.

Mr. Arnold then invited the girls to join in prayer with him, which they did, some of them kneeling on the floor, as did the visitors, and others bowing their heads upon their hands, while Allen peered through the window of the partition door upon the singular scene.

Mr. Arnold's heart was almost too full for utterance, but his fervor soon unloosed his tongue, and he poured out a simple, direct and heartfelt prayer, which told powerfully upon the hearers. Many of the girls arose, sobbing, to their feet, and several of them crowded around Mr. Arnold, and begged him, in the name of God, to take them from that place. They would work their hands off, if honest work could be got for them; they would submit to any hardship, if they could only be restored to opportunities for virtue and a Christian life.

Poor Arnold! He was the picture of despair. It came upon him, all at once, that there is no help for such this side the grave. He had at last conquered his opportunity, and prayed with these children of sin and shame, and now that they were calling upon him to answer his own prayer—to give them a chance to eat the bread of life—he had to put them off with the stone of evasion.

Take them from that place! Where could he take them? In all this Christian land there is not a Christian home that

*A few passages along here may sound somewhat unpleasant, but it is best not to shrink the precise thing in a matter like this.—O. D.

would open its doors to a repentant female sinner, except to turn her out of the house.

On calling upon Mr. Arnold the next day we found him in his room at the Mission, with his head bowed upon the table, as tho' in prayer. Looking up at us, with blazing eyes, he exclaimed—

"Sir, what is to be done about this?"

"About what," we asked.

"These poor girls," he replied. "I have been thinking and praying, and praying and thinking over it all night, but I can see no light. Sir, (pressing his head between his hands), I shall go mad."

Poor, unsophisticated babe of grace, he does not know, nor would he have the pluck to acknowledge, that his despair comes of the terrible fact that there is not Christianity enough on the Island of Manhattan or elsewhere, to meet the case.

The Rev. Charles Kingsley, in his Hypatia, relates how a dance-house girl of Alexandria, in the 5th century, on finding her brother, whom she had not seen since early childhood, and who had become a priest of piety and power, became converted, and loathed her previous life, and longed for religious companionship, but could get it not, and had finally to flee to a cave in the desert, and there mourn and weep her life away alone.

"In that age," says Mr. Kingsley, "there was no other place for such."

Is there any other place for them now?

Yes, as desert caves are not now accessible, is there any place for them, except such as the Wickedest Man in New York is ever ready to provide?

We arraign no one, nor do we assail any sect, for permitting this state of things to exist in a Christian land. It may be in accordance with the principles of Christianity, as practised in this age and country, and also in harmony with the eternal sweep and fitness of things, that, practically speaking, a fallen girl should have no opportunity for reformation, but should be sent inexorably to hell by the shortest travelled route.

For the route is short. Five years is the average duration of the outcast's life, reckoning from the hour she enters upon her career of shame. Only five years; so that every year one-fifth of these creatures go down to their graves.

There are about forty dance-houses in Mr. Allen's neighborhood; that is to say, within a half-mile square, of which No. 304 Water street is the centre. The average number of girls in each of these houses the season through, is ten, making four hundred in them all. So that, to feed this half-mile square of infamy requires eighty fresh girls per annum. To feed the entire city requires an average of two thousand one hundred and eighty-four a year, which is a triple over size a day, Sundays included! Six fresh girls a day from the Sabbath Schools and virtuous homes of the land, to feed the licentious maw of this metropolis of the Western world!

Where do these girls come from? Why, from Europe, and from nearly every State in the Union; also from the Canadas. Many of them are from the clustering, peaceful villages of New England and Western New York. Occasionally, one is filtered from a Fifth Avenue palace down through brilliant dissipation and gilded immorality to the relentless hard pan of the sailor dance-house. Broad is the road that leads to destruction, and many there be who travel it. Aye, and numerous are the sinuous paths which debase upon the broad road, much to the horror and despair of those who had no intention of treading its slimy way when they first set out upon the elegant, hallucinating journey of vice.

We have amassed strange and harrowing facts in regard to where these girls come from, and how they happen to come; but the proper ventilation of these facts, together with the complete summing up of our Wickedest Man, will require the ample scope of another article, which, Providence permitting, shall be forthcoming in the August number of this magazine.

Taxing the Coupons.

The Portland Press says: We referred to one of the repudiation resolutions adopted by the Democracy at Augusta. There is another of the same character of which every intelligent Democrat in the State will feel heartily ashamed before he is a month older. It reads thus:

Resolved, That the right of the Federal Government to tax the income of the national debt, is clear in itself, and supported by practice, and I ought now to be effectively exercised by collecting the tax on coupons of the national bonds, and that such a rate of taxation should be imposed upon these coupons as will subject capital so invested to its fair average share of public burdens, as compared with other descriptions of property.

This proposition, adopted in lieu of the one formerly so much in favor with the Democracy, of direct State and municipal taxation of government securities, is intended to reach the same purpose indirectly, for the next resolution proposes that the proceeds of the taxation of the coupons shall be divided among the States. It will

(Continued on Fourth page.)

The Oxford Democrat

PARIS, MAINE, JULY 10, 1868.

FOR PRESIDENT.

ULYSSES S. GRANT,

OF ILLINOIS.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

SCHUYLER COLFAX,

OF INDIANA.

FOR GOVERNOR.

J. L. CHAMBERLAIN,

For Representative to Congress.

SAMUEL P. MORRILL, of Farmington.

For Senator.

W. W. BOLSTER, of Bethel.

SAMUEL TYLER, of Brownfield.

For Sheriff.

CYRUS WORMELL, of Bethel.

For Register of Probate.

JOSIAH S. ROBBS, of Paris.

For County Treasurer.

HORATIO AUSTIN, of Paris.

For County Commissioner.

HIRAM A. ELLIS, of Canton.

The Republican State Convention

Assembled at Portland on Wednesday and was fully attended. We have only time to state that Gen. Chamberlain was re-nominated by acclamation. The Convention, in connection with the Soldiers' Convention, which was also largely attended, was addressed by John A. Bingham of Ohio, General Sickles and Pleasanton, and others.

General Shepley presided and made a telling speech on taking the chair. Gen. G. L. Beal of Norway, presented by the Soldiers' Convention as one of the Electors at large, was nominated unanimously, and Gen. S. P. Strickland of Bangor, as the other.

National Democratic Convention.

Up to Thursday, when we go to press, the Convention had been in session four working days, besides Sunday, which we fear was not sacredly observed, and no nomination for President had been made.

On the 1st ballot, Pendleton had 103, English 34, Andrew Johnson 64, Churchill 16, besides scattering—5th ballot, Pendleton 109, Hancock 46, Johnson 34, Church 33, 16th ballot, Pendleton 107 1-2, Hancock 113 1-2, Hendricks 70 1-2, 17th ballot, Hancock 107 1-2, Hendricks 80, Pendleton 71 1-2—18th and last ballot on Wednesday, Pendleton 56 1-2, Hancock 144 1-2, Hendricks 87.

Judge Chase, up to this time, has received no votes. It is thought his name has been kept back to be used at an auspicious moment, when he may be nominated, and Gen. Hancock as Vice President. If so, then it will be true as Gen. Shepley remarked in his speech in Portland before the Republican State Convention:

"The Democratic party in 1864 declared that a war Democrat and an Abolitionist were links of the same sausage, and now in New York they were apparently willing not only to link the two sausages of the same string, but they are declared to be made of the same dog."

Universal Suffrage & State Rights.

Chief Justice Chase seems to have found favor with the democratic party because he holds to the doctrine of State Rights—a doctrine which the democracy affect to claim as their own—and that party seem to be willing to swallow universal suffrage if State Rights can only go with it.

But what do they mean by agreeing to universal suffrage while they deny the capacity and right of the negro to exercise it. They claim that the suffrage question belongs to the States to dispose of—so do Republicans, for proof of which see the 2d resolution of the National Platform. The democratic party would have the disfranchised rebels of the South—the old slaveholders and slave hunters—have the ballot again, and regulate suffrage in the States, and thus disfranchise every negro as they would in their State Constitutions. What consistency is there in acknowledging a principle to be right, as for instance, that of universal suffrage, and denying all practical force to it, by holding that the negro is not fit to vote. It is like this consistency of Ensign Stebbins, who went in for the Maine Law, but was opposed to its enforcement.

The Knoxville (Tenn.) Herald, in the following frank admission, states the course which the party mean to pursue. It says, "We do not ask nor want the negroes to vote either for or against us, and we propose to disfranchise them all as soon as we get the power."

Amnesty Proclamation.

President Johnson issued a Proclamation on the 4th of July, proclaiming and declaring unconditionally and without reservation, to all and to every person who directly or indirectly participated in the late insurrection or rebellion excepting such person or persons as may be under imprisonment or indictment in any court of the United States having competent jurisdiction, upon a charge of treason or other felony, a full pardon and amnesty for offense of treason against the United States, or of adhering to their enemies during the late civil war, with the restoration of all their rights of property, except also to any property of which any person may have been legally divested under the laws of the United States.

Hon. Samuel P. Morrill.

To the Editor of the Oxford Democrat:

Will you permit an old personal friend of our present worthy nominee to Congress, to occupy a limited space in your columns, in a brief article mainly personal to him.

Hon. Samuel P. Morrill was born in the town of Cheshire, in this State, in the year 1816, and with the exception of four years, he has always resided in the vicinity of his birth. When a boy he received a good academic education; industriously availing himself of the best advantages then offered, and within the reach of a poor boy, to this end.

His father being a Whig, Mr. Morrill naturally in early life embraced the same political faith. He was known in his younger days, as a free soil Whig, and an unflinching advocate of the doctrines of the Declaration of Independence. When the republican party was formed, Mr. Morrill was among the very first to come to its standard; and from that time to the present, he has been in sunshine and in storm, an unwavering supporter and worker in the ranks.

In 1857, Mr. Morrill was elected Register of deeds, for the County of Franklin, and served out his term of five years, very acceptably to the public. In the year 1862 he was re-nominated for re-election; but owing to local causes, and the nomination by the democrats of a republican, who took with him a small faction of republicans, which was added to the democratic strength, Mr. Morrill was defeated by only 70 votes.

Subsequently, Mr. Morrill was offered a responsible Clerkship, in the Navy Department at Washington, which he accepted and held under a chief Clerk strongly tainted with Johnsonism. Mr. M. being an outspoken uncompromising republican, one who would not bend the knee to Andrew Johnson, was removed in the early part of Johnson's defection from the Republican party. He came home, and in the spirited campaign in Franklin county in 1866, took an active part, speaking in nearly every town in the county. In 1867, the Republicans of the county, feeling that something was due Mr. Morrill for his fidelity to principle and his unjust defeat in 1862, voluntarily and without solicitation on his part, again nominated and elected him Register of Deeds by a very large majority.

In the recent exciting Congressional campaign, the Republicans of Old Franklin paid Mr. Morrill a compliment they never before bestowed upon any other man during the sixteen years they have been connected with the Second District, to wit: they gave him every delegate from that county, 61 in all. This shows his popularity at home, where he has always lived and is best known. This significant fact, in the end, very justly settled the Convention in his favor.

At the opening of the rebellion, Mr. Morrill's two sons, neither of whom were liable to military duty, and being his only children, enlisted and served in the war as privates and both received at its close an honorable discharge.

Mr. Morrill is a gentleman of fine personal appearance, affable, kind-hearted and easily approached. He is an effective, energetic public speaker, of popular manners and easy address. In whatever he believes to be right, he is firm and decided—always true to his convictions of duty, and true to his friends. In a word, he is a man we can all safely trust.

I have only to add, that Mr. Morrill sustains a high moral reputation, and that for a long series of years he has been a strait forward, consistent christian, and is a worthy member of the Free Baptist Church.

J. J. F.

Our Congressional Convention and its Nominees.

Mr. Dingley, editor of the Lewiston Journal, a prominent candidate before the Convention, for the nomination to Congress, thus generously alludes to his competitors, and the Convention:

The Second District Republican Congressional Convention, held at Auburn recently, was one of the largest and most exciting conventions of the kind ever held in the State. Every town and plantation was represented. Notwithstanding the large number of candidates and the heated canvass preceding the convention, everything passed off without any controversy or bitterness, and the result, which was not reached until the eighth ballot, was most cordially acquiesced in by all the delegates.

Hon. Mr. Perham, who has so satisfactorily represented this District for the past 6 years, withdrew his name from before the Convention at the close of the 6th ballot. The strong disposition of the Convention to nominate some candidate other than Mr. Perham, did not arise from any dissatisfaction at his course in Congress, (for he has always there been foremost among the true men,) but from a feeling that justice to other portions of the District required that the candidate should be taken outside of Oxford.

Hon. S. P. Morrill of Farmington, the nominee of the Convention, is a true and tried republican, and cannot fail to make a most faithful Representative to Congress. He has been an active working member of the republican party since its formation, and Representative from Farmington, Register of Deeds in Franklin Co., and in other public capacities, he has proved himself honest, capable and reliable. When Pres. Johnson attempted to destroy the republican party and to advance "my policy" by the use of government patronage, Mr. Morrill was in one of the Departments at Washington. His principles, however, were not in the market, and he consequently retired from office and returned to Franklin county, where he took the stump and

did great service for the republican cause.

Hon. Amos Nourse of Bath, formerly U. S. Senator, was nominated by acclamation for Elector of the President and Vice President. Judge Nourse is one of the original republicans of Maine, and his nomination for this position is a deserved compliment.

The resolutions adopted have the right ring. On such a platform, and with such candidates, let the republicans press forward.

The Picnic on the Fourth.

On Streaked Mountain, notwithstanding the excessive heat, which deterred many from going, was a very enjoyable occasion. Over a hundred participated in it, and though some reached the top of the mountain, the picnic was held in a beautiful maple grove, on the Western slope, about a third of the way to the top, a spot which, when reached, proved very acceptable, and where a cool breeze was enjoyed all the time.

When we reached Mr. James King's, at the foot of the mountain, we found the heights, at the tip top, occupied by a party, and a life and two drums with their martial strains inviting our ascent, but with the thermometer at 94° in the shade, and about 125° in the sun, we held a party, and concluded to send a message to the top, proposing a compromise to meet in the beautiful grove below, it being easier to come down than to go up. This was agreed to, and after spreading the refreshments upon Nature's inviting carpet, the children sang one of their sweet melodies, and the Divine Blessing was invoked by the Pastor, Rev. Mr. Walker. This over, all gathered under a wide spread oak, and a couple of hours were spent in a very agreeable way, by martial music, singing, toasts, responses, recitations and witticisms. This part of the festivities was entirely impromptu, but passed off more acceptably than many occasions which are all planned, with their exits and their entrances, and which fail because

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men Gang aft' agley."

There was a very pleasant family reunion party among us, that of Mr. Alonzo King's, whose five sons with their wives and children, had come from different points to spend the National holiday amid the familiar scenes of youth. Among them was the Rev. Prentiss King, of the Washington D. C. Institute, a school for Freedmen, fitting them to be teachers and preachers. His interesting statements relative to the freedmen, were listened to with great attention, and served to make the occasion more interesting. The worthy parents were present, and seemed to enter into the spirit of the occasion with the life of youth.

The children finally marched down the mountain to the inspiring music of the life and drums, to the residence of Mr. Julius King, whose hospitality was shown in throwing open his house, and by various acts of kindness, and when the teams were harnessed, the company departed to their several homes, all agreeing that the picnic of the 1st Baptist Sabbath school, was a grand success.

We should not forget to mention that our tenor drummer, though a lad of only 12 years, (Adrian P. Maxim,) handled the sticks like a veteran. A contribution was taken up for him, and three hearty cheers, given with a will, attested the satisfaction of the company, for the part which he had taken in the enjoyments of the occasion.

No accidents occurred to mar the festivities of the day. If any were misled by our announcement that the picnic would ascend on the East side of the mountain, we regret that the heat of the day precluded our doing this.

The Weather.

The thermometer ranged among the nineties on the 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th of this month on Paris Hill. One of the oldest inhabitants remarked that he had never known so hot a day as the 4th of July, on the Hill. On the evening and during the night of Sunday, the 6th, there was a decided change in the atmosphere for the better, the thermometer falling from 95° on Sunday to 72° on Monday morning.

On Thursday afternoon, we had a heavy shower. The lightning was very sharp and struck a tree below Mr. Albert Hammond's house, but a few rods from some men at work for Mr. H., two of whom, Mr. Weeks and Mr. Ellis, were considerably affected by the fluid. The former was thrown down and made unconscious for a few moments; his vision was blurred and his nerves put in a tremor, which, with other sensations, lasted for hours.

The next evening we had another heavy shower, with a tornado of wind, accompanied by hail and considerable rain.

We notice by a Washington paper that the thermometer, on the 2d inst., was only 88° at its highest figure, and they called that hot.

At Portland, Sunday was the hottest day. In the sun the mercury ranged from 120 to 125°. In the shade it stood at 95° to 97°.

In Bangor, Sunday was the hottest day experienced for several years. The thermometer stood at 103° in the shade. At half-past six in the evening the mercury stood at 92°.

THE FOURTH ON PARIS HILL.—We found this a plucky little village for 4th of July demonstrations. The firing of guns and ringing of bells commenced about midnight, and were well kept up till sunrise, when the "big gun" was brought out and a salute of thirteen guns fired, and also thirteen at sunset. The bell was also rung. Those who did not go to the Picnic kept shady during the day, but we doubt if they had so refreshing a breeze as was experienced by the picnickers on the mountain.

The Fourth at Chase's Mills.

Turner, not only noted for its churches, its settled ministry, its day and Sabbath schools, but for being one of the best farming towns, worked by an industrious and reading community, in Androscoggin county, had two celebrations on the Fourth.—The one at Snell's well arranged and beautiful grove, near Chase's Mills, was a grand affair, being under the supervision of Good Templars from West Sumner, Nezinscott and Crystal Wave Lodge. They were marched by their Marshal, E. P. Whitman, of Nezinscott Lodge, to seats prepared for them and others, in front of the speaker's stand. The beautiful blending of the red, white and blue, with the stars and stripes around and above the speaker's platform, spoke a language in "God's first temple" that filled every feeling soul with fire from the altar of Liberty. Seth Sampson, Esq., the old veteran of temperance from Turner, was President. Prayer by Rev. Mr. Richardson of Turner; reading of the Scriptures by the President; address by M. Ladden, Esq. of Turner. Remarks by Rev. Mr. Richardson. Remarks and poem, "Tree of Liberty," by William Bicknell, Hartford; also remarks by Rev. Mr. Dickinson of Turner.

After a blessing was invoked by Rev. Mr. Dickinson, the tasteful arrangement of pies, cakes, and tarts was soon destroyed by the multitude. Afterward an address by the President of the day, and remarks by Solon Chase, Esq., and remarks and a poem by Benj. Murry, of Turner. Song by Mr. Leavitt of Turner, followed by remarks by Mr. Dillingham of Auburn, and declamations by George Simpson of East Buckfield, and Chandler of West Sumner, which were well delivered and received. The whole was interspersed with extra music from the Buckfield Sabbath school and members of the Nezinscott and West Sumner Lodges.

HARTFORD.

Porter.

As usual for the last five or six years, the Anniversary of our National Independence was celebrated at Porter village, on the 4th, by firing of guns, display of flags, reading the Declaration of Independence, oration, sentiments offered, and responses made, music and dancing, horse trotting, foot racing, and an increased amount of drunkenness and fighting.

Maj. J. M. Davis, of Parsonsfield, acted as President, aided by a large list of Vice Presidents.

The East Fryeburg Brass Band enlivened the occasion with some excellent music. Rev. Mr. Atkinson offered an appropriate prayer, after which E. S. Ridlon Esq., read the Declaration of Independence.

Rev. H. F. Snow, delivered a brief but eloquent oration; theme—"Love of Country." He had no sympathy with those who would desert their country, and its flag, in the hour of their peril, nor those who would bring everlasting dishonor upon our Nation, by repudiating our national debt.

There was less horse trotting than usual; fast driving, (with the mercury at 100 in the shade,) became dangerous, not only to the poor beasts, but to the staggering owners also.

Some of the free run party were inclined to celebrate the day in old fashioned style, by black eyes, and had it not been for the promptness and energy of the Marshal, Capt. L. D. Stacy, in suppressing the "free fights" of the drunken rowdies, the list would have been largely increased.

Benj. M. Downs, late an inmate of the jail at Paris, was drowned in the Ossipee river, at Porter mill, on the 30th ult.

The farmers are commencing their haying this week, in right good earnest. The crop will be unusually large.

Corn is backward, but is doing finely. The prospect is good for a large crop of apples.

Porter, July 6, 68.

TONE.

West Paris Items.

We have had the hottest weather here, of course. That is the report from all about.

We are doing considerable in the way of building. J. H. Barrows has nearly finished a good house and stable; Charles Jackson is building a new house; Charles Field is preparing to build a set of buildings; James Dunham is also making an addition to his house; Andrew Hill is building new.

Mr. John Tucker cut 48 cords of old growth wood, for E. D. Marshall, in 23 days, all hard wood—getting \$1.25 per cord.

A. P. Andrews has sold his trotting horse for \$800, to a gentleman in Massachusetts. We North end people invite the rest of the town to beat us on the sale of last horses. Within eight months we have sold three horses for about \$3100. Come neighbor townsmen, beat us.

People are busy at haying, the weather being good.

Fryeburg Items.

Mr. Editor: With the thermometer at 107 and the sweat oozing from every pore, you will not expect a very lengthy epistle from this part of Old Oxford.

The people of this section are quite willing to let the fourth pass, without any very extended arrangements for celebrations. A small gathering at Tole Bridge, and a sewing circle picnic at Center Lovell, together with something of a gathering at "Slab city" Lovell, the particulars of which I have not as yet learned, are all that I hear in this direction.

Mr. Willard Barker has sold his farm at Tole Bridge, to Seymour A. Farrington.

Mrs. Daniel Hall, fell while attempting to ascend a ladder, and broke her collar bone.

During the severe thunder shower of Friday night, the lightning struck the house

of Sylvanus Knox, of Stow, doing some damage and prostrating three children, tearing the soles from the shoes of one of them. They received no further injury. Mr. Charles, who had called at the house to avoid the shower, had his horse knocked down, but after unbiting the wagon, the supposed dead horse came to life, and is all right, as far as we have learned.

Mr. Dean Willey, of this town, who has been considerably alarmed at a large swelling upon his thigh, has returned from Portland, where after an examination by Dr. Tewksbury and others, it is pronounced to be a tumor. His friends will be glad to learn that in their opinion, it can be removed without danger of life, or loss of limb.

Canton Items.

Several new houses, a new church and two or three stables are being erected in town, the present season, besides several buildings that are being repaired and enlarged, nearly all of them having been contemplated when it was supposed the Railroad would be extended to the place, and that a new School house would be built.

The former will be sought by another route, and the latter erected as soon as the wisdom and disposition of the district can determine where to locate it.

An elegant new hearse has just been completed by Mr. Thaxter Russell, under the auspices of the ladies sewing societies. The enterprise was contemplated and commenced about a year ago, by Mrs. Rosetta Harlow, by whose energy, a society of ladies was organized to procure the required funds. The matter was received with so much favor that two hundred dollars were obtained from various resources in season to show the fruits of determined perseverance at this time.

Mr. F. C. Stevens has a Jersey heifer, half blood, that at eight weeks old, weighed 271 lbs. and measured 38 1/2 inches in girth.

The Fourth in Bethel.

A correspondent of the Portland Star, writing from Bethel, on the 4th, speaks as follows of the festivities of the day.

We have been having quite a celebration here to-day in this pleasant village, and about the only one anywhere around. It has been of the Grant and Colfax order, and has drawn large numbers from all around us.

It has been a most successful opening of the campaign in Old Oxford, and has assured her "Bears" will roll the ball "on to victory." The day has been very warm, but the shady yard of our friend, Dr. True, made a most excellent shelter, and was filled with "listening ears." In the morning the exercises of the day begun with a flag raising, upon the common, upon which occasion A. S. Twitchell, Esq., of Gorham N. H., was called upon the box, to pay a tribute to the flag of our country, and was followed by Col. E. T. Luce of Auburn, in a few remarks pertinent to the day and the occasion.

In the afternoon a large crowd gathered at the Dr.'s and beneath his "vine and fig tree," (the Dr. being called to preside over the occasion,) the exercises began with prayer by the Rev. David Garland of Bethel, following which the speeches of the day. Col. Luce of Auburn made a most pleasing and acceptable speech, which was listened to throughout with the utmost attention; at the close of which E. Foster Jr. Esq., Rev. David Garland, A. S. Twitchell Esq., and Abner Davis being each called upon, responded severally to their names, in a few well timed remarks. The Bethel Brass Band was present, enlivening the occasion with their excellent music, and upon the whole the day was most pleasantly spent, and no discord or discontent crept in to mar the pleasures of the occasion.

Hartford.

A very severe shower passed over this town on the afternoon of July 3d. The barn of Wm. Benson was blown down and badly smashed. A horse belonging to John Thompson was struck by lightning and killed, and the barn of Amasa Luce was also struck and somewhat damaged.

There was in the barn of Mr. Benson, a mare, a colt and two pigs. The mare and colt fell into the cellar among the timbers, and came out all safe. One of the pigs was injured, the other unhurt.

Sudden Death.

Mr. Alexander Hamilton Thayer, of the late firm of Bates & Thayer, and son of America Thayer, died in this town on Monday morning last, rather suddenly, though he had been indisposed for over a year. He had been subject to fainting spells, with loss of strength, but had kept about house till the morning of his death, when he was suddenly prostrated by faintness, and soon expired. His age was 41. He was a brother of Dr. Thayer, of Portland, who, with Dr. Sawyer and Danforth, held a post mortem examination on the body, which revealed the causes of his death to be atrophy of the heart, or a perishing of the organ. He was an estimable man, and leaves a wife and son.

Mr. Johnson, of this place, informs us that a young man from Turner has been for some time suffering from some disease, for which ordinary remedies seemed to give no relief. The Dr., a few days since gave him a powerful emetic when the man vomited up a nondescript animal nearly three inches long and half an inch thick, resembling a frog in appearance. The patient has since been gradually recovering. We told a pretty tough frog story once before, and we therefore refer to the Dr. for the truth of this one. It is hard telling what is in the heart, or stomach of man, until an emetic, or something else, cleans him out. (Farmington Chronicle.)

Editorial and Selected Items.

HAVING. Many of our village residents commenced cutting their grass fields last week, and this week most every one is at work, though the weather has not been very favorable. The grass crop will be heavy this year, and if we have good weather, it will be cut early. With the various kinds of mowing machines, improved rakes and pitchforks, now in use, it is comparatively an easy and quick process to harvest the hay crop.

WE see by the Portland Star, of Wednesday, that the Urst Majors of Norway, and Ulyssesian Base Ball club of Hebron, both of which belong to the State Association, have challenged the Pennesseawassee for the Silver Ball.

According to the opinion of Attorney General Frye, the amount of school tax for 1868, assessable on each inhabitant, should be one dollar, instead of seventy five cents as formerly. He recommends that where the assessment has been based on a tax of seventy five cents, this year, under a misapprehension, the additional amount of twenty five cents be legally added.

Nature is all right, or rather in the Providence of God "all things work together for good." The recent hot weather was needed to give the start to vegetation which a cold and wet spring had withheld. "Seed time and harvest shall not fail."

A good motto for Republicans about these times is—"We demand everything for security; nothing for revenge." And, in the language of Gen. Grant, "We must have peace."

The Beet Sugar Company at Chatsworth Ill., are said to have fed about 400 head of cattle through the winter, on beet pulps, with a small amount of grain, the cattle fattening finely on the pulps.

On Saturday last three or four members of Congress, chatting in one of the committee rooms of the capitol on the coming Presidential campaign, Senator Saulsbury, in speaking of the Democratic convention in July, said, "If they nominate Chase I suppose I must support him, but I'll be d—d if I won't make a fight before I see Sumner put on the ticket, with him for Vice President."

An Austrian convict has made out of bread a clock that keeps accurate time. The hands are of wood and the figures and dial plate are of straw. All the rest is made of rye straws.

One night in a thunder shower, a little voice from the "trundle bed" called out, "Oh, mother, the dark is winking, first it shuts up and then it shuts down."

Mr. Isaiah Warren of Winthrop, proposes to give to the Fryeburg Academy fund one thousand dollars, whenever the trustees shall raise nine thousand dollars.

Among the Patents issued to Maine inventors June 30th was one to Stephen H. Cummings, of Norway, for Sad Iron holder.

Gen. Adelbert Ames has been appointed Provisional Governor of Mississippi. Post. No. 21, G. A. R. of Gorham, is reported in a flourishing condition. At a recent election of officers, Edward Harding was elected P. C. and Frank L. Berry, an Oxford County boy, Post Adjutant.

CANTON. We learn from the Zion's Advocate that Rev. C. Parker baptised four converts last Sabbath.

SEWING MACHINES. These useful and almost indispensable household inventions have been so improved, that in these times superior machines are furnished at very low rates, bringing them within the reach of all. From the examination we have given of the "Common Sense Machine" advertised in our columns, we should pronounce it the cheapest and best.

The discontinuing of the P. & O. C. Railroad has started up new line lines. DeWitt C. Chase, who has run a stage from Dixfield to Sumner, extended his route to Mechanic Falls; but has sold the lower section to J. B. Woodbury of Mechanic Falls. Mr. Chase has also opened a new route from Dixfield, Peru and Canton to Strickland's Ferry. He carries an accommodation bag at present, but efforts are being made to establish this as a mail route.

We learn from the Portland Star, that Dr. Wm. H. Green, for several years Professor of Surgery at Michigan University, at Pittsfield and at Brunswick, and who has taken a high rank in the Profession, has come to Portland to establish himself in practice. He has resigned the surgery at Ann Arbor and Pittsfield, but will still continue his relations with the Maine Medical School. Dr. Green is a native of Waterford in Oxford County, and fellow student with the late Dr. Hunkins, when in practice in that town. He has rapidly and deservedly risen to the front rank of the Profession.

COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS.—It is a little humiliating to read in Mr. Burlingame's speech in reply to the welcome of the House of Representatives, that the United States is invited to examine, among the other phases of Chinese civilization, their system of competitive examination for office. We are not in the habit of crediting the Orientals with much sagacity either political, social or scientific, but for centuries they have required applicants for employment in the public service to exhibit some evidence of fitness for the position to which they aspire, and they have tested their qualifications by an examination conducted on the plan proposed in Mr. Jencks's civil service bill. There is no doubt that China will be ahead of us for some time to come in this respect says the Portland Press.

