The Jeffersonian Democrat.

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THE OLD SEXTON.

Nigh to a grave that was newly made
Leaned a sexton old, on his earth-worn spade;
His work was done, and he paused to wait
The funeral train at the open gate.
A relic of by-gone days was he,
And his locks were white as the foamy sea;
And these words come from his lips so thin—
"I gather them in—I gather them in!

"I gather them in—for man and boy,
Year after year of grief and joy,
I've builded the houses that lie around,
In every nook of this burial ground;
Mother and daughter, father and son,
Come to my solitude, one by one;
But come they strangers, or come they kin,
I gather them in—I gather them in!

"Many are with me, yet I'm alone;
I am king of the dead, and I make my throne
On the monument slab of marble cold,
And my sceptre of rule is the spade I hold.
Come they from cottage, come they from hall,
Mankind are my subjects—all—all—all!
Let them loiter in pleasure, or toilfully spin,
I gather them in—I gather them in!

"I gather them in—and their final rest
Is here, down here, in earth's dark breast;"
And the Sexton ceased, as the funeral train
Wound mutely over the solemn plain.
And I said to myself—When time is told,
A mightier voice than the Sexton's old
Shall sound o'er the last trump's deadly din
'I gather them in—I gather them in?"

"DON'T."

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"You are sober this evening," said Mrs. Landell to her husband. "I hope nothing has gone wrong during the day."

Mr. Landell, who had been sitting with his eyes upon the floor, silent and abstracted for some moments, roused himself at these words of his wife, and looked up at her, smiled in a forced way, as he answered—

"Oh, no; nothing at all has gone wrong."

The voice of Mr. Landell was just shaded with concern.

"Well enough in body, but not as comfortable in mind as I desire."

"Then something has gone wrong," said the wife, her manner troubled.

"Nothing more than usual," replied Mr. Landell. The forced smile faded away from his countenance. Mrs. Landell sighed.

"Than usual!" She repeated his words, looking with earnest inquiry into her husband's face. Then she added in a tender manner—

"Bring home your trouble, dear—don't hide any thing. Let me share with you the good and ill of life. Did you not know that hearts draw nearer in suffering than they do in joy."

"Bless your kind heart, Alice!" said Mr. Landell, a broad smile creeping over his face as he caught her round cheeks between his hands and kissed her. "There isn't anything in the case so serious as all that comes to. I'm not going to fail in business; haven't lost anything worth speaking about, haven't cheated any body and don't intend to; its only this hasty impulsive temper of mine that is always leading me to say or do something that leaves a sting.',

The cloud passed from the face of Mrs. Landell.

"You will overcome that in time, Edward."

"I can't see that I make any progress. Yesterday I spoke sharply to one of my young men, when a mild reproof would have been more just and of more salutary effect. He is sensitive and my words hurt him severely. The shadow that remained on his face all day, was my perpetual rebuke, and I felt it long after the sun went down. My punishment was greater than his. But the lesson of yesterday did not suffice. This morning I was betrayed into captious language, and wounded the same young man and threw him off his guard so much that he answered me with feeling. This I regarded as impertinence, and threatened to dismiss him from my service if he ventured a repetition of his language. When feeling subsided and thought became clear again, I saw that I had been wrong and I have felt unhappy about it ever since. I wish I had more self more control; that I could bridle my tongue when feeling it suddenly spurred. But temperament and long indulged habits are against me."

Mrs. Landell encouraged and soothed her husband, and so won his mind away from its self reproaches.

On the next morning as Mr. Landell was leaving for his store, his wife looked up at at him and with a meaning smile said to him—

"Don't."

There was the slightest preceptible warning in her tone.

"Don't what?" Mr. Landell seemed a little puzzled.

"Don't forget yourself."

"Oh!" light broke in upon his mind. 'Thank you, I will not;" and went forth to meet the trials of the day.

Almost the first thing that fell under the notice of Landell was an important letter, which after writing, he had given to a clerk to copy and mail. Instead of being in Boston, as it should have been, it lay upon the desk. Neglect like this he felt to be unpardonable.

"John," he called sharply to a young man at the further end of the store.

"Don't!" it seemed to him like the voice of his wife in his ear—"don't forget yourself."

This mental warning came just in season. The clerk came quietly towards him. By the time he reached the desk of Mr. Landell, the latter was under self-control.

"Why was not this letter mailed, John?" he asked.

The tone was neither imperative nor captious, but kind; and the question was asked in a way that said, of course there is good reason for omission; and so there was.

"I think sir," answered John, "that there is a mistake, and I thought it best not to put the letter in the mail."

"A mistake? How?" and Mr. Landell opened the letter.

"It reads," said the clerk "three hundred cases of shawls."

"Oh, no; thirty cases," replied Mr. Landel. But as he said this his eye rested upon the three hundred. "So it is.—How could I have made such an error?—You did right, John, in not sending the letter.

The clerk went back to his place and the merchant said to himself, "how glad I am that I was able to control myself.—If I had spoken to that young man as I felt, I would have wronged and alienated him and made trouble for myself all day."

Not long after this a case of goods fell through the hatchways, crushing down upon the landing with a noise that caused Mr. Landell, whose temperament was exceedingly nervous, to spring to his feet.—To blame somebody was his first impulse. "What careless fellow has done this?" was on his tongue.

"Don't!" the inward monitor spoke in time. Mr. Landell shut his lips tightly, and kept silent until he could command himself. He then inquired calmly into the the cause of the accident, and found that special blame attached to none.—Opening the case of goods, the damage was found to be trifling.

"Another conquest," said Mr. Landell, as he turned to his desk. Self control is easy enough if the trial is made in earnest.

A dozen times that day was the torch applied to Mr. Landell's quick temper, and as often was he in danger of blazing out. But he kept his temper till the sun went down, and then he turned his steps homeward, feeling more comfortable in mind than he had for several weeks.—There was no shadow on his countenance when he met his wife, but smiling good humor.

"You said 'don't' as I left this morning,"

"Well!"

"And I didn't."

"You are a hero," said Mrs. Landell laughing.

"Not much of a one. The conquest was easy enough when I drew the sword in earnest."

"And you felt better?"

"Oh, a thousand times. What a curse of ones life a quick temperament is. I am ashamed of myself half a dozen times a day on an average. But I have made a good beginning, and I mean to keep right until the end."

"Don't" said Mrs. Landell to her husband, as she parted with him for the store at the front door of their home the next morning.

"I won't, God help me!" was answered heartily.

And he didn't, as the pleasant evening that he passed with his wife, most clearly testified.

Reader, if you are quick tempered "don't."

The Splendor of Damascus.

Damascus is the oldest city in the world. Tyre and Sydon have crumbled on the shore; Baalbec is a ruin; Palmyra is buried in the sands of the desert; Ninevah and Babylon have disappeared from the Tigris and Euphrates; Damascus remains what it was before the days of Abraham—a center of trade and travel—an island of verdure in a desert—"a predestined capital,"—with martial and sacred associations extending through more than thirty centuries. It was "near Damascus" that Saul of Tarsus saw the light from heaven above the brightness of the sun," the street which is called Staais, in which it was said "he prayeth," still runs through the city. The caravan comes and goes as it did a thousand years ago; there are still the sheik, the ass and the water-wheel; the merchant of the Euphrates and of the Mediterranean still "occupy" these "with the multitude of their waters." The city which Mohamet surveyed from a neighboring hight, and was afraid to enter, because it is given to have but one Paradise, and for his part he was resolved not to have it in this world, is to this day, what Julian called "the eye of the East," as it was in the time of Isaiah, "the head of Syria." From Damascus came the damson, our blue plum, and the delicious apricot of Portugal; called damasco; damask, our beautiful fabric of cotton and silk, with vines and flowers raised upon a smooth bright ground; the damask rose, introduced into England in the time of Henry VIII; the Damascus blade, so famous the world over for its keen edge and wonderful elasticity, the secret of whose manufacture was lost when Tamerlane carried off the arts into Persia; and that beautiful art of inlaying wood and steel with silver and gold, a kind of Mosaic—engraving and sculpture united—called Damaskeeing with which boxes and bureaus, and swords and guns are ornamented. It is still a city of flowers and bright waters; the "rivers of gold," still murmur and sparkle in the wilderness of "Syrian gardone."

LIFE'S HAPPIEST PERIOD.—Kingsley gives his evidence on this disputed point. He thus declares: "There is no pleasure I ever experienced like *a child's midsummer holiday*. The time, I mean when two or three of us used to go away up the brook, and take our dinners with us, and come home at night tired, dirty, happy, scratched beyond recognition, with a great nosegay, three little trout, and one shoe, the other one having been used for a boat, till it had gone down with all hands out of soundings. How poor our Derby days, our Greenwich dinners, our evening parties, where there are plenty of nice girls, are after that! Depend upon it, *a man never experiences such pleasure or grief after fourteen as he does before*, unless in some cases of his first love-making, when the sensation is new to him."

LORD BROUGHAM AT HIS BIRTHPLACE.—On the 28th of last month, Lord Brougham, being in Edinburgh, and desirous of visiting the place of his birth and the scenes of his early youth, proceeded alone to 21 St. Andrew's square, in which house he was born. He went through every room in both flats of the house, and looked out of the window at which more than seventy years ago, he was wont to sit and gaze on the scenery of the Forth.

Another Dead Sea.

A writer in the Union (Cal.) Democrat gives a very interesting description of Mono Lake which has recently engrossed public attention, from the fact of the discovery of deposits of gold in the neighborhood. He says:

Mono Lake is more literally a 'dead sea' than the sea of Sodom. According to Dr. Clark, that "sea swarms with fishes, and shells abound on its shores" Mono Lake has neither. The extreme length and breadth of the Dead Sea, according to Meriti, are 75 by 15 miles, giving a superficial area of 609 square miles.—Whereas, Mono Lake contains 675 square miles. The river Jordon and Arnon, and the brook Kedron, besides many rivulets, empty into the Dead Sea. Into Mono Lake, McLane's river falls from the north, and Crosby's river from the south, and three large brooks or creeks fall into it from the west, besides numerous rivulets and springs all around its borders. But this lake not only responds to the Greek epithet "monos" as being "alone, solitary, deserted, forsaken," but also answers to the same adjective as explained in the Spanish as being "pretty, nice, neat."

The lake takes as many shapes as the points differ from which you view it.—From the west side, about ten miles from its northern limit, it appears like a beautiful crescent, its horns curving delicately around you on the right and left. From the mouth it appears to be nearly circular, like the full moon, the islands in its waters strikingly representing the clouded spots on that planet. From the east it appears to have no particular shape, but it stretches off irregularly among the mountains.

There is little or no echo around this lake, and indeed it is difficult to understand a person talking at a little distance. A dreamy, spell-like spirit seems to pervade the atmosphere. The smooth glassy surface of the waters; the upheaved, disrupted, volcanic mountains surrounding the lake, looking down, as it were, into this abyss of their ejection; the allusion of vision, and the whitened shores, thickly columned in many places with visicular lava, which look like mountains erected to the "mighty dead;" all conspire to impress the mind with the idea of a fictitious scene, portrayed by the pencil of an omnipotent hand.

An Impatient Juryman.

An Arkansas correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune*, gives the following as authentic:

You are fond of cracking jokes at the expense of Arkansas; now here is one in your State absolutely true. I got it from an eye witness:

The District Court in one of your Northern parishes was in session; 'twas the first day of the Court—time, after dinner. Lawyers and others had dined, and were sitting out before the hotel, when a long, lank, unsophisticated countryman came up and unceremoniously made himself one of 'em, and remarked—

'Gentlemen, I wish you would go on with this Court; I want to go home; I left Betsey a looking out."

"And," said one of the lawyers, "and pray what detains you at Court?"

"Why, sir," said the countryman. "I am fotched here as a jury, and they say if I go home they will have to find me, and mout'n do that as I live a good piece."

"What jury are you on? asked the lawyer.

"What jury!"

"Yes, what jury; grand or traverse?"

"Grand or travis jury? Dad-fetched if I know."

"Well," said the lawyer, "did the judge charge you?"

"Well, 'Squire, the little fellow that sits up in the pulpit and kinder bosses over the crowd, gin us a talk; but I don't know if he charged anything or not."

The crowd broke up in a roar of laughter, and the Sheriff called the Court.

How a Toad Pulls off His Pants.

A writer in the North Carolina Farmer tells the following:

"About the middle of July, I found a toad on a hill of melons, and, not wanting him to leave hoed around him. He appeared sluggish and not inclined to move. Presently I observed him pressing his elbows against his sides, rubbing downward. He appeared so singular that I watched to see what he was up to. After a few smart rubs, his skin began to burst open straight along his back. Now, said I, old fellow you have done it; but he appeared to be unconcerned, and kept on rubbing until he had worked down all his skin into folds on his sides and hips; then, grasping one hind leg with his hands, he hauled off one leg of his pants the same as anybody would, then stripped the other leg in the same way. He then took his cast off cuticle forward, between his fore legs, into his mouth, and swallowed it, then by raising and lowering his head, swallowing as his head came down, he stripped off the skin underneath until it came to his fore-legs, and then, grasping one of these with the opposite hand, by considerable pulling stripped off the skin; changing his hands he stripped the other, and, by a slight motion of the head, he drew it from the throat and swallowed the whole. The operation seemed to be an agreeable one, and occupied but a short time."

OPIUM INTOXICATION.—We are accustomed to believe that the opium eater is the most miserable of drunkards, but Sir John Bowring, in speaking of the use of opium in China, contrasted with the use of intoxicating liquor, says:—

"Some in China use opium to excess, and all consumed it; yet the deaths from the use of it only amounted to four a year out of ninety thousand. In England, the deaths from delirium tremens were four times as great. Opium does not lead to crime and acts of violence. The habit of intoxication has become extirpated in China. Formerly the Chinese were greatly addicted to intoxication. The opium smoker dreams, and fancies delightful visions, while the man intoxicated with drink becomes a perfect ruffian.

THE two celebrated divines and scholars, Doctors South and Sherlock, were once disputing on some religious subject, when the latter accused his opponent of using his *wit* in the controversy. "Well," said South, "suppose it had pleased God to give you wit, what would you have done?"

From the Cleveland Leader.

Kentucky and Tennessee in Ohio.

The visit of the Governors and Legislatures of Kentucky and Tennessee to the Capital of Ohio has been the feature of the week, and the occasion of a rare and pleasant gala time at Cincinnati and Columbus. The Southern excursionists after partaking of the hospitalities of Louisville, came up the Ohio on the magnificent steamer Jacob Strader, under escort of the Cincinnatti and Ohio Legislative Committees and the Guthrie Grays, on the steamers Boston and Silver Moon. When the excursion fleet reached Cincinnati the landing and banks of the river were covered with people, and banners and devices of welcome were every where displayed. The cars were entered immediately, fifteen composing the special train furnished by Superintendent Durrand, which sped away to the Capital amid the hurrahs of the multitude. Sparkling Catawba was distributed freely during the trip, and at Xenia there was a military turn out, a salute, lunch, a big crowd, and a good time generally. Tickets designating "Guests of Ohio" were currency good at all places and for all amounts.—The enthusiasm was unbounded, and it is gravely recorded that "one Tennessee youth, two years of age—a lusty young fellow—took an inch of Catawba in an ordinary tumbler, drinking to 'The Union!' So much for 'Young America and patriotism.' The Union was the universal toast."

At half past 3 Thursday P. M. the beating of drums and booming of guns announced the arrival of the excursionists at Columbus. The guests were received with hearty enthusiasm under a salute of thirty-three guns. The procession, composed of the military, Governor's Staff, Committees of Reception, Governors and Legislatures of Kentucky and Tennessee, members of City Councils of Cincinnatti, Louisville and Memphis, proceeded to the State House, and were cheered by the throng which filled the streets. The Committee of Escort, and other officers, conducted the guests into the Hall of the House of Representatives, where they were received by the General Assembly in Joint Convention.

The address of welcome, brief and pertinent, was delivered in an impressive manner by Gov. Dennison, as follows:

Friends of Kentucky, Tennessee, and of Indiana:

On behalf of the people of Ohio, speaking through their General Assembly, I receive you at this, their Capitol.

I greet you as Representatives of Sovereign States. I salute you as brethren of the great valley of the Mississippi, the center and the citadel of the National Confederacy. I greet you as fellow citizens of the Union so dear to us all, the source of whatever makes us most proud of our country, and the preservation of which, for the equal and common benefit of all the States, is alike the highest and most grateful duty of the American citizen.

By all these honored titles, you are heartily welcomed here to day.

Governor Magoffin responded eloquently on the part of the State of Kentucky. Addressing the Governor and General Assembly, he said:

"I must return, in behalf of the people of my State and of the Legislature of Kentucky, our grateful thanks for this most cordial welcome. We had expected a warm welcome from the people of Ohio, but were unprepared for such a greeting as we have had. It has been a magnificent pageant from the moment we set foot on the landing at Cincinnati. We were received with the roar of peaceful cannon and the shouts of welcoming hosts."

"We will take home this welcome to the people of Kentucky. We will tell them of it, and we will tell them that all we have to do to keep this Government together, is to see each other oftener and to know each other better. Coming from the great Empire State of the Great State—*from this* State, renowned for her splendid educational systems, and her benevolent institutions—eminent for her vast achievements, and glorious in her successful enterprise—we lay to our hearts the welcome of her chivalrous sons and beautiful daughters, and the generous hospitality with which they greet us. Let me return them in behalf of the people of Kentucky, and in behalf of her Representatives, our earnest and warmest thanks for this your grateful welcome."

Gov. Magoffin then introduced Col. Newcom, of the Tennessee Legislature, who responded in behalf of the State of Tennessee. Addressing Gov. Dennison, he said:

"I desire to thank you, sir, in behalf of the people of Tennessee, and to you, fellow citizens of the State of Ohio, and in the name of the people of Tennessee, whom I represent, I return our hearty thanks for your welcome, and to you, ladies of Ohio, Tennessee returns her thanks for your presence on this day. We come up among you at your proud capital as brethren. We come not to invade you with hostile banners, but to engage with you in feasts of brotherly love. It is Tennessee and Kentucky that meet Ohio on this occasion, and I tell you fellow citizens, that while Congres cannot organize, Ohio and Tennessee and Kentucky will assemble and greet each other as brethren of our common and beloved country.

"We come together for a common purpose. We come because we can say in the Capitol of Ohio that we are brethren of one blood. We come, I say, fellow citizens of Ohio, to renew the bonds of union here. In olden times, when our fathers met in Independence Hall to form a Constitution, it was with feelings which should inspire us now. What is the Constitution? Read but the preamble, and let us ponder it well in our minds, and keep it in our hearts. To-day, in the name of Tennessee, we are willing here to swear to support it in all time to come. I say this for the Representatives of Tennessee, and I say it for the people whom we represent; and we say to you, that as the Bible is to the Christian's heart, so is the Constitution to the heart of Tennessee. We return you, then, fellow-citizens of Ohio, our warmest thanks for your most generous welcome, and believe me, we will bear the remembrance of it in our hearts." [Enthusiastic applause.]

The Joint Convention then adjourned, but demands were made for Col. Jno. W. Crockett, who responded with patriotic eloquence, inspiring his auditors with increased enthusiasm. The meeting was resolved into a good old fashioned patriotic meeting, and speeches were made by Rodney Mason, of Springfield, Ohio, several Kentuckians and Tennesseers, Gen. Geiger, and T. D. Jones, the Sculptor, who made some capital hits, and proved himself a telling orator.

After the meeting dispersed, the guests were escorted to the various public institutions, and were hospitably entertained at the residences of citizens. Governor Magoffin and Lieut. Governor Porter, of Kentucky, are the special guests of Governor Dennison.

At dark, the hotels and many stores and dwellings were brilliantly illuminated. The dome of the State House was splendidly lighted up, and the city was ablaze with pyrotechnic fires. Crowds of ladies and gentlemen thronged the streets, and there was universal hilarity abroad. After supper, the guests and their hosts assembled in the Hall of the House at a social levee, and afterwards in Odeon Hall, around the banquet table. Menter's Band furnished superb music. Lieut. Governor Kirk presided, and the seats of honor were appropriately distributed.

The following regular toasts were read:

1. KENTUCKY—Mother of wise statesmen and fair women; her younger sisters delight to do her honor.

Response by Governor Magoffin.

2. TENNESSEE—the iron of her mountains, the corn of her valleys, and the cotton of her plains, represent in their union of interests the union of our people.

Response by Lieut. Governor Newman, of Tennessee.

3. OHIO—her Representatives in every department gladly welcome to her capital the Representatives of her sister States.—Response by Governor Dennison.

4. THE STATES OF THE GREAT CENTRAL VALLEY—in war their blood has been mingled in the common defence—in peace, their blood flows in kindred veins; in war and peace, like the branches of their great river, they will unite their interests and sympathies in a common current, whose course shall endure forever. Response by Senator Robert G. Paine, of Tennessee.

5. THE LEGISLATURE OF KENTUCKY.—Response by the Lieut. Governor of Kentucky.

6. THE LEGISLATURE OF TENNESSEE.—Response by Mr. Speaker Whithorne.

7. OUR FEDERAL UNION—"It must and shall be preserved." Response by Governor CHASE, who said:

Mr. President:—Not far from the city of Nashville, on the southern shore of the Cumberland, amid the pleasant scenes of the Hermitage, rises the modest monument which marks the final resting place of Andrew Jackson; there, after noble service to his country, in war and peace, the Patriot Hero sleeps; but his lessons to his countrymen, whether expressed in deeds or words, still live on the printed page of their hearts. Among those lessons none ever met a hearier response from the whole American people, than the simple declaration which has just been repeated, "Our Federal Union, it must be preserved." Far distant be the day when it shall meet a response less decided or less unanimous. The sentiment itself, indeed, was but an echo to the utterance of all patriotic hearts, from the very beginning of the struggle for independence. The primal necessity of the revolution was union. Without it, the revolution itself, though in name a success, would have been, in truth, a disastrous failure. It was first and last among the aspirations of Washington and his great compatriots, and the most impressive among the final admonitions of the Father of his Country, are those which inculcate its priceless worth, and exhort his countrymen to its perpetual maintenace. It was fit that the first President from the new States should emphatically re-affirm the judgment and purpose of the first President from the old. It is fit, also, when the Representatives of the three States first organized in the great central valley are gathered together as now, that this sentiment should again be affirmed with emphasis and decision. As the rivers of these States flow into one Ohio, bearing upon its bosom their common interests of commerce—so should the affections of the dwellers upon these shores flow together in one vast current of devotion to the Union, laden with the precious freight of all their destinies.

But, Mr. President, I must not enter on this large theme; the time does not permit, nor is it needful. The number of those who, either at the South or at the North, really believe that the time for the dissolution of this Union has actually come, is too small to excite alarm—and if there be others who suppose that, in certain contingencies, the destruction of the noblest political fabric ever record by man may become desirable, we may safely trust the logic of events for the demonstration of their error. For Ohio, at least, I may confidently speek. She has ever been and will ever remain loyal to the Union and the Constitution. While yet in my earliest manhood, I put on record my conviction that in all future, as in all past circumstances, Ohio will cleave fast to the National Union, and that her growing energies will, on no occasion, be more willingly or powerfully put forth, than in the support and maintenance of both in unimpaired vigor and strength. That conviction remains unchanged, nor do I doubt, Mr. President, that the spirit and purpose of Ohio is the spirit and purpose of all the States, whose worthy and honored representaitives are gathered here to-night. We will not surrender the proud title of American citizens; we will not renounce our portion in the glories of the Imperial Republic; we will not madly fling away the most blessed boon of free institutions ever vouchsafed to man by Heaven; we will not prepare for our children, instead of the noble heritage of freedom, prosperity and peace which our fathers transmitted to us, a detestable inheritance of despotism, calamity and civil war. No! no! a thousand times. No! we will compose whatever differences have arisen, or may arise, in the spirit of our fathers—claiming mutually nothing that we think wrong, we will concede mutually whatever we find to be just, cherishing above all, with the constant ardor of Washington, a cordial and immovable attachment to our Federal Union, we will resolve with the inflexible determination of Jackson that it must be preserved.

8. "The memory of the Kentucky defenders of the soil, and honors, and homes of Ohio."

Response by Hon. John W. Crockett, of Tennessee.

9. "The Pilgrims: They laid the foundations of empire at Plymouth and Jamestown; the grand arch of the Republic rests safely thereon."

Response by Mr. Speaker Parsons.

10. "Washington: The noblest figure on the canvass of time."

Response by Columbus Delano.

11. "The Pioneers of Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee: a band of brothers—brave, simple, honest and noble; may their descendants emulate their virtues."

Response by Hon. Jas. Stokes, of Tenn.

12. "The States: The maintenance of the rights of each is essential to the common welfare of all."

Response by Hon. Thos. M. Key, of O.

13. "Woman."

Response by Hon. Curtiss F. Burnham, of the Kentucky Legislature:

The Excursionists left Columbus for Cincinnati at 10 o'clock, Friday morning, accompanied by many members of the Ohio Legislature, which adjourned over to Tuesday. The guests were escorted to the depot by an imposing display of military, including the Colombus Brigade, three companies from Dayton, and one from Springfield, the Governor and Staff, Members of the General Assembly, City Council, and many citizens. A dispatch says "they went away well pleased with their hearty welcome and visit to the Capital of Ohio."

The Southern visitors enjoyed Cincinnati hospitality last night, the entertainment being on a grand scale.

Gov. Harris, of Tenn., did not visit Columbus. He was detained at Nashville by indisposition. Gov. Willard, of Indiana, who, was expected, failed to arrive.

The opening of the Railroad connecting Nashville with Louisville, gave rise to the grand exchange of inter-State courtesies.

The Capital of Japan.

What shall I say of this greatest and most singular of all cities? A volume is needed to describe it, without attempting to give its history. I have read of old Nineveh and Babylon below the ground, and seen and handled the works of art which have been d sinterred and created so much admiration on both sides of the Atlantic; but one living Jeddo, above the ground, is worth a hundred old fogy cities below it. I cannot give you an idea of it, it is so unique, so unlike everything except itself, and so impossible, as you will think. I have seen several places of interest, and maintained a cool head, but I was bewildered and confounded when I saw this. It is situated on the western shore of this charming gulf, twenty miles wide by twenty-four long. It stretches for twenty miles and more along a beach of a semi-circular form, with its horns turned outwards, and along which a street extends, crowded with blocks of stores and houses, and teeming with moving crowds, while shopkeepers, artizans, women and children seem equally numerous within doors and at the doors. Indeed, a dozen or fifteen miles might be added to the length of the city in this direction, since there is nothing but an unbroken succession of towns and villages for this distance, which are as populous and well built as the city itself. In crossing the city from the shore to the western outskirts I have walked two miles and a half, and then proceeded on horseback for ten miles more, making twelve and a half in the whole, while in other places it may be wider still. According to the lowest estimate, the city covers an area equal to seven of the New England farming towns, which were usually six miles square. And all is traversed by streets, usually wide, well-constructed, perfectly neat, and crossing each other at right angles—streets lined with houses and stores as compactly as they can be built, and crowded with moving or stationary masses as thick as in our Washington street, or New York Broadway, at least for considerable distances. The population is estimated generally at three millions, which Mr. Harris, our Minister, thinks is exaggeration. For my part, judging from what I have seen when I have gone into the heart of the city, and crossed the city from side to side, I should be willing to add as many millions more; for the living, moving masses, seen from sunrise to sunset, and everywhere the same, fairly seemed beyond computation. One city as large as seven fine towns in Berkshire county, and containing a population three times as large as that of the whole state of Massachusetts! That is enough to think of for a moment.—[*Japan Correspondence of the Boston Traveler.*

THE PROGRESS OF THE TELEGRAPH.—California papers announce that in March next, San Francisco will be within *ten day's telegraph communication* with the Atlantic States. This will take place by the simultaneous completion at that time of the telegraphic lines between St. Louis and Fort Smith, on the Atlantic side, and San Francisco and Los Angelos on the Pacific side, thus cutting off three and a-half days on each side, and with the mail facilities, reducing the line of communication between the Atlantic and Pacific cities to about ten days. It will not be long, therefore, before the telegraphic wires will close the intervening gap, and make the communication between the East and the West spontaneous. This, for the interests of the United States, is more important than even the success of a telegraphic communication with Europe.

LOSSES BY FIRES IN 1859.—A record of all the fires, together with the property destroyed, which have occurred in the United States during the year, where the loss has been estimated equal to and upward of $20,000, gives a total of 208 fires involving a loss of $16,058,000. Add to this the amount of property destroyed by fires where in each instance the loss was estimated as less than $20,000, in 1859,

Lives were lost at 51 fires, making an aggregate of 113 lives lost during the year

SHORT SIGHTED POLICY.—The Legislature of South Carolina has appropriated $200,000, for the purchase of knapsacks, muskets &c, to play soldier with, and have refused an appropriation of half a dozen thousand dollars to continue the geological surveys commenced some years ago, and now nearly completed. The South Carolinian says this most valuable work is stopped just at a time when patriotism and interest both demanded its continuance.

THE Boston *Herald* has a theory that the upper stratum of the atmosphere remains stationary, while the earth revolves. It proposes, therefore, that Prof. Lowe, the great gass-balloon man, shall ascend five miles up in a straight line, and wait in the "upper stratum" for three hours, when the earth having performed one-eighth of a revolution, Europe will be directly under him. He can then descend, having consumed only ten miles to reach the "old countries." Prof. Lowe need not then cross the Atlantic, the Atlantic will cross him.