Visiting the Tycoon.

The joint treaty lately concluded between the United States, England, France and Japan makes the following description of the reception by the Tycoon of the American Minister very interesting. It is extracted from a private letter. After describing the journey from Yokohama, the writer continues:

By three in the afternoon, we were anchored off Osaka, where we found three English, a French, and a Dutch man-of-war. They had conveyed here the ministers of their respective countries. We found that all the wants of our minister, General Van Valkenburg, had been anticipated. A house, or rather temple, had been furnished on shore with every European accommodation, such as chairs, tables, bedsteads, carpets, etc., for the American legation. Accordingly, the day after our arrival the minister, accompanied by his private secretary and secretary of legation, Captains Goldsborough and Carpenter, of the Shenandoah and Wyoming, with a guard of sailors and marines, proceeded in boats, displaying the stars and stripes, up the city. They were received with every mark of attention and demonstration of welcome. The Japanese lined the banks of the river, reading the air as our party passed to the city with shouts of "ohio!" which with them is the same as our expression "How do you do, all?" crowding each other in their eagerness to get a sight of the strangers who had come from such a distant country. After their arrival at the temple, which had been appropriated for their use, dinner was served, and a most unexceptionable one it was. The Tycoon had imported the services of a Frenchman in Yokohama, named Laplace, at the rate of $1,000 for ten days, to take charge of the commissary department for the four legations—the American, English, French and Dutch, at the same time placing at his disposal an immense quantity of fruits, vegetables, meats, etc., the fact, everything of this kind which could be purchased in Yokohama. Tommy, connected with a former Japanese embassy to the United States in 1859, you may remember, was then a boy, and kissed by I do not know how many American belles, now with his appearance. He is now made a Kometa Kaigoro, and he acted as interpreter for the American legation. He belongs to a very good family, and may one day rise to some important position in the Japanese Government. At present he holds the rank of captain in the army, and has also been appointed an interpreter, with Mr. Hamlin, who is a regular office. He is one of the best looking Japanese that I have yet seen, and is, withal, very well, considering the limited opportunities he had for acquiring it, and is in every respect an intelligent, gentlemanly and accomplished little fellow. He expressed himself as highly delighted with his visit to the United States, and cherishes the hope of one day returning there, when his increase of knowledge of the English language will be of more use than will enable him better to improve his visit. As he will probably be appointed governor of one of the new ports, our commercial interests will be promoted by his knowledge and favorable opinion in our country.

The official reception by the Tycoon was a grand affair. Our minister, followed by his diplomatic dress, wore the uniform of a foreign general of the United States army, to which he was entitled, having held that rank when the war terminated. He was accompanied by Captain Goldsborough, Lieutenant-Commanders Hatfield and Bishop, Master Sighee, of the Wyoming, with a company of marines, under command of Lieutenant H. L. Meade, the Minister's private secretary, Henri Pomeroy, and Lieutenant W. W. Sarlay, assistant officer of the Shenandoah. They were carried in palanquins from the American Legation to the castle of the Tycoon—a distance of a mile—the guard marching in advance, carrying the American flag.

The castle is within the limits of the city and close to the river. It is quite a solidly built work, having a resemblance to one of those old feudal castles, the ruins of which are still seen in many parts of England. The outer wall is surrounded by a moat, quite wide and deep; there is also another moat inside before the buildings are reached that constitute the residence of the Tycoon. The entrance to the interior was also defended by heavy iron doors, studded with nails. As on the approach to it, so upon entering, a host of soldiers were drawn up on each side, presenting a military appearance. Here Tommy, acting as interpreter, in general uniform, were assigned to the rank of Daimos and governors of provinces, conducted into the reception chamber, and introduced upon their backs. After this, we were made that the Tycoon was ready to receive the party, and we were conducted, preliminarily, into the walls of which were richly ornamented with gold and lapis-lazuli, and selected from the party, as they came to the audience chamber, which the Tycoon was standing upon a dais, surrounded by his officers of highest rank. He has an air of command, a quick eye, signing when speaking that he is a person of quick intelligence, and did not appear more than fifty five years old. He was dressed in silk flowing description, but the cloth around his loins, thickly covered with gold embroidery, was of an unusual length, hanging behind him like a woman's gown. Our minister advanced, with one of his staff, and officers who were with him placed themselves upon his left. He then made an address, translated by Tommy into Japanese, and assumed his credentials from the President. The Tycoon now read a reply from a piece of paper, which was translated into English. The purport of it was the expression of a hope for the mutual friendship and prosperity of Japan and the United States, mentioning among other things the recent establishment of the line of Pacific mail steamers as tending to a more intimate and more enlarged acquaintance between the two countries.

Our minister, now advancing a step, introduced each one of his officers to the Tycoon, who bowed as Tommy repeated their names. This concluded the ceremony, and we were conducted into an adjoining room where all the presents given by the Tycoon to our minister were spread out. These consisted of ten very handsome large silk dresses, or rather gowns, stuffed with rare silk, besides a fire and "elbow-chow" boxes, of that work in which the Japanese excel. In our way out of the castle, we passed through a great many persons, whereat they seemed pleased beyond measure. Tommy is explaining, the crowds in the streets had increased, and their curiosity seemed greater than ever. Wherever we went we were accompanied by a body of Japanese guards, or Yakonins, as they are called, who had been assigned for our protection, and were responsible to the Tycoon in case anything should happen to us.

The house in which we live is one of the usual Japanese houses, and is very comfortable one too. Although quite large, all the partitions, and even the outside walls consisted merely of thin paper, pasted on frames. Notwithstanding this, the temperature inside was pleasant, even in some severe rainy days we had. General Van Valkenburg said that he was in Vicksburg, where, of similarly constructed material, is quite comfortable even in the coldest months of the year.

One of the objects which reward curiosity here, is the theatre, and it is not a little markable how much the building, the scenes, and the general management of the plays resemble our own. One morning after breakfast we walked out to a large pagoda and ascended to the top, from which there is a splendid view of the city and the surrounding country for a space of ten or twelve miles. The city, whose population is estimated at two millions, is the sea port of the capital, and is built on both sides of a river, from which numerous natural and artificial branches extend. The city is intersected by these branches; boats are principally used for the transportation of persons and merchandise from one place to another. You can fancy nothing more picturesque from our point of view—the top of the pagoda; the long rows of white houses grouped with the most mathematical precision; the canals, spanned every little distance by substantial bridges, and gradually ending their way into the river, which, in its turn, after many windings and twistings, empties into the sea; the large junks, with their curious masts and sails, going apparently right through houses and trees, while far in the distance we could just see some ships lay anchored, in loving company with the English, French and Dutch.—*Sunderg Times.*

How Mr. Lincoln Endorsed the Negro.

In the third year of the war, William Johnson, a negro messenger in the Treasury Department, who added to his pay and his duties the emoluments and place of uncle to President Lincoln, went to Wm. J. Huntington, the cashier of the First National Bank in Washington, to borrow one hundred and fifty dollars on his note of hand. Mr. Huntington, who is as kind to the poor as he is rigid in adhering to the rules of good bank management, introduced to Johnson the name and position of William, and asked him what he wanted to do with the money. "To finish my little house, sah, he." "I have to explain a responsible endorser, can you give me one?" "I reckon I kin," replied William, straightening himself up with dignity. "I kin give you Abram Lincoln." "Oh! he will do, said the cashier, who turned to his desk and drew two notes for seventy-five dollars each, payable respectively in six and ninety days. William got Mr. Lincoln's endorsements and got his money.

When the first note fell due it was not paid, and Mr. Huntington, soon after, having business at the Treasury Department, called for the colored defaulter to his big bank. William was not in his messenger's chair, but William was dead. The cashier in the course of time, having occasion to do some business with Mr. Lincoln, took with him William's two promises to pay. After concluding his interview with the President upon the matter pertinent to bank, he said, "Mr. Lincoln, the barber who used to shave you, here, is dead." "Oh, yes," interrupted the President, with feeling, "William is gone. I bought a coffin for the poor fellow, and have had to help his family." "Well, Mr. Lincoln," resumed the cashier, "I was going to say that I have in the bank two small notes of William's, endorsed by you, which I will now charge to you." "No, you will not," said Mr. Lincoln, with a little firmness, and unculling himself from his chair, he continued, "I cannot let those notes, and am bound to pay them; and it is your duty to make me pay them." "Yes," said the cashier, "but it has long been our custom to devote a portion of our profits to charitable objects, and this seems to be a most deserving one." Mr. Lincoln, however, stood firm in his obligation and his purpose to pay his endorsements. "Well, Mr. Lincoln, I will tell you how we can do this," finally said Mr. Huntington. "The money can go through the books of the bank. You spend half the loss, and I will spend half. You pay one of the notes and I will cancel the other." Old Abe flung his leg over the arm of his chair in that peculiarly awkward way he frequently had of musing over a proposition. He thought a while, the light playing all over his expressive face, then straightened up his sweet, potent eyes full of laughter. "Mr. Huntington," said he, "that sounds fair, but it is insidious; you are going to get ahead of me you are going to give me the smallest note to pay. There must be a fair division over poor William. Reckon up the amount on both notes, and drop the whole right straight through the middle, so that my half shall be as big as yours. That's the way we do it in Illinois."

And that is the way the grand man "fixed the business up." It is this obligation—sacredly exact, religiously honest, proudly independent.

The cashier laughed, and as he handed the notes to Mr. Lincoln, said, pointing to his retreating back, "After this, Mr. President, you can never deny that you are the negro." "That's a fact," said, rising, laughingly, "but I don't intend to keep it a secret." "And count the negro endorser him and myself." "Good! Good!" said he, heartily.

Cockroaches Aristocratic Dishwater Through a Microscope.

The St. Louis *Dispatch* has happily hits off the prevailing Jenkinsia of a New York paper:

When Oliver Wendell Holmes, once going to lecture at a college Commencement instead of Class Day poem, was seen and seen no more, the supposition was asked, "Do you think Mr. Lincoln's place?" he bluntly replied, "Well, I guess not." Somebody's gone, and quite a rattling in the place formerly occupied by the *Home Journal*. "Who the hey N. P. Willis, the *Home Journal* was expected to die. The public were bound it would, and everybody was prepared to see his sentimental tears over the sacrifice of the new-read mary and pigmam weekly of the world. But it seems some Jenkins—not an ordinary Jenkins, but Prince of Jenkinsinsins