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Choice Poetry.

THE IRISH EMIGRANT'S LAMENT.

BY HON. MRS. NORTON.

To siting on the hills, Mary,
When you are out side by side.
Our night may morning, long ago,
When first you were my bride.

T. Pot, Keeper of the Sacred Elephant.
T. Caddy, Master of the Fine-tooth Comb.

RECEPTION OF THE EMBASSY.
When the Philadelphia landed her noble passengers, the Navy Yard presented one of the most striking coup d'oeil ever witnessed.

The President of the United States, Five Thousand Office-seekers, The Man who values Principle Higher than Office.

Reporters of the Tribune, First Families of Virginia, The Covode Committee, Respectable People.

An elderly person named Cass attended the Embassy on behalf of the United States, in the following speech:
"Ladies--I mean Gentlemen--Our common grandmothers, the resident President of these United States, is happy to see you, and hopes you left your folks well.

Standing here before you, as I do, in a city that bears the name of the hero of America, I welcome you to the land of the free, and wish you to be informed of the fact that we cannot protect the rights of citizens of foreign birth (like yourselves) if they once leave the country.

And now ladies--I mean gentlemen--suppose we move for the White House."
Through their interpreter, the talented Insignia, the Embassadors replied:
"Your Majesty--The Tycoon of Japan sends much good things to the dam Yankees, and wish you good."

This touching tribute to our greatness as a nation was received with loud applause; and hastily applying a handkerchief to his eyes, the President stepped into a neighboring bar room. On arriving at the State Department, the servants of the Embassy hastily proceeded to unpack the presents which the Tycoon to the President, and soon had them in fit order for presentation. They comprise the following singularly appropriate gifts:

- 3 Tooth Pickers,
4 Flannel Petticoats,
1 pound of Green Tea,
2 Soup Ladles,
1 dozen packs of Fire Crackers,
6 Kites,
1 pound of Butter,
4 Wash tubs,
4 Tooth picks.

The whole State Department burst into an agony of tears on beholding these beautiful tokens of the estimation in which our beloved country is held by the rulers of a foreign land; and the artist of Frank Leslie's made such truthful drawings of the presents, that a new petition was at once presented to him by the delighted visitors. After being taken through the various interesting localities of Washington, such as the barber shops, the confectioneries, etc., the Embassy were permitted to retire to their rooms and refresh themselves with a couple of fricasseed bird's nests.

HONORS OF THE CAMPAIGN.--The Illinois Republican contains the following obituary notice of a once popular animal:
DIED--At Charleston, S. C., on the 3d inst., the old and well known horse Democracy.

The above named horse was sired by Thos. Jefferson, and dam(n)ed by S. A. Douglas.

The following, which occurred in Washington a few days after the nomination at Baltimore, will serve to show how that nomination is looked upon by the "live men" of the South American party:
A prominent Southern Opposition member of Congress met one of the returning delegates from that Baltimore Convention. "Well," said he, "who did you nominate?" "We nominated Bell and Everett." "What--Bell and Everett?" "Yes." "Why didn't you nominate Obots?" "Obots!--why, he is dead!" "Oh, I know it; but he hasn't been dead a very long time."

Sam Galloway of this State is at Rochester, attending the meeting of the General Assembly there. The Republicans talk of getting him to speak at their Reti-fication meeting; whereupon the organ of the city says:
If the delegates to the Presbyterian Assembly are to supply the stump for political churches, as well as the pulpits of the churches, we hope that it will turn out some Democratic speakers as well as Republican, and we will have a good time generally.

An engraver in Chicago advertises a large supply of letter-paper, ornamented with a well executed head of Lincoln. Without meaning to disparage the Republican nominee, we must dispute the assertion that his head can be used for purposes of ornamentation--it belongs to the great list of things more useful than ornamental. And however "well executed" it may be, the head of Seward has certainly been executed much better.--N. Y. Times.

Letter from a City to a Country Editor.

Correspondence of The Randolph Republican. New York, April 3, 1860.

FRIEND FLETCHER: I have a line from you informing me that you are about to start a paper at Sparta, and hinting that a line from me for its first issue would be acceptable. Allow me, then, as one who spent his most hopeful and observant years in a country printing-office, and who sincerely believes that the art of conducting country (or city) newspapers has not yet obtained its ultimate perfection, to set before you a few hints on making up an interesting and popular gazette for a rural district like yours.

I begin with a clear conception that the subject of deepest interest to an average human being is himself; next to that he is most concerned about his neighbors. Asia and the Tongo Islands stand a long way after these in his regard. It does seem to me that most country journals are oblivious as to these vital truths. If you will, so soon as may be, secure a wide awake, judicious correspondent in each village and township of your country--some young lawyer, doctor, clerk in a store, or assistant in a post-office--who will promptly send you whatever of local interest occurs in his vicinity, and will make up at least half your journal of local matter thus collected, nobody in the county can long do without it. Do not let a new church be organized, or new members be added to one already existing, a farm be sold, a new house be raised, a mill be set in motion, a store be opened, nor anything of interest to a dozen families occur, without having the fact duly though briefly chronicled in your columns. If a farmer cuts a big tree, or grows a mammoth beet, or harvests a bounteous yield of wheat or corn, set forth the fact as concisely and unexceptionably as possible. In due time, obtain and print a brief historical and statistical account of each township--who first settled in it, who have been its prominent citizens, who attained advanced years therein, &c. Record every birth, as well as every marriage and death. In every thing, make your paper a perfect mirror of every thing done in your county that its citizens ought to know; and, whenever a farm is sold, try to ascertain what it brought at previous sales, and how it has been managed meantime. One year of this, faithfully followed up, will fix the value of each farm in the county, and render it as easily determined as that of a bushel of corn.

II. Take an earnest and active interest in a leading part in the advancement of Home Industry. Do your utmost to promote not only an annual County Fair, but Town Fairs as well. Persuade each farmer and mechanic to send something to such Fairs, though it be a pair of well made shoes from the one, or a good ear of corn from the other. If any one undertakes a new branch of industry in the county, especially if it be a manufacture, do not wait to be solicited, but hasten to give him a helping hand. Ask the people to buy his flour, or starch, or woolens, or boots, or whatever may be his product, if it be good, in preference to any that may be brought into the county by competitors with him. Encourage and aid him to the best of your ability. By persevering in this course a few years, you will largely increase the population of your county and the value of every acre of its soil.

III. Don't let the politicians and aspirants of the County own you. They may be clever fellows, as they often are; but, if you keep your eyes open, you will see something that they seem blind to, and most speak out accordingly. Do your best to keep the number of public trusts, the amount of official emoluments, and the consequent rate of taxation other than for common schools, as low as may be. Remember that--in addition to the radical righteousness of the thing--the tax payers take many more papers than do the tax-consumers.

I would like to say more, but am busied excessively. That you may deserve and achieve success is the earnest prayer of

Yours truly, HORACE GREELEY, Tribune Office, New York.

Tom Corwin recently compared the dogmaticism of the Democracy to the Ephraim of Scripture, which is said to be "a cake unturned," and said, with an inimitable look and manner, "O, Ephraim! I poor Democratic Ephraim! For God's sake turn over in the pan and bake on the other side." The effect was electric. [Exchange.]

Yes, and myself, for "poor Democratic Ephraim," bearing on the Charleston coals, rose almost forthwith and turned over in the pan! though whether for God's sake or his own is not entirely free from doubt.--Louisville Journal.

Mr. and Mrs. Annin, residing near the High Bridge on the New Jersey Central Railroad, are supposed to be the largest couple in this country. The gentleman's weight is seven hundred pounds and the lady's weight is five hundred. Mrs. Annin's age is about forty-five and Mrs. Annin's about forty. It requires six yards of cassimere for Mr. A's pants, and nine yards of cloth for a coat.

Mrs. Swissheim says that the popularity of her paper in Minnesota is due to the fact that "people are always expecting she will say something she ought not to."

When a post most becomingly clothed?
When he's wrapped in his subject.

THE LINCOLN BOAT HORN.

List! through the woods and over pebbly pealing,
Wild melody floats up the valley;
And, echoed back from rock and mountain, stealing
In waked echoes, sounds the boatman's horn!

A thousand hills, dotted by the green o'er sea,
Sound with glad joy to meet the boatman's horn!
A thousand voices join the swelling chorus,
From sun-kissed Illinois to snow-crowned Maine,

In loud refrain:
"Lincoln, the Boatman, winds his horn again!"

Hushed is the clangor of the forge and hammer--
The plow-boy's whistle, where the daisies grow--
Quiet the lood, reverberating clamor
Of woodman's axe, and silver-splintered hallo!

They list enraptured to the Song of Labor,
Whose notes in triumph from the boat horn pour;
And friend, with kindling eye, exclaims to neighbor:
"Thus is the music taught us long ago,"

The hymn we know--
"Lincoln! thou Boatman of the Stars!"

Bold as a martial tramp the blast is swelling,
Sweet as a waiting flute soon it comes;
Of right from the lily poppies telling--
The holy deeds of humble hearts and homes--
Cheering ambition to a higher daring;
Blessing the thought that men to pity lead;
'Till the ocean's eager millions sharing,
Wide as the bounds of Freedom's realm extend,

They shouting send--
"Lincoln, the Boatman, is the People's friend!"

Hope of the lowly--dread of the despotic!
Thou herald-voice of the coming Man!
We hail thy cheer, brave anthem of the toiler,
Born on the prairie-wind, o'er all the land!
The Sons of Freedom from each hill and valley
Welcome the battle-voice eagerly;
Around the standards of the Boatman rally,
Joining the ever rising chorus--glee--
"Who follow thee--
"Lincoln, the Boatman, lead to victory!"

How "Old Abe" Received the News.

The following racy burlesque is from the pen of "Artemus Ward," of the Cleveland Plain Dealer:

There are several reports as to how "Honest Old Abe" received the news of his nomination, none of which are correct. We give the correct report:

"The Official Committee arrived in Springfield at dewy eve and went to Honest Old Abe's house. Honest Old Abe was not in. Mrs. Honest Old Abe said Honest Old Abe was out in the woods splitting rails. So the Official Committee went out into the woods, where were enough they found Honest Old Abe splitting rails with his two boys. It was a grand, a magnificent spectacle. There stood Honest Old Abe in his shirt sleeves, a pair of leather home-made spurs, holding a pair of home-made pantaloons, the seat of which was neatly patched with substantial cloth of a different color."

"Mr. Lincoln, Sir, you've been nominated, Sir, for the highest office, Sir--"
"O, don't bother me," said Honest Old Abe, "I took a steam this mornin' to split three million rails afore night, and I don't want to be pestered with no stuff about no Convention till I get my steam done. I've only got two hundred thousand rails to split before sundown. I kin do it if you'll let me alone." And the great man went right on splitting rails, paying no attention to the Committee what-so-ever.

"The Committee were lost in admiration for a few moments, when they recovered, and asked one of Honest Old Abe's boys whose boy he was? "I'm my parents' boy," shouted the archaic, which burst of wit so convulsed the Committee that they came very near "gin' in scot" completely. In a few moments Honest Old Abe finished his task and received the news with perfect self-possession. He then asked them up to the house where he received them cordially. He said he split three million rails every day, although in very poor health. Mr. Lincoln is a jovial man and has a keen sense of the ludicrous. During the evening he asked Mr. Everts, of New York, "why was Chicago like a hen crossing the street?" Mr. Everts gave it up. "Be cause," said Mr. Lincoln, "Old Grimes is dead, that good old man!" This exceedingly humorous thing created the most uproarious laughter. And as an evidence that he is a statesman as well as a wag, it may be stated that during the evening he profoundly observed that "governments were governed too much," and that "an honest man was the noblest work of God."

We should like to know in this connection, if a man who can split three million rails a day isn't a statesman?"

"VULGAR."--Pryor or his second, a gentleman from Arkansas, recently stigmatized that terribly effective and shining native American instrument, the bowie-knife, as being vulgar. The gentleman cannot have a very nice sense of the beautiful, if he call a bowie knife a "vulgar" instrument. Col. Bowie, of Mississippi, was the Vulcan who forged it, and who gave it its distinguished reputation, and it is gross indignity to the memory of that redoubtable warrior to speak of his invention--popularly known as the Arkansas toothpick--as if it were a scalping knife or a tomahawk.

A NUISANCE.--John Randolph once said, that the time would soon come when the Constitution would be considered a nuisance. "That time has already come," says the Charleston Mercury. It has always been in the way of the Democratic party, and if they can get the government another four years, they will succeed in getting it out of the way therefor and forever.

A TENNESSEAN, who is six feet six inches long, who is buying horses in Cincinnati, says he is the shortest of seven brothers, the heaviest one of whom weighs three hundred and thirty pounds; the shortest one is pretty nearly as long as a fence rail.

A Japanese Dispatch Home.

Although, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, our Washington correspondent has been unable thus far to obtain any copies of the Japanese dispatches to their government, a gentleman of this city has been fortunate enough to obtain the sight of a friendly letter of one of the Commissioners to an acquaintance in Nippon.

Under promise to conceal the name of the writer, he has been authorized to publish it, and has kindly placed it in our hands. We insert it below:

FROM THE SACRED CITY OF WASHINGTON.
Most Esteemed Hakodadi: We have been invited to visit next in order the great city of Philadelphia, or "the place consecrated to fraternal affection," the capital of the province which is the birth-place of the American Tycoon. Our reception, we are informed, will be attended with the most august ceremonies that the city offers to its most distinguished guests. The Councilmen, after examining our credentials, have decided to place us on a footing with "the most favored" foreign Fire Companies.

The details of our reception by the American Tycoon you have in my former letter. He is called, not Tycoon, but "President," sometimes, however, by a strange analogy of language, "old coon." I at first thought this an attempt to pronounce our Japanese phrase, but am assured that it is strictly idiomatic, and implies astuteness and age. It certainly seemed applicable to the head of the nation who received us.

We find it very difficult to comply with the demands of our sovereign, forbidding us to touch the women of this country. Not from any disposition on our part to disobey, but from their desire to seize us by our hands. They are apparently allowed here the greatest freedom, but it is only in appearance. Every woman, married or single, is fastened in a cage of bamboo or flexible steel, extending from the waist to the feet. This seems to be so arranged as to give them no uneasiness, but they are very much ashamed of it, and conceal it under so many coverings that it renders their appearance quite ludicrous. They are unrestricted as to the upper part of their persons, which they are permitted to expose as much as they wish. This they seem to avail themselves of, and on all occasions of high ceremony wear very low dresses.

As in all barbarous nations, they slit their ears and suspend from them ornaments of gold and silver. They also paint and powder themselves, and after greasing their hair, twist it into fantastic shapes, and fasten it up with long pins and combs. Some of them would be fine-looking, if they did not disgrace themselves by the hideous and vulgar custom of wearing eye-brows and keeping their teeth white. Be assured, therefore, that we are in no danger of being captivated by their appearance; we feel nothing but regret that the barbarous and absurd customs of man should thus destroy the charms which cultivation and refinement would so much improve.

Nothing strikes us so much as the want of respect these barbarians show even to their highest dignitaries; they never hesitate to spit before them, and it requires considerable activity to prevent being spit upon at all times. The custom of wearing one sword, it seems, originated from this cause, as it enables you to avoid with greater facility the saliva of your neighbor. Chewing tobacco is much prized, it seems, from the saliva it produces, which is preserved, when possible, in handsome vases of porcelain, and placed in prominent positions. None of the inhabitants do reverence by crawling on their bellies, except after the election of a new Tycoon, when those in search of office come to the central city and perform that ceremony. Those who are fortunate enough to meet with honor from the Tycoon, seldom walk uprightly during their whole term of office. The unfortunate applicants become at once crouching or spies upon the others, and their silence has to be bought at a high price. All public servants have their own price, which rises or falls according to the necessities of the Tycoon. But I shall reserve my reflections on political topics till I have another opportunity to address you. Until then, rest in peace.

A VOICE FROM VIRGINIA.--The Wheeling Intelligencer, in speaking of the nomination of Lincoln and Hamlin, says:
We receive assurances that leave no room for doubting the popularity of our nominations in the only quarters where a positive reception of them was not positively certain from the onset. But the right spirit is everywhere manifested--Minor differences of opinion and personal predilections have not been permitted to interfere with a cheerful acquiescence in the decision of the Convention. Every day makes its more evident and certain that their decision was a wise one.

MR. FOWLER, the late defuncting Postmaster, has, it is said, fled to some part of South America. When we look at the disgraceful transactions revealed by the Covode Committee, doesn't it seem a burning shame that, while Mr. Fowler has had to run away, Mr. Buchanan hasn't?--Lou. Journal.

A THRONOCH BEARD KNIGHT.--The King of Sardinia has knighted the patriotic baker, Giuseppe Doll. No doubt the worthy knight of the oven will prove himself a doughty champion; his achievements will be recorded in the rolls of fame, and he will be acknowledged as the scour of chivalry.--Punch.

LINCOLN, OUR LEADER.

We sing, we sing of thee,
Champion of the free,
Lincoln the great!
Thou art the nation's pride;
O'er it thou wilt preside,
And safely with thee guide
The "Ship of State."

Lead will we shout for thee;
From mountain unto sea,
The second parting,
Thy name will read the air,
And strike with deep despair,
Those who did ever dare
Our land to wrong.

We raise thy banner high,
Into the brightening sky,
With song and shout;
Under thy safe command,
We'll bravely, only stand,
To guard our native land,
Her foes to rout.

We are prepared to fight,
To smother the right,
But not to yield;
Then onward, onward lead,
To battle and to blood--
To die, if there be need,
Upon the field!

No Use for Dead Men.

Douglas has no use for dead men! This is the simple Saxon phrase which the Chicago Times veils in half a column of brutal sneers at the grave of David C. Broderick. It is nothing that the stalwart courage of the Californian stood between Douglas and the Southern bullies in the Leecompton fight. It is nothing that he made it understood at Washington that whoever laid a finger upon the Illinois Senator, drew down upon himself a quarrel with the ex-freeman of New York, now the honored representative of the Golden State in the Federal Senate. It is nothing that Broderick fought early and late for the political ascendancy of Mr. Douglas, at last yielding up his life for the success of a principle which Douglas claims as his own. All this is as nothing. Dead men can neither fight nor vote. Broderick, with Terry's bullet in his lungs, can no longer add strength to Douglas' cause in the Senate, or stand between him and danger in the hour of peril. Hustle him to the grave, and let his funeral oration be staided with comments on his want of education and his deficiency in breeding! We ask candid men of all political creeds whether they have heard or read of a baser suggestion than the following paragraph in the Times' notice of Senator Broderick's death:

"The personal associations of Senator Broderick formerly in New York and in California, were not of the best. In early life he had not the advantage of refined training, and he fell--at least so we have always understood--rapidly into the company of roughs and rowdies."

The company of roughs and rowdies! Perhaps Mr. Broderick's early associations were not of the most select, but the people of Illinois know that they could never have been lower or more disreputable than those of Douglas. Ask those who knew Douglas before he first ran for Congress in the Springfield District. Ask those who furnished him rum on credit about those times, and never got their money. Ask the gentleman who threatened to put him out of a hotel in Jonesboro' for disreputable practices, as late as 1850. Ask the citizens of Chicago who saw him in a drunken brawl on the National Fair grounds, four weeks ago.

Yet Douglas has no use for dead men!--Chicago Press and Tribune.

BLACKGUARDING WAS BROWN.--The Augusta (Ga.) Dispatch says mildly that "the candidate of the Black Republican party for the Presidency is a recreant son of the South--a traitor to the mother that bore him--having been born in Hardin county, Kentucky, February 12, 1809, and is, therefore, 57 years old." He was a plowboy, but emigrated to Illinois at the age of 21, where he became captain of a company of Volunteers against the Indians, and unfortunately for the country, escaped the tomahawk and scalping knife."

AN AFFRETING EPITAPH.--The following inscription on a monument erected over the political remains of a Western Senator is not very bad:
Here Lyeth ye Remains of a Lytle Giant, who was kilt in ye irrepressible conflict for ye Presidency, at Charles Town, May the 2, 1860. Ambitious youth, take warning by his fall, and never strive to fill ye place for which you are so tall.

Whigs assert and practice independence at the polls, by voting for whom they please. Democrats assert no such independence, nor practice it. Democrats vote for the Democratic party all the time. The whig motto is "Our country, right or wrong." The democratic motto is "The Democratic party, right or wrong."--Press.

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Death of Gen. Jesup.

Major General Thomas S. Jesup, of the United States Army, died at Washington on Sunday morning, after a very brief illness, from an attack of paralysis. Gen. Jesup was at the head of the Quartermaster's Department, his rank being that of Brigadier General, though he was a Major General by brevet. He was born about the year 1788, in Virginia, but his family removing to Ohio, he received his first commission from that State, entering the army as second lieutenant of the Seventh Infantry, on the 3d of May, 1808, more than fifty-two years ago.

When the war with Great Britain began, Jesup found exercise for his military talent, and he rose rapidly. At the time of the battle of Chippewa he had reached the rank of Major, and he commanded the battalion on the left flank of Scott's brigade on that memorable day. He had been ordered, says a sketch of him in C. J. Peterson's "Military Heroes of the War of 1812," to prevent the enemy outflanking him, and in his efforts to effect his purpose found himself pressed both in front and on the flank, while his men were falling fast around him. The emergency was critical. An ordinary officer would have lost the day. But Jesup, ordering his battalion, with a firm voice, to "support arms and advance," the men, animated with his lofty courage, obeyed and swept the field. For this conduct at Chippewa, he received the brevet of Lieut. Colonel.

In the battle of Lundy's Lane, where Jesup commanded the 25th regiment, he distinguished himself, and by his skillful and bold movement upon the enemy's rear, the capture of General Ripoll and many other officers of rank was accomplished. He afterwards rendered valuable assistance to Miller in repelling three several assaults made upon his position. For his conduct at Lundy's Lane, Jesup was breveted a Colonel.

In 1818, Jesup was appointed Quartermaster General, with the rank of Brigadier. In 1836, occurred a memorable difficulty between him and General Scott, who was sent to chastise the Southern Indian. Jesup was second in command, and disapproving of Scott's mode of fighting the Indians, he ventured to disobey his orders, whereupon Scott complained to the department. Jesup defended himself, and President Jackson decided in his favor, at the same time ordering the recall of Scott, and directing an inquiry to be made into the causes of the failure of the campaign. Scott demanded a court-martial, which was granted, and he was honorably acquitted. In the meantime, Jackson had been succeeded by Van Buren, who at once confirmed the decision of the court-martial.

Jesup remained for several years in command in Florida, and rendered efficient service against the Seminoles, the great chief Osceola becoming a prisoner during that period. After the battle of Okeechobee, in which Taylor so distinguished himself, Jesup was relieved of the harassing command in Florida, and Taylor succeeded him. In the Mexican war, General Jesup, in his capacity of Quartermaster General, accompanied Gen. Scott to Mexico, but did not remain long. He has since then resided in Washington, attending to his official duties with fidelity and ability.

An Ohio member of the House being asked how he liked the nomination, replied by telling a story. A traveler in the Southwest once asked a negro how far it was to a certain town. The darkey replied: "Well, say, wid an oddiary hoss, it am 'bout sixteen mile; wid a right smart nag it 'ud be 'bout eight mile; but wid massa Jim's hoss, you 'ud dar now!" "So," said the Ohio Congressman, "with Seward, we should have had a hard road to travel; with Ben Wade, we should have been pretty sure of wining the race, having no dead weights; but with Honest Old Abe, we 'ud dar now!"

In Alexander Hamilton's first political speech occur these eloquent words: "The sacred rights of man are not to be runnaged for among old parchments or rusty records, they are written as with a sunbeam in the whole volume of human nature, by the hand of Divinity itself, and can never be erased or obscured by mortal power."

Lord Byron's "Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart," was a turf gambler. She was a large winner down to Teddington. On him she lost £30,000, which her husband, Lord Lovelace, promptly paid, but the disgrace was too much for her. She soon after sickened and died in Italy!

A German Republican of Pennsylvania was telling his friends and neighbors, on his return home, all about the Chicago Convention, when a leading Democrat asked him whether there were any pickpockets in the crowd? "No, Tootor," replied the German, "there were fery few Timocrats dere!"

A Texas paper says that the Rev. R. P. Thompson, a native missionary in that State, is "breaking himself of the habit of swearing, and reads the Scriptures quite fluently."

The New York Day-Book says that the Supreme Court of the United States is not infallible. Is that new? It is certainly a new idea for the Day-Book to advance.

Miscellaneous.

The Japanese Embassy.

Hear the New York Mercury on the Japanese:
From our own Reporter.
WASHINGTON, May 28, 1860.

The arrival of the Japanese Embassadors in this city has created an immense sensation, and the British Minister fainted away three times yesterday from sheer jealousy. Of course everybody will be interested in anything relating to this peculiar people, and it would, perhaps, be well to give a

HISTORY OF JAPAN.
Japan is a large island, situated on a kingdom in the Mediterranean abyss, and was discovered by the Angel Gabriel a few days before the creation. It is bounded on the north by some place, on the south by another place, on the east by a country, the name of which I have forgotten, and on the west by a country whose name has slipped my memory. It was originally settled by the Sun, who managed to make quite a rays at first, and rose on the world quite rapidly. His son is the present Tycoon of Japan, and is noted for his skill in preparing miso soup. Stewed missionaries, with some of your sauce, is a favorite dish throughout the kingdom. About twenty-five centuries ago an embassy was sent to Rome, for the purpose of procuring a few of the Pope's toe-nails, to be used as toothpicks. They achieved the object of their mission and so pleased the Tycoon that he immediately cut off their heads and placed them under the soil of his private kitchen garden. It is one of the beautiful traditions of Japan, that, from the spot where these heads were buried, a superb crop of cabbage was sprung up. The Embassadors now in America are immediate descendants of the moon, and were selected for the present embassy on account of their thorough acquaintance with moonshine.

APPEARANCE OF THE EMBASSADORS.
They are fine, stout men, of the color of smoked beef, and are said to behold with their eyes and smell with their noses. Their costume is a singular combination of Japan-ware, and consists principally of a tea-canister for the head and a couple of petitions, ornamented with two words and numerous brass buttons. They always stand up when they walk and sit down when they take a seat; and their intelligent interpreter tells me that they lie down when they go to sleep. The following are

THE NAMES OF THE EMBASSADORS.
Old Hyoon, Prince of Yellow Umbrellas.
Young Hyoon, Principal Office-seeker of the Empire.

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The arrival of the Japanese Embassadors in this city has created an immense sensation, and the British Minister fainted away three times yesterday from sheer jealousy. Of course everybody will be interested in anything relating to this peculiar people, and it would, perhaps, be well to give a

HISTORY OF JAPAN.
Japan is a large island, situated on a kingdom in the Mediterranean abyss, and was discovered by the Angel Gabriel a few days before the creation. It is bounded on the north by some place, on the south by another place, on the east by a country, the name of which I have forgotten, and on the west by a country whose name has slipped my memory. It was originally settled by the Sun, who managed to make quite a rays at first, and rose on the world quite rapidly. His son is the present Tycoon of Japan, and is noted for his skill in preparing miso soup. Stewed missionaries, with some of your sauce, is a favorite dish throughout the kingdom. About twenty-five centuries ago an embassy was sent to Rome, for the purpose of procuring a few of the Pope's toe-nails, to be used as toothpicks. They achieved the object of their mission and so pleased the Tycoon that he immediately cut off their heads and placed them under the soil of his private kitchen garden. It is one of the beautiful traditions of Japan, that, from the spot where these heads were buried, a superb crop of cabbage was sprung up. The Embassadors now in America are immediate descendants of the moon, and were selected for the present embassy on account of their thorough acquaintance with moonshine.

APPEARANCE OF THE EMBASSADORS.
They are fine, stout men, of the color of smoked beef, and are said to behold with their eyes and smell with their noses. Their costume is a singular combination of Japan-ware, and consists principally of a tea-canister for the head and a couple of petitions, ornamented with two words and numerous brass buttons. They always stand up when they walk and sit down when they take a seat; and their intelligent interpreter tells me that they lie down when they go to sleep. The following are

THE NAMES OF THE EMBASSADORS.
Old Hyoon, Prince of Yellow Umbrellas.
Young Hyoon, Principal Office-seeker of the Empire.