THE SMOKY HILL AND REPUBLICAN UNION.

"WE JOIN OURSELVES TO NO PARTY THAT DOES NOT CARRY THE FLAG, AND KEEP STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION."

By G. W. Kingsbury. JUNCTION, DAVIS CO., KANSAS. THURSDAY, NOV. 21, 1861. Vol. I.—No. 9.

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Popular Reading.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE WEST.

BY A NORTHERN RANGER.

I had agreed to deliver certain dispatches to an agent of the United States Government at a small house on the Missouri shore of the Mississippi river, some distance below St. Louis. The time at which the meeting was to take place, and the dispatches were to be delivered, was specified for a certain night. The errand I had undertaken might be attended with danger, and was undoubtedly surrounded by uncertainties. My conveyance on this mission was a small skiff carrying a light sail, with which I skimmed the waters of the mighty river. The night was dark and the air was sultry; not a light could be distinguished on either shore as I kept my mid stream course. I eagerly peered to the right and left, ahead and astern, and listened intently for any unusual sound. Nothing was visible but the gloomy river, and nothing audible but its mysterious murmurs.

Once I thought I heard the whispering of voices, but that might be the sighing of the breeze which at that instant just touched with a faint ripple the face of the water. I did not fear pursuit or interruption. I doubted if my errand was suspected by any one except those between whom I was then acting as courier, but there was something not to be defied constantly urging me to the alert. The darkness became more intense, or seemed to be so. The air grew close. I could but faintly distinguish the Illinois shore, the banks of which I had been drawing nearer for some time, having drifted from mid-stream; whilst the Missouri bank was invisible.

Heavy drops of rain began suddenly to patter upon the water, and the breeze freshened. The wind blew down the stream and my little craft tore along at a rapid rate; the foam gathered and flew; the black river swelled, and toosed, and roared; and the rain soaked me to the skin, and half-filled my boat; while the lightening flashed with such blinding intensity that I seemed rushing through the contending elements. Along the shore, at intervals, I heard the barking of dogs belonging to some lonely farm. I now stood for the Missouri shore, and away flew the little craft, careening to the blast.

Suddenly there was a strange sound in my ears, low but distinct and threatening. The boat's keel was grating upon gravel. The next instant she struck upon a sand bar. Letting the sheet of my sail altogether, I seized an oar and sounded on both sides and ahead; there was not depth enough to float in any direction. I leaped into the river, and shoved my boat astern, until she was clear of the bar. Again embarking, I endeavored to escape the dangerous shoal by coasting along its uneven and treacherous extremity. This I was laboring to achieve when a violent gust of wind, aided by some whirling eddy, drove my little craft again thumping on the sand bar. I flung myself on one of the thwarts, almost determined to wait for the light of morning, if the slender craft could bear so long the heavy and continuous strainings and destructive knocks she seemed to be receiving at every instant.

I was busied in bailing out the boat, when a vivid flash of lightning revealed, within a few feet of me, the figure of a man standing in the water, drenched and pallid, whose eyes, with a fixed glare, were seemingly bent on mine, and in an instant all was dark as before.

The sudden appearance, of this object—its attitude erect and rigid, the deadly pallor of the countenance, and the immobility of the eye, together with its apparent flight with the vanishing lightning, half justified me in deeming it the water-haunting ghost of some lost boatman, whose body had perished on the bar.

An intolerable feeling possessed me—a feeling of astonishment and horror, which clung to me with the paralizing power of a nightmare. I endeavored to shout, but my voice was as an infant's, and I felt my flesh creeping, and my blood frozen. Presently I felt the side of the boat shaken by some other cause than that of the waves, and the next instant a hand was laid on my shoulder. It was no light one; but its grasp seemed as though it would tear my coat from my back, and my flesh with it.

All my energies returned at that embrace. My icy blood ran hot, my limbs quivered no longer with an unknown fear, but with a wild rage against an unknown object.

"Who are you?" I muttered between my teeth. "And what means this attack on me? Are you a river thief or a maniac?"

The reply was a violent struggle on the part of my half captured and half-strangled foe. But his strangling was in vain. My grasp had been a sure one, and had become too tenacious of its prey for the freedom its efforts could never gain. At that moment I seemed endowed with a power I had never before known, and some stray devil seemed to have possession of my faculties, and command with exulting ferocity every action. At length the struggling became weaker, and I had my enemy powerless. In less time than a minute, I dragged him into a skiff, and he lay panting at the bottom, half immersed in the water she still held. Placing the muzzle of my revolver against his brow, I made him feel the steel he could not see, and threatening him with instant death if he moved, I demanded the reason of his attack on me, and the cause of his presence on the sand bar.

"I took you for my runaway nigger," he answered, "and my boat was swamped on the bar, and my companion is gone, too—his body by this time is half way to Cairo. He was a man I hired to follow the varmint. We were both together, and had been dodging you sometime, when the breeze sprang up and we lost you."

"How did you strike the sand bar?" I asked "Why did you not make right for the Illinois shore, when you suspected me to be a runaway? Was he not more likely to make for the free soil than to be coasting down the river?" The fellow's treacherous approach upon me had made me suspicious of some design of further ill he contemplated, and I half doubted the story of the fugitive negro.

He replied that, as I kept right down the stream, never attempting to make for the shore, a doubt had risen in the minds of my pursuers, and to clear it they were determined to keep up the pursuit in that direction, especially as there was a settlement of free colored people some miles down Illinois, where it was likely the slave might be fleeing. On the other side of the river, he said there dwelt a noted abolitionist, who had aided the escape of many a slave, and at his hands he vowed he would demand the fugitive.

I was somewhat startled at a discovery I made during this colloquy. The agent to whom I was bound and the friend of the black man were one and the same individual. This I knew by his name being repeated by my liberated foe, and the house in which he lived, close to the river bank, was the haven whither I was then bound. This house, I discovered, stood scarcely a mile below the sand bar. I knew it could not be much farther down, but the presence of this bar had been unknown to me until that night, and my reckoning had become confused by it. The planter, for such he was, also said that the point of the bar nearest the Missouri was but a few yards from the spot on which my boat was then stuck, and offered to assist me in getting her fairly afloat again, and clear of the fatal shoal. I accepted the offer, and together we shoved her into deep water. I took the helm whilst he drew aft the sheet, and by the aid of an oar to leeward, as before, we managed to clear the bar altogether. By this time the rain had ceased, and the gale had become almost a calm. The lightning flashed no more. The moon shone faintly, and the stars were out, although dark masses still swept athwart the heavens.

The planter told me that the same flash which revealed his presence to me, as I have related, gave the first intimation of mine to him. Now we had a fairer chance of viewing the personal attractions of each other. His features were heavy, his lips thick and treacherous looking, I thought, judging from the imperfect survey which I was able to make of them in the indistinct light shed by a feeble moon, and a few straggling stars. He seemed a man whose years might have been forty.

We were now within a few yards of the shore. On a gentle rise from a low sand beach stood the house of the agent. A few moments afterward I beached the boat; then jumping out, ran her half-way out of the water, furled the sail, bailed out what little water remained in her, and bidding my companion farewell, approached quickly the dwelling. "Good night," cried the planter, "we will meet again before another night rolls around. I have an account to settle with your friend, the abolitionist!" and he went his way.

I sought the agent, was admitted into the house, delivered my dispatches, and in a quarter of an hour was in bed, burried in deep slumber.

I was aroused from this state of happiness by the agent, urging me in the name of Heaven to dress myself instantly, as the house was surrounded by secessionists, swearing to burn the roof over his head. I sprang from my couch, and he led me to the window, and there I beheld them. Twenty men at least surrounded the house, all armed with fowling pieces or rifles. They had piled quantities of wood about the porch of the dwelling, and were evidently bent on firing it. No person lived here except the agent and an Irishman, who acted as his servant, and who had gone over to Illinois, the day before on business, and had not returned. Consequently we were alone.

The agent said that our lives depended upon our quitting the house and escaping there and then. We acted upon the suggestion at once, stole out the back way, when all our assailants wer collected in the front. The agent with rifle in hand; I with my revolver. My skiff offered the surest chance of escape, as by vigorous pulling we might soon be beyond the reach of their pieces. We had nearly gained the boat, when a frightful shout proclaimed that the secessionists had detected our escape. At the same time I discovered the negro-hunting planter, directly in front of us, by the side of the boat. His laugh of fiendish exultation, as he pointed to the house now in flames, was cut short by a bullet from the agent's rifle, which caused him to leap forward a yard and fall dead on the beach.

We were afloat, and that was all, when a full discharge from our foes caused the bullets to whistle past us, but not a wound did they deal either of us. Discharge after discharge followed, but we passed through the ordeal scatheless, with the whizzing bullets, disappointed yells, and wild curses of the rebels ringing in our ears. The house of the agent was one mass of devouring flames when we landed on the shores of Illinois; but we had escaped, and that, he said, "might go."

Letter-Writing in the Army.

The letter-writing proclivities of our soldiers is a matter of comment with all army correspondents. Reading and writing seem to be the pastime of our men who send off tens of thousands of letters daily. A correspondent of the Boston *Journal* says:

"There never was an army like this for correspondence. Go through the camp at any time, at any hour of the day, and you will see hundreds of soldiers, when off duty, writing letters. It is a picturesque sight. Some lie at full length on the ground, beneath the shade of the trees with a book or a knapsack for a table, with a pen and ink—though often only a pencil—writing the news to their friends. Some sit upright against the trunks of the trees, some lean forward with their hands upon their knees, and some, with much painstaking, stand up and write. The average number of letters received for the soldiers at the Washington post-office is forty five thousand per day, and an equal number are mailed, making an aggregate of ninety thousand envelopes and sheets of paper per day. Of course the sale of envelopes is immense. One dealer informed me this morning that his sale of envelopes averaged fifty thousand per day. Yesterday he sold fifty thousand to General Banks' division."

JESSIE ON OLD BLAIR.—The Cincinnati *Press* tell of the following good 'un by Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, while on her recent visit to the Capitol to ferret out the the origin of the hostility which had manifested itself toward her husband. At one of the interviews with the President, Mr. Blair, father of the Postmaster General and Frank P. Blair, was present. Mr. Blair turned to Mrs. Fremont and said:

"Mrs. Fremont, allow me to say to you that in my judgment, madame, your proper place is at the head of your husband's household at St. Louis, and this intermeddling with the affairs of state is, to say the least of it, in very bad taste on your part. And in conclusion, I wish you to understand that he is where we make men and unmake them."

"Mr. Blair, permit me to say to you that I have seen *some* men of *your* making, and if they are the best you can do, I advise you to quit the business."

MRS. PARTINGTON'S LAST.—Ike goes for a soldier. Mrs. Partington makes a farewell address: "Ike, my son, stand up while I dress you—hold my bonnet and specks. Fellow soldier—It is the abandoned duty of all to be patriarchal in these times, and to hand down, unrepaired, the glorious flag of all seceding generation. [Here Ike commenced counting off the new fashioned cheer, swinging the old bonnet up and down as he went in—one, two, three, tiger.] March hesitatingly into the contented field, and if a rebel demands your quarters, tell him you had but three, and the last one is spent; then, if he wont quit and leave, quit yourself like a man, and may you have a glorious campaign of it."

☞ A Cuban physician, having been robbed to a serious extent in his tobacco works, discovered the thief by the following ingenious artifice. Having called his negro slaves together, he addressed them thus—"My friends, the Great Spirit appeared to me during the night, and told me that the person who stole my money should, at this instant—this very instant—have a parrot's feather at the point of his nose." On this announcement, the thief, anxious to find out if his guilt had declared itself, put his finger to his nose. "Man," cried the master instantly, "'tis thou who hast robbed me; the Great Spirit has just told me so."

☞ There are as good horses drawing in carts as in coaches; and as good men are engaged in humble employments as in the highest.

OUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

BY WM. C. BRYANT.

Lay down the axe, fling by the spade;
Leave in its track the toiling plow;
The rifle and the bayonet blade
For arms like yours were fitter now;
And let the hands that ply the pen
Quit the light task, and learn to wield
The horseman's crooked brand, and rein
The charger on the battle-field.

Our Country calls; away! away!
To where the blood-stream blotz the green.
Strike to defend the gentlest sway
That Time in all its course has seen.
See, from a thousand coverts—see
Spring the armed foes that haunt her track;
They rush to smite her down, and we
Must beat the banded traitors back.

Ho! sturdy as the oaks ye cleave,
And moved as soon to fear and flight;
Men of the glade and forest leave
Your woodcraft for the field of fight.
The arms that wield the axe must pour
An iron tempest on the foe;
His serried ranks shall reel before
The arm that lays the panther low.

And ye who breast the mountain storm,
By grassy steep or highland lake,
Come, for the land ye love to form
A bulwark that no foe can break.
Stand, like your own gray cliffs that mock
The whirlwind, stand in her defense;
The blast as soon shall move the rock
As rushing squadrons bear ye hence.

And ye, whose homes are by her grand
Swift rivers, rising far away,
Come from the depth of her green land
As mighty in your march as they;
As terrible as when the rains
Have swelled them over bank and bourne,
With sudden floods, to drown the plains
And sweep along the woods upturn.

And ye who throng, beside the deep,
Her ports and hamlets of the strand
In numbers like the waves that leap
On his long murmuring marge of sand,
Come, like that deep, when, o'er his brim,
He rises, all his floods to pour,
And flings the proudest barks that swim,
A helpless wreck against his shore.

Few, few were they whose swords of old,
Won the fair land in which we dwell;
But we are many, we who hold
The grim resolve to guard it well.
Strike for that broad and goodly land,
Blow after blow, till men shall see
That Might and Right move hand in hand,
And glorious must their triumph be.

Political.

The Richmond Whig on the Prospects.

The Richmond Whig, in an editorial on the war, says that all the indications point to a long war. After commenting upon what it terms the safer policy of acting on the defensive, which has been adopted by the rebel Generals—a policy which the editor fails to appreciate—and showing the supremacy the Federal forces have gained, threatening the whole coast, and able to assail it at any point on the extended frontier of the South, the following declaration of despair is uttered:

"The possibility or our success is not within range of accident. To prevent our subjection or extermination is all we can hope for. We have no skill in strategy, and know nothing of the means at the command of our Generals. But if this is all that is left of us, we had as well be looking out for terms of submission, the sooner the better. An endless war, which affords no opportunity for either victory or revenge, is a bootless undertaking. The Southern people, who have offered themselves and their all for the prosecution of this war, and who have placed implicit confidence in the men invested with its conduct, have looked for something better. It is not to be denied that a sense of unqualified distrust is gradually supplanting a generous confidence; that the suspicion is gaining ground that all the advantages of our position have not been profitted by as they might have been; that the war has not been prosecuted with the vigor and energy demanded by the emergency. We hear muttering complaints, apart from those connected with the Quartermaster, Commissary and Medical Departments, growing out of the appointment of so many civilians to high commands. Many of these appointments have filled the country with apprehensions of some disaster."

THE PROPORTION OF EVENTS.

One standing near a great mountain is prone to make a false estimate of its proportions, its breadth, and heighth, and magnitude; he must recede from it to get a full view of it, to compare it with other objects, to let distance lift it into the clouds and crown it with the sunlight and the mist. It is much the same with events. While we are confronting them, while the din of the conflict reaches our ears, and the flash of artillery blinds the eye, while they are in actual progress before us, the average estimate belittles them. It is true, as Tacitus wrote, that every thing unfamiliar is accounted wonderful, and only that which is remote and strange gathers about it the halo of romance. No man is a hero to his valet; the prophet is not without honor save in his own country.

So we glance over in the daily newspaper, without sensation and without admiration, the record of events before which the most brilliant passages of romance and of history pale and fade away. For example, take that rash but glorious adventure in which Colonel Baker lost his life. The journals tell of it in a matter-of-fact way; the mass of people discuss it, pronounce it rash, lament the dead, but give no utterance to admiration. Scan the story again. That force made a gallant stand against superior numbers; they had crossed the Potomac without adequate means of transportation; they had the river at their backs and the foe before them; if they had to fall back they so far triumphed that on the ensuing morning they held the battle-ground. The fight of Leesburg Heights has gone into history; it is the Inkermann to our Sebastapol. So with the border war in Missouri. To some coming Scott that field will be prolific of incidents and of characters.

The seige of Troy, and the island and provincial heroes who sailed in well built ships to take part in it, have been the centre-piece of poetry and history for generations. Compare the forces in and about Troy, and the territory they represented, with the armies upon the Potomac. Kingdoms compared with which our counties are vast dominions, represented in battles to which our daily skirmishes are prodigies of warfare, are the classic examples which in most minds illustrate and embody the stuff which makes history. The sound of battle and its reality are not confined with us to a single seige. At Pensacola, on the Gulf, and in Northwest Missouri; at New Orleans and along the Potomac; skirmishes that are battles are occurring. In McClellan's command hardly a day now transpires in which there is not an advance, and more or less of a collision.

These events, which we observe so calmly, are to fill broader chapters in the annals of the world than any that have gone before. There is to be a grand success, or a grand failure. The incidents of the war; the deaths of true and noble men; the adventures which translate in fact the dreams of romance; the separate scenes and acts of the magnificent drama, are progressing before us. Because we are, even if only like the chorus in the old tragedies, in and of the events, we do not accord to them the proportions they really possess. We still search in the musty chronicles for gallant deeds, and for real heroes. The generations to come after us will find in the Ellsworths, the Lyons and the Bakers, in the reconnoissances and skirmishes now so familiar, that for which we yet go back to earlier ages.—[Oneida Herald.

The London Times on the Chances of the Struggle

The London Times has an article giving a view rather exaggerated than otherwise, of the force of the United States on the Potomac. It says: "The federal army is now undoubtedly far superior in numbers to that of its opponent. The twenty millions of Northerners have been able to put in the field a force which, though exaggerated by patriotism or policy, is still one of the most imposing that ever gathered under the banner of a State." It also says the South "can never hope to equal its opponents in the number of men," and that its inferiority is still more important in the matter of means and materials of war. It says also of the blockade, and the coming test struggles: "The coast is sealed except to a few clever seamen commanding fast vessels, and the skill for fabricating arms must be slowly acquired with the enemy at the gates. The chances are, therefore, that the Southern State are about to undergo a severe trial of their strength and resolution."

John C. Breckinridge.

In his address to the people of Kentucky, which is quite lengthy, Brekinridge says—"There is no longer a Senate of the United States; the United States no longer exists—the Union is dissolved." It is a little singular that Mr. Breckinridge should have only just now arrived at the conclusion that the Union is broken up. He occupied his seat and drew his pay as a Senator of the United States after eleven of the States had passed their secession ordinances, after war had been declared by both sections, after a number of battles had been fought, including that of Bull Run, and after the principal nations of Europe had acknowledged the Southern Confederacy as a belligerent. What has happened to bring this conviction so suddenly upon his mind we are at a loss to determine, unless it be that he can see certain expulsion from the Senate at the coming session of Congress. In his letter he resigns his seat, and announces his intention to exchange his "six years' term for the musket of a soldier." Unless we mistake the sentiments of a majority of the members of the Senate, his term would not have lasted six days after the first Monday in December next.

ANTI-McCLELLAN INTRIGUES.

A correspondent of the New York Times alluded the other day to the public impatience with the cautious policy pursued by General McClellan, and to the blame which begins to be laid at his door. His enemies are taking advantage of these complaints, and it begins to be whispered about Washington that a conspiracy has been formed against him, looking to his displacement and supersedure. It is true that the conspirators are not the men to bring forward a charge of inaction or aversion to offensive operations against the enemy—because it so happens that the "rascally virtue," prudence, is a distinguishing characteristic of McClellan's enemies. But they nevertheless foster the spirit of complaint, and throw in the ingredients of fault-finding with the personnel of his military household. It is proper to notice some of these insinuations. In so responsible a position as that of General McClellan, it is not only natural, but desirable, that he should have near him those in whose judgment and integrity he has the utmost confidence; and if these qualities happen to be found in a near relative, the bond of fidelity will be all the stronger. He has in no instance appointed any member of his family who has not been fully qualified for the position, or by whom the public has not been faithfully served. There is, perhaps, no man in the army of the same age, who, in the judgment of his comrades, has rendered more faithful and valuable service to his country than General Marcy, the Chief of Staff, though they were never acknowledged or officially recognized by the Davis and Floyd administration. And here I desire to point a resemblance as well as a difference. General Scott has secured the appointment of his son-in-lew to the office of Inspector General, and General McClellan has secured the same position for his father-in-law. But here the resemblance ceases. Gen. Marcy is actually engaged in the organization of the army of the Potomac, working early and late in the manifold duties of his position, while Colonel Scott is in quiet possession of New York, that city having been constituted a military post for his exclusive convenience.

General James H. Lane

The Kansas correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* dips his piquant pen into the gay and festive fight which has come to be as much a part of Kansas as her prairies and mud:

It is necessary to premise that Robinson and Lane have been bitter enemies from the first commencement of the struggle in Kansas. Both of them are as ambitious as it falls to the lot of such men to be. Lane has a subtle yet daring character; the most tireless brain on the most tireless body I ever met; an intellect sometimes amounting to genius, but very unequal in its flights; an insatiable ambition; great executive capacity, but very little regard for details.—When he strikes, it is like the sudden blow of a clenched hand to an unprepared man.

* * * * * *

He has much of the heroic quality of persistency, which enables men to work untiringly in all defeats unto the end. Add to this that he possesses largely the magnetism which attracts men to their natural chiefrains. * * * *

When Lane first came to Kansas he was a Democrat, had just voted in the House of Representatives for the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and declared at Westport and Kansas City Mo., that the only question with him as to slavery in Kansas was, whether the soil would grow hemp or not; that for his part he would just as lief own a "nigger" as a mule. He rode into power first by dividing the Free State party on the black law question at Big Springs and Topeka Conventions. As the contest deepened Lane began to feel the screws himself. He was denounced as an abolitionist by the border ruffians. Until in the winter of '55-6, he was among the first for resistance. To his zeal and energy was owing much of the unanimity in the defense made by the people of Lawrence. His career in '56 is part of American history. But as the strife went on, Lane overleaping the intermediate steps, both from impulse and from sagacious insight, became more radical, until he stood in politics the acknowledged leader of the fighting anti-slavery school Kansas men. In a Convention at Topeka, in July, 1857, he made a speech in which he used these words. He was speaking of the Democratic party, and in predicting its downfall, said—"I don't know, Mr. President, that I shall live to see the day, but before God I believe I shall, when this black and brutal party will be broken to pieces; and when, from the waters of the Yellowstone on the North, to the warm waves of the Gulf on the South, one large line of Free States shall rear themselves an impenetrable barrier against which the western waves of this curse of Slavery shall dash in vain. *Until that time I am a crusader for freedom.*"

These last words express the spirit in which the men of Kansas are entering this fight. It also tells the secret of Lane's power over them. They know that whatever else he may or may not be, he is true to the idea which has grown with the growth of Kansas, and which may now be expressed in a popular slogan, thus—"*Death to traitors and freedom to all mankind.*" Again in the State Convention which nominated the present Governor in 1859, Lane is reported as saying in one of his indescribable sensation speeches, while speaking of what Kansas had taught him, that—"I was with shame he acknowledged it, but when he came to Kansas, he cared nothing about this question of slavery. The only point with him was whether the soil would grow hemp or not; but, Mr. President, (he continued,) the seed which, since then, Kansas has planted in my heart, and watered by the blood of her martyrs, has grown! and *grown!* and GROWN! until the tree is large enough *to make ties for the Underground Railroad.*" This is Jim Lane. When in the United States Senate Chamber, during the extra session, he did not shirk from this position, as the files of the *Globe* will prove.

☞ The Southern chivalry apply pretty hard names to the Federal Government, and to some of our most prominent men and people generally. They speak of the United States as "the rump of the Union," the "usurper's government," and call the Northern section of the country "Yankee land." The President they call a "usurper," a "kangaroo," an "ape," a low "flat boatmen," and a "tyrant." General Scott is a "butcher," a "vile traitor, a "hypocrite," and a "fuss-and-feather tyrant." The Northern people they call "Hessians," "Jayhawkers," and a "set of cowardly Yankees."

☞ "I don't miss church so much as you may suppose," said a lady to her minister, who called on her during her illness, "for I make Betsey sit at the window, as the bells begin to chime, and she tells me who is going to church, and whether they have got on anything new."

☞ Prior, the chivalric Virginian, is running for rebel Congressman. If he *runs* as fast as he did to escape the carving knife of Mr. Potter, his election is certain.