

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.

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General Miscellany.

GENTLEMEN SWEARERS.

It is not pleasant to admit that the world is getting worse instead of better, or that any reprehensible habit is becoming more prevalent than common. Especially in a Christian land, and under the influence of the purer religion of which Americans are somewhat inclined to boast, one might look for a higher style of morals and a more uniform outward regard for sacred things. But the world's standard is lower than it used to be when we were less enlightened. The catalogue of mortal sins and of venial offenses have changed their proportions as we have grown in wisdom. So long as we desire to maintain a respectable social position, we are called upon to abstain from murder, except it be done according to the code; and theft and lying are acknowledged to be offenses against society. The decalogue has dwindled down to these narrow limits, and in the place of the comprehensive law that applied to all relations and circumstances of life, public opinion has established another code, stringent enough, it may be, but which only affects to regulate actions that have no moral quality whatever.

To discuss the subject of profane swearing, even upon this low ground, it would be difficult to show how the practice is profitable to the swearer. If it is important that an excited individual should get off extra steam by the agency of such safety valves, why would not some more innocent expletive answer as well as an oath? Or, if nothing else will do in the moment of strong excitement, how does it pay to toss about the name that is above all other names in ordinary conversation—to play with the royal titles of the King of Kings—as though He were some idle divinity? If there is profit in the practice, we have never been able to find it out.

There are great numbers of men in the world who are weak enough to abhor profanity, and to shun the society of the chivalrous gentlemen who cannot utter a sentence without one or more blasphemies in it. If the influence of these squeamish individuals should ever happen to be necessary to the habitual swearer, he is tolerably certain to go without it. If the good opinion of the moralist has any value, it is great folly to throw it away for the sake of a momentary gratification. Very young men swear because they desire to look manly and important, and in our day the quantity and quality of the blasphemies are generally in inverse proportion to the age of the swearer. There is some show of reason about this, but the matured man must find a better excuse. We wear beads now-a-days, and the hirsute adornments that Dame Nature furnishes better prove our manhood than any quantity of flippant appeals to the Deity can do.

The time was when one of the most infallible marks by which the gentleman was distinguished from the blackguard was the total avoidance of profane expressions on the part of the former. We know that swearing was a fashionable vice with some of our ancestors. The Court of the first Charles was a vast manufactory of blasphemies, and the gallant cavaliers of that day swore by exact rule. But the tremendous fulminations which they had invented in more peaceful times were of very little use at Marston Moor and Naseby. And the descendants of the men who were victors in these battles settled in America, brought with them a stricter code of morals, and the swearer was tabooed upon principle. Whatever may be said about these rare old worthies, they were certainly men of purer lives than their degenerate successors are apt to believe, and the power of their example was felt through one or two generations. A low fellow was expected to call down curses upon his own head, and he was an outcast because he swore, but no gentleman was guilty of a practice that was considered utterly degrading.

If there is no God of the Universe, it is great nonsense to swear by him, and to lug in his name to strengthen an argument or to polish a sentence; and if there is—One, holy and supreme, noting the fall of a sparrow, and heeding the slightest words of man—some better foot-ball should be found than His reverend name.

Why is a muff like a fool? Because it holds a lady's hand without squeezing it.

THE DEFENDERS.

BY THOMAS LUCHANAN READ.

Our flag on our land and our flag on the ocean,
An angel of peace wherever it goes—
Noble sustained by Columbia's devotion,
The angel of death it shall be to our foes!
True to its native sky
Still shall our eagle fly,
Casting his sentinel glances afar;
Though bearing the olive branch
Still in his talons staunch
Grasping the bolts of the thunders of war!

Hark to the sound! there's a foe on our border—
A foe striding on to the gulf of his doom;
Freemen are rising and marching in order,
Leaving the plough and the anvil and loom.
Rust dims the harvest sheen
Of scythe and of sickle keen,
The axe sleeps in peace by the tree it would mar,
Veteran and youth are out
Swallowing the battle shout,
Grasping the bolts of the thunders of war!

Our brave mountain eagles swoop from their aerie—
Our lithè panthers leap from forest and plain;
Out of the West flash the flames of the patriot—
Out of the East roll the waves of the main.
Down from their Northern shores
Swift as Niagara pours
They march and their tread wakes the earth with its jar;
Under the Stripes and Stars,
Each with the soul of Mars,
Grasping the bolts of the thunders of war!

Spite of the sword or assassin's stiletto,
While throbs a heart in the breast of the brave,
The oak of the North or the Southern palmetto
Shall shelter no foe except in his grave!
While the gulf billow breaks
Echoing the Northern lakes,
And ocean rages into ocean afar,
Yield we no inch of land
While there's a patriot hand
Grasping the bolts of the thunders of war!

H. W. Beecher's Thanksgiving Sermon.

H. Ward Beecher preached a stirring Thanksgiving sermon relating to the present war and the state of the country. The following is its closing portion. After demonstrating that England and France were not in a position to interfere with us by reason of the condition in which God had providentially placed them—England being more in need of corn than cotton, and France having found it necessary to curtail her army and expenses—he closed by saying:

"We have sealed 5,000 miles of coast; we have shut the breathing holes; and now we are putting in the red hot torch of war at the upper end, and in a short time I think rebellion will be unchartered. God has poured money in our land; God has taken cotton away from England, and He holds France in His right hand. Sweep round the ring. Stand off spectators.—Now let this gigantic universe understand that it is liberty and God, slavery and the devil. No man put hand or foot into that ring till they have taken battle unto death. Amen. Even so, Lord God Almighty, it is Thy decree, it is Thy purpose; and when the victory shall come, not unto us, but in the voice of Christ, ten thousand ransomed ones mingle with all Thy children's gladness. Unto Thee be the praise and the glory forever. Amen."

Reduction of Salaries, &c.

Hon. John Sherman, of Ohio, has a disposition to reduce the civil expenses of the Government, which he is urging upon Congress. It reduces the salaries of members of Congress and all clerks attached to the Government who have salaries above a certain amount. If the bill passes it will save the Treasury the expenditure of millions. But it is said the opposition to the measure is very powerful. Members of Congress, clerks, department and otherwise, are particularly interested in retaining the old salaries. Mr. Sherman contends that the ordinary expenses of the Government must be reduced. With little revenue except that received from direct taxation, it has become necessary to greatly curtail the national expenditures. By the exercise of a judicious economy twenty-five millions can be saved from the average expenses of the Government as they were before the rebellion broke out. This, of course, does not include the extraordinary expenses incident to the war. It is also believed that the Secretary of the Treasury will recommend some such measure as imperatively necessary. Let Mr. Sherman press his bill with earnestness; he will find that the people will all respond "aye."

A bill has been introduced into the House of Representatives by Hon. F. A. Conklin of New York, which provides:

1. A reduction of twenty five per cent. on all salaries, civil and military, amounting to \$10,000 a year and over, including military emoluments.
2. A similar reduction of twenty per cent. where the salaries and emoluments are over \$5,000 and under \$10,000.
3. A similar reduction of fifteen per cent. on compensations between \$2,000 and \$5,000.
4. The reduction of salaries of members of Congress to \$2,000 per annum, subject to a forfeiture of \$10 for each time that a member does not answer to his name on a call for the yeas and nays and the reduction of mileage to ten cents a mile.
5. The absolute and total abolition of the franking privilege.
6. The cessation of the system of appointing supernumerary officials, and the reduction of the officials in all the departments of the Government, to the number actually requisite for the proper transaction of business.

A legal wag calls his marriage certificate "a writ of attain'd her."

PERSONAL EXPENDITURE.

The petty annoyances of life are more keenly felt than its most serious afflictions. Out of apparent trifles spring difficulties and sorrows which embroil families permanently and darken the whole future of individuals. What one shall spend and for what, seems a plain enough question, but not one person in a hundred practically gives a wise answer to it. The blunders about it are the source of enduring trouble. They may not utterly ruin, but they keep the victim in perpetual uneasiness. For his household gods, the demon of unrest is substituted. The most penetrating evils spring from that error which flatters itself that it is akin to generosity—extravagance.

Expenditure, lavish beyond one's means, may render the table plump and bountiful, may gratify taste in furniture and dress, may foster hospitality, and wear the guise of liberality; but with one's own means it is a mistake, when it trenches upon the resources of others it is sheer dishonesty. It may be thoughtless, and it is then culpable; it may be designed, and it is then criminal.

To him whose income is uncertain, it may not be easy to fix the limit of expenditure, except to confine it within his certain income. For the mass of the people whose income is determined, it would seem the simplest of problems to apportion the outlay; but it is they who are most tortured by the failure to do so. There are persons who deliberately involve themselves in a style of living beyond their fortunes, sapping the benevolence of friends and relatives and defrauding their creditors. Such may cover their offense within the safe limit of the law, but they are morally banditti as much as any that ever presented pistol to the head of traveler. They may not appreciate their acts. Edmund About's "King of the Mountains" did not conceive his course of brigandage offensive to morality; and the secret of all crime is that its perpetrator by his passion paints it in the hues of virtue and makes it lovely to himself. But in most instances extravagance is not a deliberate purpose, but results often either through yielding to taste or pride, or through reckless disregard for the whole matter.

Either of these cases, however, is rarer than is supposed. The person or the family constantly bothered and constantly discussing personal expenditure is either miserly or extravagant. Dickens represents the spendthrift Richard in "Bleak House," always discoursing about saving; it is a little true to nature. The extravagant will scrimp where the prudent may be generous, and will give loose reins to expenditure where the prudent would be careful. Lord Bacon warns against expensive habits, for, says he, they return upon themselves; on occasion he permits one to be lavish, where the outlay breeds no others. The art of spending so as to secure the most comforts and the most of elegancies for a given sum, is a fine art, and a rare one, too. In New England, Mrs. Stowe says, a prompt housekeeper is spoken of as having "faculty"—a natural gift in that direction. If there are house hold gods, one of them should have charge of the domestic purse. Since the broad light of our generation has dethroned those convenient divinities, we must even try to take care of it for ourselves. Thoughtfulness and common sense, at constant work, and sincere conscientiousness—a very rare quality, by the way—will make the general footings about right; though one must count upon accidental errors, to lavishness on the one side, or closeness on the other, unless his income is so great as to remove the need for thought on the subject.

The tendency of our social life is to display, and the danger of the individual and the family is extravagance. The meanness of the miser must be constitutional, and so inborn as to be insensible to rebuke and incapable of reformation. It is a hard lesson to learn that liberality and generosity and hospitality are not synonyms of prodigality; and that prudent forethought and honesty which in spending provides how to pay, are farthest of all removed from selfishness and meanness. He is selfish and mean who for his own enjoyment or display is prodigal of the means of others. He only is generous, who out of his own purse, or out of his own savings, is liberal and hospitable. Somebody has suggested that the terrible war that disturbs the country is owing to the wearing of hoops by the ladies.—Whatever evil is under consideration, the fashion is to make it the scapegoat of all others. Let the reader think of his own annoyances growing out of blunders in private and domestic expenditure, and he will judge for himself the need of new attention to this prosaic but essential art.

Every farmer, to make his farm a source of profit, should make it a source of pride. Whatever portion of the lands cultivated, should be well cultivated. The point should be, not to have many, but rich acres. The means whereby husbandry is improved and facilitated should be studied and employed. By such careful attention, a continual pleasure will be found in agricultural pursuits, which will lighten the rewards of good tillage.

The farmer, with no inheritance but health, with no riches but industry, and no ambition but virtue, is sole king among men, and the only man among kings.

THE SOLDIER'S MOTHER.

By the low west window dreaming,
With the lingering sunlight gleaming
Softly on her saintly brow—
Of her boy to battle marching,
Heat and thirst the loved life parching,
Dreams she in the twilight now.

Yet with rapid fingers knitting,
In the ancient arm-chair sitting,
Missing of her soldier son—
Pausing in her thoughts of sorrow,
Wond'ring if upon the morrow
She can have the blue socks done.

Thinking of the soldier's steading
As she saw them on the landing,
Thinking how they sternly drill them—
Back and forth the needles going
From the socks, God only knowing,
If or not his feet shall fill them.

Put a sound her quick ear greeting,
Starts her frightened heart to beating
With a troubled thro' and surge,
For she hears the church-bell tolling,
And the solemn muffled rolling
Of slow music like a dirge.

Heeds she not the stitched falling,
As with eager accents calling
Some one passing by the door,
All her will forbodings masking,
And with lips unfeeling asking
Whom this mournful dirge is for?

But she strives her grief to smother,
'Tis not meet a soldier's mother
Thus should yield to sorrow vain.
Are there not a hundred others,
Stricken, desolated mothers,
Weeping for their brave one slain?

For their country still are bleeding
Soldiers brave who will be needing
Warm socks for their valiant feet—
Put which not'er before the traitors,
Like the feet of some bold praters,
Beat a cowardly retreat.

Other days have waned to twilight
Since the eve when such sad heart blight
Came down on that lonely one;
Put which not'er before the traitors,
With her aged fingers knitting,
Dreams she still at set of sun.

On her brow a shadow resting,
And the sunset glory cresting
Like a crown the silver hair,
Back and forth the needles going,
Inch by inch the socks are growing,
And the tears her eyes o'erflowing
Are wrought with silent prayer.

Could men see as she sees angels,
These dumb souls, like sweet evangelists,
Would a wondrous tale unfold;
Every stitch would tell its story,
And each seam would wear a glory
Fairer than refiner's gold.

Ice Houses.

It is not yet too late to prepare an ice house, if you have not already done so, and the advantages of ice in the dairy, and the value of it for so many purposes, should be an incentive to every family to avail themselves of so cheap a luxury. We now give a few plain directions for erecting a cheap ice house.

Site.—A northern exposure should be selected where convenient; if on a side hill we think all the better.

Preparation.—The ground should be prepared with some loose material like broken stones or blocks of wood, say a foot deep, which cover over with shavings or other material that will not mix with the filling; over this make a plank floor—this will give ample drainage from the ice in the house; special attention must be given to thorough drainage from the bottom.

Erection.—On this floor the building must be erected consisting of a double row of joist eight to ten inches apart framed into or nailed to plates above. These joist should be boarded up on the inside, (so the boardings will face each other,) the whole roofed over so as to shed all rain quickly. This space between the joist should be filled with the best non-conducting substance at hand; charcoal dust, tan bark or saw dust will do. The opening should always be on the north or west side, and double doors should be made to compare with the partition, and both open outwards, and never be opened below the top of the ice in the house.

Filling.—Good, clean, bright straw should be used. Spread thickly over the floor a layer several inches thick. Cut the blocks as large as possible and pack closely together, leaving a few inches of space around the whole, into which pack straw as the house fills up; when filled to the top cover heavily with straw.

Ventilation.—There should be no bottom ventilation at all; the space over the ice under the roof should be ventilated by lattice windows at the ends, giving a free circulation of air.

Taking Out.—When wanted for use take out what is wanted for the day early in the morning; re-cover well with straw and close up.

Putting Up.—This should be done in the coldest weather, and it should be allowed to lay exposed to the atmosphere several hours before packing away, as it becomes much colder than when lying on the surface of the water. It will keep much longer than if packed as soon as taken from the water. In packing in the house, a little water thrown over the layers will help cement the mass and make it more impervious to air.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Another hideous massacre was, at the departure of the last West-African mail, about to be perpetrated at Dahomy. "The new year season" was to be celebrated by a "grand custom," at which two thousand human beings were to be beheaded. The present king appears to surpass even his father in revolting cruelty.

Children are sensible of the slightest injustice.

THE DOMESTIC TYRANT.

It is to me a thoroughly disgusting sight, to see, as we sometimes do, the wife and children of a family kept in constant terror of the selfish bashaw at the head of the house, and ever on the watch to yield in every petty manner to his whims and fancies. Sometimes, where he is a hard-wrought and anxious man, whose hard work earns his children's bread, and whose life is the sole stay, it is needful that he should be referred to in many things, lest the over-tasked brain and over-strained nervous system should break down, or grow unequal to the task. But I am not thinking of such cases. I mean cases in which the head of the family is a great, fat, bullying, selfish scoundrel, who devours sullenly the choice dishes at dinner, and walks into all the fruit or dessert, while his wife looks on in silence, and the awe-stricken children dare not hint that they would like a little of what the brutal hound is devouring. I mean cases in which the contemptible dog is extremely well dressed, while his wife and children's attire is thin and bare; in which he liberally tosses about his money in the billiard-room, and goes off in autumn for a tour on the continent by himself, leaving them to the joyless routine of their unvaried life. It is sad to see the hush that falls upon the little things when he enters the house—how their sports are cut short, and they try to steal away from the room.

Would that I were the Emperor of Russia, and such a man my subject. Should not he taste the knot? That would be his suitable punishment; for he will never feel what wretched mortals would regard as the heavier penalty by far, the utter absence of confidence or real affection between him and his children when they grow up. He will not mind that there never was a day when the toddling creature sent up a shout of delight at his entrance, and rushed at him, and sealed him, and searched his pockets, and pulled him about; nor that the day will never come when, growing into men and women, they will come to him for sympathy and guidance in their little trials and perplexities. Oh! woful to think that there are parents—held in general estimation, too—to whom their children would no more think of going for kindly sympathy, than they would think of going to Nova Zembla for warmth.—*Country Parson.*

"Isn't it Worse for a Man?"

It is two years since I left off the use of tobacco. I chewed only occasionally, but I did enjoy my cigar. I prided myself on my fine Havannas, and might have been seen almost any morning with a cigar in my mouth, walking down Broadway in a most comfortable manner.

The way it happened that I left off the use of the weed is this: I had a little son about six years of age. He almost always hurried to be ready to walk down with me as far as his school. His bright face and extended hand were always welcome, and he bounded along beside me chatting, as only such dear little fellows can. The city has in it many dirty, uncared-for boys, whose chief delight seem to be to pick up discarded cigar-stumps and broken pipes, and with their hands in their pockets puff away in a very inelegant manner.

One morning it seemed as if little Edgar and I met a great many of these juvenile smokers. I became very much disgusted, and pointed them out to little Edgar as an awful warning of youthful delinquency, talked quite largely, and said the City authorities ought to interfere and break it up.

A little voice, soft and musical, came up to me as I gave an extra puff from my superb Havanna. A bright little face was upturned, and the words—"Isn't it worse for a man, father?" came to my ears. I looked down on the little fellow at my side, when his timid eye fell, and the color mounted his cheek, as if he feared he had said something bold and unfitting.

"Do you think it is worse for a man, Edgar?" I asked.

"Please, father, boys wouldn't want to smoke and chew tobacco if men didn't do it."

THE SIMPLE SECRET.

Twenty clerks in a store; twenty hands in a printing office; twenty apprentices in a ship-yard; twenty young men in a village—all want to get on in the world, and expect to do so. One of the clerks will become a partner and make a fortune; one of the compositors own a newspaper and become an influential citizen; one of the apprentices will become a master-builder; one of the young villagers will get a handsome farm and live like a patriarch—but which one is the lucky individual?—Lucky! there is no luck about it. The thing is almost as certain as the Rule of Three. The young fellow who will distance his competitors is he who masters his business, who preserves his integrity, who lives cleanly and purely, who devotes his leisure to the acquisition of knowledge, who never gets in debt, who gains friends by deserving them, and who saves his spare money. There are some ways to fortune shorter than this old dusty highway—but the staunch men of the community, the men who achieve something really worth having, good fortune, good name, and serene old age, all go in this road.

WONDERFUL CALCULATION.

A writer thus undertakes to convey some idea of the greatness of the population of China:

"The mind cannot grasp the real import of so vast a number. Four hundred millions! What does it mean? Count it.—Night and day, without rest, or food, or sleep, you continue the weary work; yet eleven days have passed before you have counted the first million, and more than as many years before the end the tedious task can be reached."

He also supposes this mighty multitude to take up its line of march, in a grand procession, placed in single file at six feet apart, and marching at the rate of thirty miles a day, except on the Sabbath, which is given to rest—

"Day after day the moving column advances, the head pushing on far towards the rising sun, now bridges the Pacific, now bridges the Atlantic. And now the Pacific is crossed, but still the long procession marches on, stretching across high mountains, and sunny plains, and broad rivers, through China and India, and the European kingdoms, and on again over the stormy bosom of the Atlantic. But the circuit of the world itself affords not standing room. The endless column will double upon itself, and double again and again, and shall girdle the earth eighteen times before the great reservoir which furnishes these numberless multitudes is exhausted. Weeks, months and years roll away, and still they come, men, women and children. Since the march began the little child has become a man, and yet they come, in unending numbers. Not till the end of forty-one years will the last of the long procession have passed."

Such is China in its population; and if Homer could have preached eloquently on the vanity of man as a mortal, with equal eloquence, had he seen or contemplated the millions of China, could he have preached on the vanity of man as an individual.

A Nat for Anti-Prohibitionists.

Dr. Hill, Superintendent of the Asylum at Columbus, Ohio, says:

"A citizen of this State married an intelligent lady, who bore him ten children. After the birth of the first three the father became intemperate, and during his career as an inebriate four children were born to him. He then reformed entirely, and had three others. The first three were smart and intelligent, and became useful men and women, and so of the last three. Of the four born to him during his febricity, two have died in the lunatic asylum, another is there, and the fourth is an idiot! This is not an isolated case. The demonstration is complete and certain, and there is no room left for doubt as to the cause of idiocy and insanity in these cases. Thus an intemperate man or woman transmits a depraved constitution, and an impaired intellect, to children, and even grandchildren. The statistics in regard to the idiots of Massachusetts, published a few years since, furnished a volume of proofs to the same general statement. The more the subject is investigated, the more certain it will be shown that the use of liquors is impairing the health and reason, and shortening the lives, not only of those who drink, but of their descendants. In self defence, the State will, sooner or later, be compelled to interpose its strong arm, or the race will be deteriorated physically, intellectually, morally and socially. If a man has a constitutional right to degrade himself below the level of a decent brute, he has no right to people the land with imbeciles and lunatics."

The Immense Grain Wealth of the Country.

We do not begin to realize the vast productiveness of our country. The figures which represent the grain arriving at tide water are run over in the papers, but no conception is formed of what they signify. Sixty-two millions of bushels of grain arrived at tide-water by the canals of this State, between the first day of May and the first day of December. Of course it all passed through this little city of ours. This quantity does not include any that was taken off for consumption west of this point nor any that left the canal at any point east, or north of tide water. But how much is sixty-two millions of bushels? So much was received at tide-water in seven months, and so much passed our city during that period. It is enough to constitute a steady stream of 12,128 bushels an hour for the whole 5112 hours of the seven months, or 202 bushels a minute, or three bushels a second. It required the passage of a boat carrying over 6000 bushels every thirty minutes during the whole time.

Yet the granaries of the West are full, and this vast quantity of grain could be more than duplicated.—*Oscoda (N. Y.) Herald.*

THE BEST FRIEND.—Young man, thy mother is thy best earthly friend. The world may willfully do thee many wrongs—thy mother, never. The world may persecute thee while living, and when dead, plant the ivy and nightshade of slander upon thy grassless grave—thy mother will love and cherish thee while living, and if she survives thee, will weep for thee when dead such tears as none but a mother know how to weep.—*Love thy mother.*