

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 Blakely & Martin.

JUNCTION, DAVIS CO., KANSAS. THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 1862

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LETTER FROM LIBERIA, AFRICA.

Our readers, we trust, have not forgotten our interesting colored missionary, Dr. B. B. Bowers, who went from Mount Pleasant, Iowa, to Liberia, Africa, hoping to find there opportunities to benefit his race, not accessible to him here. We present a letter just received from him, which will be read with interest:

"Dr. LIVERMORE:—I am progressing slowly, but surely, in my labors here, in Western Africa. As in all other undertakings, there are many little drawbacks, but nevertheless I am persuaded truth will ultimately conquer. I find the native children of Africa are very apt to learn, when once started. I have a number of them around me every day, endeavoring to learn, or see something new. I instruct the children and adult pupils together; all alike commence with the rudiments of education, but the younger ones are more apt, and make the most rapid progress. Neither parents nor children have any care on their minds, but all seem to pass off life unconscious of the value of time. If there is a happy people living, the Africans appear to be that people; ease and comfort are their only aim; they eat rice and cassava with palm oil and pepper, and their appetites are appeased, and they are as content as any creature imaginable. Their wants are few, and easily satisfied.

"Since my last letter, I have been on a tour in the country, among the different tribes of natives, and was forcibly struck with their different modes of living. Some tribes are far ahead of others in many respects. Some are very skillful in building their huts. While all are built of palm and bamboo stalks, some are built very neatly indeed, with floors elevated from the ground. Others have no floor but the earth. Some huts are round and some square. They cook and eat and sleep all in one hut; the fire is built in the middle without any chimney whatever for the smoke. Some build small furnaces to put their kettles on to cook rice and other simple articles of food. Almost all kinds of animals are eaten by them, and even reptiles with but few exceptions. Monkeys are a celebrated dish with them, and honey constrictors are very highly prized by some tribes. I was an eye witness of a feast of honey constrictors. Every beast that inhabits Africa is sought after and killed by the natives for food. There are some customs practiced among them that would make a civilized man shudder to think of. Strict obedience to their laws is demanded by all the kings and chiefs. A drink made from the bark of the Sassy wood tree, which is a deadly poison, is given as a punishment to those that steal or are caught in any act contrary to their law. The person accused is compelled to drink about one and a half or two gallons, according to his size, and if he dies instantaneously, he is considered guilty of the crime; if he lives he is cleared. But few live, although some escape death by vomiting, arising from an overdose being administered. The person while under the influence of the poison seems to be in the most excruciating pain, and utters heart-rending cries, until death relieves him. Another mode of punishment is the dipping of hands in a kettle of boiling palm-oil. The accused person is compelled to put his hand in the oil while it is on the fire, and pull out some small stones from the bottom. If he does it and the hand is not burned, he is considered clear of the crime. Should the skin slip from the flesh, he is adjudged guilty, which is almost invariably the case. I have seen many with both hands burned, which is a frightful sight. This is a punishment inflicted on women who are accused of inconsistency. The men are commonly blest with from six to ten wives; some kings of my acquaintance have from one to three hundred wives, and some have three and four hundred slaves. A native man is called poor who does not own slaves. But perhaps your readers have become wearied with my descriptions of native customs, and so I will close with a word or two about the soil.

"The soil of Africa is rich, and is adapted to the culture of almost all kinds of products belonging to any tropical climate. Cotton grows spontaneously, and need only be planted once in seven years. It grows to an enormous size, and forms a bush from which you can pick cotton in six months from time of planting the seed. It gives six and one-half year's yield of cot-

ton, and is picked every month in the year. I have seen yams here weighing fifty pounds, and some at seventy-five to eighty pounds; sweet potatoes grow in any quantity. I have seen good corn as I ever saw in America, grown here by natives; rice is grown abundantly in Liberia, and other parts of the country. There are all kinds of dye-woods here; cam-wood is abundant in Liberia. Coffee is abundant and of the best quality. The water is excellent. I have seen clear, running brooks with pebbly bottoms, and excellent spring with cool water. There are few wells dug here, springs are so plentiful. I have not time to write more at present. More anon.
Yours, truly,
B. BOWSER.
CAPE PALMAS, LIBERIA."

The Reason We Separated.

My name is Tubbs, and I am separated from my wife. The latter is not, be it understood, a consequence of the former; for although I admit that Tubbs is not a very euphonious name, still it suits me, and, as far as I know, was always satisfactory to Augustine. Her mother did, I believe, at the earliest stages of my intimacy with her daughter, snuff disdainfully when it was pronounced; but my good conduct, and the steadiness of my devotion, overcame her objections, if she had any, and Tubbs, by maternal consent, was added to Augustine's list.

No! the cause of our separation grew up in our family. Could I have looked into futurity—had I foreseen—but no matter. Augustine is with her mother; and as that old lady is up to the average of mothers-in-law, she is very likely to stay there. I will be concise in my statement. I am not fond of cats. Candidly, I detest them. My condescension then can be imagined when, upon returning home one evening, I saw, slumbering serenely in the lap of Augustine, a young specimen of this species of animal. I mildly protested—my mother-in-law's statement to the contrary notwithstanding. I represented, as gloriously as I was able, the treachery of the animal, its immorality, its proneness to dissipation and late hours, and expressed it as my unalterable opinion that no well-regulated family could tolerate them.

But no; "I wished to deprive her of every comfort," and the inevitable mother, who was present, added that "I was jealous of the cat." I yielded. Under my wife's care the best prospered. Its power for mischief rapidly matured. I'll say nothing of its forays upon the milk jug—of its sampling every article of food before I partook of it—but come at once to the catastrophe that desolated my home. The cat grew dissolute, as I knew it would. Absent all night, and completely done up in the morning, I was shocked, and objected strenuously. Augustine wept and restrained it of its liberty. Always confident of the integrity of the animal, she resented any expressed doubts of its purity of character. Our estrangement began here. We slept. I was aroused suddenly by Augustine exclaiming:

"They are mauling a little child somewhere." I listened.
It was a cat; a male cat beneath our window. I said so. Whether our interesting feline had made an engagement that she was unable to keep, or that the gentleman below was merely warbling his attachment to her, I cannot say. There was a vigor in his spallings that suggested broken promises, and a finish that stamped him as an old performer. His initial note was terrific, and he rose, by slow stages, to a grandeur that curdled the blood. A brick would have been of incalculable value. My proposition to throw out the cat to appease him, turned on the tears, and I abandoned the idea. I resolved to expend the water pitcher. The movement was arrested by a squall so rasping, so defiant, that Augustine shrieked. The minstrel below was joined by another cat. There was a short, fierce colloquy—like an engineer testing the water in his steam boiler—and a combat ensued. I conceived an idea. I had seen, on the stage, the heroine of the piece throw herself between two rivals, and crying "Forbear!" spoil a very pretty fight. I tore from her nightly resting place the cause of all the contention outside, and hurried to the window. Augustine divined my intentions, and threw herself upon her favorite. "Let go!"
"Never!"
We both pulled. Augustine had the tail. It was a strongly united one, and stood the pressure. An idea. I let go the agitated quadruped, who immediately established the truthfulness of my former assertion by corrugating her benefactress. Augustine clinging convulsively to the tail, furthered the execution. I am here accused of fiendish cruelty—of regaining possession of the cat, and throwing it, with a portion of Augustine attached, out of the window.—To those who know me, denial is unnecessary. Augustine threw herself into the maternal arms next morning, whereupon the maternal arms threw a bench at me.—I have done my own cooking since. Am likely to do so. But I wish it distinctly understood, that, if from the deprivation of my society, the unhappy woman finds an early grave, it is not I who did it. It's her mother. Let the finger of scorn be pointed at her. She can stand it. Personal observation will prove that she can stand anything. But, thank God, the cat is dead. I smile when I think of that.

The Union.

JUNCTION, THURSDAY, JAN. 30, 1862.

THE GREAT TEMPLE IN INDIA.

It was in July, 1834, that I first saw the city of Madura, in Southern India. As I approached it, one pleasant morning, the towers of the Great Temple were the first objects that became visible. They were seen at a distance of several miles. They rose high above the walls by which the city was surrounded. I entered the place by the north gate, and was soon conducted to the English bungalow. This was situated directly over the west gate. Under me a stream of natives was constantly passing. The bungalow was a native building of moderate dimensions, designed for the accommodation of travellers. It contained a few chairs, a table and a cot. Here I remained a few days, until I rented a convenient house near the centre of the city, and commenced my labors as a missionary. My residence there of more than four years enabled me to examine the principal Temple at my leisure. I cannot hope, after such a lapse of time, to give a very minute description of it. In some particulars I may not be perfectly correct. But the main feature of that pile of buildings cannot be easily erased from my mind.

The Temple is surrounded by an outer wall built of brick, and about twenty feet high. It is nearly square, and about one mile in circumference. It presents rather a dingy appearance, and has only a few ornaments. There are representations of animals moulded in brick or carved in stone. But connected with this outer wall are three towers, about one hundred and seventy feet in height, built of brick. At their base, they are perhaps seventy feet long and twenty feet broad. They diminish in size as they rise upward, until at the top they are rather small; large enough, however, to furnish a safe standing place, where you can obtain a clear view of the city at your feet, and of the level country at a considerable distance. Inside these towers are flights of steps, by which you can easily ascend. Several small windows or apertures, are inserted at various elevations. Occasionally you may see lights in each of these windows at night. Some one connected with the Temple service has died, and these lights are thought needful to conduct his soul to the upper regions. These towers have no great architectural beauty; still their proportions at different elevations are not bad. But from their magnitude and height, their appearance, especially when seen at a distance, rising as they appear to do, from an extended plain, is somewhat imposing. But as you enter this great enclosure, you find yourself not a little astonished; not so much at anything beautiful and grand, as at the strange sights which everywhere meet your eye. In some places you will see coconut trees growing in the open courts, and gracefully stretching their broad leaves upward, that they may catch the pure air of heaven. But you are almost confounded at the amount of stone work which you now behold. I should judge that about two-thirds of the area within the walls, is covered with a very solid stone floor. Upon this floor arise more than four thousand stone pillars. These are from twelve to twenty feet in height, and not less than one foot square. Some of them are considerably larger. They are cut out of solid rock. Upon many of these pillars are carved men, horses and other animals, as large as life, and all out of one single block of stone. The artists often placed their animal, and especially their human figures, in such uncouth and ridiculous postures, that you can hardly avoid the reflection that demons must have helped their imaginations.—These pillars are placed ten, fifteen and twenty feet apart. A solid slab of stone is extended from the top of one stone to another. These serve as joice to receive other large stones, and this, with the addition of *chanan*, (a water-proof cement) a roof is formed, impervious to water. There are many partitions and enclosures in different directions. Very little regard seems to have been had to convenience or beauty. It is probable that various parts were erected at different times. It is certain that no one master mind appears in the general plan. In one place is seen a tank of water which is reached by a descent, on all sides, of stone steps. In another place are three or four huge elephants tied to stone pillars. These on special occasions,

are taken out to form a part of their religious processions. In another part of this vast structure is a bazar, where a number of merchants have purchased permission to spread a large cloth on the floor, upon which they expose various articles for sale. Thus all merchants are not yet driven from temples; gain and ostensible godliness seem closely allied.

I often noticed one devotee in this Temple—he was a lame man; his whole clothing consisted of a piece of cotton cloth, not a yard square, tied around his waist. Most of his time was spent in sitting upon the naked floor, near the image of a black bull carved out of stone. His eyes were closed, and he appeared to be in devout meditation. When hunger pressed him, he went into the streets and uttered a cry which was familiar to beggars, and some one who wished to secure the most of a good act, supplied his pressing wants, when he returned to the object of his veneration. Before this time, he has probably passed away from earth, and perhaps another man occupies his place, as a devotee of the same ugly animal.

The Temple has some sacred places, upon which the foot of a white man is never allowed to fall. Of course, we do not know all which there transpires. It is evident, however, from the acknowledgments of some knowing Hindoos, that scenes are there sometimes enacted that daylight would blush to look upon. Many immoral women, to say nothing of base men, are the inmates of the Temple, and have a large share in its so-called religious service. I have sometimes looked through a long and dark passage, at the end of which a taper was dimly burning before an idol—a fit emblem, I thought, of deeds of darkness, which are there perpetrated. The principal idol of the Temple is dedicated to a goddess called *Mene Arche*. She is said to be represented by an image of a female, made of solid gold, and about eighteen inches in height. Of course, vulgar eyes are not allowed to see this object of worship. One thing is certain, that tens of thousands of Hindoos pay her very high religious homage, whilst many of the ostensible leaders of this homage are exceedingly skeptical about all religions. The High Priest of the Temple once said to one of our catechists, "That is the best religion by which a man can obtain the most money." This Temple is an object of high veneration to the Hindoos. Pilgrims from a great distance come there for devotion. The sound of the tantom or drum, of the triangle, and of similar instruments, though grating harshly upon our ears, has a charm for them. They love also to look upon the thousands of lamps, which are lighted up at the entrance. And many of the carved images upon the stone pillars, and in other places, though utterly disgusting to our taste, excite strong religious emotions in them. Every few days there is some religious festival, connected with the temple service. And then a throng gather around to see the wonderful sight. This is especially the case when *Mene Arche* is said to be awaked from a long sleep, and is carried, though veiled from view, through the principal streets of the city, that she may breathe a little fresh air.

Connected with this Temple are a large number of Brahmins, and other persons, deriving their support from the free-will offerings of the people, and from the taxes of certain villages which have long been consecrated to their use. Some parts of the Temple were obviously built in comparatively modern times. But when its foundations were laid, and most of its structures were created, no living man can tell. History throws no light upon the subject. The Hindoos can only say that the gods built it. It is certainly a strong and huge monument of the power of idolatry. But that power shall be broken. The Mission there, which I had the pleasure of commencing, has been prosecuted vigorously. Success has attended the labor bestowed. And ere long, we expect to see this vast temple of idolatry converted into a Christian College, and thousands of Hindoo youths investigating modern science, and rendering a cheerful homage to the King of Kings and Lord of Lords.
W. T.

The Southern rebels have become dissatisfied with their flag of stars and stripes. They propose to have a new one. Among the substitutes is one with a blue field and a spread white eagle in the centre. Change as often as they may, they will never find a flag equal to the glorious old flag of the Union, and a faithful testimony to

An Endangered Institution.

Slavery, as we remarked not long since, gained a good deal of consideration in the minds of men by being recognized as one of the "institutions." It insists, too, on being reckoned one of the four domestic relations—husband and wife, parent and child, guardian and ward, *owner and slave*, thus seeking a kind of sanctity in that group. "Institution" carries with it some notion of claim to respect and veneration. Under this term, slavery gets itself classed with the important mechanisms, by the agency of which society accomplishes objects essential to the common welfare.

One of the latest arguments we have seen against confiscation runs something in this wise: that the confiscation of all the property of rebels is right; that the rebel in arms against the government forfeits entirely his right to his slaves; that, as between him and the government against which he fights, such confiscation is just; but, the confiscation and enfranchisement is an interference with State "institutions." Confiscation, of course, is an interference with slavery, to the extent it is carried out, but that statement of the case is a most pointless truism. Bring "institutions" into the case and Mr. Feeblemind will discover that such interference is alarming. In virtue of this direct misuse of a word, the attempt is made to discriminate in favor of slave property alone, over every other description. Slavery has taken sanctuary in a name, and its priesthood clamor that that asylum is inviolable.

Now there can be no doubt that the enforcement of confiscation laws will work great changes in the condition and value, as well as in the possession of property; and such changes may or may not promote the prosperity of the State. If a dozen herds of thorough-bred cattle, in Kentucky, for instance, should be confiscated and dispersed, it is not certain but Kentucky might lose her reputation abroad for superior stock. But nobody is absurd enough to claim that grazing or raising cattle is an "institution," nor that the magnificent herds of some of her counties should be exempt from the operations of the law.—Unless all confiscation of property is abandoned, and the Confederates permitted without retaliation to seize hundreds of millions of Northern property entrusted in the hands of their citizens, there is every reason why slaves, of all property, should not be exempt. And unless loyal people allow themselves to be fooled by this sophistry, or frightened by the feigned terrors which conservatives conjure up, they will never consent to treat slave property as inviolable.
—Missouri Democrat.

A Curious Coincidence.

In the first volume of Bancroft's History of the United States, [page 26] occurs the following singular passage:
"For an agricultural Colony, a milder climate was desirable: in view of a settlement at the South, De Monts explored and colonized for France, the Rivers, the Coasts and the Bays of New England as far as Cape Cod. The numbers and hostilities of the savages, led him to delay a removal, since his Colonists were so few. Yet the purpose remained. *Thrice in the spring of the following year did Dupont, his Lieutenant, attempt to complete the discovery.*—Thrice he was driven back by adverse winds, and at the third time his vessel was wrecked. Toutrincourt, who had visited France, and was now returned with supplies, renewed the design; but meeting with disasters on the shoals of Cape Cod, he, too, returned to Port Royal. *Thus the first settlement on the American Continent had been made—two years before James river was discovered, and three years before a cabin had been raised in Canada.*"

The name of Dupont in connection with a Naval Expedition at Port Royal in 1605, and fifty years later, is one of those curious coincidences in which the Muse of History loves to indulge. If the first had succeeded in his efforts to possess the New England shores, who can tell what would have been the effect upon the destinies of this continent? If the second had failed in entering Port Royal Harbor, how differently the future annals of the Republic might read! If Port Royal menaced New England in 1605, the tables have been turned in 1861.

THE SOUTHERN SOBORN.—Simultaneous calamities, by fire and water, have fifty cased for Charleston the year signified by the siege of Sumter. The flames that burnt its business centre were quickly followed by the stone fleet which stopped every "rat hole" leading to the accursed port. Not even a light house is left (and none is now needed) to show where Charleston once flourished—the rebels themselves blowing it up, lest it might guide the fleet which they supposed to be coming to bombard the city. The port of Charleston is now literally a "dead sea," with fruits of "ashes" on its shores. A Sodom-like fate avenges the outrage on Sumter.

Oregon has no magnetic cable as yet, but it is arranged that before the middle of 1862, Portland shall be in communication with California.

There have been 11,364 miles of submarine cable laid, of which only about 3,000 miles are now in actual operation.

How the Bible Was Translated.

We are indebted to King James for the translation of the Bible now in use. This version was undertaken by him in performance of a promise made by the King at the Hampton Court conference; and Dr. Reynolds, the great champion of the puritans, by whom it was there suggested, was one of the divines engaged in its execution. Forty-seven of the best biblical scholars undertook the labor of love, who divided themselves into six classes, each undertaking a portion of the scriptures. Each member of a class translated the whole of the portion set apart to his class, then the class met and revised as a body their separate versions. One general version was then agreed upon by the class, which was subsequently revised by each of the other classes. Two of the classes sat at Cambridge, two at Oxford and two at Westminster. Three years were spent in the undertaking, viz: from 1607 to 1611. The new version was dedicated to the King, and printed by Robert Barker in the year of its completion. The excellence of the translation is universally acknowledged; and though in consequence of the changes which our forms of speech have since undergone, many expressions in it may now appear unrefined and homely, its general effect is far more impressive than that of a more polished translation; it performs a service of an opposite nature, and keeps in use words and expressive idioms which would otherwise have been rejected with disdain by the fastidiousness of modern taste, as homely and familiar.—*Englishman's Magazine.*

The Transfiguration of Memory.

As there was an hour when the fishermen of Galilee saw their Master transfigured, his raiment white and glistening, and his face like the light, so are there hours when our whole mortal life stands out in celestial radiance. From our daily lot falls off every weed of care, from our heart-friends every speck and stain of earthly infamy. Our horizon widens, and blue, and amethyst, and gold touch every object. Absent friends and friends gone on the last journey stand once more together, bright with immortal glow, and like the disciples who saw their Master floating in the clouds above them, we say, "Lord it is good to be here!" How fair the wife, the husband, the absent mother, the gray-haired father, the manly son, the bright-eyed daughter! Seen in the actual present, they all have some fault, some flaw; but absent, we see them in their permanent and better selves. Of our distant home we remember not a dark day, not one servile care, nothing but the echo of its holy hymns and the radiance of its bright days—of our father, not one hasty word, but only the fullness of his manly vigor and noble tenderness—of our mother, nothing of mortal weakness, but a glorified form of love—of our brother, not one tending, provoking word of brotherly freedom, but the proud beauty of his noblest hours—of our sister, our child, only what is fairest and sweetest.—*Mrs. Stone.*

A Good Hearty Denunciation of Great Britain.

The Pilot, the organ of the Irish in Boston, in an article upon the Mason and Sill-dell demand of Great Britain, thus "pitches in" to the "fast anchored isle":
"Britain is the detested of all nations. The powers of the earth would attend her funeral in exultation. May we all live to see that procession! What a length it would have! And what a tumult of deep curses, maledictions and execrations, would rise, splitting the air at it!
"France would be present with joy; Spain would attend it with gratitude to God; Russia would hasten down to it from north, with all its might; Austria would attempt to have the first place in the retinue; distant India would have a triumphal mock funeral on the banks of the Ganges; America would be no kinder than other nations; the Scotch would be in the line in memory of Robert Bruce; and the ancient kingdom of Ireland would hail the interment as the resurrection of its independence.
"The bastard Confederacy of the South itself would, perhaps, be there to ape its betters. For England there is no generous regard throughout the world. She deserves none. She knows that. She will not provoke a war that will endanger her existence—which is to be lamented. In the meantime, all honor to Captain Wilkes."

FIVE GOOD RULES.

To hear as little as possible of what is to the prejudice of others.
To believe nothing of the kind until you are absolutely forced to it.
Never drink into the spirit of one who circulates an evil report.
Always to moderate as you can the unkindness which is expressed towards others.
Always to believe, that if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.

JOHN AND JANE.—John Jones has an object in which the lick her law, when applied to Jane. Jane Jones contends stoutly for the liquor law, as applicable to John. Jane's argument is simple and conclusive. When John does liquor, he does lick her. When John don't liquor he don't lick her, therefore if John can't liquor he won't lick her—the conclusion she wishes to reach.

Thrilling narrative—A dog's tail under a cartwheel.