

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."

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THE TOBACCONIST'S DAUGHTER.

BY MARY EYLE DALLAS.

In the year 17—, there dwelt in the city of New York, then by no means the mighty place it has now grown to be, a little old Frenchman, Jean Mathieu by name, who kept a small cigar shop, in a narrow and crooked street, not far from what was then the fashionable part of the town. It was a tiny shop, but not without some idea of taste in its arrangements, for there were white curtains festooned about the door of the little back room, where customers sometimes sat and smoked; an oval looking glass behind the counter, and pictures of simpering ladies with powdered heads suspended by crimson cord from the brightly-papered walls, and glittering in their crimson frames in the warm sunlight. Altogether, it was as bright and trim a place as could be found, and greatly favored by the beaux of that past day, when our great-grandmother's grandmothers were budding belles.

Truth to tell, the shining little store and the wonderful tobacco and fine snuff, (young and elegant gentlemen took snuff in those days,) were not the chief attractions to those gay fellows, who crowded about the counter at the twilight hour, or after the candles were lit. The fair face of Manette, Mathieu's pretty daughter, brought him half his custom, and the old man being shrewd, knew this, and kept her in the shop a greater part of her time.

It was truly a beautiful face, and a modest one, though it did belong to a Frenchwoman and a shop-girl. The cooing-minded dandy who frequented the store knew this and would almost as soon have pattered insult to a lady of his own set as Manette. Even in the late hours of the evening, after the theatre was out, and they were flushed with wine, though they ventured sentimental glances and whispered compliments, they never ogled her so broadly as they did Mademoiselle Coralie, who, in another tobaccoist's hard by, dispensed cigars and smiles together, and who could return such looks with as broad a stare, and bolder, coming from a woman's eye. Manette looked as she was—a pure woman, and, though virtue and modesty in a girl behind a tobaccoist's counter were anomalies, the young bloods could not help believing in them when they thought of her.

Old Mathieu kept a jealous watch upon his daughter, and never left her alone. During his brief absences, their old man-servant brought her knitting into the shop, and, obedient to her master's commands, observed every action of her young mistress. Had Manette been so disposed, there could have been no stolen interviews or hidden *billetdoux* exchanged between herself and any admirer. The only day on which the young girl was her own mistress was the Sabbath. Then the shop was closed, and Manette went morning and evening to church, while her father, a thorough French skeptic, remained at home to examine his accounts, read novels, or superintend the *soop maigre*, as best suited him.

One of these Sundays brought Manette an adventure. It was a clear autumn evening, just cool enough to be pleasant, and Manette had just been listening to a sermon in the church which she frequented. Whether it was longer and more tedious than usual, and caused her to grow sleepy, or whether some of those little demons who delight in leading us astray lingered about the porch, envious of the good maxims being uttered within, and anxious to play their pranks upon the congregation, can never be known. Certain it is, however, that in coming out Manette turned the wrong way, and lost herself. She had been hundreds of times to church alone, and knew the fact perfectly, and great was her surprise when she found herself in an unknown locality. Bewildered and alarmed, she turned first in one direction and then in another, involving herself more completely in a maze of ill-lighted and wretchedly paved streets, and at last found herself before a broad door, the entrance to some gambling and drinking establishment, which, Sunday though it was, was wide open. Three young men were just emerging from the door with a jovial, care-free air, humming the tune of a fashionable song, and laughing now and then as though at the memory of some very brilliant exploit. The lamp above the arch flung its red glare full upon the shrinking

figure of Manette, and in a moment she was surrounded by the trio.

"Beautiful evening for a walk," said one, offering his arm with a grotesque affectation of respect. "I'm going your way: we'll enjoy it together."

"Shan't allow him to monopolize your society. I value pretty women too much for that," said the second, attempting to put his arm about her waist.

"No, no; we're devoted to the fair sex," said the third, with a maudlin laugh, bending down to peep under her bonnet. "Splendid eyes! I adore black eyes, especially when they have such lashes!"

Manette strove to release herself. "Gentlemen," she said, "I have lost my way, and am unprotected. Surely you will direct me in the path I ought to take, and leave me."

She spoke in vain. Wine was in, and not only wit, but all the better feelings of humanity, out on a long furlough. The eldest and coarsest and tipsiest essayed to kiss her, and the clasp of the first tightened about her waist. It was more than she could bear, and in her fear she lifted up her voice and called aloud for help.

Some one heard her. The quick tread of footsteps sounded on her ear, and a tall figure, in the rich dress of a fashionable man of the period, stood before her. In an instant she was free, and the brute who had insulted her staggered back, thrust from her side by the strong arm of the stranger, who said, as he interposed himself between Manette and the tipsy trio—"You need not be afraid. You shall come to no harm."

"Indeed! And who are you, Sir Valiant?" inquired the man who had felt the clutch of his powerful hands. "And how dare you interfere with me?"

"By the law which makes every man the defender of a woman," replied the stranger, with a resolute look in his eye, which made the sot shrink back with a muttered oath.

"Confound you; a pretty subject for protection!" he said, with a sneer. "I'll swear I've seen her face somewhere in a tobaccoist. She knows how to take care of herself, I'll be bound."

Before the words were out of his mouth, the coward lay prone upon the ground, and the stranger stood over him with clenched fist. He was a strong, powerful fellow, and was on his feet again immediately. "I must have satisfaction for this," he said. "You must fight me. Let me know your name."

"I doubt if I can fight such a one as you with credit to myself," said the stranger, disdainfully.

"Such a one as I? S'death, what do you take me for?" shouted the man. "There is my card, and I demand yours." The stranger took the card and read it. "It is a good name," he said, "and it is a pity it should be so disgraced. For the sake of the name I will endeavor to give its unworthy owner a lesson. There, sir, is my card. And now, young lady," he said, "turning toward Manette, who stood pale and trembling beside, "Now, young lady, let me see you to a place of safety."

"I live at No. — street," answered Manette. "Monsieur Mathieu, the tobaccoist, is my father. I thank you very, very much, sir."

They had walked on a few paces, and were out of hearing of the half-sobered friends on the pavement before the gambling house, but he paused suddenly.

"A tobaccoist," he muttered under his breath. "The fellow was right, then. I did not believe it."

Low as the words were uttered, Manette caught them, and answered in a faltering voice:

"Yet I thank you for your protection, sir, as much as though I were a rich and high-born lady."

"And I am glad to have given it," he replied, in frank accents, which carried truth with them. "Let me offer you my arm. The road is very uneven, and it is quite dark."

She took it, and they walked on in silence until they stood at the threshold of old Mathieu's shop. Then she turned towards him and said softly:

"You have been so kind to me that I cannot let you go without one question: You will not fight that man? I should be wretched to think of such a thing happening on my account. You will not fight with him, sir?"

"Such subjects cannot be discussed with a lady," answered the gentleman. "What honor dictates I must do. In any case I shall rejoice that I have been able to serve you."

And old Mathieu, making his appearance at that moment, the stranger, with a brief explanation and a courteous bow, withdrew.

Manette told the whole story to her father, and lay awake half the night, praying that no harm might befall her champion; but towards morning she fell asleep, and dreams of wandering in interminable labyrinths of streets, and of hideous ruffians and gallant knights, in the armor of the olden time, who drew sword and lance in her defence.

Against her own will, Manette looked for the stranger all the next day, and started whenever the door was opened. But he did not come either then or on the following days of the bright month; and at last she gave up all hopes of ever seeing him again.

Many weeks had passed away, and the cold weather had set in, with frosty skies, bare branches and cold drifts of wind, which swept the narrow little street in which the shop was situated, when one morning, as she was dusting and arranging the various articles upon the counter, the latch clicked, and, looking up, she saw his face through the glass upper half of the door. His face! She would have known it from among a thousand. He came forward, closing the door after him, and she saw that he wore his left arm in a sling. Old Mathieu had been but an instant before summoned to the kitchen by the outcry of the servant woman, who had upset a glorious pot of soup which was in preparation for dinner. She was alone, and, obedient to the first impulse, she ejaculated—"You have fought with that bad man, then—you have been wounded!"

"A mere scratch!" answered the gentleman. "I only regret it because it has prevented me so long from inquiring whether you have suffered from the effects of your alarm the first night I met you."

His manner was respectful, and his glance full of admiration, which a queen need not have blushed to read in any eye; but Manette felt her cheek crimson and her heart throbbled quickly as his glance met hers, and wondered at the knowledge of her own sensations. Old Mathieu coming in just then, broke opportunely upon her confusion. The Frenchman was profuse in his thanks for the protection which the stranger had afforded his daughter, and in blame of himself for having allowed her to go to church unattended, and the stranger, as courteous as he could have been to the richest and most distinguished man in all the land, the father was won as quickly as the daughter had been, and, when the stranger took his leave, he had become a friend, and they knew his name to be George Talbot.

Manette was lovelier now than ever as she stood behind the little counter and weighed snuff or selected cigars for the young dandies before it; for there was a deeper rose upon her rounded cheek, and a brighter light in her velvet eye. She was as float in the happiest stream of all a woman's life. She loved and was beloved with the truth and tenderness of a first passion. He was rich and she was poor, she knew it, but the thought never clouded her happiness. To be dependent on him—to receive all from his hands, would be bliss, when she was once his wife; and in a little while it had gone so far that they were betrothed, and the very day for their wedding already fixed upon. No one knew this secret save the lovers and old Mathieu, and George Talbot only came to the little tobaccoist's on quiet Sunday nights. But then on those Sundays there were such long, sweet walks; such tender whispers, such earnest vows, hallowed by moonlight and the soft sparkle of the stars, that Manette had enough to do to dream of them throughout the work day week. There was an old garden, full of trees and vines, behind the house, and here the lovers sat while Jean Mathieu sat upon the porch smoking his cigar and humming old French airs to himself, as happy, in his own way, as they were.

Sometimes, at such times, George Talbot would whisper in Manette's ear, "It is only for a little while longer that you shall stand behind that counter, dearest. It makes my blood boil to think of it; you, who are so fair and pure as a lily, as well-bred as any lady of the land, you shall take your stand amongst the proudest when you are my wife, Manette."

And the young girl loved to hear such words, because they told her how tenderly her lover thought of her, although they did not make her blush for the life she was to forsake so soon. It had been honest as it was humble, and she saw no shame in being poor. The pearl of a pure conscience lay enshrined within the past and hallowed it. Only once more would Manette fill the tiny scales and undo the fragrant bundles of Havanna. Only one day longer would the little sign, bearing the name of Jean Mathieu, glitter above the door.

On the day of his daughter's marriage, the old tobaccoist purposed to retire upon his savings, and buy a little cottage in the suburbs. There, in his day dreams, he already saw grandchildren playing about him, and Manette moving amongst them with a matron's watchful care. He hardly knew which he should love best—the girls, who would be so much like her, or the boys, who would so much resemble handsome George Talbot. In his sentimental French heart he resolved to be religiously just in his distribution of *bon bons*.

He had reached this point of his reflections on this morning when the noise of a carriage drawing up before the shop door startled him back into the actual present.

A stately lady dressed in black velvet, stood upon the steps and passed in through the low door-way. Walking straight towards Manette, she said in a suppressed voice, but with gleaming eyes and frowning brows, which told of almost uncontrollable rage:

"You are Manette Mathieu, I believe; if you have a private room take me there; I am George Talbot's mother, and I wish to speak to you."

Into the little back room she sailed, and there she launched into a flood of accusation and reproach.

They had striven to entrap her son; they had laid snares for him. It was all discovered; she had come to put an end to it; she, his mother, forbade his union with a girl of such low standing.

Thus much Manette, in her anguish, and old Jean Mathieu, in his rage, managed to understand. But, although her heart was well nigh broken, Manette pride came to her aid and kept her tears back.

"Your son was not sought," she said. "He sought me; but be assured, madame, that after what has passed, no earthly power could make me be the wife of your son. We are poor people, but I think we are as proud as you are."

Her voice and her look silenced the lady; she expected a vulgar brazen boldness, and she met with modest dignity. In a little while she left the shop and entered her fine carriage once more, half sorry for what she had said to one so inoffensive.

George Talbot came to the same place in an hour glowing with indignation. He was of age and his own master. His mother had no right to control his action or his property. He prayed that Manette would forget her insulting words and take no heed of them. But Manette was firm and her father angrily obstinate.

Both told him that all was at end between them, and bade him go. Manette with tears and old Mathieu with indignant words and glances, and so at last George Talbot left the little dwelling and went away, a desperate, half madman.

Day after day he returned, but Manette would never see him, and the old man always returned the same answer. He kept the shop still but his daughter never stood behind the counter now, and it was almost deserted. And so, at last, George Talbot ceased to haunt the door, and Manette, when she breathed her nightly prayers, spoke of him as she might of one who had indeed been dead.

Years glided on, bringing with them an eventful period. Independence had been declared; war had broken out throughout the land; troops were gathering; men were forsaking their professions and going forth to fill the ranks of the Rebel army.

And once as she sat beside her window she saw a band of armed and mounted men ride past, with George Talbot at their head. Erect and firm, looking neither to the right nor to the left, he passed her by. She strained her eyes to watch his form vanish in the blue distance, stretched her hand towards the spot where he had disappeared, and fell upon the floor insensible.

That was her last sight of him through all the weary years of the revolution.

Peace was proclaimed at last, but the earth was covered with the graves of those who had bought their freedom with their blood, and full of widows and orphans, and the desolation which war must always leave behind it, lay dark upon the land.

Many a rich man was ruined, and the savings of the poor had also been swept away. The little old Mathieu had amassed was gone. He had only the shabby little shop, with its bright looks all gone, like those of the face which sometimes might be seen behind its counter; for people said of Manette now not that she was pretty, but that she had been. She rarely went out, save to the church, where she knelt with prayers upon her lips for that lost love of hers, for her father and for her unhappy self; but she was constant in her attendance, and sometimes felt as though the angels had been very near her as she went homeward along the quiet street. One Sabbath evening she had been as usual, and was returning with a rapid step, for the weather was growing cold and the old church had been chilly, when she noticed a figure waiting in the shadow of the church porch, which started her. It was that of a soldier in a shabby uniform, with his face hid by a slouched hat; he stood with his head upon his breast until she passed, and then she heard him turn and follow her. Tramp, tramp, tramp, his quick, regular steps came behind her along the still street and when at last she paused at the old shop door he paused also, she entered, and he followed her.

One light only burned upon the wall, but by it she could see him leaning against the wall, his face still hidden and his arms folded upon his bosom.

"What do you want here?" she asked, but there was no answer, and she changed the question, with a frightful beating of her heart, to "Who are you?"

Then the soldier uncovered his head and stood erect, and said in a low, trembling voice, "Don't you know me, Manette?" and she saw George Talbot once again.

But she did not fly into his arms, she only murmured, "Thank God, you are alive. I have so often thought of you lying dead or dying on the battle-field. Do you really stand there in the flesh, or are you only a spirit come to warn me?"

"No spirit, Manette," he said, "but a weary, war-worn man, altered in heart and face alike."

"And I have altered also. I am old," she said.

"I can only see Manette," he said, "can she see that in me which will make her forget that I am nothing now but a scarred and penniless soldier?"

"I have lost all," he went on. "I must care my own bread now. Can you not buy me the past and love me still?"

"Love you?" she stretched out her arms

towards him involuntarily, but drew back in an instant.

"Your mother," she asked; "is your mother still living?" and even as she spoke the door opened and a bent, gray-haired woman came in. She wore no velvet now: a coarse morning dress had taken its place, but her face was yet unaltered, and Manette knew her in a moment.

She came forward with quick and tottering steps, and put her hand upon her son's arm. "I knew you would come her first," she said, "and I could not die without seeing you. I have caused you great sorrow, but remember I am your mother."

Then she put out her long, thin fingers, and clasped those of Manette.

"You are good and pure, I know," she said; "and he loves you. I am sure you love him. Will you forgive my cruel folly and make him happy, that I may close my eyes in peace?"

The hand she held did not withdraw itself, and in a moment more it was clasped by that of the young soldier, and Manette lay weeping on George Talbot's breast.

They were very happy in that little back parlor as the evening wore away. Happier yet when a certain Sabbath morning the words were uttered which made the two lovers one. And happier of all in that cottage home where old Mathieu realized his day-dreams, and dandied Manette's babe upon his knee, smiled on in friendly fashion by George Talbot's lady-mother.—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

A DEFINITION OF A YANKEE

As the Yankees are creating no little excitement in the commercial, political, and military world, I hope my definition of a real genuine *made Yankee*, may not be considered a *mis*.

A real genuine Yankee is full of animation checked by moderation, guided by determination, and supported by education.

He has veneration corrected by toleration, with a love of self approbation and emulation, and when reduced to a state of aggravation, can assume the most profound dissimulation for the purpose of retaliation, always combined, if possible, with speculation.

A live Yankee, just caught, will be found not deficient in the following qualities:

He is self-denying, self-selying, always trying, and into everything prying.

He is a lover of piety, propriety, notoriety, and temperance society.

He is a dragging, gagging, bragging, striving, thriving, swapping, jostling, bustling, wrestling, musical, quizzical, astronomical, poetical, philosophical, and comical sort of a character, whose manifest destiny is to spread civilization to the remotest corners of the earth, with the eye always on the lookout for the main chance.

TRUE SPIRIT OF REBELLION.

What the old hero Cato said of his boy, fallen in battle, may now be said appropriately by thousands, we trust in a like heroic spirit:

Thanks to the Gods! my boy has done his duty. Welcome, my son! There set him down, my friends.

Fall in my sight, that I may view at leisure The bloody corpse, and count those glorious wounds.

How beautiful is death when earned by virtue! Who would not be that youth? What pity 'tis That we can die but once to save our country! Why sit that sadness on your brow, my friends? I should have blushed if Cato's house had stood Secure, and flourished in a civil war.

THE ELYSIUM OF THE MARRIAGEABLE.

It appears (see "Prescott's Conquest of Peru," p. 48) that in that elysium of the marriageable, the Incas, upon a certain day in each year collected "all those of a marriageable age, which, having reference to their ability to take charge of a family, in the males was fixed at no less than twenty-four years, and the women at eighteen or twenty, in the great squares of their respective towns and villages throughout the empire. The Incas presided in person over the assembly of his own kindred, and taking the hand of the different couples who were to be united, he placed them within each other, declaring the parties man and wife. The same was done by the Incas towards all persons of their own or inferior degree in their several districts. This was the simple form of marriage in Peru. No one was allowed to select a wife beyond the community to which he belonged, which generally comprehended his own kindred. The Incas alone, however, was allowed to marry his own sister! The district provided the happy pairs with suitable residences, and a prescribed portion of land was given to each couple.

The experimental cotton crop of Illinois is now gathering. It is estimated that the State will produce twenty thousand bales for export this season. The variety grown is the upland, principally from seed procured in Tennessee. The quality is excellent, and the quantity per acre, so far as is known, exceeds that of the cotton-growing districts further south. The uncertainty of procuring seed in the early part of the season prevented many from planting; but the result of this year's experiment is highly encouraging. Illinois could grow five hundred thousand bales profitably.

It is estimated at the Navy Department that there are 40,000 enlisted men in the navy at this time.

VALUABLE HINTS.

1. If a man faints place him flat on his back and let him alone.

2. If any poison is swallowed drink instantly half a glass of cool water, with a heaping teaspoonful each of common salt and ground mustard stirred into it. This vomit as soon as it reaches the stomach; but for fear some of the poison may still remain swallow the white of one or two raw eggs, or drink a cup of strong coffee, these two being antidotes for a greater number of poison than any dozen other articles known, with the advantage of their being always at hand. If not, a half pint of sweet oil, or lamp oil, or "drippings," or melted butter, or lard, are good substitutes, especially if they vomit quickly.

3. The best thing to stop the bleeding of a moderate cut instantly is to cover it profusely with cobweb, or flour and salt, half and half.

4. If the blood comes from a wound by jets or spurts, be quick, or the man will be dead in a few minutes, because an artery is severed; tie a handkerchief loosely around near the part, between the wound and the heart; put a stick between the handkerchief and the skin, twist it around until the blood ceases to flow, and keep it there until the doctor comes. If in a position where a handkerchief cannot be used, press the thumb on a spot near the wound between the wound and the heart; increase the pressure until the bleeding ceases, but do not lessen that pressure for an instant until the physician arrives, so as to glue up the wound by the coagulation or hardening of the cooling blood.

5. If your clothes take fire, slide the hands down the dress, keeping them as close to the body as possible, at the same time sinking to the floor by bending the knees; this has a smothering effect on the flames. If not extinguished, or a great headway is gotten, lie down on the floor, roll over and over, or better, envelope yourself in a carpet, rug, bedcloth, or any garment you can get hold of, always preferring woolen.

6. If a man asks you to go his security, say "No," and run; otherwise you and children may spend a weary existence in want, sickness and beggary.

7. If you find yourself in possession of a counterfeit note or coin, throw it in the fire on the instant; otherwise you may be tempted to pass it, and may pass it to feel mean therefor as long as you live; then it may pass into some man's hands as mean as yourself, with a new perpetration of iniquity, the loss to fall, eventually, on some poor struggling widow, whose "all" it may be.

8. Never laugh at the mislapses of any fellow mortal.

9. The very instant that you find yourself in a passion, shut your mouth. This is one of the best precepts outside of inspiration.

10. The man who always exacts the last cent is always a mean man; there is no "arrogant" known to all the "Materia Medica" efficient enough to "purge" him of his debasement; he is beyond druggery.

11. Never affect to be "plain" or "blunt"; these are the synonyms of brutality and boorishness; these persons are continually inflicting a wound which neither time nor medicine can ever heal.

12. Never be witty at another's expense. True generosity never dwelt in such a heart; it only wants the opportunity to become a cheat or a rogue.

13. If the body is tired, rest; if the brain is tired, sleep.

14. If the bowels are loose lie down in a warm bed, remain there, and eat nothing until you are well.

15. If an action of the bowels does not occur at the usual hour, eat not an atom until they do act, at least for thirty-six hours; meanwhile drink largely of cold water or hot tea, and exercise in the open air to the extent of a gentle perspiration, and keep up this till things are righted; this one suggestion, if practiced, would save myriads of lives every year, both in city and country.

16. The three best medicines in the world are warmth, abstinence and repose.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

WHAT IS AN ABOLITIONIST?

This question is very satisfactorily answered by the highest Richmond authority—the well-known *Southern Literary Messenger*. Listen:

"An abolitionist is any man who does not love slavery for his own sake, as a divine institution; who does not worship it as a corner-stone of civil liberty; who does not adore it as the only possible social condition on which a permanent Republican Government can be created; and who does not, in his inmost soul, desire to see it extended and perpetuated over the whole earth as a means of human reformation second in dignity, importance and sacredness to the Christian religion. He who does not love African slavery with this love is an abolitionist."

When, therefore, the rebels of the South, and sippist presses of the North, inveigh so bitterly against "abolitionists," we can now determine what they mean.

The house of John Brown—the town of Rilla—had at the beginning of the war eighty voters, out of which number seventy have volunteered in the service.