

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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MATRIMONY IN JAPAN.

Every Japanese parent is allowed to sell his daughter to the proprietor of a "Tea-house," or other similar place; but only some of the poorer classes, I believe, avail themselves of this sad means of economizing their household by parting with their offspring at the tender age of seven or eight. When they are thus sold, the latter looking naturally toward the largest price. These poor children are, for their owner's benefit, carefully tended—being kept in comparative seclusion until they attain the age of fourteen or fifteen, when they are compelled to commence an immoral course of life, the poor girls, like too many sad victims in our own land—being decked out in the gayest and most fanciful attire.

Either previous or subsequent to this time, any Japanese wanting a wife, can purchase one of these young creatures and be legally married to her; but, if no such chance occurs, she is not permitted to leave the establishment until she is twenty-five, when she is perfectly free, and not in the least regarded as inferior to any other girl in her station in life—in fact, generally marrying well. On one occasion, I remember, we visited the house of a Yacoonin, who received us with evident pleasure, treating us to tea and cake. After some minutes' conversation, his wife entered, accompanied by her female attendant. The officer introduced us to her; but unfortunately she had followed her husband's example in learning English—the remarks we exchanged were, as is almost always the case, when you need an interpreter, few in number.

She was a good looking young woman thickly powdered, her eyebrows shaved entirely off, and her teeth blackened. The two last operations are performed by every woman when she becomes a wife; and, as they have generally strongly marked eyebrows and pretty regular teeth, with by no means small mouths, the disfiguring effects of the operation may be better imagined than described. The reason assigned for this extraordinary practice is, that each woman may show her husband that henceforth she desires no admiration but his.—*A Lady's Visit to Manila and Japan.*

THE RIGHT SORT OF RELIGION.

Some practical fellow, whose head is usually "level," has written out his ideas as follows. It will do to read and think about:

We want a religion that goes into the family and keeps the husband from being spiteful when the dinner is late; keeps the wife from being fretful when the husband tracks the newly-washed floor with his muddy boots, and makes the husband mindful of the scraper and the door-mat; amuses the children as well as instructs them; wins as well as governs them; projects the honeymoon into the harvest moon, and makes the happy hours like the Easter fig-tree, bearing in its bosom at once the beauty of the tender blossom and the glory of the ripened fruit. We want a religion that bears not only on the sinfulness of sin, but on the rascality of lying and stealing; a religion that banishes all small measures from the counters, small baskets from the stalls, pebbles from the cotton bags, clay from paper, sand from sugar, chicory from coffee, beet root from vinegar, slum from bread, lard from butter, strychnine from wine, and water from milk cans.

The religion that is to advance the world will not pull all the big strawberries and peaches at the top, and all the bad ones at the bottom. It will not offer more baskets of foreign wines than the vineyards ever produced bottles.

The religion that is to sanctify the world and pay its debts. It does not consider forty cents returned for one hundred given, according to gospel, though it is according to law. It looks on a man who has fallen in trade, and continues to live in luxury, as a thief. It looks on a man who promises to pay fifty dollars on demand, with interest, and who neglects to pay it on demand, with or without interest, as a liar.

AN EXTRAORDINARY MASON.

The first Masonic funeral that ever took place in California, occurred in the year 1849, and was performed over the body of a brother found drowned in the bay of San Francisco. An account of the ceremonies states that upon the body of the deceased was found a silver mark of a Mark Master, upon which were engraved the initials of his name. A little further investigation revealed to the beholders the most *outré* exhibition of Masonic emblems that were ever drawn by the ingenuity of man on human skin. There is nothing in the history or traditions of Freemasonry equal to it. Beautifully dotted on his left arm, in red and blue ink, which time could not efface, appeared all the emblems of the Entered Apprentice. There were the Holy Bible, the Square and the Compass, the twenty-four inch Gauge and the common Gavel. There were also the Mosaic pavement representing the ground floor of King Solomon's Temple, the indented Tessel which surrounds it, and the Blazing Star in the centre. On his right arm, and artistically executed in the same indelible liquids, were the emblems appertaining to the Fellow Craft degree, viz: the Plumb, the Square, and the Level. There were also five columns, representing the five Orders of Architecture—the Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite.

In removing the garments from his body, the Trowel presented itself, with all the other working tools of operative Masonry, besides all the emblems peculiar to the degree of Master Mason. Conspicuously on his breast were the Great Lights of Masonry. Over his heart was the Pot of Incense. On other parts of his person were the Bee Hive, the Book of Constitutions, guarded by the Tyler's Sword; the Sword pointing to a naked Heart; the All Seeing Eye; the Anchor and Ark, the Hour Glass, the Sun, Moon, Stars and a Comet; the Three Steps, emblematical of Youth, Manhood, and Age. Admirably executed was the weeping Virgin, reclining on a broken column, upon which lay the Book of Constitutions. In her left hand she held the Pot of Incense, the Masonic emblem of a pure heart; and in her uplifted right hand a sprig of acacia, the beautiful emblem of the immortality of the soul. Immediately beneath her stood winged Time, with his scythe by his side, "which cuts the brittle thread of life," and the Hour Glass at his feet, which is ever reminding us that "our lives are drawing to a close." The withered and attenuated fingers of the Destroyer were delicately placed amid the long and gracefully flowing ringlets of the disconsolate mourner. Thus were the striking emblems of mortality and immortality beautifully blended in one pictorial representation. It was a spectacle such as Masons never saw before, and, in all probability, such as the fraternity may never witness again. The brother's name was never known.

A CHINESE CRUCIFIXION.

The following account of a recent crucifixion in China, interesting because of its resemblance to those mentioned in Scripture, is by Mr. James Jones, of Amoy, who witnessed the execution on the 28th of October:

The victim was a well known thief. On his trial before his judge, he refused to criminate himself, although repeatedly scourged until his back was raw. If a female witness fails in giving satisfactory evidence in a court of justice, she is beaten with a leather strap across the mouth. His wife, desirous of sparing her husband, refused to give evidence, but after two or three applications of the strap, her courage gave way. She confessed his guilt, at the same time admitting that two hundred dollars of the money so derived was hidden in the sea near the beach. Officers were sent in search, and finding the dollars in the place indicated, the prisoner was sentenced to decapitation by the Chinese, the most severe punishment, because they imagine if a man leaves this world minus his members he appears in the same condition in the next. The culprit therefore prayed to be crucified instead of being beheaded.

The cross was of the Latin form, the foot being inserted in a stout plank, and the criminal, standing on a board, had nails driven through his feet, his hands stretched and nailed to the cross-beam. His legs were fastened to the cross with an iron chain, and his arms bound with cords, and on the cord around his waist was inserted a piece of wood on which was written his name and offense, a similar piece on his right arm contained his sentence, namely, to remain in the cross day and night until he died; another on his left arm had the name of the judge, with his title and ofices. The criminal was nailed to the cross inside the Yaman, in the presence of the magistrate, and then carried by four coolies to one of the principal thoroughfares leading from the city, where he was left during the day, but removed at night inside the prison, for fear of his friends attempting to rescue him, and again carried forth at daylight in charge of two soldiers.

He was crucified at noon on Wednesday, and Mr. Jones conversed with him at five in the evening. He complained of pain in the chest and thirst. On Tuesday he slept for some hours, when the cross was laid down within the jail compound. No one was allowed to supply him with food or drink, and during the day there was quite

a fair in front of the cross, people being attracted from a distance, and the sweetmeat vendors driving a large trade. On Saturday he was still alive, when Taotal was appealed to by a foreigner to put an end to the wretched man's sufferings, and he immediately gave orders that vinegar should be administered, which it was expected would produce immediate death, but the result was otherwise, and at sunset, when the cross was taken within the jail, two soldiers with stout bamboo broke both his legs, and then strangled him.

THE FIRMAMENT.

Let us cast our eyes up to the firmament, where the rich handiwork of God presents itself to our sight, and ask ourselves some such questions as these: What power built over our heads this vast magnificent arch, and spread out the heavens like a curtain? Who garnished these heavens with such a variety of shining objects, a thousand and ten thousand times ten thousand different stars, new suns, new moons, new worlds, in comparison with which this earth of ours is but a point, all regular in their motion, and swimming in their liquid ether? Who painted the clouds with such a variety of colors, and in such a diversity of shades and figures as is not in the power of the finest pencil to emulate? Who formed the sun of such a determinate size, and placed it at such a convenient distance, as not to annoy, but only to refresh us, and nourish the ground with its kindly warmth? If it were larger, it would set the earth on fire; if less, it would leave it frozen; if it were under us, we should be scorched to death; if further from us we should not be able to live for want of heat. Who then hath made it so commodious a tabernacle, (I speak with the Scriptures and according to the common notion,) out of which it cometh forth every morning, like a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoiceth like a giant to run his course? For so many ages past it never failed rising at its appointed time, nor once missed sending out the dawn to proclaim its approach. But at whose voice does it arise, and by whose hand is it directed in its diurnal and annual course; give to us the blessed vicissitudes of day and night, and the regular successions of different seasons? That it should always proceed in the same straight path, and never once be known to step aside; that it should turn at a certain determinate point, and not go forward in a space where there is nothing to obstruct it; that it should traverse the same path back again, in the same constant and regular pace, to bring on the seasons by gradual advances; that the moon should supply the office of the sun, at set times, to illuminate the air, and give a vicarious light when its brother is gone to carry the day into the other hemisphere; that it should procure or at least regulate, the fluxes and refluxes of the sea, whereby the water is kept in constant motion, and so preserved from putrefaction, and accommodated to man's manifold conveniences, besides the business of fishing and the use of navigation—in a word, that the rest of the planets, and all the innumerable host of heavenly bodies, should perform their course and revolutions with so much certainty and exactness as never to fail, but for almost these six thousand years, come constantly to the same period, in the hundredth part of a minute—is a clear and uncontestable proof of a Divine Architect, and of that counsel and wisdom wherewith He rules and directs the universe.—*Stackhouse.*

PORTRAIT OF FORREST—HIS ANTECEDENTS AND CHARACTER.

[Knoxville Correspondent N. Y. Tribune.]
These Forrests, the oldest of whom Gen. Bedford Forrest, has, by the Fort Pillow and other atrocities, obtained such a record of infamy, were all negro traders. There were four brothers—Bedford, who kept a negro pen for five years before the war, in rear of the Episcopal Church, Memphis; John, a cripple and a gambler, who was jailer and clerk for Bedford; Bill Forrest, an extensive negro trader at Vicksburg; and Aaron Forrest, general agent and soldier-driver to secure the country for his other brothers. They accumulated large sums of money in their nefarious trade, and Bedford won by that and other influences a natural promotion to a Brigadier in the woman-whipping, baby-stealing Rebel Confederacy. He is about fifty years of age, tall, gaunt, and sallow-visaged, with a long nose, deep-set, black, snaky eyes, full black beard, without a mustache, and hair worn long. He usually wore, while in the "saucer" trade in Memphis, a stove-pipe hat set on the back of his head at an angle of forty-five degrees. He was accoutred mean, vindictive, cruel and unscrupulous. He had two wives—one white, the other colored (Catherine), by each of which he had two children. His "patriarchal" wife, Catherine, and his white wife, had frequent quarrels or domestic wars.

The slave pen of old Bedford Forrest, on Adams street, was a perfect horror to all negroes far and near. His mode of punishing refractory slaves was to compel four of his fellow-slaves to stand and hold the victim stretched out in the air, and then Bedford and his brother John would stand one on each side, with long, heavy bull whips, and cut up their victims until the blood trickled to the ground. Women were often stripped naked, and with a bucket of salt water standing by—whom to

dip the instrument of torture, a heavy leather thong, their backs were cut up until the blisters covered the whole surface, the blood of their wounds mingling with the briny mixture to add torment to the infliction. One slave man was whipped to death by Bedford, who used a trace-chain doubled for the purpose of punishment. The slave was secretly buried, and circumstance was only known to the slaves of the prison, who only dared to refer to the circumstance in whispers.

Such are the appropriate antecedents in the character of the monster who murdered in cold blood the gallant defenders of Fort Pillow.

ROBERT MORRIS, THE FINANCIER.

This eminent financier was born in Liverpool, England, in 1733. Of his family, very little is known, except that his father was a respectable English merchant, and for a long time held the agency of a very considerable tobacco house in that place. The nature and extent of his concerns required his frequent visits to this country; and it was in one of these trips that his son Robert, at the age of thirteen, became the companion of his voyage, and received an introduction to the scene of his future greatness. His father, by a melancholy accident, lost his life about two years after he had established himself in this country as a merchant. Soon after this sad event, Robert was received into the counting house of Charles Willing, at that time the most distinguished merchant in Philadelphia, to whom he appears to have been indentured; and, after remaining in this subordinate station the usual term of years, he was established in business by his patron, in conjunction with his son, Thomas Willing.

Embarked in an extensive and profitable West India business, Mr. Morris made several voyages as supercargo in the ships belonging to the company, in one of which he was unfortunately captured by the French, and, during a close imprisonment for some time, suffered cruelty of treatment not justified by the laws of war, nor the usages of civilized nations. In this state of distress, without a shilling, by exercising his ingenuity, and repaying the watch of a Frenchman, he raised the means of his own liberation, and enabled himself to return to Philadelphia, and resume his mercantile life.

Under his active superintendence, the house of Willing and Morris rapidly rose to the summit of commercial reputation. Their foreign freightage employed an incredible number of ships; while the able management of their finances at home procured them the confidence and credit of the world. At the age of thirty-six he married the daughter of Colonel White; she was the sister of the venerable Bishop White. At the close of 1755 he was sent to Congress, and, after rendering important services during the war, he was, in 1781, unanimously elected, by Congress, superintendent of national finance.

He still continued his commercial business, having formed a connection with the Messrs. Hayslehurst. In 1786 he was elected a member of the Convention which formed the Federal Constitution, and in 1788 was appointed United States Senator. His public duties, however, caused that institution to his private affairs which finally resulted in those great embarrassments of mind and circumstances which weighed upon his declining years. In his old age, Mr. Morris embarked in large land speculations, which proved fatal to his fortune. The man to whose financial operations our country has been said to owe as much as to the negotiations of Franklin, or even to the arm of Washington, passed the latter years of his life in prison, confined for debt. He died on the 8th of May, 1806, in the seventy-third year of his age.

Mr. Morris was of large frame, with a fine, open, bland countenance, and simple manners; for nearly half a century, until the period of his imprisonment, his house was a scene of the most liberal hospitality.

DECIDEDLY COOL.—On one occasion, Marshal Bosquet, the hero of the Malakoff, when a Colonel in Algeria, dispatched a sous-lieutenant to execute a commission, but through want of ability or from error in comprehending, he performed it completely contrary to orders. When he rendered his report the Colonel gave way to his anger, and struck him with his riding whip a severe blow. Quick as lightning the young officer drew a pistol and snapped it close to the head of his superior officer. Luckily the cap was wet and did not explode, or Bosquet would never have lived to become a Marshal of France. All the spectators trembled with emotion. The officer waited to hear the order for his arrest, but he did not wait long.

"Lieutenant," said the Colonel, calm as a summer's day, "you will suffer forty-eight hours' confinement for having your arms in bad condition."

Amos Lawrence wrote this to young me: Take this for your motto at the commencement of a journey, that the difference in going just right or a little wrong, will be the difference of finding yourself in good quarters, or a miserable bog or slough at the end of it.

The Sundry Commission practices upon the principle that none but the Brave deserve the Prize.

BIG THING ON THE SPIRIT.

Extraordinary Developments—A Bell Ringing Medium Ringing the Changes on his Days.
[From the Cleveland Herald.]

A terrible excitement reigns in spiritualistic circles this morning. Their confidence in prophets and miracle workers has received a severe shock, in consequence of an exceedingly mortifying *retardement* which took place last night.

A "medium" of wonderful powers, hailing we believe from Buffalo, and known as Charles Reed, has been electrifying spiritualistic circles throughout the country by his extraordinary manifestations. All other mediums were thrown into the shade by this new wonder worker. He commanded legions of spirits, who performed feats of unmistakable super natural agency. By the mere exercise of his will, and the assistance of the invisible powers of air, he could pin people immovably against the wall, lift tables to the ceiling, and cause bells in distant towers to ring without human agency.

This last feat he was particularly strong on, and it was a display of spiritual power that rendered disproof almost impossible. When at any moment the medium lifted his hand and told the spirits to ring the bell in a neighboring steeple, and, in the hush that followed, the solemn clang of the bell could be distinctly heard, the matter was certainly calculated to shake the scepticism of an unbeliever; but when subsequent inquiry proved that no human hand pulled the bell-rope, the last fragment of doubt must certainly be thrown to the wind, and implicit faith placed in Spiritualism, and in the powers of its expounder.

Reed must have had at his command the disembodied souls of all the bell-ringers that ever touched a rope, for, wherever he went the bells were within his influence. The Spiritual Universe narrates his triumphs over the unbelievers in many of the leading cities, and the last number of that paper contains a list of his "appointments" for many towns in the West, where his wonders were to confound the unbelievers and strengthen the hands of the faithful.

On Wednesday night a large spiritual meeting was held in the hall of Smith and Pannel's Block on Superior street, which, our city readers are aware, is within good hearing distance of Steam Fire Engine house No. 2, on Champlain Street. This important fact must not be forgotten. At this meeting Reed officiated, and several wonderful manifestations were given, to the delight of the faithful and the bewilderment of the unbelievers. In the course of the evening Reed said that there were so many unbelievers present that the influences were unfavorable, and he therefore did not have full control of the spirits, but on the following evening a meeting would be held at which he would call on the spirits to ring the bells in neighboring towers. The meeting then dispersed to assemble again in the same place last evening (Thursday).

Here it is necessary to go back a little in the order of events. On Wednesday a man—Charles Reed, the medium aforesaid—went to the "Fremont Hotel," a "colored institution," on Champlain street, next to Engine House, No. 2, and called for a glass of whisky, which he drank. He then asked the sharp little negro lad who tended the bar whether he could manage to ring the bell of the Engine House without being seen, at night, if he gave him from two to five dollars. The boy said he could, and Reed, saying he would see him again, then left.

The boy at once communicated with the officers of the Fire Department, and Chief Engineer Aill, suspecting the motive to be an attempt on the part of some thieves to create an alarm to facilitate their plans of robbery, told the boy to agree to ring the bell, and take what money he could get from the man. Plans were then made for the arrest of Reed when the plot should be perfected, his character as a "medium" not being suspected.

On Thursday afternoon, between two and three o'clock, Reed again visited the Fremont Hotel, and drank three or four glasses of whisky. He was accompanied this time by a couple of confederates who assisted him in his "manifestations" at the meetings. He asked the boy if he had made up his mind to ring the bell, and the boy said he had, provided he had cash down. Reed at first demurred, but finally borrowed a dollar from one of his confederates and gave it to the boy, promising to pay him four more if the thing was done right. He said he had a wager of \$500 that the bell should ring at ten minutes after nine o'clock, and he wanted it rung at precisely that time, not a minute before or after. To this the boy agreed, and the party left.

The boy immediately ran into the engine house and reported progress, and plans were perfected for the arrest of the supposed thieves. Unfortunately, in the course of the afternoon, one of the company told a relative of the supposed plan of thieves to commit a robbery under cover of a fire alarm, and described the man. The person to whom this was told was a Spiritualist, and at once recognized the man and had his eyes opened to the whole plot. He told it to some of his friends, and some of the indignant dupes of the impostor taxed him in the evening with his intended deception. Many like the hour of meeting had arrived, and a large concourse of believers and unbelievers waited in the hall and its vicinity

to hear the spiritual bell-ringing. They waited in vain.

Furious at the discovery of his "little game," Reed, about half past eight o'clock, rushed up to the Fremont Hotel, and collaring the boy, assailed him in rough language for revealing his plans, and demanded the return of the dollar. The boy gave the alarm, and Fire Engineer Dickinson rushed in and secured the "medium."

As soon as he was caught, Reed changed his game. He commenced staggering violently, talked incoherently, and assured the officers that he was "very tight." He asserted that it was evident he was "tight," or else he would not have hired the boy to ring the bell. He was led off to the watch house, keeping up the "intoxication" game, and being taken at his word, was locked up in the cells all night on the charge of intoxication. His confederates, who had come to look after him, no sooner saw the trap he had fallen into, than they declared he was drunk, disowned all connection with him, and made themselves scarce as rapidly as possible.

This morning the unfortunate medium, whose constant dealings with spirits had—on his own showing—seriously affected his walk in life, and led him into difficulties and a prison, endeavored to disprove the charge of drunkenness, but Judge Heesenculer took his previous statement to be true, and fined him five dollars.

As an instance of the credulity of human nature, a spiritualist who was present when Reed was arrested, proposed that all the party present be locked up together, and that the medium could then, by his spiritual power, set them all free. The crowd didn't see it in that light, and Reed was locked up alone, where the ungrateful spirits "went back on him," and declined freeing him from bondage.

A FREAK OF COLLEGE LIFE.

College students have always been celebrated for their jokes and tricks, which they are ready to play upon all persons who have in any manner gained their ill will.

The following is related by a young lady in Boston, in a letter to a friend of hers, of two Harvard students. Of course they belonged to the "Sophomore class—who were accustomed to prow round, making night hideous with their cries, "not loud but deep." It happened one evening that a couple of these same Soph's, intent on having a good time, sailed forth from the college buildings, and went round, dealing destruction to all loose window blinds, creaking signs, &c. At length they came to the sign belonging to a grocer, a person to whom they owed a grudge, on account of his having informed the Faculty of some of their former misdemeanors. Now was the time for revenge—quick as thought, the sign was wrenched from its position and carried in triumph by them to their room. But the grocer, ever on the alert for the mischievous collegians, saw them, and though not recognizing them, concluded they were students, and immediately started for the University, where he sought and obtained the assistance of one of the Professors and started on an exploring expedition in search of the offenders. The two guilty students hearing the voices of the grocer and professor, and thinking what the visit was for, immediately locked their door, and while one was stuffing the sawed and split remnants of the sign into the already red-hot cylinder, the other was on his knees devoutly praying. As the grocer and professor knocked at the door, and met with no reception, they listened and heard the fellow praying in this wise: "O, Lord, have mercy on this wicked and adulterous generation, who go about seeking for a sign and there shall no sign be given them." The astonished professor concluded these students were innocent, but the grocer doubtfully shook his head, and casting one longing, lingering look behind, took his departure, inwardly soliloquizing on the peculiar adaptation of the text used by the young fellow to his own case.

MR. LINCOLN'S LAST JOKE.—Mr. Lincoln's last joke is related as follows by Governor Yates: The Governor called on the President this morning, and during their interview the latter remarked: "Yates, I'll tell you the difference between the concrete and the abstract; when the Senate passes a resolution requesting me not to appoint any more Brigadiers, as the vacancies were all full, that's the concrete. But when a Senator comes up here with a long petition and a longer face, requesting me to make a Brigadier out of some scalliwag of a friend of his, as it happens every day—I call that the abstract."

The Governor thought the illustration was very good, and laughed heartily over it.

In a late letter John M. Botta said, "From the portico of my house I and my family have seen nine battles fought on my own fields, and just before my own door, between hostile troops, who but yesterday, as it were, boasted of a common history, a common nationality, and a common destiny."

The women of Utah have recently altered the orthography of their creed. They now spell it *Moro-men*.

Nature, when she makes a beautiful hand, is often so absorbed with admiration of her own work that she forgets the brains.