

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."

Volume II.

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THE PACIFIC RAILWAY.

As the "Union Pacific Railway, Eastern Division," late the "Leavenworth, Pawnee and Western Railroad," has suddenly assumed a new importance in the public estimation, owing to the national character which it develops under a new management, and as there seems to be a lack of general information concerning its history and prospects, we have been at some pains to ascertain the more material facts in regard to its operations.

It seems that this corporation, having a vested right to construct a railway from the Missouri river to the summit of the Rocky Mountains, has been for eight years in existence, though unable, till recently, to execute the design for which it was organized. Its charter was granted in 1855 by the Legislature of Kansas, containing the largest powers which that body was able to confer. In 1860, the company, stimulated by the discoveries of gold in Colorado, and the rapid approach towards the Kansas border of the Hannibal and St. Joseph and Pacific Railroads of Missouri, instituted measures to secure an endowment, by the somewhat novel plan of direct purchase of lands from certain Indian tribes situated in the Kansas Valley, through which the road was to run; and in 1861 this project culminated in a treaty securing the privilege of purchase from the Delawares and Pottawatomies, at a nominal price, of nearly six hundred thousand acres of the choicest lands on the continent. In the hands of a rich company this endowment alone would have sufficed to construct the road several hundred miles; but the owners of the franchise were unable to advance the moneys needed for the work, and the breaking out of the rebellion rendered it impossible for them to secure the necessary means for even its commencement.

Under these circumstances they deemed it wise to strike hands with those parties who were soliciting aid from Congress for the building of the general line of railway to the Pacific, of which this road was so important a portion. The State of California was asking help for its "Central Railroad," extending from the Pacific Ocean to Nevada; and Missouri and Iowa were especially anxious to make their respective systems the medium of the rich commerce which already began to dispense its fertilizing influences between the Colorado gold fields and the Atlantic. So the Kansas and Colorado companies united the contending interests of the older and richer corporations of the more eastern States; and the result of this combined action was the Act of Congress of 1862, lending Federal credit and giving public lands to the construction of these terminal roads, and an intermediate main line across the great Plains and the Rocky Mountains.

Congress was undoubtedly wise in incorporating into this act such provisions as should stimulate the interests of different sections. All the States of the North (the South had already seceded) admitted that a grand trunk road was needed, but different localities contended for different routes; so the act was made to provide for a single line from 100th meridian westward to California, and three branches from that point eastward to the Missouri river; which stream—the limit of existing lines of Atlantic railways, as well as the eastern boundary of the great interior plains of the Continent—was reasonably assumed to be the proper commencement of the Pacific system.

The law once passed, the country waited expectant for capitalists to come forward and accept the conditions. That these were liberal, none could deny. Fifty millions of dollars, and lands sufficient to found a dozen European Principalities, given to aid in the construction of a work which must pay a fair dividend from the hour of its completion, formed an endowment which the term munificent is inadequate to describe. But, unfortunately, either there were radical defects in the law, or the comprehension of our money-kings was not up to the splendid opportunity offered them; for, although a year has passed since the bill became a law, the Union Pacific Railroad is still unorganized, its stock mainly unsubscribed, and the prospective corporation still-born dead without having lived; failing to exist by default

of formal compliances with the provisions of the law, without which it lacks even the necessary infancy of an anticipated strong and vigorous maturity. As no company, in the legal sense, has been organized, of course no legal power has ever been acquired to give to the Secretary of the Interior the required notice of acceptance of the conditions of the act—a failure to do which before the 1st of July, 1863, becomes fatal to the enterprise.

It is fortunate, however, that Congress did not depend for the building of the great middle division of the road, upon this prospective company alone. It anticipated the possible failure of any efficient organization and provided a remedy. There could be little doubt that the California and Kansas roads—both located in States already greatly needing their completion, and the latter richly endowed—would be built; and stipulations were included in the act, by which, when these roads are completed, they can construct the entire line, and receive all the grants and privileges which were to have inured to the benefits of the intermediate corporation.

The wisdom of these provisions is already apparent; for capitalists, who had doubts about the practicability of organizing the company chartered by Congress, have come forward and purchased the franchise of the Kansas Company in ample time to rescue from forfeiture the privileges it had acquired. Their first act was to change the name of the road, as the laws of Kansas permitted them to do, from the "Leavenworth, Pawnee and Western Railroad," to the "Union Pacific Railway, Eastern Division," this being necessary in order to make the public acquainted with its real location and character. Occupying, as it does, the finest valley for railway purposes in the West connecting with both the "Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad" and the "Pacific Railroad" of Missouri, and so located as to draw into its channel the currents of trade to both Colorado and New Mexico; largely endowed, as it has been by Congress, with the express object of making it at least one of the eastern branches of the main line, it is altogether fit that it should be known by a name indicating its real location and national design; and, as it apparently forms the key to the whole Pacific system (of which it is the practical inauguration) we must consider that as being very small criticism, which objects to the assumption of an appropriate name, simply because it has been proposed to confer a similar name upon a prospective company, which has lacked the elementary vigor to achieve existence. The name, of right, belongs to the enterprise which offers the fairest prospect of success.

As regards the plans of the Company, we understand them to be very simple, and trust they may prove efficient. In accepting the Presidency, General Fremont dedicates to the enterprise his experience, his ability, and his fortune; and these, we trust, insure the rapid and thorough construction of the road. The engineers are already at work, determining the precise location of the line, and the iron is being purchased for the first section of 40 miles. This section will be built as rapidly as money will hire the performance of the labor, and it is expected to be completed by the New Year, if not sooner. Meantime, the construction bonds of the Company—redeemable in Government thirty-year six per cents—are being negotiated on the most favorable terms; and the foundation is being laid by the able bankers of the Company, Messrs. Samuel Hallett & Co., of a financial system which can just as easily be made to build the road to California as to Fort Riley.

A KNOTTY CASE.

The following capital story is told by a Stockton (California) paper. It would puzzle the devil himself or a Philadelphia lawyer to settle the question upon its merits, let alone the law points involved in the decision of so troublesome an intruder into a Court of Justice:

"One of our prominent Republican citizens is now engaged in a singular controversy with one of his colored 'brethren.' The dark-haired 'brother,' it appears, owned a hen; this hen visited the premises of her master's white 'brother,' and thereby hatched a tale. The said negro's hen laid a nest full of eggs upon the Republican's lot, and commenced setting. The said Republican having some choice Spanish hen's eggs, took advantage of the hen's situation, and removes her own laid eggs and in their stead placed the Spanish hen's eggs. In due course of time the eggs were hatched. But now comes the irrepressible nigger and demands both hen and chickens, claiming that the former is the mother of the latter. The Republican demurs to this, and puts in a plea that the real mother is the hen that laid the eggs. The nigger 'don't see it,' and points to a precedent where his old master, Judge McGee, when a woman sued for a divorce, gin the children to the woman, 'cause she brood 'em.' The real question between the 'brethren' is, which hen is the mother of the chicken? The negro threatens to sue either for the chickens or for damages from use of his hen. Whether this question will be carried to the Supreme Court remains to be seen."

Our veracity is reckoned by what flows from the mouth, and our veracity by the amount we put in it.

"THE BELT OF DESOLATION."

Day by day the track of the destroyer becomes broader. Two-thirds of Virginia, two-thirds of Tennessee, the coasts of North and South Carolina, part of Georgia, nearly all of Florida, Northern Mississippi, Western and Southern Louisiana, a great part of Arkansas and Missouri have already been laid waste, and every hour brings tidings of fresh destruction. Dispatches of Saturday informed us that the enemy had destroyed a million dollars' worth of property on the Combahee and stolen a thousand negroes; it was but a few days ago that they ravaged the county of Matthews in this State, and even while we write tidings come to us that they are burning private houses and destroying every grain of corn they can lay their hands on in the counties of King and Queen. Enough has been said of the barbarism of this mode of warfare, and too much has to be confessed of the entire impunity with which it is carried on. Our outcries and our admissions of the weakness or hellish joy of the foe, are without result in stimulating troops, government or people to the pitch of retributive vengeance. The belt of desolation widens hourly, nor is there much prospect of an abatement of the evil. Citizens complain of the government, which in turn complains of the citizens. Meantime common inquiry is made as to the existence and present whereabouts of the organized forces of the confederacy. We may be sure this state of things will continue as long as the war is waged exclusively on confederate soil. Every day the enemy remains in our territory will add to the width of the belt of desolation, and they who now fancy themselves out of danger will soon discover their mistake.

If a thousand Yankee cavalry can ride entirely through the State of Mississippi without molestation, what is to hinder a like number from going through Virginia, North and South Carolina, to Port Royal? Certainly, unarmed and unorganized citizens will not hinder them. The belt of desolation serves many purposes of the Yankee nation. It opens a way to free labor and northern settlers; it diminishes production and concentrates southern population within its limits inadequate to their support; it prepares a place for Yankee emigration if peace on the basis of separation is declared. But this is not all; it answers the purposes of war as well as peace by interposing a country destitute of supplies between our own and the Yankee border. Thus it is a safeguard against invasion. If Lee would advance, he must move through a desert, dragging immense trains of food behind him. The case is the same with Bragg, with Johnson, with Price. Indeed, we hear that Price will find it difficult, if not impossible, to enter Missouri. In front of all our large armies lies a waste, where there is food for neither man nor beast. Girded by a belt of desolation, the North is safe from invasion; the broader the belt the greater its security. As the months wane and the years roll on, the South, unless something can be done, will become, in the language of Scripture, "the abomination of desolation." We believe that the necessity of the case demands it imperatively; would that we could be sure that it will be done speedily. The cup can be returned to the lips of the North drugged with ten-fold bitterness. Mercy to us demands this act of retributive justice to them.—*Richmond Whig.*

APACHE COURTESHIP AND MARRIAGE.

The dusky damsels of this great savage family are by no means deficient in that peculiar trait of the sex known as "coquetry," and some of them are as great adepts as the most trifling of their pale-faced sisters. They understand perfectly how to play off the artillery of their attractions before the eyes of the admiring young buck, and do it with as much "savviness" and apparent absence of design as if they had regularly graduated at a finishing-off-missies' boarding school. On the other hand, the inflamed savage affects an unconscious and lofty disdain which he is far from feeling, and in this manner the affair goes on until he is forced to surrender. His forwardness and courage cease out at his fingers' ends and he becomes bashful, silent and reserved, looking as much like an Apache warrior as a hare looks like a wolf.

After a due quantity of sighing, ogling and heart palpitations, mixed with the due infusion of occasional jealousies, quarrels and amorous re-adjustments have been gone through with, the sighing savage offers two horses to his father-in-law "in future," and if his offer be accepted he straightway ties his own riding animal before the door of her wigwam, and retires to his own to await the issue. The girl is left wholly to her own inclinations, and she is at liberty to accept or refuse as she pleases.

If her affections are enlisted she unties the horse and carries him to water, and then ties him in front of her suitor's wigwam. This is typical of her willingness to feed and water his horse, and fulfill the duties of an obedient wife. She, however, takes care not to exhibit too much haste, in order to show that she was not too easy of conquest. It therefore frequently happens that the poor beast is suffered to remain two or two and a half days without food or water. N. B. Apaches courtships are not agreeable to horses.

Should the lady decline, the animal is

left tied in front of her wigwam, and on the morning of the fourth day is removed in a half starved state by the rejected lover. N. B. Horses of rejected Apache lovers are not to be envied.

The acceptance having been formally expressed in the manner above described, the bridegroom may or may not give a feast and a dance; it is not considered requisite and is generally dispensed with, but he departs with his bride into some wooded recess, out of sight and hearing, and remains with her three or four days; at the expiration of which time they sneak back to camp, and the new wife takes up her abode in the wigwam of her husband. Should she meet any of her relatives on the first, second or third day after her return, she incontinently wheels her back upon them, never allowing them to see her face. No possible blush can be seen thro' the natural darkness and unnatural coats of paint which cover the Apache maiden's face, so turning the back to the spectator is construed into the fact that she is undergoing the interesting process of blushing. Not being able to disprove the truth of the implied assertion, I believe they do blush—putting us in mind of those flowers the poet describes as being "born to blush unpoet," as to their "fragrance," the least said is the best.

"A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse," said Richard III on Bosworth field, and I more than half believe that Richard himself must have been an Apache. No other specie of property, no other kind of wealth is considered by those savages as an equivalent for live horse-flesh, and nothing else is ever offered as an equivalent for a bride. I recently asked a chief why there were no more marriages among them in view of the fact that there were quite a number of young bachelors and marriageable girls, and received for answer, "my young men have no horses, they cannot marry." The Indian agent, Mr. Labadi, and myself endeavored to reason away this time-trusted idea, and I trust with partial success. It serves, however, to account in some measure for their extraordinary propensity to appropriate the equine property of other people. Such is a faithful outline of Apache courtship and marriage.

THE MAIN BUFFALO HERD OF KANSAS.

To dwellers in those portions of the West where the Buffalo disappeared more than a generation ago, the reports of the immense herds still giving life to the plains beyond, seem almost fabulous. Several Eastern artists of note are now on an expedition to the Rocky Mountains, and under the head of "Letters from Sundown," one of the parties is contributing to the *New York Post*. He thus writes of the main Buffalo herd of Kansas:

"The sight I saw there no money could buy from my memory. I always thought the Buffalo stories which we hear at the East, and the pictures which we see, must be greatly exaggerated. In truth they are underdrawn. For two miles on the table land before me, and stretching sideways twice as far, the earth was overwhelmed with one deluge of stampeding Buffaloes. It is literally accurate to assert that one could not see the ground between them. I could think of nothing but a black sea, with humps for billows, and the thunder of a shaking prairie for the music of its surges.

"Out of every gully, from each side of me, poured in exhaustless streams the laggards of the herd. The falstaff bulls, who carried years and abdomen; the yearlings, much like their cotemporaries among our own cattle in look and size; the cows, now galloping, now coming in an ungainly trot, followed by their little new dropped calves—these rushed by, scarcely sheering as they saw me, mad to reach the main herd. I raised my field-glass, and far beyond the stampede saw the broad plateaus towards White Rock Creek covered with quietly feeding bisons as thick as on the prairie right before me. Flies on the head of a leaking molasses barrel, ants on a hill, ducks on a Florida lagoon, all familiar symbols of multitude, gave hopelessly out before the task of representing that herd of Buffaloes. I should like to have been accompanied by a man at home in Gunther, that I might have gained some faint expression for the number of millions between me and the horizon."

AN INCIDENT.—The Indianapolis Journal tells the following good story of Peter Apple:

The following incident has been related to us, and is vouched for by our informant: Peter Apple, of Oakland, in this county, was lately recruited for the 11th Indiana, and took part in the attempt to storm one of the Vicksburg batteries. The rebel fire was so destructive that our army recoiled. Apple, the "raw recruit," "didn't see" the backward movement, and kept going ahead until he came right up to one of the rebel guns, caught a gannet by the collar, and brought him within our lines, saying: "Boys, why didn't you come on. Every fellow might have got one." We have heard of no more daring act of bravery than this little incident since the war began.

What is the difference between a mischievous mouse and a beautiful young lady?—One harms the cheese, and the other charms the he's.

TELEGRAPHIC.

The Third Day of the Gettysburg Fight.

CHICAGO, July 8.
From New York papers received this morning, we condense the following concerning the battle on Friday:

A popular description of the ground held by our forces on the morning of that day would be to say that it was in the form of an elongate, somewhat sharpened horse-shoe, with the toe to Gettysburg and the heel to the south.

The battle commenced exactly at daylight on the side of the horseshoe opposite to that which Ewell had sworn to crush through. Musketry preceded the rising of the sun. Thick woods veiled this fight, but out of its leafy darkness arose smoke, and surging and swelling of fire, from the intermittent to the continuous and crushing, told of the wise tactics of the rebels of attacking in force and changing their troops.

Seemingly the attack of the day was to be made through the wood. Demonstration was protracted, but only preparative, there was no artillery fire accompanying the musketry. Suddenly, about ten in the forenoon, firing on the east side and everywhere about ceased. A deep sleep fell upon the field of battle, during which the rebels moved their artillery, a hundred and twenty pieces, and massed Longstreet's and Hill's corps to front our centre.

About two o'clock in the afternoon the rebels opened on our centre with all their artillery. Every size and form of shell known to British or American gunnery shrieked, whirled, moaned and wrathfully fluttered over our ground. As many as six in a second, constantly two in a second, bursting and screaming over and around made a very hell of fire that amazed the oldest officers. They burst in the yard, next to the fence, on each side, garnished as usual with hitched horses of aids and orderlies. Fastened animals reared, dashed and plunged with terror. Sixteen were killed before the fire ceased. One shell tore up the little step of headquarters cottage, another carried of one of its two pillars, and the other followed immediately, carried away by a shot from a Whitworth gun. Soon another shot burst near the open door, another tore through the low garret. Forty minutes passed, and the air grew thicker, howling, whirling infernal missiles grew more deafening. Not an orderly, ambulance or straggler was to be seen on the plain swept by this tempest of orchestral death from twenty minutes after it commenced to the expiration of an hour, when it ceased, and Hill's division, in line of battle, moved forward at double-quick. Longstreet followed in supporting distance.

The position of our centre, where the 2d corps under Gen. Hancock was posted, was very strong, one portion resting on the crest of Cemetery Hill, protected in front by breastworks of rails taken from the neighboring farms, and on the right by a stone wall. The rebels rushed in perfect order across the open field up to the very muzzles of our guns, which tore lanes through them as they came up. But they met men who were their equals in spirit and their superiors in tenacity. Never was better fighting since Thermopylae than was done that day by our infantry and artillery.

The rebels carried our defences, cleared the cannoniers and horses from off our guns, and were wheeling them around to use upon us, when a bayonet charge drove them back. At one time, from exhaustion of ammunition, every battery upon the principal crest attacked was silent, except Craven's. His service of grape and canister was awful. It enabled our whole line, outnumbered as they were two to one, first, to drive the rebels back; then charge upon them, taking a great number of prisoners.

Previous to this, so terrible was our musketry and artillery fire, that when the rebel Gen. Armistead's brigade was checked in its charge and stood reeling, all its men dropped their knuckles and crawled on their hands and knees underneath the stream of shot until close to our troops, when they made signs of surrendering. They passed through our lines scarcely noticed, and went slowly down the slope to the road. The rebels were repulsed, but repeatedly renewed the assault half a dozen times during the afternoon, and were as often repulsed—being driven back with a loss of life unparalleled in any previous battle.

At the end of two hours, the rebel artillery opened a new storm of shot and shell, under cover of which their infantry retreated in wild disorder from one position, then another, throwing away everything that might impede locomotion, and at 5 o'clock the last of them had withdrawn.

The ground all around was red with blood and covered with mangled bodies; and the field was spread with frightful evidences of the great punishment received by the enemy. Wherever our burying parties found a national soldier to inter, two rebels were found lying by his side.

The repulse of the rebels was followed by loud shouts from our troops. Fifteen stand of colors were captured by Hancock's corps.

A gentleman who left Gettysburg at ten o'clock, Sunday morning, furnishes the following additional information:
Our army advanced six miles beyond that place. There has been but little fighting.

An occasional report indicated skirmishing on Saturday, but nothing of importance.

On Saturday our scouts discovered the rebel baggage trains on their retreat, moving rapidly along the Hagerstown road, when a battery of flying artillery, led by a squadron of Pleasanton's cavalry, was sent from the left of Cemetery Hill in pursuit. Our men dashed rapidly down upon the train, a skirmish ensued, and the rebel guard was driven off. Reports reached camp that four miles of trains were captured.

All barns and houses, adjacent to Littlestown pike, have been laid under contribution for hospital purposes.

Gen. Hancock is regarded as the great hero of Friday's battle. His corps lost heavily and fought nobly. When their general fell, severely wounded, the effect was to give them renewed determination to conquer; and when they learned that their wounded commander was still watching them and directing their movements, they fought like demons.

The Surrender of Vicksburg.

CHICKASAW BAYOU, 8 P. M.—July 8.
At 8 o'clock this morning a flag of truce appeared before General Smith's front, when the rebel Major-General Bowen and Colonel Montgomery were led blindfolded into our lines. They bore a communication from General Pemberton to General Grant. The following is its purport:

"I resist your force confident in my ability to withstand your arms indefinitely, but in order to stop the effusion of blood, I propose that you appoint three commissioners to meet three I shall select, to arrange such terms as may best accomplish the result."

Grant replied substantially as follows:
"While I should be glad to stop the unnecessary effusion of blood, the only terms which I can entertain, are those of an unconditional surrender. At the same time, myself, officers, and men, are ready to testify to the distinguished gallantry with which the defence of Vicksburg has been conducted."

At 11 o'clock the messengers returned, and this afternoon, in accordance with a request from Pemberton, Grant met him outside the lines, and after an hour's consultation, settled on terms of surrender. Pemberton urged that the soldiers might be paroled and allowed rations from their own stores to carry them to the Confederate lines. In view of the bravery of their troops, the advantages of the place, and considerations of economy, Grant finally consented to Pemberton's request.

The officers were allowed one horse and one servant. The number of prisoners are said to be 18,000, two-thirds of whom are in fighting condition. The immediate cause of the surrender is the exhaustion of supplies and ammunition, and the failure of Johnson to come to their aid. A general interchange of civilities extended along the whole line. The surrender was just in time to save both armies the loss of life which would have attended an attempt to carry it by assault. Such an attempt had been determined on for to-morrow.

The Vicksburg Citizen, of the 2d, admits the eating of mule meat and the pilfering of private houses by the soldiers. There seems to have been much suffering from sickness and our missiles. At daylight to-morrow our army is to march in.

North Carolina Wants to Come Back

Later details of the Union movement now progressing in North Carolina have been received by way of Fortress Monroe. The dissatisfaction existing with the rebel government is increasing daily, and overtures to Gen. Foster increase in boldness. Not long since the Raleigh Standard contained an able article believed to have been written by Hon. W. A. Graham, taking strong grounds against the right of secession, and in advocacy of the duty of the Federal Government to defend its own existence when secession threatens it. The article denies that any just cause exists for the present rebellion, and asserts that any State now claimed by the so called Confederacy, can withdraw from it at will. The same paper in another article, openly favors peace by a reconstruction of the Union, or by separation resolved upon by a Convention of all the States. The Standard also congratulates the Rev. R. J. Graves on his acquittal on the charge of treason, and re-publishes with commendation the article which was made the pretext for his arrest by the rebel authorities.

The Rebels Cross the Ohio.

Eleven rebel regiments, aggregating forty eight hundred men, with ten pieces of artillery, including two howitzers, crossed the Ohio river at Bradensburg on the 8th, and encamped for the night near Corydon, Indiana. They were under the command of John Morgan and Basil Duke. Morgan stated to several persons that his destination was Indianapolis, but this is not credited. Considerable excitement exists in New Albany, the inhabitants believing that Morgan's forces are approaching that place. Before leaving Bradensburg, Morgan burned one of the steamers which he had captured.

Troops are being organized throughout the State, and sent forward as rapidly as possible. It is reported that two citizens were killed at Corydon, when the rebels entered town.