

THE BIG BLUE UNION.

JOHN P. CONE EDITOR.

Marionville, May 17, 1862.

WANTED.

At this office, a good faithful boy from 14 to 16 years of age as an apprentice to the printing business. An apt and industrious boy will receive good inducements.

COMMERCE REOPENING.

A circular has been addressed by the Government, through the State Department, to the foreign Ministers, informing them that a collector has been appointed by the President for New Orleans, and that the necessary preparations are being made to modify the blockade, so far as to permit limited shipments to be made to and from that and one or more other ports which are now closed by blockade, at times and upon conditions which will be made known by proclamation.

Another circular states the mails are now allowed to pass to and from New Orleans, and other places which, having heretofore been seized by insurgent forces, have since been recovered, and are now occupied by the land and naval forces of the United States. A military surveillance is maintained over these mails to such an extent and until such time as required by the public safety.

Thus is our army marching through rebellion and re-opening in its track the old channels of trade and commerce.—They put down treason with a strong hand and as a natural result the business interests of the country revive. The Mississippi opened, forming with the Missouri the great artery through which pours the wealth of a growing and mighty empire, the commerce of the West will put on an increased vigor and volume, reviving the flagging interests of all.

But what will the chivalry say to again being associated with these "horrible Yankees." What will those "gallant people"—as the mayor of New Orleans termed them when surrendering the city—"a people sensitive to all that can affect their dignity and self-respect," say to seeing Union steamboats plying the river, and the Yankees again right in their midst? Here'll be a chance for them to flee to their "mountain fastnesses," of which they have been talking about for so long a time.—But we suspect they will conclude to submit to the "coercion" and soon engage in civil pursuits, blessing the day when the "Yankees" delivered them from the thrall of treason. Long live the "Yanks!"

JUST THE DIFFERENCE.—A Richmond correspondent of the Charleston Mercury wrote in the middle of March: "At last accounts Jackson was falling back to Mt. Jackson, forty miles from Winchester.—The Yankees in the Kanawha Valley are building plank roads as fast as the enemy penetrates the country. Timber is plenty, and the Yankees fetch along plenty of portable saw-mills. Meantime our own roads are nearly impassable."

That is typical of the result of the war. The civilization of intelligence, skill, and steam saw-mills is conquering that of sloth, ignorance, and decay. Fifty years hence, when Virginia is taking the place which belongs to a region so peculiarly favored by climate, soil, natural irrigation, and variety of surface, and the free States look delighted upon their sister and rival, the sons and grandsons of Jackson's soldiery will look back to this year with incredulity, and confess, what Jackson and his troops deny, that Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and George Mason were wiser men and better Virginians than James M. Mason, John Letcher, Roger Pryor, and Henry A. Wise.

The rumor which recently obtained circulation to the effect that the members of Congress from the border States contemplated vacating their seats on account of the radical measures advocated by the free State members on confiscation and emancipation, is flatly denied by Washington and other authority. The idea has not been entertained. The Democratic papers grabbed at this dispatch with the greatest avidity and paraded it as an evidence of the terrible work of abolitionism! whereas, if it had been true, it would have only proved that secessionism, ever fruitful in expedients, was attempting a new outlet for treason and its co-workers.

Every shoe fits not every foot.

THE PACIFIC R. R. AND HOME-STRAD HILLS.

The Pacific Railroad bill passed the House May 6 by 30 majority.

The Leavenworth Conservative gives the following as the main features of the bill: "The road will go from Ft. Leavenworth, up the Kansas Valley, and proceed due west along the line known as the Smoky Hill Route, passing Denver, and Salt Lake, and terminating at San Francisco; it has eastern branches from Missouri and Iowa.—It receives such liberal grants from the Government that there is no doubt of its being pushed to completion as rapidly as possible.

All can see at a glance that this great National thoroughfare will be of incalculable advantage to Kansas. It places us on the highway between New York and Canton, and over it the riches of the world will be poured. No new State ever had before it so bright a future as Kansas has to-day. Never again shall we have to appeal for immigration or ask from generous hearts the help demanded by a new and famine-stricken people."

On the same day of the passage of the Railroad bill by the House the Free Homestead bill was taken up in the Senate and passed by the overwhelming majority of 43 yeas to 7 nays. It had already passed the House, and now only needs the President's signature to become a law. The bill is similar to all its predecessors in gratuitously giving a homestead to all actual settlers.

The N. Y. Tribune thus refers to the good day's work of Congress:

Free Lands for the Landless and a Pacific Railroad to bind in iron clasp the Pacific to the Atlantic States and develop the boundless Mineral wealth of the Rocky Mountains, the Colorado Valley and the Great Central Basin—two such measures are not often so signally advanced in one day. The clouds that have long darkened our National prospects are breaking away, and the sunshine of Peace, Prosperity and Progress will ere long irradiate the land. Let us rejoice and gather strength from the prospect!

OUTRAGEOUS ATTEMPT AT KIDNAPPING.

We are informed of a cowardly attempt at kidnapping by a party of border-ruffian secessionists on the Military Road, some 16 miles out from Leavenworth, in Atchison county, the circumstances of which are about these: A party of Pike's Peakers, consisting of some two or three white men and one negro employed as a driver, arrived at the farm of one Hays—known as "old Hays," and an old border-ruffian of considerable notoriety, too—Friday night the 9th inst. and stopped for the night. After supper and feeding and having obtained permission to occupy Hays' stable for the night, they were awakened by three or four other men coming on to the loft armed with guns, who said that they were obliged to watch the stable nights to guard against jayhawkers. While thus covering up their objects they approached the negro and surrounded him, and one of the ruffians called out "your the man we want, G—d—n come here" But the negro stoutly refused, when the ruffian with another oath, told him he was a dead man, and discharged his gun almost instantly at the negro. None of the Pike's Peak party being prepared to defend themselves they scattered hastily leaving the bounds in pursuit of their supposed prize. Daylight came and the negro or ruffians were nowhere to be seen, and the owner of the wagons supposing he had lost his teamster, was about returning to Leavenworth to obtain another, when out crawled the negro from the horse manger, where, during the excitement of the running and firing, he had secreted himself by a good covering of hay. He was covered with blood, having received a wound in his shoulder and being obliged to remain secreted in that condition until daylight drove the demons from their diabolical work.—Three of the ruffians engaged, it is said to be were two young Hays' and one by the name of Dunham. We hope Blunt's order will be carried out and these fellows be made to hang.

From this experience we presume that the negro is just as far as ever from appreciating the blessings of the "patriarchal institution." He passed here Tuesday and is still traveling westward, ho!

Edward Solomon is the new Governor of Wisconsin.

Truth has always a fast bottom.

FROM THE YORKTOWN PENINSULA.

Williamsburg, situated midway between the York and James rivers, ten miles from Yorktown, was taken possession of by McClellan's forces after a hard battle and well-earned vicory, May 5th. The number of the enemy secured as prisoners was over 1,000. Below are the details of the battle:

The battle before Williamsburg on Monday was a most warmly contested engagement. Owing to the roughness of the country and bad condition of the roads, but a small portion of our troops could be brought into action. Gen. Sickles' Excelsior brigade and Gen. Hooker's division bore the brunt of the battle, and fought most valiantly throughout, though greatly overpowered by numbers and the superior position of the earthworks of the enemy. The approaches to their earthworks were a series of ravines and swamps, white rain fell in torrents throughout the day.

The men had also been lying on their arms all the previous night, and were soaked with rain and chilled with cold.—The battle raged from early in the morning until three in the afternoon, when Gen. McClellan arrived with fresh troops, and relieved the division of Gen. Hooker, who were nearly prostrated with fatigue and exposure. whilst the Third Excelsior regiment of Gen. Sickles' brigade, had its ranks terribly thinned by the batteries of the enemy. They are represented as having fought with such bravery, that not less than two hundred of them were killed and wounded.

After the arrival of Gen. McClellan the enemy were fiercely charged by General Hancock's brigade, and were driven within their works before nightfall with heavy loss. Nearly 700 of their dead were left on the field, with as many wounded, tho' most of the latter were carried into Williamsburg. Our loss was less than 300 killed and about 700 wounded. Night having come on we occupied the battle-field the enemy having been driven within his works, and our forces laid on their arms, prepared to storm the works in the morning. On Tuesday morning Gen. McClellan sent out scouts, whilst preparing to move on the enemy's works, who soon reported that he had again taken flight during the night. The works of the enemy, and the city of Williamsburg were then taken. Fort Magruder was a most extensive work capable of a prolonged defense, but the enemy had abandoned it early in the night, retreating in the greatest alarm and confusion, as described by a free negro woman who was found in the town, and large numbers of wagons and munitions were found in the town, and the road was strewn for many miles with arms and accoutrements. A number of deserters made their escape and came within our lines, who stated they had received intelligence that large numbers of Federal troops were landing on York river above Williamsburg to flank them.

The Second New Hampshire regiment had 16 killed, 60 wounded, and 23 missing.

The Colonel of Second Michigan regiment was killed together with 13 of his men.

After the occupancy of Williamsburg the rebels were followed up ten or twelve miles and driven across Chickahominy river, and it is stated, across the James river also.

On the following Wednesday a severe fight occurred on the York river at West Point between 30,000 rebel troops under Gen. Lee and 12,000 federals of Sedgwick and Franklin's division. The rebels were endeavoring to make their way to Richmond, and fought desperately, but with the aid of our gunboats they were routed and driven with great slaughter. Our loss was 300.

Dr. Evans, of Chicago, the newly appointed Governor of Colorado Territory, passed through here last Sunday. He was accompanied by several friends and officials. Lieut. Todd, who had been stopping with his family and in town for a few days, took passage in the same coach to join his company—Capt. Williams' in Eighth Kansas—now stationed at Fort Kearney.

Jacob Thompson, sometimes called Jake Thompson, Mr. Buchanan's Secretary of the Interior, and appropriator of country Indian trust funds, acted on the staff of Gen. Beauregard, at the battle of Shiloh.

Mar Swer.—In a stabbing and shooting affray which occurred at the Big Sandy stage station, fifty miles west of here, last Sunday the 11th, Jim Beasley was shot dead by Milt Motter. The affair commenced in a sort of scuffle for sport, and continued until some rough treatment and angry words were exchanged, when Beasley drew out his jack-knife and stabbed the other three times and swore that he would have his (Motter's) life. Motter then produced a gun and watched for an opportunity to see Beasley who came in sight soon when Motter fired, killing him almost instantly. Motter then gave himself up to the authorities. Beasley was known here as a man of fierce passions. And Motter, though usually governable, is represented as possessing a violent temper when fully aroused.

The St. Joseph New Era of the 12th has the following:

It is announced by a couple of loyal Kentuckians just arrived from New Orleans, that the whole route up the river is one grand bonfire. The Secesh are everywhere destroying their Cotton, so as to prevent it from falling into the hands of the invading "Yanks." This is a big thing! It shows their nerve! We glory in it. May the conflagration extend until it gathers within its embrace the whole bogus Confederacy. Should the flames consume the whole traitor horde, it is only a foretaste of what they will get in the infernal regions—their future home. Go in, Seceshers—we like your style!

We were shocked at seeing the following perpetrated by Sol Miller of the White Cloud Chief:

Since the great victory down at Pea Ridge, in Arkansas, the locality is simply called Ridge. Curtis whipped the Pea out of them.

Another equally as bad: A Tennessee woman, writing a threatening letter to Andy Johnson and the Union troops who now hold that State, says the invaders will "find a Corday in many a Southern woman." Wonder if she don't mean Cordee?

The Kansas Second, which stopped a short time near Lawrence when on their way to Fort Riley, are highly complimented for good deportment and neatness by the Lawrence State Journal. It says they "are as noble a band of warriors as our State has sent to battle." The Big Blue has a goodly number of boys in this regiment, and we are glad to see them meriting such favorable notice.

A CONTRABAND IN MANACLES.—A fugitive slave with fetters upon his legs, yesterday made his way into this city, and was safely conducted to the depot for contrabands. His master had chained him to keep him from running away—he broke the chain and escaped with the manacles upon his limbs—was pursued by his master, but again escaped from him, and we presume he is now safe from the fiends who hunt him.—Washington Republican, 6th.

A dispatch says: Mr. Pomeroy has introduced a bill in the Senate for organizing a Territory by the name of Luniwa, embracing the entire region lying between Kansas and Texas, west of Arkansas and east of Colorado, Texas, and New Mexico. This district has hitherto borne the appellation of the Indian Territory, and Mr. Pomeroy has simply translated it into Shawnee. The boundaries recited in the bill are the same as those of the Indian Territory.

We never use such slang as we find the gentleman has.—Atchison Union.

No, indeed! You are a perfect saint, as your truth-teller weekly testifies. We yield all the claim we ever had to the virtues to the refined and scholarly editor, and think we'll adopt the sage advice given by him, as he says "it shall not cost us nothing!"

A late Mo. Democrat says: "A gentleman well known in this city, in whom we have confidence, but whose name we are requested not to publish, has arrived from Pittsburg Landing with a specimen of fine gold dust, taken by him from the bottom of a ravine in the vicinity of the battle-ground of Shiloh. The article has been carefully tested, and found to exhibit an extremely fine quality of gold."

Our new Brigadier General, Blunt, is right and outspoken on kidnapping. He authorizes all the officers under him to be extremely vigilant in ferreting out and bringing to justice those engaged, or suspected of the notorious crime.

EATERS' MENU.

It never rains, but pours. Norfolk was evacuated by the rebel forces under Gen. Huger and surrendered by the mayor, Lamb, to Gen. Wool on the 10th. Gen. Viel was immediately appointed governor by Wool. Portsmouth and the Navy Yard are also ours.

The Merrimac was blown up by the rebels near Fortress Monroe on the 11th. The Monitor and Naugatuck had started on an expedition, probably up the James river.

Gen. McClellan's head-quarters were within 27 miles of Richmond. It was thought the rebels would make a stand on the head waters of the Chickahominy river 15 miles from Richmond. It is stated that the President, who was at Wiltoughby's Point, superintending affairs in person, had received dispatches from McClellan stating that our gunboat Galena had not only captured the Yorktown and Jamesown but put crews aboard and ran them up within shelling distance of the river defenses of Richmond.

Halleck's force, 168,000 strong and increasing, was expecting a fight near Corinth immediately.

A naval engagement had come off on the Mississippi near Ft. Pillow or Wright in which two of our gunboats fought eight iron-clad boats of the rebels. The fight lasted an hour, and resulted in the blowing up of two of the enemy's and the sinking of another, when the other five succeeded. One of our Captains was seriously wounded, and one best injured slightly.

CHARGE BAYONETS!

Down in storm clouds, shame and sorrow,
Sinks the sun of Treason's Day,
And for us a glorious Morrow
O'er the Union sheds its ray.
Hark, our sturdy Stanton calling
"It has dawned; it shall not set.
Steel to steel their souls appalling,
Charge them with the bayonet!"
Waste no powder at a distance;
Man to man the contest be.
Tyrant's tools make poor resistance
To the onset of the Free.
Yet they boasted—Oh! how loudly—
Till on Roanoke's isle we met—
Now, whose flag floats there so proudly—
Whose the conquering bayonet?

Stalwart Northmen—labor made you
Not for "mud-sills" of the South,
Not to serve them which betrayed you
With the dust upon your mouth;
But to grasp the arms of glory,
And with hearts on honor set,
To re-write your nation's story
With the Freeman's bayonet.

In the flag by treason riven,
God is setting back each star
Snatched a single night to heaven,
As the meteors of our war.
They have lead us, they shall lead us,
Conquering and to conquer yet,
Where'er our fair freedom need us
With the Union bayonet.

Be our souls, then, high uplifted
To the God who blesses Right;
His, our strength, and with that gift,
Death is triumph—weakness might.
He hath borne our banner for us;
On our foes His curse is set—
Seals He still our arms victorious—
Charge them with the bayonet!

From the West Imperial sweeping,
Closing from the stormy sea,
Drive them for a glorious resping
By the war-angels of the Free—
Haughty Richmond looms defiance,
Last of all their straggholds; let
Northern Freeman—God's Alliance—
Win THAT with the bayonet!

—S. W. Cox,
Col. Capt. 61st Reg't N. Y. V.

BRIGADIER GENERAL.—The latest count shows that there are now one hundred and sixty-eight brigadier generals, and that twenty-six in addition await Senatorial action. Congress it is said will consider a bill limiting the number to two hundred or thereabouts.

The notorious David R. Atchison, the Missouri Senator who figured so largely in the early Kansas troubles, is reported by one of his escaped contrabands as being a private in Price's army.

What formed the principal receipts at the port of Norfolk this day week?—Wool and Viel (real.) Wholesome regulators of the Rebel stomach.

When should the rebels have improved the time in getting their fangs? When Norfolk's Lamb was Wooled.

Surely that man may be envied who can eat pork chops for supper, and sleep without a grunt.