

# THE BIG BLUE UNION.

BY G. D. SWEARINGEN.

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its Way."

VOLUME I, NUMBER XVI.

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## THE BIG BLUE UNION,

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G. D. SWEARINGEN, Proprietor.

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## Wayside Flowers.

"Still, in thy Dream-land, Poet,  
Oh what a Heaven of beauty lies;  
Fairer than the blended glories  
Of a thousand sunset skies.  
Heads and vales of temple stretching  
('Neath soft skies of changeless blue,  
O'er whose velvet sod are clustered  
Floral Gems and Pearls of dew."

### NAPOLEON AT REST.

BY REV. JOHN FIERFONT.

His falcon flashed along the Nile,  
His hosts are led through Alpine snows;  
O'er Moscow's towers, that blazed the white,  
His eagle flag unrolled and froze.

Here sleeps he now alone!—not one  
Of all the kings whose crowns he gave  
Bends o'er his dust—nor wife nor son  
Has ever seen or sought his grave.

Behind this sea-girt rock, the star  
That led him on from crown to crown  
Has sunk; and nations from afar  
Gazed as it faded and went down.

High in his couch; the ocean flood  
Far, far below, by storms is curled;  
As round him heaved, where high he stood,  
A stormy and unstable world.

Alone he sleeps! the mountain cloud  
That night hangs round him, and the breath  
Of morning scatters, is the shroud  
That wraps the conquerer's clay in death.

Pause here! The far off world at last  
Breathes free;—the hand that shook its  
throne,  
And to the earth its mitres cast,  
Lies powerless now beneath these stones.

Hark! comes there from the pyramids,  
And from Siberian wastes of snow,  
And Europe's hills, a voice that bids  
The worlds be awed, to mourn him?—No!

The only, the perpetual dirge  
That's heard here, is the sea-bird's cry—  
The mournful murmur of the surge—  
The cloud's deep voice—the wind's low sigh.

### ADELE—REMINISCENCE.

Last night in emptying out my desk  
I found a lock of hair;  
It had a scent of Rowland's oil,  
And oh! 'twas long and fair,  
Adèle!

So soft, so long, so fair,  
I mind me yet how all began;  
By chance or by design,  
When first you drew your hand away,  
Then laid it back in mine,  
Adèle!

Then laid it back in mine,  
A thrill shot up from arm to heart,  
Just sinking with despair;  
I looked into a half-closed eye,  
And learned a lesson there,  
Adèle!

And learned a lesson there,  
We walked, we danced, we quarrelled, too,  
Were reconciled, and then  
We parted. I was false, and you  
A flirt with other men,  
Adèle!

A flirt with other men,  
Flourishes are the sweetest things God ever  
made and forgot to put souls into.

SUNDAY is the golden sleep which binds to-  
gether the volume of the week.

### For The Big Blue Union. SEPIULTURE.

BY RUDOLPH.

When I draw my last breath,  
And repose in calm death,  
I wish for no blazoned urn,  
To win the surprise  
Of curious eyes,  
Inviting my ashes to spurn.

But let me be laid  
Beneath the green shade,  
Where the Forest bird sings in the tree;  
While he and his mate  
Their love tales relate,  
In the language of pure melody.

Or where the wild roe  
Comes swift o'er the snow,  
And hastes to conceal in my bed,  
Secure in the mate  
From the blood-thirsty gaze  
Of man with his murderous lead.

In mother Earth's breast  
For aye let me rest,  
In peace which my spirit ne'er knew;  
My hopes to the breeze,  
Like leaves from the trees,  
The four winds of heaven shall strew.

Or else let me lie  
Where naught but the sky,  
Looks down on my humble abode;  
While the stars overhead,  
And the flowery spread,  
Attest to the glory of God.

As I had a mind  
For Liberty's wind,  
So let it sweep over my grave,  
Unburdened by sighs  
And harrowing ories,  
For Freedom, by one helpless slave.

Or if it shall fall  
That Ocean's wide pall  
Is destined to close above me,—  
No emperor's hand  
Can frame half so grand  
A mausoleum vast as the sea.

Ambition's vain lust  
Shall crumble to dust,  
And Pride be o'erwhelmed in Eternity's  
flood,  
But God in His might,  
To endless delight  
Will raise the freed souls of the true and  
the good.

### SENTIMENTS.

The following are the toasts offered at the late Celebration of the Fourth in our city, and which would have appeared with the account of the proceedings in our last week's issue had not a want of time on our part prevented:

The President of the United States:—The self-made man and a Rail Road. The Union has nearly split up. Rebellion known. To complete the claim to the U. S. territory.

Responded to by J. E. Clardy, Esq., of Pottawatomie county. The Constitution as it is, the restoration of the Union as it was; the observance of the one secures happiness and prosperity of the other.

Responded to by Dr. C. F. Parker. The Women of Kansas: God bless them; their enterprise is equal to their beauty, and their patriotism superior to both.

Responded to by J. E. Clardy, Esq., of Pottawatomie county. The Constitution as it is, the restoration of the Union as it was; the observance of the one secures happiness and prosperity of the other.

Responded to by J. S. Magill, Esq. Thoughts emanating from the Declaration of Independence: may we ever be inspired by those Liberty-loving words.

By C. F. Brooks, Esq. The Government of the United States: may its integrity be perpetual, and our love and efforts for it as lasting.

By Dr. C. J. Lee. How to do it.—An exchange gives a few simple remedies which we copy with a slight alteration. We can recommend them:

For sea sickness—stay at home.  
For drunkenness—drink cold water.  
For accidents—keep out of danger.  
To make money—advertise in the Union.

To be happy—subscribe for the Union and pay for it.  
To please all—mind your own business.  
To have a good conscience—pay the printer.

### "The Union as it Was."

We find nowhere more sensible articles or more uncompromising in opposition to the traitors and their northern sympathizers than in Harper's Weekly, which in the beginning of its career was positively pro-slavery. In a late number we find the following vigorous reply to the constant yelping of northern defenders of slavery:

"Whenever vigorous military measures are proposed there is a cry from certain people and papers that the war is for the maintenance of the Constitution and the Union as it was. Certainly it is; but what then? What is the Union as it was? It is the Union of the people living in thirty-four States under one supreme national government, which by the Constitution as it is empowered to secure obedience to its authority from every citizen in the land, by military force if necessary.

That is what the government is doing. This war is the effort of the government to reduce armed rebels to its authority.—By the Constitution the President is made Commander-in-Chief, and to use the military power to suppress insurrection.—When that military force is counted by hundreds of thousands, and confronted by hundreds of thousands of armed rebels, when bloody battles are fought, cities besieged, and a stern blockade established, there is war between the government and the insurgents, who are at once traitors and enemies, and who are to be subdued by every means known to war.

When the government acts under the clause of the constitution which authorizes the military suppression of the rebellion, and all constitutional rights inconsistent with a state of war are suspended.—For instance, every citizen of the United States has a constitutional immunity against the taking of his life by the government, except after due process of law; meaning indictment, trial, etc. But the government took the life of Sidney Johnston, at Shiloh, without any indictment or trial whatever. Was it an unconstitutional act? Not at all. It was just as constitutional as the hanging of Gordon.—For the constitution-as-it-is authorizes the use of military measures, after due warning, as much as it guarantees individual liberty, and when the Union-as-it-is is restored, every citizen who has not lost his life by military necessity will enjoy all the civil guarantees for it.

And so with whatever else may fall within the scope of military necessity. By the late law passed in the House our army are to be fed at the expense of the rebels.—Every citizen has a right to own property, but the grain and the cattle of every rebel will be peremptorily seized and appropriated to the use of the government wherever the army needs it. Does that interfere with the Union-as-it-was? No; it is simply an integral part of the necessary military operations to restore the Union-as-it-was. In like manner, the slaves of every rebel who have been used against the government are liberated. Does that interfere with the Union-as-it-was? Not at all. It is only part of the constitutional means to restore the Union-as-it-was.

By and by it may become clearly necessary to summon all loyal people to the defense of the government, and to that end the slaves may be freed. Will that interfere with the Union as it was? Not at all: it will be only another blow which may be constitutionally struck at the rebellion.—It is true that in the Union as it was there were slaves lawfully held in many States. So there were in the District of Columbia. But when the war is over, if it ends tomorrow, there will be no slaves lawfully held there. Must the District slave law be re-enacted, lest otherwise we shall not have the Union as it was? If hereafter the American government clearly fulfill the purposes for which it was expressly

created, and every man subject to that government enjoys the full liberty which the Declaration of Independence declares to be given him by God—if upon the continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the crack of the slave whip is heard no more, and universal peace and prosperity bloom from justice like red and white roses from these bright trees of June, will it be the wreck and chaos of the nation?

No, and forever no! It will be the Union as it was in the very intent and words of the fathers; the Union as it was meant to be; and the Union, by God's blessing, as the children of those fathers mean it shall be."

### A Down East Jurymen.

Ethan Spike contributes to the Portland Transcript, a sketch of his experience as a jurymen. The first cases he was called to try were capital ones—the criminals being a German and "nigger" respectively.

"Hev you formed an opinion for or agin the prisoners?" said the judge.

"Not particular agin the Jarman," says I, "but I hate niggers as a general principle, and shall go in for hanging this old white woolled cuss, whether he killed Mr. Cooper or not."

"Do you know the nature of an oath?" the clerk axed me.

"I orter," says I, "I've used enough of 'em. I began to swear when I was jest about—"

"That'll do," says the clerk, "you can go hum, you won't be wanted in this ere case!"

"What?" says I, "aint I to try this nigger at all?"

"No," says the clerk. "But I'm a jewryman," says I, "and you can't hang the nigger unless I've sot on him."

"Pass on," says the clerk, speaking rather cross.

"But," says I, "you, mister, you don't mean as you say; I'm a regular jewryman, you know. Drawed aout of the box by the seelick men," says I. "I've ollers had a hankerin to hang a nigger, and now, when a merciful dispensatory seems to have one provided for me, you say I shan't set on him! Ar this your free institutions? Is this the nineteenth century? And is this our boasted"

Here somebody hollered out: "Silence in court."

"The court be ———" I didn't finish the remark fore a couple of constables had holt of me, and in the twinkling of a bed post, I was hustled down into the street.

"Naow, Mr. Editor, let me ask, what are we comin' to, when jewrymen—legal, lawful jewrymen, kin be tossed about in this way? Talk about cancers, mormons, spiritualism, free love, and panics—whar are they in comparison? Here's a principle upst. As an individual, perhaps I'm of no great account; tain't for me to say; but when as an enlightened jewryman, I was tuck and carried down stairs by profane hands, jest for assertin my right to sit on a nigger—wy it seems to me the pillows of society was shook; that in my sacred person, the hull state itself was figgeratively speakin', kicked down stairs! If there's law in the land, I'll have this brought under a writ of habeas corpus or ickley dixet."

An exchange says: If an Editor omits anything, he is lazy. If he speaks of things as they are, people are mad. If he glosses over, smooths down the rough points, he is bribed.—If he calls things by their proper names, he is unfit for the position of editor. If he does not furnish his readers with jokes, he is a mallet. If he does he is a rattle head, lacking stability. If he condemns the wrong, he is a good fellow, but lacks discretion. If he lets wrong and injuries go unmentioned, he is a coward.—If he exposes a public man, he does it to gratify spite—is the tool of a clique, or belongs to the "outs." If he indulges in personalities, he is a blackguard; if he does not, his paper is dull and insipid.

### ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Jailors keep bad company.

The friar preached against stealing when he had a pudding in his sleeve.

Treat your family kindly, but put your horses and cattle nightly to the rack.

If a man is doomed to the stake, he would generally prefer that it should be beef.

How to make a real cowlip in winter—Grease a cow's hoofs and place her on the ice.

Ladies, at needle-work, are not always what they appear. They are sometimes seaming.

"Mike, an' is it yourself that will be after tellin' me how they make ice creams?" "In truth I can, don't they bake them in cowlid ovens, to be sure?"

An exchange says that a young lady was discharged from one of the largest vinegar houses in that city one day last week. She was so sweet that the vinegar was kept from fermenting or souring.

"Mother," said Ike Partington, "did you know that the Iron Horse has but one ear?" "One ear! Merciful gracious, child, what do you mean?" Why, the engine ear, of course!"

Vallandigham received a sharp rebuff from home. A petition has been forwarded to the House, from 623 loyal citizens of Cincinnati asking for his expulsion from Congress as a traitor to his country and a disgrace to the State of Ohio.

An exchange says, Sunday afternoon a young man who first courted a daughter aged twenty, then the mother aged over forty, and was rejected by both, was, by Justice Fuller, wedlocked, according to law, to the hired girl in the family he courted. That chap did not intend to let his love run to seed while there was a show left. He didn't have a faint heart!

ONLY A CLOVE.—In a certain village dwelt a Judge who being a widower, always accompanied his niece to church.—One summer afternoon, while she was intent upon the sermon, and the Judge was having a quiet snooze, she discovered a grasshopper on her dress. Picking it off, she gently nudged the drowsy Judge, that he might throw the intruder into the aisle. He took it with eyes half open, and supposing it to be a clove, quite unsuspectingly bit off its head.

Nothing is indeed so common in this world as falling in love; yet it is not so common to love. The one is the flower that blooms and withers in a night, the other is the rich fruit from the flower, that can survive the sun and storm, and ripen to decay no more. When feverish anxieties have passed away; when "hope, and fears that kindle hope" have ceased; when selfish jealousies and lovers' quarrels are buried; when "honey moons" are long forgotten, and the snowy brow has become wrinkled, and the eye has lost its moisture—then does love, worthy of the name, become the inmate of the heart and home;—love, pure, noble, devoted, self-sacrificing, seeking not its own but the happiness of its beloved object—a love such as youth never dreamed of or realized.

The "State of Matrimony" has at least been bounded and described by some western student, and the community undoubtedly will acknowledge themselves under lasting obligations for his indefatigable labors. He says: It is bounded by hugging and kissing on one side, and by bies and snarles on the other side. Its chief productions are population, broods, sticks and staying out late, oughts. It was discovered by Adam and Eve, while trying to find a northwest passage out of Paradise. The climate is sultry until you pass the tropics of housekeeping, when squally weather sets in with such power as to keep all hands cool as cucumbers.—For the principal roads leading to this State, consult the first pair of interesting blue eyes you meet.