

# THE BIG BLUE UNION.

BY G. D. SWEARINGEN.

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its Way."

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## THE BIG BLUE UNION,

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### Sensations During Battle.

One who has been in battle and who desires to satisfy the curiosity of those who desire to know how men unaccustomed to stand fire, felt when under it, says: I do not suppose I have much physical or moral courage, but the sensations under fire, judging from my experience, are different from what I expected.

A reasoning man at first feels alarmed, and his impulse is to run away, and if he has no reason to stand he probably does run, but at each exposure he grows less timid, and after hearing cannon and grape about his ears a dozen times, he begins to think he is not destined to be hurt. He still feels uneasy perhaps, but the danger becomes fascinating, and though he don't wish to be hit, he likes to have narrow escapes, and so voluntarily places himself in a position where he can incur more risk.

After a little while he begins to reason about the matter, reflects upon the Doctrine of probabilities, and how much powder and lead is necessarily wasted before a man is killed or wounded.

Why should he be, he thinks, so much more unlucky than many other people, and soon can hear the whizzing of bullets with a tolerable degree of equanimity, though he involuntarily dodges or tries to dodge the cannon balls or shells that go howling around his immediate neighborhood.

In the afternoon he is a very different creature from what he was in the morning, and involuntarily smiles to see a man betray the same trepidation which he himself exhibited a few hours before.

The more he is exposed to fire the better he can bear it, and the timid being of to-day is the hero of to-morrow, and he who runs from danger on the first battlefield, will run into it on the next, and court the hazard he once so dreaded.

This courage, as it is styled, is little more than custom, and they learn to despise what has often threatened without causing them harm. If wounded, they learn wounds are less painful to bear than they had supposed, and then the doctrine of probabilities teaches them once more they are less liable to be wounded again. So the mental process goes on until the nerves become by degrees the subjects of will, and he only fears who has not the will to be brave.

"The Constitution as it is, and the Union as it was," is the favorite motto of the Northern Secesh. By "the Constitution as it is," they mean the right to hold and catch slaves; and "the Union as it was," refers to the happy days when slavery ruled the land, and slaveholders and ruffians controlled the Government.—*White Cloud Chief.*

It is reported that the devil, in compliment to the rebel women, has concluded to leave off his breeches and wear petticoats.

## "ON TO FREEDOM!"

BY A. J. H. DUQUANE.

[There has been the cry, "On to Richmond!" and still another cry, "On to England!" Better than either is the cry, "On to Freedom!"—CHARLES SWANSON.]

On to Freedom! On to Freedom!

'Tis the everlasting cry  
Of the floods that strive with Ocean,  
Of the storms that smite the sky,  
Of the atoms in the whirlwind,  
Of the seed beneath the ground,  
Of each living thing in Nature,  
That is bound!

'Twas the cry that led from Egypt,  
Through the desert wilds of Edom:  
Out of Darkness—out of Bondage—  
"On to Freedom! On to Freedom!"

Oh! thou stony-hearted Pharaoh,  
Vainly warrest though with God!  
Moveless, at thy palace-portals,  
Moses waits, with lifted rod!  
O! thou poor barbarian, Xerxes,  
Vainly o'er the Pontic main  
Flingest thou, to curb its utterance,  
Scourge or chain!

For the cry that led from Egypt,  
Over desert wilds of Edom,  
Speaks alike through Greek and Hebrew:  
"On to Freedom! On to Freedom!"

In the Roman streets, from Gracchus,  
Mark! I hear that cry out-swirl;  
In the German woods, from Hermann;  
And on Switzer hills, from Tell!  
Up from Spartacus, the Bondman,  
When his tyrants' yoke he clave;  
And from stalwart Wat, the Tyler,  
Saxon slave!

Still the old, old cry of Egypt,  
Struggling out from wilds of Edom,  
Sounding down through all the ages,  
"On to Freedom! On to Freedom!"

God's own mandate: "On to Freedom!"  
Gospelery of laboring Time!  
Uttering still through seers and heroes  
Words of Hope and Faith sublime!  
From our Sidneys and our Hampdens,  
And our Washingtons they come;  
And we cannot, and we dare not,  
Make them dumb!  
Out of all the shames of Egypt,  
Out of all the snares of Edom,  
Out of Darkness, out of Bondage—  
"On to Freedom! On to Freedom!"

WOUNDED AND KILLED.—It takes but little space in the columns of the daily papers; but O! what long household stories and biographies are every one of these strange names, that we read over and forget!

"Wounded and killed!" Some reads the name to whom it is dear, and some heart is struck by the blow made by that name.

It's our Henry, it's our Thomas, it's our broken limbs, it's our gashed faces, Alas! it's our hearts that bleed.

"He was a brave boy, that I've sung to sleep so many times in my arms!" says the poor mother, bowing her head in anguish that cannot be uttered. "He was my brave, noble husband, the father of my little orphan children!" sobs the stricken wife. "He was my darling brother, that I loved so, that I was so proud of," murmurs the sister, amid her tears; and so the terrible stroke re'ls on homes throughout the land.

"Wounded and killed!" Every name in that list is a lightning stroke to some heart, and breaks like thunder over some home, and falls a long, black shadow upon some hearthstone.—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

It is said that an editor in Glasgow prints all his marvellous accounts of murders, elopements and robberies on India rubber paper, so that his readers will be able to stretch the stories to any length that pleases them.

The present number of mail routes in the United States is about seven thousand; two thousand routes having been added under the new regulations of the Postoffice Department.

When is an eye like a bazul? When it is bunged up.

## WHO VIOLATES THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION?

The following is an extract of a speech on the confiscation bill, lately delivered in the U. S. Senate by the Hon. B. F. Wade. The speech is one of the most earnest and trenchant that has been made upon the subject, and was pronounced with the vigor so characteristic of bold Ben. Wade:

"Talk to me, sir, about violating the Constitution! I do not like to hear it.—I have heard too much of it! Every man who was here a year or two ago knows that this same idea was inculcated then by those who are now open traitors. They sought to tie and fetter our limbs by the cry of a violated Constitution, that its enemies might stab it to death. There is not a man in what are called the Confederate States, levying arms, coercing men into this accursed rebellion to overthrow this glorious Constitution of ours, but harped upon the same string that Senators have harped upon in this debate. The arm of the Constitution was too short to defend itself from aggression. These were the doctrines that they announced; and then they went off and formed an organization, and implored foreign nations, yes, and agreed to become the vassals of foreign despots, if they would only aid and assist them in overturning this Constitution of ours. First, they claimed that we had no constitutional power to defend the Constitution—a very cheap way, if they could succeed in it, to get along with their rebellion. We must lie right down in our tracks, because, if we undertook to form an army to go forth to conquer the rebellion, we were acting without constitutional authority. Was not that what they harped upon? Did they not say of the Administration what Senators on the other side of the Chamber are saying every morning now? Did not the former colleague of the Senator from Kentucky (Mr. Powell) accuse the Administration of tyranny and despotism? It is the old tune that was harped upon by every traitor who is now an open enemy to the Constitution of the United States. They undertook to show that the Constitution was, somehow, *felo de se*; that it did not contain any power, or it impeded us from using any power."

WEALTH.—The following waif in the newspapers without the name of its author:

Wealth—a bubble on ocean's rolling wave.  
Wealth—a source of trouble and consuming care.  
Pleasure—a gleam of sunshine passing soon away.  
Love—a morning dream, whose memory gilds the day.  
Faith—an anchor dropped beyond the vale of death.  
Hope—a lone star, beaming o'er the barren heath.  
Charity—a stream meandering from the fount of love.  
Bible—a guide to realms of endless joy above.  
Religion—a key by which the ties of earth are riven.  
Earth—a desert through which pilgrims wend their way.  
Grave—a house of rest, where ends life's weary day.  
Resurrection—a sudden waking from a quiet dream.  
Heaven—a land of joy, of light and love supreme.

A man might frame and let loose a star to roll in its orbit, and yet not have done so memorable a thing before God as he who lets go a golden-orbed thought to roll through the generations of time.

Typographical errors come in odd sometimes. In a description of an enthusiastic demonstration at a political meeting, the types say, "the air was rent with the snouts of three thousand people!"

## Plain Talk from a Slave State.

The war has done one good thing in this State, (Maryland) if nowhere else in slave-land. It has cut the strings that tied our tongues on the slave question, as you will see by the annexed extract from the Cambridge (Dorchester) Intelligencer, on the eastern shore of the Chesapeake, hitherto the Egypt of Maryland. I hope you will reprint it, just to show the North how we slave State mud-sills can talk when we get a going. Good times are coming in this quarter, you may rely on it.

"An examination of the statistics relative to the progress of the North and South since the formation of the Union must convince every candid and impartial mind of the wisdom and truth of the declaration of a celebrated writer, that countries are not cultivated by reason of their liberty.

And now let us compare the difference in the value of lands in the Northern and Southern border States. In the counties of Ohio adjoining Kentucky, the value per acre is \$32.34; in the counties of Kentucky adjoining Ohio it is only \$18.27 per acre. In the seven counties of Pennsylvania bordering on Maryland, consisting of Chester, Lancaster, York, Adams, Franklin, Bedford and Somerset, the average value per acre is \$56.31; in the seven counties of Maryland bordering on Pennsylvania, consisting of Cecil, Hartford, Baltimore, Carroll, Frederick, Washington and Alleghany, the average value per acre is only \$44.17. Cash value of farms in the former, \$100,714,082; in the latter, only \$46,529,371. The further we recede from Maryland border, and get into those counties where slaves are most numerous, the difference is still more striking, the average value per acre in St. Mary's, Calvert and Charles being only \$24.29. If we run a like comparison between any other free and slave State on the border, the same humiliating result is presented.

Fellow Mudalls: Ponder over the above facts and calmly investigate the cause. See if you cannot solve the reason why the South thus lags behind the North, though they both started from the same premises. There is surely some cause. What is it? It is not our climate; for in this regard we are more highly favored than any other region on earth. It is not our soil; for it is especially adapted to and yields in abundance almost every agricultural product that enters into commerce. It is not the want of navigable streams; for we have more noble rivers than any area of territory of the same extent on the face of the globe. What, then, is this anaconda thus entwining his coils around the body-politic and retarding our progress, if it is not the woolly-headed negro? He is the nightmare that is hanging like an incubus over our agricultural, commercial and manufacturing interests. And you all know it. Would to Heaven you had the moral courage to openly avow it, advocate it and agitate it, in defiance of the jeers of personal friends or the sneers of political enemies. When God made man in his image he intended that he should be a man, and not a cringing, fawning toad-eater. Let us all sink the toady in the man, and dare to advocate the interests of the white man, no matter who threatens or blusters. For half a century the negro has controlled the country. Let us resolve that for the next half a century, at least, it shall be controlled by the white man. The power is in our grasp, if we will only avail ourselves of it. Groveling traitors will cry out "abolitionists," and milk-and-water Unionists, who carry their pataletism in their pockets, may echo the cry. But this, instead of deterring, should animate us with renewed energy and determination. Every interest of enlightened progress is appealing to us for im-

mediate action. Shall we heed that appeal? If so, then let us grasp the banner of emancipation, and never weary of our labors until we have planted its standard on the capitol of every commonwealth in the South. MUDALL.

## Artemus on Toasts.

Artemus Ward being present at a celebration and exhibition, was called upon for a speech, when he replied in "A toast to the phair sex: Ladies, see I turnin to the beautiful femails whose presents was perphumin the fare grownd, I hope you're enjoyin yourselves on this occasion, and thot leminaid and ise wotter or which you air drinkin, may not go agin you. May you allers be as fare as the son, as bright as the moon, and as butiful as an army with Union flags—also plenty of good close to ware.

Ta yure sex—commonly kawled the phair seks we are indetted for our bornin, as well as many uther blessins in theses le grown of sorre. Sum poor sperroted fools blaim yure seks for the difficulty in the garden; but I knew men air a desotful set, and when the appels had bekum plum ripe I have no dewt but Adam would have rigged a scyder press, and like as not went onto a big bust and bin driv erf enawa. Yure 1st muther was a lady and all her dawters is ditto, and non but a lefin kase will say a word agin yu. Hopin that no waive of trubbel may ever ride akross yur peacefull breasts, I konklude theses remarks with the followin centymnt:

Woman.—She is a good egg.

A traveler stopped at a farm house for the purpose of getting his dinner. Dis-mounting at the front door he knocked, but received no answer. Going to the ether side of the house, he found a little white-headed man in the embrace of his wife, who had his head under her arm, and with her other she was giving her lord a pounding. Wishing to put an end to the fight, our traveler knocked on the side of the house and cried out in a loud voice:—"Hallo, here, who keeps this house?" The husband, though much out of breath, answered: "Stranger, that's what we are trying to decide!"

An Albany barber having an intemperate man to shave on Sunday, begged him to keep his mouth shut as it was a punishable offence to open a "rum hole" on the Sabbath.

A young lady appeared in male attire in Baltimore, and one of the editors says that her disguise was so perfect that she might have passed for a man "had she a little more modesty."

An emigrant to Port Natal, writing home to one of his friends, says: "We are getting on finely here, and have already laid the foundation of a large jail."

To win the regard of some people, give your hand to assist them along; to gain the respect of others, help them on with your foot.

Wadsworth cautions a studious friend against "growing double," but the girls think it the best thing a young man can do.

Swinging is said by the doctors to be good exercise for the health, but many a poor wretch has come to his death by it.

Why should Government be exclusively committed to women? Because there would be no mal(e) administration.

What character in Scripture had neither father nor mother? "Jesus, the son of Nun."

If a young woman's disposition is gunpowder, the sparks should be kept away from her.

If you would take snap judgment on a thief, set a dog on him.

A rebel leader upon the scaffold would be the right man in the right place.