

# 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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## Upside Flowers.

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

## THE BITTER CUP.

The prayer of Ajax was for light;  
Through all that dark and desperate fight,  
The blackness of that noonday night,  
He ask'd but the return of sight,  
To see his foeman's face.

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer  
Be, too for light—for strength to bear  
Our portion of the weight of care,  
That crushes into dumb despair  
One half the human race.

O suffering, sad humanity!  
O ye afflicted ones who lie  
Steep'd to the lips in misery,  
Longing, and yet afraid to die,  
Patient, though sorely tried,  
I pledge you in this cup of grief,  
We are floats the fennel's bitter leaf;  
The Battle of our Life is brief,  
The alarm—the struggle—the relief—  
Then sleep we side by side!  
—Longfellow.

## SOUL WEARY.

Weary of perfidy, weary of wrong,  
Weary of hate where love should belong,  
Weary of falsehood, weary of strife,  
Weary of tenderness struggling for life,  
Weary of words that meaningless flow,  
Weary of bosoms as cold as the snow,  
Weary of waiting in darkness alone,  
Weary of decking an empty throne,  
Weary of friendships measured by gain,  
Weary of longings but fruitful of pain,  
Weary of selfishness strengthened by years,  
Weary of sighing, weary of tears,  
Weary of callousness, weary of guile,  
Weary of treachery veiled in a smile,  
Tearfully, fearfully, weary of breath,  
Tearlessly, fearlessly, waiting for death.

## THE POOL AND THE BROOK.

How silently it slumbereth,  
The deep and lonely pool,  
Without a ripple on its face  
To make its shadows cool.

While from it trills a noisy brook,  
With wavelets sparkling bright,  
Whose shallow waters waste and dry  
When summer's at its height.

The one, like great emotion, deep  
Within the silent heart,  
The other, trifling feelings, which  
Dry up as they depart.

## WOMAN.

Warm with a rapture not its own,  
The heart of woman feels!  
As she who by Samaria's well  
The Saviour's errand sought,  
As those who with the fervent Paul  
And meek Aquilla wrought;  
Or those meek ones whose martyrdom  
Rome's gathered grandeur saw;  
Or those who in their Alpine home  
Braved the arctic's war,  
When the green Vauds, trembling, heard,  
Through all its vales of death,  
The martyr's song of triumph poured  
From woman's falling breath.  
—Whittier.

## The Situation.

To those obstinate and weak-minded enough to question the duty and right of the Government to put down the rebellion of Jeff. Davis and his guilt-stained followers, little that could be said at this time would have any weight. It would appear quite as futile to present arguments in justification of the Government's actions to those patriotic loyalists whose hearts tell them that the Union must be preserved at every cost and sacrifice.

There is much to be said concerning the present aspect of affairs that may do us good to reflect and ponder deeply on.—The past with its sad record of blunders, temporizing, indecisive deeds and useless bickerings, should be put behind us, except as a chart of the shoals and quick sands we ought now to shun. That the people are in earnest, and appreciative of the task before us, is made manifest by the alacrity with which they have responded to every call the government has made upon them.

No nation ever put forth such efforts.—No people ever so utterly ignored self and individual personal interests for their country's safety. Yet we must ask, if the South has been misled and imposed upon by its leaders, and drawn into a fratricidal strife to end in suicide, have not we been trifled with by our rulers? That far-seeing sagacity which ought to have enabled us to prepare at once for the emergency has certainly been wanting, and murderous experiments have well-nigh exhausted the nation's strength and buoyancy of spirit. Reckless promises, and assurances of certain success, when delay and disaster have followed, have rendered the people timid, suspecting, almost despondent. Weary months of laborious effort and patient suffering, in which we were told that the end was nigh, have ended in the startling announcement that the army is not large enough, that time is yet to be given the rebellious traitors to perfect their arrangements for the defense of their last stronghold, while three hundred thousand more troops are being raised and equipped by us. While Generals and soldiers in the field having seen the uselessness of conciliatory action, and the absolute necessity for making war as war; and while the people have given every assurance of support to the government of their support in the measure adopted for their preservation, find the rulers far from satisfied, and means placed in our hands for striking a death-blow at treason as though almost by Divine injunction, are unused and almost ignored. At whose door lies the blame? Who is responsible for the nation's tears? Grief fills nearly every house for loved ones snatched from life and usefulness by black-hearted traitors, whose property they were protecting; whose right to the labor, lives and souls of men in slavery they are made to waste their energies and to pour out their life's blood to maintain. Must this nation be sacrificed, and the temple our forefathers reared be laid in ruins that the "fair chivalry" of the South may raise aloft their accursed edifice, dedicated to traffic in human blood, and say *esto perpetua*?

If the country can be preserved without destroying the institution of slavery, the people of the North have said, let the foul blot remain to curse us. But they have never yet become so debased and groveling as to consent to the destruction of the Republic that slavery may live. Yet the action of some of our rulers would seem to say not "the Union, it must and shall be preserved," but "we will save the institution of negro slavery to our brothers of the South even at the sacrifice of life, honor and country."

O, shame! Foul treason and barbaric slavery go hand in hand, and the proud people who have made their boast that

their land should ever be the home of freedom yield to the one, that the other may be made imperishable. Let us be done with temporizing and conciliating measures.—Let us strike with a quick, fierce hand and determined hearts. Let us cease to lop off branches and waste our energies in pruning the twigs about the outer edge of the deadly upas, and let us lay the axe at the root, then the branches must fall too. Why dam up the minor arteries and suffer the great canals to convey the life blood of the heart back and forth? Still the beating of that heart and see if every artery does not stagnate.

Let the government arouse itself!—Throw off the devilish bonds that plausible treason has placed about it, and, rising to the dignity of the people, carry on this war as it deserves to be—justly, but in that very justice mercilessly. Let it protect the lives of Unionists and patriots by taking the lives of rebels and traitors. Let it save the feelings of loyalists by disregarding the susceptibilities of disloyalists. Let our military authorities banish from our midst insolent, arrogant and indecent families of rebels, and preserve intact the virtue and good breeding of Union families. And if slavery stands in the way let it be put out of the way. If the negroes are to be used against us let us use them against the traitors in arms.

"Let us be up and doing,  
With a heart for every fate,  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait."  
And the event will surely find us stronger, purer and prouder than before.—*Mo. Democrat.*

PEPPER FOR SOLDIERS.—An exchange says: A gentleman who saw and conversed with several of the wounded soldiers who arrived from Newbern a few days since, says that they told him that pepper would be one of the most acceptable and best things that could be sent by friends to the soldiers, and one that has not been thought of. Pepper is an excellent preventive of diarrhoea, which is prostrating large numbers in the warmer climate.—One of the soldiers was a veteran in the Mexican war. He stated that a liberal use of pepper had been found very useful to prevent this disease, and that he had wholly escaped by the use of it in North Carolina. It is not provided by the government, and can only be obtained of the sutlers at exorbitant prices. The soldiers advised all who send articles to soldiers to put in a supply of pepper. It is put up in tin boxes holding a quarter or half pound each; the soldiers punch holes in one end and thus make pepper castors.

The Nashville Union says: The so-called Democratic—Buchanan and Vallandigham Democrats, we presume—Conventions, which are now actively engaged in giving aid and comfort to the rebels, by passing traitorous resolutions, uniformly tell us that the country prospered until Mr. Lincoln got into power. This single assertion convicts those pretended Democrats of the falsehood and sympathy with the rebels. The country suffered more harm under Buchanan's than any other previous administration. That administration was owned and controlled by Southern traitors, who had but two ideas—self-aggrandizement and slave propagandism. To pronounce such a wicked, rotten and treasonable administration beneficial to the republic, is to betray either ignorance or a sympathy with traitors.

In the Senate proceedings on the 5th inst., we find the following:

Mr. Lane, of Kansas, submitted the following resolution, which was considered by unanimous consent, and agreed to:

Resolved, That the President of the United States be requested to communicate to the Senate the amounts due the State of Kansas in the several Departments, with a view of applying the same upon the taxes due from said State to the General Government.

## Plain Talk to the Democracy.

Emancipation and Negro Equality as viewed by Col. Forney of the Philadelphia Press.

In the campaign that is about to be opened against the Administration and the war, powerful emphasis is to be laid upon the empty accusation that the friends of Mr. Lincoln favor unconditional emancipation and negro equality. Contemptible as this accusation is, it is frequently repeated by men who, in their heated partisanship, forget that they are intelligent and reasonable beings. As usual, the name of "Democracy" is to be invoked as a cover to this arrant demagoguism. In other days, before the people of the United States were educated by a great war, which overturned old expectations and destroyed old theories, such a "divertissement" as this might have passed current. But unless our masses are indeed sunk into the deepest slough of ignorance, this attempt to seduce them into wrong paths will be fearfully avenged. I have a very low estimate of the leaders who bullied and coerced the majority of the Democrats of Pennsylvania into the support of Breckinridge in 1860, and who, with all the treacheries and corruptions of Buchanan revealed to their eyes and ears, refused to denounce these crimes. The bloody harvest of the seed thus sown should admonish them against another experiment upon the supposed credulity of the American people.

The men in the free States who advocate unconditional emancipation are very few in numbers. In the Republican party they do not number one in five hundred. There is not a traitor anywhere who does not know this to be true, even as he repeats the reverse. As to negro equality, a still more conclusive reply might be made to this silly falsehood. The practical amalgamationists are not in the free States. The most infatuated Abolition fanatic rarely carries his free thought into free love.—It is only in the atmosphere of rebellion that negro equality, in its worst phase, has been accepted and illustrated. The social distinction between the races of white and black, in the free States, is as broad and clear as it is in England and France, where, in the face of laws that make no distinction as to political right, the one preserves its relations wholly independent of the other.

But why continue a reply to an argument not even believed by those who make it?

This war is productive of great and new issues. While it adds to the responsibilities of the Executive, it reduces the reliance of the demagogue upon popular ignorance, and to this extent reduces the weight of these responsibilities. It would have been worse for slavery if treason had taken up arms against a Democratic instead of a Republican Administration.—Then the ingratitude of the slaveholders would have been more keenly felt, and more mercilessly punished. The Democrats, who clamor for compromise now, and are blind to the atrocities of the rebels, in that event would have discarded everything but the sword, and believed anything but rebel humanity. Mr. Lincoln's Administration is doing only what that of Mr. Douglas would have done, and less, had Douglas been chosen President.

Results have sadly proved that if Breckinridge had been elected, four years would have found the Free States without a country save that which was controlled by the institution of Slavery. The rebellion of 1861-62 is the voice of the devil proclaiming that, in the event of the election of Breckinridge in 1860, four years would have found us a slave monarchy!

These are plain lessons. They need no rhetoric to adorn and no witnesses to confirm them. They are facts, and facts are better than history.

## The Graves of the Soldiers on the Battlefield of Shiloh.

The graves of many of the deceased patriots are adorned with running ivy, evergreen and wild flowers, and some few of them are inclosed in small log cabins.—A wooden slab denotes the resting place of many a comrade. Upon the slabs at the graves one often perceives appropriate inscriptions. The Illinois dead seem to be all entitled to this consideration, while many of the graves of Indiana soldiers exhibit proofs of the frequent visits of friends. The following is inscribed upon a slab at the grave of Frank Larners, of an Indiana regiment:

"Late Visitor; Heroem calcas!"  
Upon the grave of an Indiana soldier named H. C. Markham:

"No sound can awake him to glory again."  
Four soldiers from Illinois were buried in a romantic vale, and upon their grave a slab informed me that reposing there were "Four Heroes."

In close proximity I saw a grave tastefully fitted up; a rack fence protected it, and the epitaph described the remains as being those of Henri Muller:

"He died for his beloved country."

Snatches of poetry I discovered upon many of the grave stones, neatly and appropriately inscribed.

The graves of many of the Iowa, Wisconsin, and Ohio regiments are tastefully made, but generally unaccompanied by epitaphs.—*Cor. Phila. Press.*

Geo. F. Train in a recent speech has some hard hits on Brougham:

"The fact is, Lord Brougham is a good illustration of wisdom gone to seed. He wrote himself out ten years ago and talked himself out before I was a schoolboy. His range of thought is limited—his style is stiff—his mannerisms are painful. He is an intellectual cucumber gone to seed—to ripe for our age—we liked him better when he was green."—[laughter.]

"A dozen children may seem a large family to some folks who are moderate," remarked Mrs. Partington, "but my poor husband used to tell a story of a woman in some part of the world, where he stopped one night, who had nineteen children in five years, or five in nineteen years, I don't recollect which, but I remember it was one or t'other."

On a tombstone near San Diego, California, the inscription reads thus: "This yere is sacred to the memory of William Henry Snakaraken, who came to his death by being shot by a Colt's revolver—one of the old kind brass mounted, and of such is the kingdom of heaven."

A tutor lecturing a young man for irregular conduct, added with earnestness: "The report of your vices will bring your father's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave." "I beg your pardon, sir," interposed the incorrigible, "the old cuss wears a wig."

Why are young ladies kissing each other an emblem of christianity? Answer: Because they are doing unto each other as they would men should do unto them.—That answer's a libel!

The everlasting pains of the lost come from a sense of the infinite dignity of an offended God. The eternal bliss of the elect results from the wonderful goodness of the Lord, who has crowned them with glory.

"I am very much troubled, madam, with cold feet and hands." "I should suppose, sir, that a young gentleman who has had so many mittens given him by the ladies, might at least keep his hands warm."

"Keep away from me, or you'll set me on fire," said a fellow to a red-headed girl. "No danger of that; you're too green to burn," she replied. The fellow died soon after.

Mrs. Partington says: "It is a confederate shame for the Cabinet people at Washington to permit our men-of-war on the Potomac to bug Mary Land Shore as much."

A schoolmaster in Ireland advertises that he will keep Sunday school twice a week—Tuesdays and Saturdays.

The safest and much the commonest way to steal is to buy and not pay.