

THE BIG BLUE UNION.

BY EDWIN C. MANNING.

"Westward the Course of Empire takes its Way!"

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RESPECTFULLY announces to the citizens of Marshall county, and the traveling public that he has opened a Blacksmith Shop in Marysville, on Broadway, opposite the Post Office, where is prepared to make Plows, Harrows, Wagons; shoe horses, and do all kind of work in his line on reasonable terms and at the shortest notice; and hopes by strict attention to business, to merit the confidence and patronage of the public generally.

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ANNABEL LEE.

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee—
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not so happy in Heaven,
Went envying her and me,
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know)
In this kingdom by the sea,
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in Heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never shine but I feel their bright
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

And so all the night-tide I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

Damascus

Is the oldest city in the world. Tyre and Sidon have crumbled on the shores; Baalbec is a ruin; Palmyra is buried in the sands of the desert; Ninevah and Babylon have disappeared from the Tigris and Euphrates; Damascus remains what was before the days of Abraham—a centre of trade and travel—an island of verdure in a desert—"predestinal capital," with martial and sacred associations extending through more than thirty centuries. It was near Damascus that Saul of Tarsus saw the light from Heaven above the brightness of the sun; the street which is called, setting forth that the said John O'Neill is a certain mortgagor to the said Gustavus Kutter, on the south-east quarter of section number fourteen (14), and township number four (4), south of range number six (6), east of the sixth principal meridian in said Marshall county, Kansas, to secure charge of one hundred and fifty dollars to be paid by the interest thereon, according to the terms and effect of the note referred to in said mortgage, and that the said John O'Neill has agreed to pay the taxes and assessments levied on said premises for the years 1861, 1862 and 1863, and that said land was sold to satisfy said taxes and assessments, and that said Sarah Melinda O'Neill claims some interest in said land; calling judgment against the said John O'Neill for the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars together with interest thereon from the day of August, A. D. 1861, at the rate of six per cent. per annum until paid, the sum of thirty-two dollars, amount of redemption money, and the further sum of fifty dollars damage for the foreclosure of said mortgage, and the above described premises be ordered to be appraised and sold according to law to pay in full the said debt, and the said John O'Neill and Sarah Melinda O'Neill, are notified to appear and answer said petition on or before the day of May, A. D. 1864, or judgment will be taken by default.

BRUMBAUGH & BOLLINGER,
Plaintiff's Attorneys,
and steel with silver and gold, a kind of Masonic engraving and sculpture united, called Damaskeening, with which boxes and bureaus and swords and guns are ornamented. It is still a city of flowers and bright waters; the streams from Lebanon, the "river of Damascus," the "rivers of gold," still murmur and sparkle in the wilderness of Syrian gardens.

THE PRINATE AND THE SNOB.—On the Antietam campaign of 1862, Gen. Gordon commanded our brigade. Now the General was a strict disciplinarian, who would never have any words with a private; and hence a joke. While on the march one of the 107th got ahead of the brigade, when the General halted him and ordered him back. The soldier stopped, turned around, stared at General G. with a bold saucy look, and replied:

"Who are you?"
"I am General Gordon, commanding Third Brigade."

"Ah, General, I am very happy to make your acquaintance!" was the complacent answer; and the soldier proceeded on his way, encouraged by a roar of laughter from the General's staff.

WARTS ON CATTLE OR HORSES.—Take an India-rubber string out of an old sponser or elastic ribbon, or take an old shoe and cut a narrow strip three or four inches in length, and wind it around the roots of the wart, taking care to stretch it well as you wind. Fasten by twisting or tying the ends. In a day or two the wart will turn black, and it will dry down to nothing but a scab, and in a few days will come off itself, or you can pick it off.

Before the war, in Mississippi there were seventy-five papers; now there are but nine.

Blockade-Runners Captured.

A correspondent of the New Bedford Standard gives the following spirited account of the capture of blockade runners in Brazos river, by the United States steamer Penobscott:

The Brazos river, about forty miles from Galveston, is a fine river when once inside, but with a shoal bar. We have lately made it the scene of one of the most successful exploits in destroying and capturing blockade runners.

The Penobscot, relieved from Galveston station in the latter part of last summer, was ordered to watch the entrance to the river. On our arrival there, we saw several schooners inside, protected by a strong battery, but though we kept vigilant watch day and night we could discover nothing running.

But at last our patience was rewarded. On the 18th of February, two vessels were discovered endeavoring to get in. We were quickly in chase. The first one we drove on shore, and she soon became a wreck. She was a fine schooner, loaded with powder, arms, medicine, &c. We put a prize crew on board and took possession. That night came on a "norther"—a fresh gale with rain and fog. The next day the storm still continued, and we lay hid in a dense fog. At noon it suddenly cleared, when to our surprise we discovered a fleet of eight vessels under headway, coming over the Brazos bar. The men had just gone to dinner, but they come tumbling up the hatchway, and the capstan ran around as it never did before. We were quickly under way, and the chase began. Great clouds of black smoke rolled from the smoke-stack. In less time than I can write it, we were at the river bar, and two schooners with full loads of cotton, driven on the sands and dashed by the breakers, became shatted wrecks. The long guns of the rebel batteries poured forth a terrible stream of fire. Hurling defiance, our eleven-inch thunders back. But we cannot stop to fight, and so while the rebels chafe with impotent rage, we sped on, for doomed vessels.

A shell brings the nearest one too, and while a prize crew takes charge of her we steer for the other, the only one remaining that got outside. The tenth shell stops her, and we soon have her in tow. We let them lie off the river with us that night for the rebels to look at, and the next morning three prizes started for New Orleans. They are all tied up here now. morn Miller—a New Bedford boy—and to correspond had the pleasure of finding them down. They are all fine said is. One had a cargo of powder, arms, and another had 100 bales of cotton, worth about \$40,000, and \$13,000 in Confederate notes; and the other had a cargo of bales of cotton, worth about \$60,000, and \$3,000 in gold coin, and about \$40,000 in gold watches, and diamonds, &c. and a whole, quite a good day's work for two men. The rebel captains have all of it condemned their vessels by written conditions, and they don't steal half here above do in New York.

DEAD MAN'S TEMPER.—No trait of character is more valuable in a female than an possession of a sweet temper. Some never be happy without it. It is like a dew that springs up in our pathway, and cheering us. Let a man go at night, weary and worn by the toils of day, and how soothing is a word said by a good disposition. It is sunshine falling upon his heart. He is happy and the cares of life are forgotten. A sweet temper has a soothing influence over the minds of a whole family. Where it is found in the wife and mother, you observe kindness and love predominating over the natural feelings of the heart. Smiles, kind words and looks, characterize the children, and peace and love have their dwelling there. Study, then, to acquire and retain a sweet temper. It is more valuable than gold: it captivates more than beauty, and to the close of life it retains all its freshness and power.

NEW YORK TO BE BURNED.—An Amicable Proposition of the Rebels.

The Richmond Whig, discussing various plans for annoying the Yankees, suggests that it would be a good thing to burn their principal cities. Was malice ever more desperate or more impotent than that of these beaten rebels? Nothing seems to be left of their snaky nature but the hiss:

"We may not, it is true, be able to send a raiding party to dash into Philadelphia or New York to do the work; nor have we artillery that will carry Greek fire far enough to reach them—but we have that which will go farther than horsemen can ride, and will penetrate what the mightiest artillery would make no impression on—we have money. A million of dollars would lay in ashes New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Pittsburg, Washington, and all their chief cities, and the men to do the business may be picked up by the hundred in the streets of those cities. If it should be thought unsafe to use them, there are daring men in Canada, of Morgan's and other commands, who have escaped from Yankee dungeons, and who would rejoice at an opportunity of doing something that would make all Yankeeedom howl with anguish and consternation."

THE COFFEE-POT REMEDY.—Everybody ought to know that in cases of difficult breathing and pains in the chest, so common in pneumonia and lung fevers, relief may be had as follows:—Put a handful of mullein and as much of bitter herbs—such as horhound, hops, or wormwood—into a coffee pot; add half a pint of vinegar, and three pints of boiling water; place it over the fire a few minutes, then shake well, and let the patient gently and very gradually inhale the steam from the spout of the coffee pot. Care must be taken against exposure to cold immediately afterward.

The above I have known as a sure relief for more than twenty years, and have within the last twenty-four hours, witnessed its great value in an extreme case of lung fever. The patient says "everybody ought to know it." No good physician objects to it.

Thine respectfully,
D. B. HUTCHINS.

—Religious Telescope.

JEFF DAVIS' NEW CURRENCY.—The Knoxville, Atlanta Register, of March 13, gives an interesting example of cause and effect. It says: "The new paper mill is already at work, and on the 1st of April Mr. Memminger will flood the country with millions more or less of the handsome bills of the new currency." It is estimated that the limit of the new legal tender currency will be about \$490,000,000 while there are not \$10,000,000 specie in all Dixie as a basis; and this is chiefly secreted by private parties; not a tenth of it could be reached by the rebel government, by the most rigid search. Hence if the new issues have any value, it must be such as "good faith" will give them. The recent repudiation of \$700,000,000 of the old currency will not, one would think, tend to magnify faith in the new.

McDougal, of California, and Richardson, of Illinois, are the only habitual drunkards of the Senate. McDougal is harmless in his cups. He goes out horse-back riding, falls into the gutter, and the small boys rally around him and have a little fun at his expense. He seldom troubles the Senate Chamber with his presence. Richardson, however, is disgusting in his bacchanalian revelries—always obtrudes himself upon the Senate when scarcely able to stand erect—always, unfortunately for himself and for his State, in his seat, to be pointed at from the galleries, and to have his name given in reply to the oft repeated question, "Who is that drunken fellow over there?"

The following is genuine Alabama poetry. It is addressed by a female secessh to her lover in the Confederate army: It's hard for you 'uns to live in camp, it's hard for you 'uns to fight the Yanks; it's hard for you 'uns to get 'uns to part, Fou you 'uns all know you've got we 'uns hearts.

A printer named Winn, who died in Rochester, England, recently, was heard to mutter to himself a few moments before his death, "I am on my last stickfull; I am coming to a paragraph, and I suppose I will have to wait for old Death to put in a period."

Benjamin F. Taylor facetiously observes that "the mule is the only creature extant that can slip all its misery to the tip of its tongue."

Curious Facts About Congressmen

A Washington letter writer says Mr. Ames, of Massachusetts, is the richest, worth over two millions; Mr. Baldwin of the same State, the largest; Mr. Clay, of Kentucky, the tallest; Mr. Cox, of Ohio, the smallest; Mr. McClurg, of Missouri, the shortest; Gen. Dumont, of Indiana, the most productive, being the father of nineteen children; Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, the oldest, seventy-two years; Gen. Garfield, of Ohio, the youngest, thirty-two years; Mr. Windom, of Minnesota, the handsomest; Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, and Vorhees, of Indiana, the best speakers; Mr. Cox, of Ohio, and Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, the best parliamentarians; Mr. Kasson, of Iowa, and Mr. Pendleton, of Ohio, the best debaters; Mr. Clay, of Kentucky, the largest farmer, having 6,500 acres of land, 275 slaves, 200 sheep, and 150 blooded cattle; while Mr. Grinnell, of Iowa, has 6,000 acres of land, 6,000 sheep; W. Wallace, of Idaho, lives the farthest from Washington, and draws \$6,396 for mileage, and Mr. Davis, of Maryland, the nearest, his mileage being only \$32; Mr. Frank, of N. York, the best penman, and Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, the poorest. The House has twenty-five members with bald heads, thirty with moustaches, and two with wigs.

When a man discovers an oil well upon his premises in these days, his fortune is made. Witness the prices recently paid to farmers in Western Pennsylvania:

Among the sales recently made are the Parker farm for \$100,000; the Funk farm for \$150,000; the King farm for \$85,000; the Noble & Delamater well and territory for \$300,000; the Egbert for \$200,000. This property is all on Oil Creek, but the excitement is not confined to the Creek alone.

The petition presented to Congress a day or two since in favor of the entire and immediate abolition of slavery, was brought in by two stout men in a bushel basket, which the huge roll just filled. It was signed by 41,718 men and women in all parts of the Union—fifteen thousand residing in Pennsylvania and eight thousand in New York.

GREAT DROUGHT IN CALIFORNIA.—The people of California are suffering at present from drought. Eight thousand sheep and eight thousand beavers have died, and the farmers are killing the cattle for their hide and fat. This drought will prove most disastrous to the farming and hydraulic mining interests of that State.

A little Hoosier boy of five years asked his mother if God really heard his prayer. "Yes, my son," she replied, "God always hears our prayers." "Well," said the mischievous urchin, "I think he must be disgusted with mine, for he has heard the same old prayer ever since I could talk."

A lady who boasted highly, at a dinner party, of the good manners of her little darling, addressed him thus: "Charley, my dear, won't you have beans?" "No!" was the ill-mannered reply of the petulant cherub. "No!" exclaimed the astonished mother; "no what?" "No beans," said the child.

IRON RAILWAY CARS.—The New York Central Railway Company has for the last two years been replacing its wooden freight cars as they wear out, with iron ones. They are built of thin boiler iron, and are lighter, and stronger, more durable and more roomy, and will not splinter nor take fire in case of collision.

John C. Hoennan is still in London. He has fits now, and falls down in the street. He has never been well since he was drugged for the fight with King by the friends of the latter. It is thought he will never recover.

"Are you in fun or in earnest?" asked a fellow to one who was giving him a sound horse-hipping. "I'm in earnest," replied the other, laying it on somewhat harder. "I'm glad of it," said the first one, "for I don't like such fun!"

A man came into a printing office to beg a paper. "Because," said he, "we like to read newspapers very much, but our neighbors are all too stingy to take one."

"It is easy to love our fellow-men."—E. Yes, but it is easier to love our fellow-women.

It is thought that Congress will remain in session until the first of June.