

# THE BIG BLUE UNION.

BY G. D. SWEARINGEN.

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its Way."

VOLUME I, NUMBER VII.

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## THE BIG BLUE UNION,

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G. D. SWEARINGEN, Proprietor.

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## Upside Flowers.

"Still, in thy Dream-land, Poey,  
Oh what a Heaven of beauty lies;  
Fairer than the blended glories  
Of a thousand sunset skies.  
Meads and vales of temper stretching  
(North soft skies of changeful blue,  
O'er whose velvet sod are clusters  
Floral Gems and Pearls of dew."

### GOOD-BYE.

Ah! what a spell that word can weave  
O'er the hearts of those we love;  
That word so gently, softly breathed,  
Like an angel's whisper from above,  
It touches the heart like a fairy's wand,  
Like the zephyr's whispering sigh;  
And beams with a radiance not of earth,  
That gentle word Good-Bye.  
It falls from the lips of the trembling sire,  
And beams from the mother's eye,  
As they bid God speed to their darling sons,  
And breathe a prayer on high,  
And 'mid the din of the battle's roar,  
When the brave around him lie,  
It speaks to his heart in cheering tones,  
That gentle word, Good-Bye.  
And oft, when weary and alone,  
He lays him down to rest,  
An angel form around him hovers,  
An angel hand in his is pressed,  
A voice that 'mid the cherub choir  
Is singing praise to God on high,  
Breathes in his ear in loving tones,  
That gentle word, Good-Bye.  
When sin with glittering toys  
Would lead him from the narrow track,  
That oft remembered word still speaks  
So lovingly to chide him back,  
And when beneath the starry flag,  
He lays him down to die,  
He waits to those he loved so well  
That gentle word, Good-Bye.

### THE PRINTING PRESS.

HAH, mighty lever! whose unwearied power  
Sends rays of genius o'er each dark'nd land;  
Where memory's record, changing every hour,  
Gives place to truth, stamped by the giant hand.

What glorious thoughts flashed in chaotic waste  
For want of thee to register their birth;  
And sparks of genius, poetry and taste,  
Just kindled up, then sank again to earth!

But thou, Mind's railroad, bear'st along the store  
Of knowledge, science, fancy's pleasing strain,  
Or the design of Nature to explore,  
Where peace and harmony and order reign.

Ye whose high trust it is to rule the Press,  
O guide in Peace and Freedom's cause to bless,  
With man's best hope ye have a great account—  
Taint not the life-stream at its sacred fount.

O ponder well, what thousands every day  
Ye guide to truth, or basely lead astray;  
Let no mesa dread of indigence defray  
What Reason dictates from her judgment say.

Be honest, faithful, seek with noble zeal  
To teach expanding Mind her power to feel;  
Then clouds of ignorance shall pass away,  
And Truth's resplendent sun make endless day.

### TWO CHARACTERS.

Some murmur when their sky is clear  
And wholly bright to view,  
If one small speck of dark appear  
In their great heaven of blue;  
And some, with thankful love are filled,  
If but one streak of light  
One ray of God's great mercy gild  
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask  
In discontent and pride,  
Why life is such a weary task,  
And all good things denied;  
And hearts in poorest huts admire  
How love has, in their aid  
(Love that has ever ceased to tire)  
Such rich provision made.

## THE REORGANIZATION OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

There is a bold effort making now to reorganize the Democratic party under the leadership of the old sympathizers of treason, and should they get the ascendancy in the loyal States, farewell to liberty. Nothing saved us from despotism, when the rebellion broke out but the prompt response of the Republican Government to the call of the President for troops to sustain the National Administration. If there had been a few Democratic Governors in the free States, we would have been gone. And there is a great deal of the old leaven in the old Breckinridge party that only needs re-animation to leaven the whole lump. May Heaven forefend and protect us from ever coming under the power of the Buchanan party again.

On this subject we append a letter from one of the most talented as well as honorable Douglas Democrats of the country:

A genuine Democrat is always the friend of his country. His creed is the Constitution and the Union. He has that reverence for his flag which enshrines it among the divinities of his conscience.

He worships it as the embodiment of toleration, liberty and law. To tell such a man that the heretofore recent leading oracles of the Democracy are now in arms against this flag, is not to insult, but to gratify him, because he knows it is true.

The fact is, the rebellion deprived the old Democracy of its most gifted, most reckless, and most powerful leaders. One reason for their forcing on the war was because they believed that, having so long dictated terms to "the party," they could carry the Democratic masses with them when they resolved upon Secession. They had taken ample and systematic precautions to this end. I have it from the best authority that Mr. Jefferson Davis had manipulated certain of the Breckinridge chiefs in the free States so effectually as to lead him and his followers to believe that when the Cotton States passed into the outer gloom of treason, Pennsylvania would follow them. Now is it for a moment to be supposed that the Breckinridgers, so ready to enter into their own States and

which should be performed they knew to be as Union, have ever forget, the com

of the tri Democracy, the Breckinridgers should refuse to carry out the bargain? or to make such terms as will bring back the traitors to power, or save them from the suspending halter?

As pertinent to these questions, let me ask if you have ever gone back to the time when the Breckinridge papers in the free States were in danger of being mobbed and torn out after the fall of Fort Sumter? A number of them were torn out. Not one of them but did not tremble before the awakened wrath of the community around them. Some were indicted by Grand Juries; others had to be protected by the police; and others were peremptorily stopped by the Federal authorities. I will not ask why these demonstrations occurred; but I will ask if you can point to any one of these journals that is not now filled with strong denunciations of the Administration and its friends, and timid reproaches of the rebels in arms? Are they not all clamorous for the re-organization of the Democratic party? Are they not against any combination of patriots under the name of a Union Party? Their object is as plain as their early treason was notorious, and the end of their victory would be the recognition of the armed rebels, or their full forgiveness. The armed rebels are

watching their movements with eagerness and joy.

The re-organization of the Breckinridgers, and their determination to oppose all efforts at union between loyal men, will, of course, force other party organizations. The question arises, how much is to be gained by allowing the Breckinridgers to triumph under the name of Democracy? Would they not labor for such a compromise as would disgrace the army and the people? Are they not bound to this?

That a decided majority of the people of Philadelphia are against these men, I firmly believe. The failure to unite these people gave your last city election to the Breckinridgers. The leaders of parties are now again forearmed and in good season. My belief is, after a somewhat careful consultation with loyal men, that no matter what name the combination against these influences may assume, whether Republican or Union, there is every disposition to do all that can be done with honor to unite for the purpose of defeating the Breckinridge organization. — *American (Pa.) Standard.*

### Flax Culture and Machinery.

It has become an important question for our country, whether flax culture in the Northern and, more particularly, the Western States, could not be brought to rival the cotton culture of the South if machinery were invented for cleansing the fiber and spinning and weaving it, equal to the machinery used for cotton.

According to the history of cotton growing in the South it appears that the invention of Whitney's cotton gin and the natural adaptation of the soil were the two great causes which led to the present very extensive cultivation of cotton. This was about the beginning of the present century when flax was considered a very indispensable crop among our farmers, but its lumpy product has since been superseded by the cotton of the South perhaps only through the invention of the cotton gin.

We certainly have a soil in the West which can grow flax 100 lbs per acre and with much less machinery than the breaking, scutching and spinning which should be performed in England, the spinning of flax is now accomplished with a rapidity little dreamed of a few years ago.

Are not the machinery of cotton so that there would at once be a foreign market if the raw material were raised by the farmers of the great West. A machine that would perform for the flax-grower of the West what the cotton gin of the South does for the cotton grower, would be a great desideratum. — *Scientific American.*

TRAITORS AT THE NORTH.—Our Government refuses to allow such newspapers as are openly in favor of the rebellion to have a place in the mails. This is right. Common sense approves it.

But treason is cunning. It is fertile in expedients. In the loyal States there are managers of newspapers, who, deeply sympathizing with the rebellion, or cherishing a deep anxiety to make money by ostensible sympathy with it, are wary and prudent enough not to declare outright in favor of it, and at the same time are doing whatever they dare in the way of promoting it. They are evidently performing the work of the Knights of the Golden Circle. Their whole aim manifestly is to commend themselves to rebel favor, and to do rebel service. They make every effort to render the U. S. Government odious, distorting its acts and misrepresenting and maligning its motives, and publish whatever they can find that is calculated to encourage the rebellion and discourage the United States. — *Louisville Journal.*

The last drop makes the cup run over.

### How Mr. Beecher Lost His Boots.

The following is in Henry Ward Beecher's best vein:

The difference between 7 and 8 is not very great, only a single unit. And yet that difference has power over a man's whole temper, convenience and dignity. Thus, at Buffalo, my boots were set out at night to be blacked. In the morning no boots were there, though all the neighboring rooms had been served. I rang. I rang twice. "A pretty hotel—nearly eight o'clock, going out at nine, breakfast to be eaten, and no boots yet." The waiter came, took my somewhat emphatic order, and left. Every minute was an hour. It always is when you are out of temper. A man in his stocking feet, in a third story of a hotel, finds himself restricted in locomotion. I went to the door, looked up and down the hall, saw frowzy chambermaids; saw afar off, the master of the coal scuttle; saw gentlemen walking in bright boots, unconscious of the privileges they enjoyed, but did not see any one coming with my boots. A German servant at length came round and ruddy-faced, very kind and good natured, honest and stupid. He informed me that a gentleman had already taken boots No. 78 (my number.) He would hunt him up; thought he was breakfasting. Here was a new vexation. Who was the man had taken my number? Somebody had them on, warm and nice, and was enjoying his coffee, while I walked up and down, with less and less patience, who had none too much at first. No servant returned. I rang again, and sent energetic and staccato messages to the office. Some water had been spilled on the floor. I stepped in it of course. In winter, cold water feels as if it burned you. Unpacked my valise for new stockings. Time was speeding. It was quarter past eight; train at nine, no boots and no breakfast. I slipped on a pair of sardal rubbers, too large by inches for my naked foot, and while I shuffled along the hall, they played up and down on my feet. First, one shot off, that secured, the other dropped on the stairs; people that I met looked as if they thought that I was not well over last night's spree.

It was very annoying. Reached the office and expressed my mind. First, the clerk rang the bell three times furiously, then ran forth himself, met the German boots, who had boots 79 in his hand, narrow and long, thinking, perhaps, I could wear them. Who knows but 79 had my boots? Some curiosity was beginning to be felt among the bystanders. It was likely that I should have half the hotel inquiring after my boots. I abhor a scene. Retreated to my room. On the way thought I would look at room 77's boots. Behold, they were mine. There were the broken pull straps; the patch on the right side, and the very shape of my toe—infalible signs! The fellow had marked them 77 and not 78. And all this hour's tumult arose from just the difference between 7 and 8.

I lost my boots, lost the train, lost my temper, and, of course, lost my good manners. Everybody does that loses temper. But boots on, breakfast served, a cup of coffee brought peace and good will. The whole matter took a ludicrous aspect. I moralized upon that infirmity that puts a man's peace at the mercy of a Dutchman's chalk. Had he written seventy-eight, I had been a good-natured man, looking at Niagara Falls in its winter dress. He wrote seventy-seven, and I fumed, saw only my own falls, and spent the day in Buffalo!

Are not most of the pets and gubs of life such as this? Few men could afford, to-morrow, to review the things that vexed them yesterday. We boast of being free, yet every man permits the most arrant trifles to rule and ride him. A man that is vexed and angry turns the worst part of

himself into sight, and exhibits himself in buffoon's coat and fool's cap, and walks forth to be jeered! And yet one's temper does worse by him than that. And men submit to it, not once, but often, and sometimes every day! I wonder whether these sage reflections will make me patient and quiet the next time my boots are misplaced?

### Sowing Flax.

Flax is usually sown on land which was broken up from grass for a corn crop the preceding spring, but it may also be sown after a manured crop, though in this case the quality of the fibre will rarely be so fine as in the former case. The land should have been deeply plowed in autumn so as to secure a fine tilth. The seed, which should, if necessary, be carefully freed from the seeds of weeds by screening, is usually sown broadcast by the hand, and covered by harrowing with the grass-seed harrows and rolling; nine pecks is the usual quantity of seed for an acre.

The flax crop in the North of Ireland, where markets for its sale exist, and where it is carefully cultivated and prepared for sale, is very remunerative, so much as £20 (\$100) clear profit, over all expenses, rent of land included, being frequently realized. Unless under very careful management flax is, however, a most precarious crop; and, while, on the one hand, it may be the most valuable which the farmer can grow, on the other, it may be the most worthless. Hence the extension of its culture beyond the flax-growing districts should be cautiously undertaken; and hence, also, the reason for the very contradictory statements which one hears regarding the productiveness and value of the crop!

The above is from the Irish Agricultural Review and was intended for the sowing of the seed in April in that country; it will answer for May in our Western, Middle and Eastern States.

WATCH YOUR NEIGHBORS.—Take care of them. Don't let them stir without watching. They may do some wrong if you do. To be sure, you never knew them to do anything very bad, but it may be on your account they have not. Perhaps if it hadn't been for your kind care, they might have disgraced themselves and their families a long time ago. Therefore don't relax any effort to keep them where they ought to be; never mind your own business, that will take care of itself.

There is a man passing along—he is looking over the fence—be suspicious of him, perhaps he contemplates stealing something some of these dark nights; there's no knowing what queer fancies he may have got into his head. If you see any symptoms of any one's passing out of the path of duty, tell every one else you can see, and be very particular to see a great many.

If, after all your watchful care, you can't see anything out of the way in any one, you may be sure it is not because they have not done anything bad, perhaps in an unguarded moment you lost sight of them—throw out hints that they are no better than they should be—that you should not wonder if people found out what they were after a while, and then they may not carry their heads so high. Keep it a-going, and some one will take the hint and begin to help you after a while. Then there will be music, and a'll will work to a charm.

A Yankee has just discovered a plan for making ships of india-rubber, but Congress disapproves the scheme, because they are afraid that such ships in crossing the line would rub it out.

"Julius, was you ever in business?" "In course I was." "What business?" "A sugar planter." "When was that my colored friend?" "De day I buried dat ole sweetheart of mine."

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