

THE BIG BLUE UNION.

BY EDWIN C. MANNING.

"Westward the Course of Empire takes its Way!"

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SHOP on Walnut street, in East Marysville.—Persons wishing work done in his line will find it to their advantage to give him a call

GUSTAV STAUSS,
BLACKSMITH,

Respectfully announces to the citizens of Marshall county in this traveling publication that he has opened a blacksmith shop in Marysville on Broadway, opposite the Postoffice, and has prepared to make Plows, Harrows, Wagons, and all kinds 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.

The Big Blue Union.

Dirge for a Soldier.
Close his eyes; his work is done!
What to him is friend or foe-man,
Rise of moon or set of sun,
Hand of man or kiss of woman!

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever.

Fold him in his country's stars;
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars,
What but death bemoaning folly!

Leave him to God's watching eye,
Trust him to the Hand that made him;
Mortal love weeps idly by—
God alone has power to avenge him.

Halleck Improved.
"At midnight, in his blackguard tent,
"Old Beau" was dreaming of the hour,
When Gillmore, like a suppliant bent,
Should tremble at his power.
In dreams, through camp and street he bore
The trophies of a conqueror.

In dreams his song of triumph heard,—
He sported Gillmore's gold-laced hat,
His red-topped boots, his gay cravat;
As wild his fancy as a bat,
Or 'any other bird."

An hour passed—"Old Beau" awoke,
Half stifled by a villainous smoke,
Enough the very devil to choke,
While all around the "stink-pots" broke
And blinded him with sand.

He cursed the "villainous compound,"
Which stunk like pole-cats far around;
Then roared with wild demoniac shriek—
"Lord! what a smell! the Greek! the Greek!
Put out this villainous Greek fire!
Or in the last red ditch expire.
'Tis sweet to draw one's dying breath
For our dear land—as Horace saith—
But dreadful to be stunk to death!"

This is all our illustrious reporter could catch of Beauregard's rhapsodies, which have the real Greek fire in them. But we want to ask Mr. B., prosaically, whether Gillmore hasn't as good a right to pelt him Greek fire and stink-pots, as he has to fight Gillmore with a pack of lousy, unwashed butternuts, who stink worse than skunk cabbage, or assafoetida? Or does he think that loyal people from the land of factories, when coming to a land of Tories, lose their olfactory?—*Nashville Union.*

An Incident of the Capture of Vicksburg.

When the 17th Wisconsin Regiment left for the seat of war in the West, a lad named Francis Keegan joined it at Chicago, in the capacity of a drummer boy. He was the son of a poor mother, who, by her own industry was endeavoring to support a family of four little children. Too small for a soldier, or to earn a living at any other business, he yet desired to relieve his mother of his support, and determined to go to the war as above mentioned. He was with his regiment during the siege and at the surrender of Vicksburg. As the prisoners were paroled and marched out, in the first man to pass the point where Frank was stationed he recognized his father, whom he supposed to be dead—he having left home for California several years ago, since which time he had never been heard from. The surprise of each may be imagined.

Through the intervention of Frank, who was a favorite among the soldiers, the father was very kindly treated, and on renouncing his false allegiance, and taking his oath to support the government, was furnished with money to visit his family at the north. Thus the little drummer boy not only relieved a hard working mother, and served his country bravely, but was the means of again uniting a long separated family. Strange incidents occur in this unhappy war.—*Memphis Bulletin.*

The rebel State Government of Mississippi, at last accounts, was in Vicksburg county, on the Alabama border, five hundred miles from the Capital. That of Missouri was at Little Rock, Arkansas. The Governor and State officers of Louisiana, were on board of an old steamboat up one of the bayous of the Mississippi river, and Gov. Isham G. Harris, with the archives of Tennessee, was somewhere in the mountains in the northern part of Alabama.

New Coin.—A cotemporary, in speaking of a newly invented metallic burial case, says it is fast coming in fashion, and is highly recommended by those who have used it.

Eating Too Much.

Ten persons die prematurely of too much food where one dies of drink. Thousands eat themselves into fever, bowel diseases, dyspepsia, throat affections, and other maladies.

Some years ago, the residents of a German city were one morning wild with excitement. Everybody was poisoned. The doctors were flying in every direction. Water was the only thing they had swallowed in common. The reservoir was exhausted. In one corner a deadly poison was found.

The stomach is the reservoir which supplies the whole body. A fever, and inflammation, or some other malady appear back to the reservoir. There you will find the source of the disease.

I am acquainted with the table habits of a large number of persons. They have all eaten too much food. Nearly all, too much in quantity, but all have eaten food too highly concentrated. Yesterday I saw a dyspeptic friend eating eating pears at a fruit stand. He said with a smile, "I go a few Bartlett's half a dozen times a day." Certain dietetic reformers seem to think if they eat coarse bread and ripe fruits, a peck is all right. Fine flour bread, pies and cakes are great evils.

A friend, who has decayed teeth, dyspepsia, torpidity of liver, and a disagreeable eruption—all produced by excessive eating of improper food, declared in response to my remonstrance: "But I never eat more than I want." Every person wants the quantity he is in the habit of eating. If he could digest well two pounds a day, but eat four pounds, he wants the latter quantity. A man may want a glass of spirits on rising. He is in the habit of drinking at that time.

The body is strengthened by what it can digest and assimilate. Every ounce more than this is mischievous. The larger eater is always hungry. The man who can eat just enough suffers little from hunger.

Pardon a word of my own experience. During many years' practice of my profession I had but little muscular exercise. I ate enormously. An hour's postponement of my dinner was painful. Now I labor very hard several hours a day in my gymnasium. I do not eat more than one third the quantity of former years. Now I can omit a dinner altogether without inconvenience. I have lost twenty pounds in weight, but feel a great deal younger. (More than half of the thin people would gain flesh by eating less.) I have only one dietetic rule, kind reader, I commend to you: *Always take on your plate before you begin, everything you are to eat.* Thus you avoid the desert, and are pretty sure not to eat to much. This simple rule has been worth thousands to me.—*Die Lewis, M. D.*

Magnificent Enterprise.—A dinner was recently given at Atchison, at which the lion and the lamb (Stringfellow and Pomeroy) lay down together. At that dinner, two magnificent railroads were built—one to Pike's Peak, and the other to Santa Fe. The cars are already running, and not a single accident has yet occurred. Stringfellow declared that Pomeroy alone had built these roads, while Pomeroy contended that Col. Irvine had done it. A letter was read from Col. Martin, in which he reverted to the fact that when he first went to Atchison, she had not a single railroad, but he soon expects to make all his military expeditions, reconnoissances and scouts through the South, over railroads having their starting point at Atchison. Trains come in daily, loaded with gold from Pike's Peak; and the last train from Santa Fe had twenty-five extra passenger cars, to accommodate the Santa Fe merchants who were on their way to Atchison to purchase stocks of gas and beans! A that dinner they had wine and things and we believe the crowd actually dispersed with the impression that Atchison had railroads running to all parts of the world, every one of which was built by Senator Pomeroy!

The word "canteen" has had a curious history. It is perhaps the only word in our language, which, originally English, passed into a foreign tongue, and was afterward taken back in a modified form. As originally spoken by the Saxon it was simply *can*, but the Gaul, as is his wont, placing the noun before the adjective and pronouncing the letter *r* as *c*, brought it out as *can ca*, pronouncing *canteen*. Adopting a thousand other French military terms, the dull Englishman took his own original word in a new shape, without any inquiries as to the subject, and hence we now say canteen instead of tin-can.

Curious Statistics.

The readers of the *Scientific American* have no doubt heard that the game of Chess was invented by an Indian, who stipulated with his prince that, as a reward for his ingenuity, he should receive one grain of wheat for the first square, two grains for the second square, four for the third, and so on, doubling in succession for each square up to the sixty-fourth. The prince (so the story goes,) delighted with the modesty of his request, ordered his treasurer to pay the stipulated reward at once, but on calculating, it was found to require more wheat than the prince's dominion contained. Now although most persons who know anything of the power of numbers would assent to the general truth of this conclusion, who have not actually made the calculation, can form any adequate conception of the amount which would be required to satisfy such a demand. I have amused myself by making some calculation which may aid others in forming a conception of the amount, and they will, I think, surprise some of your readers.

First the required number of grains of wheat was 18,446,744,073,709,551,615 grains. This, reduced to bushels, at the rate of 560,000 grain to the bushel makes 32,940,614,417,338 bushels, which would form a square pyramidal pile 4 miles high and 14.45 miles square at the base, and would allow more than five and a half bushels per annum to every man, woman and child that has existed since the creation; even supposing the number of inhabitants in the world to have been always as great from the time of Adam to the present day, say 1,000,000,000.

If paid for in American gold coin, at the price of \$1 per bushel, it would require 54,200,755 tons 17 cwt. 1 qr. 6 lbs, of gold, and in gold dollars (old form) in piles of \$20 each, placed side by side, it would cover a space of 70,092.6 or 109 1/2 square miles; and if the coin was melted down into solid rectangular ingots, it would for a wall of solid gold, one foot thick, ten feet high, and 1,905 1/2 miles long; or it would pave an area of 2,309 1/2 acres with solid gold, one foot thick.

The following data are taken for the calculation, which I mention in case any one wishes to test the correctness of my assertion: The weight of one pennyweight was originally ordered to be the weight of 32 grains of wheat taken from the middle of the ear, well dried. I assume, therefore, that 32 grains of wheat weigh one pennyweight, which gives for a bushel of 60 pounds, 560,000 grains. In calculating the weight of one cubic foot of gold I take the specific gravity of gold at 19,362 and the weight of one cubic foot of water 62.32 lbs. avoirdupois. The bushel is 2,150.42 cubic inches, and the bushel consequently is to the cubic foot as 112 is to 90. The diameter of the gold dollar is 31-60 of an inch.

EUCLID.

THE HISTORY OF THOUSANDS.—Thousands of men breathe, move and live—pass off the stage of life—are heard of no more. Why? They do not a particle of good in the world, and none were blest by them as the instrument of their redemption—no word they spoke could be recalled and so they perished; their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die. O man immortal! Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, and love and mercy, on the hearts of thousands you may come in contact with year by year; you will never be forgotten. Not your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the heart you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of the evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven.—*Chalmers.*

FLAX IN ILLINOIS.—This year has witnessed everywhere in the North a largely increased crop of flax, raised, not as heretofore, for the seed alone, but for the fibre to supply the wearing material deficiency created by the sad downfall of the brag-gart King Cotton. From Illinois, a correspondent writes to the *Ohio Farmer* that flax was "very generally sown, and in some sections largely, some putting in as much as one hundred acres. In Central Illinois the straw is short but the seed is superior."

A lady has written to George D. Prentice, of Louisville, that she has named her Union boy, five weeks old, George D. Prentice Ulysses S. Grant Orlando H. Rosecrans Stanley Barryman Bernside Adams.

A Flourishing Trade.

The Secretary of War, it is reported, is using the money paid in to the several Enrolling officers for exemption from the draft most effectively. Slavery is so vividly near its end in Maryland that when the late proprietor of the great Carroll estate died, the slaves thereon were officially valued at \$5 per head all around—the best being, of course, worth considerably more, and the worst less than nothing. Probably \$300 per head would be a liberal cash price for the able-bodied negroes, taking them altogether.

Mr Stanton, therefore, has agents to look out likely, salwart slaves who would rather fight three years for their country than work forever for hog and hominy, (and not enough of either,) and on finding such who have loyal owners, a bargain is struck that pleases all concerned. The master gets \$300 in choice green-backs for a most uncertain and otherwise unsaleable piece of property; the negro gets his freedom; and Uncle Sam gets a stout, willing soldier; while the wherewithal that lubricates the entire process is paid by some one who was drafted but chose not to serve, and who probably would not have "gone in" half so heartily as the Black will. If Stanton is not a born Yankee, he ought to be, and should be naturalized by Taunton or Webersfeld at once. The operation is so good a one that its contemplation should make every one happy.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Greek Fire.

The Greek Fire shelled in use at Charleston is, we learn, the invention, patented a few months since, of a citizen of Buffalo, and adopted by the Government. The base of the terrible agent is petroleum chemically combined with other highly inflammable ingredients, the whole forming an utterly inextinguishable compound, which, once ignited, burns triumphant over all ordinary means of quenching fire, burns even in water, and can only be put out, by being burnt out. This fearful war agent is contained in a light metallic chamber, enclosed in the common form of percussion shell, that itself discharged by striking the object aimed at, ignites the fire, which is scattered broadcast, its flames giving a new terror to the perils of war. Well may the people of Charleston be moved by this destructive agency invoked against them. They will receive no sympathy, however, from abroad, for if the whole city could be sown thick with fire shells and spring up at once a flaming area of seething fire, the judgement were soon too heavy for the nest in which this infamous rebellion was hatched. The purification by fire would be needed to prepare the site of Charleston for a population loyal to the Union, alive to humanity and liberty—a transformation in its social life too complete to be sought by ordinary processes. Algiers in the palmiest days of its piracy was a model compared with the Charleston to which Gen. Gillmore now lays siege.

The Belleville (Ill.) *Advocate* tells the following:

A couple were engaged to be married the other day in Lebanon, and every preparation was made to celebrate the nuptials, but the bridegroom did not appear. A messenger, however, brought the news to the waiting party that he had been drafted in New York, and could not leave. The reply of the young lady was worthy of the occasion. With tear drops glistening in her eyes, and her heart ready to burst with grief, she turned to the company and said: "I do not keep a durst there's plenty more men in the world, any how." The meeting adjourned.

One day recently a lady, living a few miles from Indianapolis, brought a parcel to one of the express offices in that city, to be forwarded to her husband in the army. It contained some articles that she had carefully prepared with her own hands. Her two little children were with her. The clerk looked at the name and address, and turned away to hide his emotion. That very morning one of those ominous boxes which crowd our rail from the South, had arrived with the same upon it which was upon the parcel. The remains of the husband and father were at that moment at the depot.

A rebel who was at Vicksburg during the siege, tells the *Mobile Register*, "The enemy's sharpshooters were all splendid shots, and after the first few days of the siege it was a very dangerous thing for any one to look over the breastworks. So accurately did they aim, and in such number were they, that a hat placed on a stick and held above the fort for two minutes was pierced by fifteen minute balls."