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The Muse.

THE BLESSED REST.

BY JOE W. FURRY.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—MATTHEW 11:28.

Blessed words from Christ, the Saviour, Christ, the "Man of Sorrows," too; He, whose blood on Calvary's mountain, Freely flowed for me and you!

"Come unto me, ye that labor, Full of grief and sore distress; Ye, whose sin like heavy burden, Do your conscious souls oppress;

"Come unto me—I will give ye Life Eternal—love divine; Rest and peace and joy and glory, All shall be forever thine!"

Sinner, traveling o'er life's pathway, It is Christ, the "Nazarene," From whose side the blood and water Trickling down to earth were seen,

That thus bids thee come unto Him, Offers thee His precious name! O' accept Him and embrace Him, Lay thy head upon His breast!

There thou'lt slumber calmly, sweetly, Safe from all the ills of sin; Naught shall trouble or afflict thee, For His arms will fold thee in.

"Come unto me, ye that labor, All your sins shall be forgiven!" Blessed promise! Blessed Saviour, Take us to thy home in Heaven.

WHAT IS CHARITY?

"It is not to pass when thy door A shivering brother stands, To ask the cause that made him poor, Or why he help demands?"

"It is not to spare that brother's prayer, For faults he once had known, 'Tis not to leave him to despair And say that I have none."

The wiles of charity is kind, She thinks no wronging wrong, To every fault she sees the blind, Nor vaunts with her tongue.

In patience the place find, Hope smileth at her door, Believeth first, she sees and aith, "Go, Brother, sin no more!"

Miscellaneous.

WHY THE ILLINOIS SOLDIERS ARE WEARY OF WAR.

FRANK MARR.—I notice in your issue of the Watchman of February 20th, 1863, an article containing the Resolutions recently passed by the Legislature of Illinois in reference to and denunciation of the present War Policy, as now administered and proposed to be carried into execution by the "charitable" advisers and disciples of "Abraham the faithless." You have been pleased to preface that article with some remarks of your own in approval of the course pursued by the Illinois Legislature, and add, in connection therewith, that "Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York will sustain them."

In reading your comments upon those Resolutions, I felt happy indeed, to be assured that herein in the county of Centre—the home of the present Governor of the Keystone State, and that in Bellefonte, the former residence of the Governor, there was a paper to be found whose editor had the true courage, patriotism and liberality, to endorse a series of resolutions, the tenor of which, though in harmony with the Constitution of our Country, and in accordance with the spirit that actuated our forefathers in the earlier days, in their grand struggle for a United People, under one form of Government, having one Country, one Constitution and one Destiny, are, nevertheless, in diametrical opposition to the views and sentiments entertained and expressed by your Governor, if recent messages are to be taken as his standard of action and belief, which standard of action is by no means creditable to the Governor; and if followed up or carried out by the Legislature, could not, under any circumstances, reflect honor upon its members or give any striking proofs of their valor, wisdom or discretion. I am happy, however, to learn that such is not the position occupied by the members of the Pennsylvania Legislature—a very honorable—and I was going to add, Mr. Editor, a very remarkable circumstance in their favor.

In your issue in this letter, Mr. Editor, by your permission, to show reasons why the Illinois soldiers are weary of the said Resolutions, and why the great majority of Illinoisans and the Illinois soldiery do not follow in the path tracked out recently by that "great jester"—formerly "Lonest Old Abe," of Springfield, Illinois. In doing this I shall only speak of facts which are a part of my experience; having, as you are aware, but recently came from the State in question, and in which is now, and has been for a number of years, the home of my adoption. And as I have spent the major part of the past year in the Western Army in the Department of the Cumberland, I know whereof I affirm, when I write and speak of the views and sentiments entertained by the Illinois soldiery.

About nine months ago, the State of Illinois was in a whirl of enthusiasm and excitement upon the subject of war. Meetings were held weekly, and in many places daily, in every town, village and hamlet throughout the length and breadth of the entire State. These meetings were attended by large delegations from neighboring towns and cities, accompanied by martial and brass bands of music. Eminent and popular speakers from that and adjoining States were in attendance to address these meetings. Halleck's Peroration to the American Flag was the stereotyped quotation of every enlisting officer who was seeking for recruits. The "Star-Spangled Banner" and "Hail Columbia" with the National song of the "Red, White and Blue" were sung at each of these meetings with a fervor and pathos unexcelled in the anniversary days which immediately succeeded the Revolution. Upon the corner of every street in almost every town, could be seen the Emblem of American Liberty and Independence floating in the breeze. Every poster and hand-bill announcing the approach of another "War Meeting," opened out with the following rallying cry: "Freemen, your Country Calls!—Patriots, to the Rescue!" "The Union—It Must and Shall be Preserved!" "The Constitution Must Remain the Law of the Whole Country!" "No Traitorous Foes Will Ever be Allowed to Violate its Provisions or Summarily its Claims upon Our Affections!" &c., &c.

Every newspaper in the State without regard to party, called loudly upon the people to rush to the rescue of an endangered country. The Board of Supervisors in every county in the State offered, as an inducement to persons that would enlist, an additional Bounty of from Fifty to One Hundred Dollars to each recruit, besides making a provision for the maintenance of the soldier's family during his absence, in case the necessities of the case required it. Men of all political parties were appealed to to fly to the rescue of the Union—that the war was now to be prosecuted with vigor and determination to triumph. Each and every speaker made eloquent and powerful appeals for the Union—the "glorious old Union of our fathers!" Said they to the conservative men: "See, General Halleck, of the West, is Commander-in-Chief of the armies under the President. Stanton, a Democrat, is Secretary of War—McKellan, a Democrat, is to lead our armies in the field—all political prejudices and partisan views are banished and we all unite as one man to prosecute this war for the 'Restoration of the Union under the Constitution!'"

The President called for 300,000 men.—The quota of Illinois, under the existing circumstances and the inducements offered, was filled in ten days time. The President called for 300,000 more, and the quota of Illinois was again filled in less time than the former call, and still the patriotism of the people of Illinois had not chilled. Love of country and reverence for the memories that cluster around the Flag of our Union were as fervent as ever. The Constitution found its willing defenders in every city, home, town, dwelling and parlor cabin. "The Union—It must and shall be preserved" would only find the negative of it, whilst an unprejudiced and unbiased mind would render a decision in favor of the "free American citizen of African descent" remaining where he was, subject to the control of his master, as well as to the laws of the State which regulated and established his position in society.

The soldier's argument upon this subject of Emancipation, although not polished and classical, is, however, a common-sense, truthful and conclusive argument against the policy of Negro Emancipation, and fully establishes the fact that there is neither justice nor humanity in emancipating slaves even if the matter could be considered practicable, which, under any circumstances, it is not, nor ever can be.

A soldier's argument in this respect: Suppose we liberate the slaves, take them from their masters where they have comfortable homes, plenty to eat, plenty to wear, good beds to sleep upon, not anything to care for; every thing is bought for them and given to them by their masters; they have no provisions to make for the morrow. What little they raise upon their acre of ground independent of what they do for their master, is exclusively their own. If it be tobacco they raise, they cure it, take it to market and with the proceeds purchase "fineries," and it is a fact known to every soldier, that the negroes are the most gaudily dressed people of the South. The women go in silks and satins, whilst the "cullud gemmen" dress to within an inch of their lives in broad-clothes. When sick, they are properly nursed and well taken care of, having the best of medical attendance. Now, asks the soldier, can we better their condition by making them free? Will we Northern people do as much for them when the necessities of the case require it, as the Southern people do as lively? Would our cold and bleak climates be as well adapted to their physical capacities and endurance as are the warmer and sunnier climes of the South? If freed, into what States would we send them? Illinois, by her Constitution, prohibits their emigration to or location within her borders. Indiana, by her Legislature, enacts the same laws. Iowa and Ohio will soon follow in the same path. Where, then, will we find a home for the emancipated Negro? Justice answers, "Where he is!" Policy says,

"Let him alone!" Humanity answers, "Let those who love and care for him, keep him!"

Said Squire Lawson of Hartford, Ky., to me, (who by the way was one of those sterling Union men, having a brother and two sons in the gallant 11th Kentucky Regiment which has been on every battle-field in the South West, and, himself, having furnished a large amount of money for its equipment.) Sir, I have six negro slaves—One of them nursed me when I was a child; she has been a faithful woman in my father's family. She is the main dependence in mine. From boyhood up I have been trained to respect, to love her. If I offered her, her freedom she would spurn the offer. My other negroes I have raised from childhood up—I have cared for them as I would for the children of my own family. When they were sick, my own family physician administered to their wants as faithfully as he would to myself or family under the same circumstances. My children have played and grown up with these negroes; they have sympathy and affection for each other; they are interested in each other's welfare. Besides this, these negroes are valuable to me. They are assessed at from 800 to 1500 dollars; I would not dispose of them were I going to sell, at those prices. But, Sir, you men of the North say, liberate them, liberate them! My Dear Sir, suppose I do, let us see the situation. Here, I set free my negro who has grown up under my care and attachment; I part with those with whom my sympathy and the memories of earlier days compel me to love, to protect and to care for; besides this, I part with a money value which, alone, would make it expedient I should care for them. Now, if I should free these negroes, what assurance would you northern philanthropists give me that you would take as good care of them as I have done? Would your interests be the same in these negroes that mine has been? Would you have an interest of sympathy in their welfare as well as a pecuniary interest as I have had? If taken sick, would you exercise the same care over them? Do you care and sympathize with what free negroes you have already in the North? If your practice, ever, to enlist your sympathies in the welfare of your white domestics?

If you do not, what proof can you give me that you would use colored domestics with more sister or brother like sympathy. My negro girls have nursed and played with my children. Would you allow these negroes, when free, to do the same with your children in the North?

Is it your custom to allow your children to associate with colored children in the North?

Do you not have feelings of Repugnance toward the Negro Race, and are not those feelings generally entertained and cultivated all over the Northern States?

Have you not seen the reverse of this the case all over the South?

Call any negro cooks to carry the keys of the Pantry and the Kitchen. I never know what is to be my meals until I sit down at the table. If these negroes free, would you care to have the same privileges as I have done, and do in this particular?

And lastly, if you are really sincere in your intentions to benefit the negroes by placing them in a state of freedom, pray, why is it that you have failed to exercise those benefits upon the free negroes you have long since had?

Mr. Editor, these questions are plain and to the point; let the unbiased and unprejudiced man answer. The honest soul and sympathizing heart will say, "Let well enough alone!" Let us mind our own affairs and leave other states and people to take care of theirs.

But, Squire Lawson's case is not an isolated one. The same state of affairs exist upon almost every plantation in the States of Kentucky and Tennessee, and the same argument will hold good all over the Southern States; for it is my experience, the farther South one gets the stronger and more natural the attachment for the negro.

So, then, Emancipation of the Slave is not right, it is not justice, it is not humanity—unless accompanied by some provisions by which the condition of the slave improved and made happier and more comfortable.

I have now presented you with the arguments against Emancipation. Now, for its effect upon the Army. In the first place, the soldiers of the army all see, feel and know, that the condition of the negro is not made better by a state of freedom in the North. Secondly, their introduction into the army can have no other tendency than to demoralize an army of white men. For, what white man would take pride in chopping wood to keep negroes warm, share his rations to keep negroes alive, (heaven knows the soldiers' rations are scant and poor enough at best) and allow the negro to usurp the privilege of riding on army wagons, whilst the soldier whether well or unwell, was obliged to walk.

Yet all this is done in the army and that, too, almost in every regiment.

But, I hasten on. The soldier has seen all this and worse. His letters home have contained accounts of this pseudo sympathy for the negro, as practiced by the "shoulder strap" gentlemen.

In his return letters he receives the information that his wife and children at home are penniless, that their "relief" is stopped for want of funds in the county treasury in pay claim. That the children are abject

in this cold winter, that all they have to live upon is what their little labor will yield and kind neighbors give. The wife will close up this affecting letter by asking her husband to send her a remittance—alas! alas! Send it—how can he? The government, it is and has been in the "negro business" and has forgotten to pay its soldiers, some have wages due for six, some for eight and some for ten months.

The soldier weighs this matter well, decides, and finally acts, and that decision finds admirers who approve of the action all through the army. The feelings of the army are made known at home, the sufferings of the soldiers family are talked of—the government's injustice to him is complained about, and finally, all classes talk of the inhumanity of those in Power. The Legislature becomes infected, and hence those "butternut" and "Copperhead Resolutions" which the people endorse, but the office holders fear and tremble at.

In my trip from Nashville, Tenn., to Illinois, I passed over almost the entire length of the latter state, as well as portion of Indiana.

I was not aware when I left Tennessee, that such a state of feeling existed in the States of Indiana and Illinois. From almost every one you hear this plaintive story—This war ought to stop, just see our own State, it is ruined, coffee 40 cts per pound sugar 16, calicoes and muslins from 25 to 40 cts per yard, and corn only 10 to 14 cts per bushel!

In the name of God, how can we pay our taxes and clothe our families from these prices. Many of us, too, have just bought farms a year ago and the payments will be due in the spring. If the Mississippi River was only open to our trade and commerce our corn would bring better prices and our groceries would be cheaper; but the government has joined hands with the New England states in the "negro business" and don't care a snap for the great North West. The bones of Illinois soldiers lie bleaching upon every battle-field in the South—Tennessee and Indiana done their duty for the government, but the government will not even pay their soldiers. It is right to longer support such an administration? Is it justice to ourselves to encourage or longer aid in this war, which is now turned to be a crusade, waged for the freedom of negroes that dare not enter the State?

What shall we do? A large part of our citizens are the natives of Tennessee, Kentucky, Virginia and North Carolina. We are related to them by ties of blood and kindred, and we cannot and will not be separated from them to please the fanciful whims of the New England States?

The Provisional Government of New England's dividing wedge drives into the very heart of the Union to forever sever it into parts.

New England's contractors and manufacturers have grown fat and wealthy upon the misfortunes of our country, whilst the poor bleeding Agricultural West now suffers from their long continuance. Our commerce is ruined, and our crops scarcely worth the gathering at the price offered.—That Mississippi River, which bounds the entire border of the state of Illinois, our own Prairie State, washes the borders of the States of Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi and Louisiana. It must and shall be open to our trade and commerce! The people of Mississippi and Louisiana want our produce, we want theirs. War under this Provisional Government effects a reconciliation with these States! In that kind of a war we never enlisted to fight, and now that no good can come from the prosecution of such a war, and as our people, by its continuance, will only be more heavily taxed, we demand peace. If New England don't like the terms—in the language of one of her steamers—"Let her Stow." We of the West demand a National Convention composed of delegates of all the States in the Union. We are ready for Peace. We want the Union restored as it is. If New England objects, then we want the Union Reconstructed with New England left out. But Peace we will have. We have given our last man and dollar to this war under the present management. We have lost more men to spare, as nearly every third house in the State of Illinois contains a weeping Rachel, or is a house of mourning.—The fatal result of the various battles our gallant sons have fought for the restoration of the Union, which we ever dear to us,—We have no more money to spare, as our crops do not bring prices enough to enable our farmers to pay their State and National taxes, let alone the special war taxes.—Hence, we cry peace! peace! and our voice will be heard, already it finds an echo in Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Indiana, Ohio and Virginia, and soon, too, Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey and Delaware will re-echo the cry, and Peace will again spread her wings over all, either as a Reunited Nation, or a Reconstructed Union.

Mr. Editor, I have thus given you some of the reasons which are now, and have been assigned in Illinois for her present course. I have written more than I intended, but I became interested on the subject, and as they are so fresh in my memory, and so poignant in my experience, I could not resist from "talking right out in meeting." Now, that I have "gone and done it," you will pardon the presumption and intrusion and I will subside for the present.

Yours, &c.
KNARE, of Illinois.

DEATH OF LIEUT. P. RILEY.
February 24, 1863.

At the request of the brother of the deceased we give publicity to the following letter. How many hearts have been saddened—how many homes darkened by such information, since the commencement of this horrible war, God alone knows.—Bright hopes are crushed out—sweet dreams are vanished forever and the darkness of desolation sits on the door steps of many a once happy home as this fearful scourge goes on. Why should it continue! What good has resulted from it! Let those that can, answer. [Ed. Watchman.]

IN CAMP, MURFREESBORO, TENN., February 24, 1863.

Wm. N. RILEY, Nashville, Ill.—Dear Sir:—You have before learned the sad intelligence of the death of our brother, Lieut. Daniel Riley, who gallantly fell at the head of his company at Murfreesboro! Severe illness has prevented me from communicating with you before, but as one so long and so pleasantly connected with him, I cannot forbear at this late date, of adding a word of sympathy and testifying to those gentlemen and soldier-like traits which made him a favorite with his Regiment and the idol of his company. He came to us a stranger—we very soon learned to love and respect him as a friend, an officer and comrad. Of a cheerful disposition he was the life of the company and it will be very long ere our boys forget to speak of "Lieut. Riley" and wish that he might be with us again to cheer and animate us with his presence. But the fate of war has ordered that he should fall a martyr in the cause for which we contend. Those that knew him need not be informed that he nobly fell on the advanced line, cheering and animating his men by a heroic example. He was struck down by a missile from the enemy. Several days he survived patiently to bear his sufferings and cheered by the knowledge that he suffered not in vain—that by the gallant act of such as he our troops were victorious and that the enemy were fleeing before them.—He fell as the soldier may wish to fall, and sleeps honored and remembered by those whom he gallantly led on the battle field—Accept my heartfelt sympathy and that of the brave remnant of our company. We feel the loss deeply, but there are those perhaps gathered around the hearth-stone far away at home, on whom this dispensation falls with a powerful weight. Be assured that those have the sympathy of the brave men who have been so pleasantly and honorably associated with him during the service.

I am respectfully yours
BRISON WOOD,
Capt. Co. C. 24 Ill. V. M.

A DEFINITION OF A YANKEE.—As the Yankees are creating no little excitement in the commercial, political and military world the following definition of a genuine Yankee may not be a mis.

A real genuine Yankee is full of animosity; checked by moderation, guided by determination, and supported by education.

He was a renegade corrupted by toleration, and when reduced to aggravation, can assume the most profound dissimulation for the purpose of retaliation, always combined, if possible, with speculation.

A live Yankee just caught will be found not deficient in the following very peculiar qualities:

He self-denying, self-relying, and always trying, and into everything most constantly prying.

He is a lover of piety, propriety, notoriety and temperance society.

He is dragging, gagging, bragging, striving, swopping, jostling, bustling, wrestling, muscled, quizzical, fastidious, peevish, and conical sort of a character, whose most distinct tendency is to spread civilization to the remotest corners of the earth, with an eye always on the look-out for the main chance.

POSTAGE WRT.—A letter bearing the following address was recently mailed in Booth, New York:

To Hiram Allen, OSWEGO;
Transposed, it readeth We-GO SO;
Transposed again and you will see
That thus it runneth, SO-GO WE;
Transposed once more, and it will show
A common adage, SO WE GO;
Aye—so as in Life's GREAT MAIL!
I will direct, we can't fail!
If badly, there's hangs a tail!

"As to being afflicted with gout," said Mrs. Partington, very wisely, as she stirred her tea, "high living doesn't always bring it on, depend upon it, though it generally does sometimes. It is incoherent in some families, and is handed down from father to son, Mr. Hammar, poor soul, who has been so long ill with it inherits it from his wife's grandfather."

If every word men utter fell to the ground and grew up a blade of grass, most public speeches would be worth ten times as much as they are now.

Why is a lady who has bought a sable cape at half-price, like an officer absent on leave? Because she's got her fur-loung.

Why is a kiss like a sermon? It requires two heads and an application.

Promissory notes.—Tuning the fiddle before the performance begins.

NEW REMEDY FOR THE SCLATER.—The Sarcocolla purpurina, or Indian opium, plant of Nova Scotia which we mentioned some time ago as being the specific used by the Indians against the smallpox bids fair to realize the expectations entertained by medical men of a seductive. In a letter addressed to the American Medical Times, Dr. Frederick W. Morris, President Physician of the Halifax Visiting Dispensary, states that this Sarcocolla purpurina plant, will cure small-pox in all its forms within twelve hours after the patient has taken the decoction.

"However alarming and numerous the eruptions," he says, "or confluent and frightful they may be, the peculiar action of this medicine is such that very seldom is a scar left to tell the story of disease. If either vaccine or variolous matter is washed with the infusion of the Sarcocolla, they are deprived of their contagious properties. Simple and pleasant is the medicine to the taste that it may be largely mixed with coffee, or given to connoisseurs in these beverages to drink, without being aware of the admixture.—The medicine has been successfully tried in the hospitals of Nova Scotia, and its use will be continued."

On Thursday afternoon, whilst Gen. Bator, in company with the Baltimore cap. mistee of reception, Gen. Schenck and staff, and other gentlemen, were visiting the fort around Baltimore, a dreadful accident occurred. After visiting Fort McHenry and Federal Hill, they had gone to Fort Harshard, where a salute was to be fired. The General and his party had passed out of range of the guns and the gunner supposing all had passed, fired a thirty two pounder. Unfortunately at this moment some of the party who had loitered behind, among them Gen. Woodhall, the U. S. Navy, came up and received the charge, blowing the flesh from his lower limbs, and causing his death in a moment. His body was blown over the ramparts a distance of thirty feet.

DILOVALITY.—It is perfectly sickening and disgusting to read the diatribes of the *Truth-teller*, *Times*, &c., on "disloyalty," "disloyalty," &c. Persons who have sanctioned every executive usurpation, every infraction of the Constitution, and every act of outrage on the people's rights, talking about "disloyalty" as gibes as if they were the purest patriots in the universe! Gravelly and Raymond prating of their "loyalty," when there is not a line in the Constitution that they have not deliberately repudiated! Verily, this world is turned topsy-turvy.—The insufferable arrogance of those pro-war patriots is only equalled by their bitter torments, which demands of free, intelligent Americans, that they should give up the right of private judgment and prostrate their minds and souls in abject subservience to a one-man power.—*Caucasian*.

DISSENTING.—Nothing so disagreeable to our city has occurred for years as the disgusting ostentation of the marriage of Tom Thumb to a corresponding specimen of unfortunate female humanity, under the auspices of that greatest of kumbages, Barnum. A mob of women, it is said, blocked up Broadway near the church where the ceremony came off and had to be actually beaten back by the Police! Rome was bad, Sodom worse, but we doubt if either, in their worst days, rivaled the grossness and sensuality of New York.—*Caucasian*.

AN INSTRUCTION.—A boarder was seen to pick something out of a sausage he was eating.

"What is it Ben?" asked a boarder dining opposite.

"A little piece of bark I believe," replied Ben.

"Well, old fellow, it's my opinion you'd better not hunt any longer, or you might find a grovel pretty soon."

A lady says the first time she was kissed she felt like a big tub of roses awaiting in honey, cologne, nutmegs, and cranberries. She also felt as if something was running through her nerves on feet of diamonds, escorted by several little Cupids in chariots drawn by angels, shaded by honey-suckles, and the whole speed with melted rainbows.

Humph! Golly!

An old maid who has her eyes a little sideways on matrimony, says: "The curse of the war is that it will make many widows, who will be three to get married, and who will know how to do it. Modest girls will stand no chance at all."

A disconsolate widower seeing the remains of his late wife lowered into the grave, exclaimed, with tears in his eyes:—"Well, I've lost dogs and I've lost cows, but I never had anything that cut me up like this."

You are writing my bill on very rough paper, and I entreat to the solicitor—Never mind, said the lawyer, it has to be filed before it comes into court.

The women must think that we men are great robbers! We are all the time going about robbing them of their very names.

The venerable Archbishop of New Orleans has arrived in Paris, on his return from Rome.

IN THIS COLD WINTER, that all they have to live upon is what their little labor will yield and kind neighbors give. The wife will close up this affecting letter by asking her husband to send her a remittance—alas! alas! Send it—how can he? The government, it is and has been in the "negro business" and has forgotten to pay its soldiers, some have wages due for six, some for eight and some for ten months.

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Mr. Editor, I have thus given you some of the reasons which are now, and have been assigned in Illinois for her present course. I have written more than I intended, but I became interested on the subject, and as they are so fresh in my memory, and so poignant in my experience, I could not resist from "talking right out in meeting." Now, that I have "gone and done it," you will pardon the presumption and intrusion and I will subside for the present.

Yours, &c.
KNARE, of Illinois.