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THE DOCTRINES WE ADVOCATE.

"Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political;

Peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none;

The support of the State Governments in all their rights as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns, and the surest bulwarks against anti republican tendencies;

The preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigor, as the sheet anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad;

A jealous care of the right of election by the people;

A mild and safe corrective of abuses, which are lopped by the sword of revolution, where peaceable remedies are impossible;

Absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of republics, from which is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and offspring of despotism;

A well disciplined militia, our best reliance in peace, and for the first moments of war, till regulars may relieve them;

The supremacy of the civil over the military authority;

Economy in the public expense, that labor may be lightly burdened;

The honest payment of our debts, and sacred preservation of the public faith;

Encouragement of agriculture, and of commerce as its handmaid;

The diffusion of information, and arraignment of all abuses at the bar of public reason;

Freedom of religion;

Freedom of the press;

And freedom of person under the protection of the habeas corpus;

And trial by juries impartially selected."

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

A Vote for Jeff. Davis.

"In Boston, on Tuesday, one vote was cast for Jeff Davis for Governor."

We clip the above from an Abolition exchange. It must be that old Ben Butler was there on that day, and voted for Jeff, just from habit, if nothing else, having shown his *penchant* for that kind of voting in the Charleston Convention.

Casualities in the Ninety-third Ohio.

In a recent reconnoisance of our forces at Chattanooga, to discover the position of the enemy, we lost about one hundred men. Among the number are the following members of the Ninety-third Ohio: Killed—Jonathan Spielman, company B; Amos McNeil and David Moss, company A. Wounded—Major Birch and Captain J. N. Lake, both dangerously.

Four Kinds of Democrats.

The La Crosse (Wisconsin) *Democrat* says "there are four kinds of Democrats in the country."

1. The Democrat who openly and above board lets his voice or pen be heard for the right and against the wrong

2. The Democrat who says nothing, but waits patiently to see who is coming out ahead.

3. The Democrat who for a few dollars in greenbacks will accept some paltry office at the hands of an Adminstration which despises him and which he despises, and then endeavors to earn his price by abusing, villifying and libeling the party which is more honored by his absence than his presence.

4. The policy Democrat who shifts, turns, rolls, wiggles, changes ends jumps high and wide for the top of whatever plank may come up. If there is a show for Democracy to win the day, they howl Democracy of the cast iron kind, and go it strong in bitter denunciation of all opposition parties. If there is a chance to make a few dollars by blending with some fag end of niggerism, they gently slide into the channel, and as they go bobbing down the steam it is "if," and "but" or "in certain contingencies," or "had it been," or "were the case different," they might like men stand up for their faith. They hack and fill—first praise and then censure—take a bold stand one day and turn like a scared cat next day. We don't like such men. There is no dependence to be placed in them. They will betray and sell their best friends. Selfish at heart, cowardly by nature, eager only for spoils, they live and die political "might have been's." No matter what a man's creed is—if he stands up for it bravely we respect him.

The first named represents the simon pure Democracy of the country; the two last mentioned are not Democrats, but a disgrace to the name, and, if anything, are meaner than the most toadying Abolitionist. We have more respect for the Abolitionist who bravely stands up for his creed, as ruinous and destructive as it is, in our opinion, than for the bartering, trading, shifting, "policy" and "expediency" Democrat. If the principles of Democracy are right and sound and just, as we believe them to be, why not stand up bravely in defense of them? If you believe them wrong, you are a hypocrite if you do not oppose them openly and with might and main. We dislike half-way men. If you cannot give the Democratic party the full measure of your support, and are continually finding objections to its course, you had at once better leave it and go where you belong. Not a Democrat from principle, and at heart, your place is with the opposition, and the sooner you travel over, hook, line, bob and sinker the better it will be for the Democratic party. This is no time for half-way men. The crisis demands bold and fearless leaders, men of iron will and dauntless courage; men who are Democrats from principle and convictions of right, and not from sordid motives of gain or personal aggrandizement. Let cowards desert to the enemy or fall to the rear. We fight on principle and for principle, and would rather welcome defeat a thousand times, than rejoice in a triumph achieved on any other ground. We go for right and against the wrong. And we have an unwavering faith in the final triumph of our principles. "Truth crushed to earth will rise again."

Strong in Defeat.

The Democratic party stands upon high and enduring principles—principles which have been endorsed by the American people over and over again, and upon which this Government has been administered ever since its creation down to the unhappy day when Mr. Lincoln and his crazy negro party achieved the ruin of the country. The Democratic party can endure defeat. No other party opposed to it has ever been able to perpetuate itself through successive administrations. All the opposition parties have perished, as distinctive political organizations, after the first triumph and the first defeat; while the people have as invariably returned with renewed confidence and hope to the grand old party of Jefferson and Jackson, which has always been able to rescue the Government from the dangers and evils of maladministration. So it will be again. The Democratic party will live through defeat. It will live while constitutional liberty and free government survive upon this continent. It is the sheet-anchor of the nation's hopes; when it is lost all is lost.

"Now you see it and now you Don't."

The great question that now seems to agitate the versatile minds of the Eastern news reporters, is whether the Army of the Potomac is moving or stationary. From all the information at hand, we are of the same opinion.

Emerson Etheridge a "Copperhead."

Emerson Etheridge, Clerk of the last Abolition Congress, is now styled a "copperhead" by his former friends. And all because he refused to go the whole Abolition figure.

☞ A letter from Attorney General Bates to the District Attorney for the Eastern District of Missouri informs him that his recent participation in political enterprise opposed to the views of the President unfit him for his office, and the President had therefore removed him. So we go.

☞ An exchange exults cheeringly over the vast increase in the number of marriages since the outbreak of the war—no allusion is made to the funerals.

☞ It is said the heavy rains on the Potomac prevent General Meade's advance. Lee is not retreating from the Rapidan.

☞ Gold and whisky has been on the rampage during the past few days, and speculators have made it pay handsomely.

The Voice of the Iowa Democracy.

The Dubuque (Iowa) *Herald*, the leading organ of the Demoracy of Iowa, thus speaks out since the election in that State:

Now, gentlemen trimmers of the Democratic party, let us have one word with you. There is but one radical distinction between Democracy and Republicanism at the present day. The one is opposed, with Douglas, to a war whose only end is "disunion, eternal and irrevocable," while the other is for it to the destruction of slavery or country. If we go to find a war party, we must search for the Republican organization, for that is a better war party than ours. We are anti-war or we are nothing. We cannot support all the measures *they* support and endeavor to divide votes with them to technicalities. War leads in its train arson and murder and pillage and brutality. If we oppose the war, we oppose its adjuncts; if we sustain it, we cannot cut the limb between ourselves and the trunk. It is calamitous policy to oppose a just war, but that term does not apply to honest opposition to an *unjust* war. We may pick our paths, but one is support; the other is opposition.—We may be met by being pointed to Ohio.—Very well. Ohio never was a Democratic State. We *happened* to carry it last year, but it has been consistently against us for ten years. And no sane man will hazard the assertion that another man than Vallandigham would have got more votes than he.

The true issue was made in Connecticut.—The gallant Seymour, on a popular vote, was successful, but the Administration's money and soldiers beat him in the last hour. Honestly, he is Governor to-day, but technically he is three thousand in a minority.

We cannot fight the Republican party with its money and the Administration with its armies. Give us a fair poll and an open field and we will show you that that party which grapples boldly with the issue is in nine cases out of ten sure of success, while its faint hearted coadjutors continuously miss the prize.

But whether successful or not, we are honest, we are manly. We profess to be honest in this matter whether to our detriment or not, and we plainly inform the trimmers of the ship that when they next attempt to creep up the rivulets and around the headlands of popular favor, they must disembark one portion of their crew. We are going to fight a fair fight from this on. If we go down, it shall be with our colors at the mast head, so that our enemy may bear witness that we have been a bold, an open, an honest enemy, and that too much discretion fail to turn us into cowards.

[From the Clinton Democrat.]

Who are Loyal?

When Cato called his little Senate together in Utica, at the time too, when Cæsar was marching upon the city, the fiery Sempronius proclaimed in ferocious and indignant eloquence:

"My voice is still for war!
Gods! can a Roman Senate long debate,
Which of the two to choose, slavery or death?
No! Let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
And at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his thronged legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps some arm more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage."

The conservative Lucius replied: "My thoughts, I must confess, are turned on peace." The pacific counsel of Lucius was the especial object of the warrior's patriotic indignation. The "loyal" Sempronius, who scorned to submit to the aggressions of the great conqueror of the East, and could not brook the ignoble suggestion of "peace," whispered in the ear of Cato, "Beware of Lucius, he is a traitor to his country's cause." The very next night Sempronius deserted Cato for Cæsar; while Lucius, the advocate of peace remained and bravely fought for the liberties of Rome. When we note the peculiar inclination of some men to appear exceedingly patriotic in the eyes of the world, this simple story will force itself upon our recollection; and in view of the falability of every thing mortal, we can but fear the revival of its application.

We well remember when Wendell Phillips plead for disunion with all the magic eloquence that nature gave him. When N. P. Banks said, "Let the Union slide." When Wm. Loyd Garrison pronounced the Union a "League with Hell," and the Constitution a "Covenant with Death." When Henry Ward Beecher said "The dissolution of the Union was the destruction of Slavery," and reached forth his hand to tare the fabric down. We well remember 'twas but yesterday, how nobly the Democracy, led by Stephen A. Douglas, battled for the preservation of the Union, and how they sneeringly were called "Union Savers." The disunionist of the past is the *loyal* Union man of to-day. And the Unionist has lost his robe of innocence and to-day stands transformed into the "disunionist and traitor." Ah! but is it changed? Names may change, but the immortal spirit within is immutable. Read the record! When the grim visage of war came stalking o er the plain to devastate happy homes, the Democratic sentiment of the North, the conservative sentiment of the South were alike transfixed with horror. Before the country should be involved in the nameless calamities of domestic conflict, before the evils of bankruptcy and ruin should become widespread and universal, before desolation and death should ravage with insatiate greed the lordly palace and the lowly hovel, every measure of conciliation founded in honor and patriotism should have been exhausted, and every heart should have emptied its treasury of virtues in support of the philanthropic endeavor. The Democracy sought conciliation—the Democracy remonstrated with the mad spirit of Abolitionism—and with mild, and patient, and solemn entreaty, the Democracy plead for the sacrifice of sectional hatred upon the altar of national patriotism. In vain were the Crittenden resolutions interposed as an oblation of peace to a distracted country. In vain did the Peace Convention implore the dominant power to rescue the nation from the multiplied horrors of domestic bloodshed. The country trembled on the brink of the frightful precipice of War; but no arm was raised among the Abolition hosts to avert the impending danger. The suggestions of wisdom were derided and the implorations of patriotism laughed to scorn. The raid of John Brown was fresh in the memory of fanaticism, and it gloated with savage joy over the welcome prospect of bloody retribution. No Anaconda with his filthy folds around the banyan-tree, threw out the venomous tongue, and yearned with fiercer passion for the crushed bone and pulpy flesh, than he, the Abolitionist, now expectant of his prey, yearned for his long proposed repast. War would destroy the Union. War would incite servile insurrection. War would strike the fetters from the limbs of negro bondsmen. And war was the culmination of the dreams of fanatical ambition. Every effort for conciliation failed. And war has come—come in all its grandeur—in all the "pride, pomp and circumstance" of power, and with all its terrible attributes and woeful details of remorseless desolation. And when the crisis came who assembled to sustain his country's integrity more than the Democrat of the North? Stilling the voice of party prejudice and heedless of old party ties, he rushed to the defense of his country's flag, and entered boldly and heartily upon a war for Union.—When Lincoln by solemn proclamation would turn the war to one for the freedom of negroes and the destruction of our Constitution, who denounced the foul deed so bitterly and prayed with such fervent patriotism that our blessed country might not be sacrificed on the altar of Abolitionism, as the Democrat of the North? And yet, forsooth, he is a "traitor to his country's cause." But why complain?

Pardon is for men,
And not for reptiles. We have none for knights,
And no resentment! things like them must sting,
And higher beings suffer; 'tis the chapter
Of fate. The man who dies by the adder's fang
May have the crawler crushed, but feels no anger;
'Pass the worm's nature; and some men are worms
In soul, more than the living things of tombs."

A Bride.—The Rockingham (Va.) *Register* publishes the marriage of Miss Lucy P. Roller, the daughter of a wealthy farmer in that county, and adds:

She was what we would call "an independent girl," sure enough. Her bridal outfit was all made with her own hands, from her beautiful and elegant straw hat down to the handsome gaiters upon her feet! Her own delicate hands spun and wove the material of which her wedding-dress and traveling cloak were made, so that she had nothing upon her person when she was married which was not made by herself! Nor was she compelled by necessity or poverty to make this exhibition of her independence. She did it for the purpose of showing to the world how independent Southern girls are.

Diptheria.—A recipe for the cure of diptheria is published by a physician, who says that of 1,000 cases in which it had been used not a single patient has been lost. The treatment consists in thoroughly swabbing the back of the mouth and throat with a wash made thus: Table salt, two drachms; black pepper, golden seal, nitrate of potash, alum, one drachm each, Mix and pulverize, put into a teacup, which half fill with boiling water, stir well, and then fill up with good vinegar. Use every half hour, one, two and four hours, as recovery progresses. The patient may swallow a little each time. Apply 1 oz. each of spirits turpentine, sweet oil, and aqua ammonia mixed, every four hours to the whole of the throat, and to the breast bone every four hours, keeping flannel to the parts.

[From the Louisville Journal.]

"War Democrats."

A distinguished patriot of this State writes to us as follows:

Gentlemen:—Your paper says nothing of the proposed meeting of the *War* Democracy at Chicago, on the 25th. Is it an Abolition dodge or a sure enough affair? I always fear *a cat in the meal* in such cases.

Yours, &c.

The fear expressed by our correspondent is rational, and it justly applies to this case in particular as to such cases in general.—The proposed meeting is called under the auspices of men in Illinois and Indiana who have acted heretofore with the radicals, and who intend to act hereafter with the radicals. The men in question are radicals to all intents and purposes. The object of the meeting is indeed simply to reinforce the radical ranks in the coming Presidential contest. This fact is well understood on all sides, as is evinced sufficiently by the applause the movement receives from the most ultra radical journals and by the condemnation it receives from the most judicious conservative journals. For example, the Chicago *Tribune*, as radical as its New York namesake, warmly applauds the movement, while the Chicago *Post*, as conservative as its Boston namesake, warmly condemns the movement; and so with the radical and the conservative journals in general. The former uniformly cheer the movement; the latter uniformly stigmatize it.

Our correspondent's suspicion is undoubtedly just. The affair is "an Abolition dodge,"—"*a cat in the meal*;" though, as it is the radical grimalkin's second appearance in the conservative meal tub, and particularly as he was both detected and exposed on his first appearance, we think the dodge may be fairly considered as about played out. The phrase "War Democrat" in the mouths of the radicals has come to be very well comprehended by the public. It can no longer deceive anybody. The appellation in the mouths of conservatives signifies nothing more or less than the word *conservative* itself, though, as the appellation is so much abused by the radicals, the conservatives would in our judgment act wisely to drop it altogether. For its signification is very different in the mouths of the radicals, and it is in their mouths all the time. When the radicals praise a man for being a "War Democrat" or denounce him for not being one, they do not mean a Democrat who is in favor of the war, but a Democrat who is in favor of the radical aim and management of the war—a Democrat, in short, who supports the radical ticket. They mean such a Democrat as Benjamin Butler or Andrew Johnson or Robert Dale Owen. In a word, the phrase "War Democrats" in the mouths of the radicals is merely another form of expression for *Abolitionized Democrat*. And this the public now comprehend. Hence, the phrase has lost whatever power to deceive it may have once possessed. It is fast becoming a name of approbium and of weakness instead of a name of power. The radicals have disgraced it, as they disgrace or tend to disgrace everything else they touch. For this reason we do not apprehend that the meeting at Chicago will do the radicals much good or the country much hurt. It will be a sort of farce, in which the actors laugh in each other's faces.

The Method of Peace.

The New York *Freeman's Journal*, in defining what it means by peace says:

Then, what do we mean by "*peace?*" We mean that the hostile armies retire from the conflict. We mean that the din of war shall cease. We mean that the *States* shall stand in the attitude they did after England acknowledged their several independence—that they shall stand as they did the day that the Convention that framed the draft of the Constitution was first assembled. The first step of all is for each State to assert for itself, and to recognize in every other State, free, independent and sovereign integrity. Such was the condition of the States when the Union was first formed. Such must it be again, as the condition precedent of any future relations. We cannot stand altogether, as the States stood then. At that time, no States had recently made war on another. No State had shed the blood of citizens of another State. The people of all the States had stood, as a band of brothers battling against a common foe. The idea of war between State and State was neither in act nor in threat—else there had never been a Union—but it was a promotion of *danger* that all wished to avoid.

So it must be again. That preposterous smile of "the sword in one hand and the olive branch in the other" must be dropped. The two are incompatible. Such double-handedness bespeaks a double and divided heart. If the sword be in "one hand" it means still *war*. It means a threat, and brave men, armed, never yield to threats. If the olive branch be offered, it must be with the right hand—and if the sword be kept in the left, it is an assassins weapon. The sword and the olive branch cannot be tendered together. They are incompatible. They are an insult, if they were not an absurdity. Try such pranks with slaves or with children, never with freemen. But return the sword into its scabbard, and bid it be still. Make toasting-forks of your bayonets. Use your cannon for mile-posts along the railways, or convert them into seats for Brigadiers to rest on while blacking the boots of wayfarers in the public parks, and let the whole vulgar and fraudulent machinery of war, with all its clamorous importunities, be stopped; and let the sane, the judicious, and the good men on each side, have opportunity to consult together, as, even in the hubbub of war, they are trying already to do.

Get Enough Sleep.

We have often heard young men remark that four or five hours' sleep was all they wanted, and all that the human system required. The habit of going without sufficient sleep is injurious. Thousands, no doubt, permanently injure their health in this way. We live in a fast age, when everybody seems to be trying to pervert the order of nature. If folks will persist in turning night into day, it is not to be wondered that a few last out the allotted term of life. No matter what be a man's occupation—physical or mental, or like Othello's "occupation gone," and living in idleness—the constitution cannot last, depend upon it, without a sufficiency of regular and refreshing sleep.—Joe Hunter, the great surgeon, died suddenly of spasmodic disaffection of the heart, a disease greatly encouraged by want of sleep. In a volume just published by a medical man there is one great lesson that hard students and literary men may learn, and that is, that Hunter probably killed himself by taking too little sleep. "Four hours rest at night, and one after dinner, cannot be deemed sufficient to recruit the exhausted powers of the body and mind." Certainly not, and the consequence was that Hunter died early. If men will insist in cheating sleep her "twin sister, Death," will avenge the insult.—*N. Y. Times.*