

Democrat and Sentinel.



M. HASSON, Editor & Publisher.

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Emigration.

It is rather alarming to look around at the different localities of this country, and see the number of brave healthy stalwart men that have left or are about to leave it, perhaps forever.

We believe that those who are leaving this country are acting judiciously; because there is a moral cancer eating into the vitals of this country in the shape of Abolitionism that is hurrying it on to dissolution with an inevitable destiny.

A PICTORIAL DOUBLE NUMBER.—The Phenological Journal and Life Illustrated, for January, appears with 32 quarto pages, and a beautiful illustrated cover.

It is a hard alternative for those, who from their youth up have been listening to song and story about the freedom and glory of their country, to have to abandon all idea of the resurrection of the "land of the free and the home of the brave."

ment of all creation, but now it ranks with Hungary, with Poland or Ireland.

It is a hard alternative for men who four years ago "would have brooked the eternal devil to keep their state in Rome as easily as they would a King," now quietly preparing to adopt some country governed by a King or Emperor and leave the land forever, where they learned to lip their mothers name, the first beloved and last forgot in this world.

"The savage loves his native shore. Tho' rude the soil and chill the air."

These emigrants will succeed, for they carry the elements of success along with them, energy, industry, youth, and health, and they will do their duty to any government, and will be an acquisition and advantage to any country that will give them protection.

It was emigration that made the United States what it was four years ago. They developed the resources of the country, they built the railroads, canals and churches, they opened and worked the coal and iron mines of the country, and did all the rough and heavy work of the manufactures.

Such has been the fruits of emigration to the United States, when they were United States, and such will be their fruits to other countries, for they are founded on natural causes, which cannot fail.

This winter seems to be one of the old fashioned ones, that we used to see and read about. Ever since the first of December, the weather has been remarkably cold, and sledding and sleighing has been good ever since with very slight interruption.

Custom is a second nature. The conciliatory policy adopted by Gen. Sherman in Savannah seems to take the rebels all aback at Richmond.

General Sherman.

The conciliatory policy adopted by Gen. Sherman in Savannah seems to take the rebels all aback at Richmond. His government and that of General Geary in the city has been very mild, and it seems to tell on the people of Georgia.

There is one thing certain if there is any lingering sentiment of returning to the allegiance of the Union among the people of Georgia, Sherman and Geary are taking the right way to develop it. It is an old adage, that "honey catches more flies than vinegar."

We must not, however, place too much confidence in the Union sentiment of the South, what men will do and say when the dagger is at their throat, or the spoiler ready to attack their property, is no indication of what their true sentiments are when voluntarily left to themselves.

Alexander Dumas.

This man who has written more trashy novels than any living man, is about to leave Paris next month and visit the United States. As he is a semi-colored gentleman we may look for him being awfully lionized in this country.

Early in the present unhappy war Dr. Jackson was appointed Regimental Surgeon from which post he received successive promotions; and at his death, we are informed he was Division Surgeon.

Cambria's Victims.

Dr. R. M. S. JACKSON.

Not alone on the field of battle—not alone in the human pens of the South, or the bastiles of the North—has the lives of our people been offered up as victims to the relentless God of War.

He afterwards located in Blairsville, where he pursued the practice of his profession, with assiduity and success for a number of years.

The exploring line of the new Railroad crossed the Huntingdon, Cambria, and Indiana Turnpike, at a point then known as Laurel Swamp, as unpromising a piece of territory, at that time, as could well be imagined.

The Laurel Swamp under the more romantic name of Rhododendron began to attract some attention; and an ordinary hotel,—(now called the "lower house," or "Crockford" in Bedford parlance), was erected, and a Postoffice established.

Dr. Jackson's interest was afterwards divested, and lodged in the "Health Institute," and the Cresson Springs Company, (so called in honor of Mr. Cresson of Philadelphia,) under whose auspices the concern is now in a most flourishing condition.

Dr. Jackson, not from any love of authorship, but in furtherance of his purpose of establishing a Sanitarium, became an author. His work, "The Mountain," a volume of some 600 pages, though written in the intervals of labor, and sent to the press in a crude and unfinished state has some merits, and is highly characteristic of the man.

The Fenian Brotherhood. There is a national convention of this fraternity now in session in Cincinnati; we think it can't amount to much.

Rumors of Peace.

There has been rumors of peace for some time past, then contradicted, now rumors are rife again we were about to give our views on the subject; but we see the following in the Sunday Mercury, which embraces our opinion fully:

For some days past the public has been excited with unusual rumors and expectations of peace. We have not had, and have not now, any faith in those signs and speculations which have greatly disturbed the equanimity of the commercial world, and put all over-sanguine people in a fever of anxiety and hope.

That cannot be recovered until wiser counsels prevail at Washington, and all the extravagant and revolutionary ideas of such radicals as Sumner and Wilson and Kelley are utterly abandoned as the mad conceits and figments of fanatics.

We sincerely believe that a large portion of the Southern people are tired of the war, and would gladly see it closed on the basis of honorable and just terms of pacification.

It is almost too much to hope that this wise view of the situation will be adopted in Washington. A seeming triumph over the insurgents may inspire the Executive and Congress with a false confidence, and lead them to demand terms of peace which the Southern people could not honorably or safely grant.

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Death by starvation has of late days substituted the pitch-cap, thumb-screws and half-hanging of former days. The island is rapidly being cleared of the surplus population, as England terms it, and the London Times declares that the Celts, who gave their masters so much trouble, "are going with a vengeance."

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them to be men of capacity and sound will, who are determined to succeed. Their official business is conducted with closed doors, but public meetings are held every evening, free to the public when addresses are delivered explanatory of the Brotherhood. It would be well if the Brotherhood held all their sessions with open doors—any attempt at secrecy smacks too much of the Union League and Know Nothing orders.

Brick Pottroy on Butler. The following scoring was given by Brick Pottroy to General Butler after his failure to take Fort Fisher and before he was dismissed. We consider it a fair specimen:

The brilliancy of Sherman's rapid march and capture of Savannah is eclipsed by the ignoble failure of our forces to take Fort Fisher or gain possession of Wilmington. We prophesied the failure when it was known that Butler, the Blue-eyed Beast, (we think too much of a horse to call him a brute,) was to command the land forces of the expedition which sailed in five grand divisions, which was to astonish the world.

But Butler, the blundering Beast, fails as usual. What he is kept in command for is more than our limited thought can fathom. A drunken ball room manager knows more of military than he. This is not a State prison in the world but he in it better, braver, and more honest man than he. There never was a pimp but was more honorable. There never was a thief but was more noble minded. There never was a greater disgrace to a nation than he kept in place. He never won a battle. He never yet told the truth when a lie could be invented, even at table-talk. He never saw a lady he did not insult, unless she was dead. He never earned a dollar if it could be had by stealing. He never led his troops except on a retreat. He never has made other than a black mark on the pages of history, and why is that he has been continued in command, and so many better men have been shelved, is more than we can tell.

A liar, robber, plunderer, murderer, insulter of women, burglar, traitor, a heart, coward by nature, a winder by education, a thief by instinct, a tyrant in promotion, a fiend by universal admission, it is no wonder our cause fails when he by such creatures of abolitionism.

As usual he has blundered. The dyes of Wilmington owe their brave defenders columns of thanks, and God is praised, that through His merciful interposition our nation is saved another chapter of disgraceful villainy at the hand of this Beast Ben Butler. Had he have entered Wilmington he would have stolen even the wigs from corpses—the under-clothing from dirty wenchens—the daggers, rapiers from grave-stones—the medals from dying infants—the linen from the dead yet without being—the Word of God from the sacred desk—the rifles from our own hospitals—the shrouds from our own soldiers—the prayers from dying sinners—and sacrament cup from churches, but what he would have added to the collection of stolen goods. And he would have disemboweled dead soldiers and sent their corpses north as shells done before, filled with silver ware.

Abraham Lincoln is President of the United States. We did not speak, wish or vote for him. It is not for us to say who shall be his pets and who shall not. It is not for us to say whether he will appoint thieves or generals to command armies. It is not for us to question an act of President Lincoln, for to do so would be disloyal. It is not for us to criticize the acts of any one in authority, for such would be unbecoming to an American in these days, but we would love to have some one tell us what use Butler is to the world or to our cause!

And yet there are men in this land who point with pride to this legalized act of a devil and heap honor upon him. Although it were a task to honor him! As hell is the result of all wickedness, so Butler, the Beastly Blundering Jowls of this war, the concentration of all that is vile on earth, and God will never prosper our national cause till he is removed to the devil calls him home! What a pretty pet he is—but thank God none of ours.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.—The February number of this magazine opens with a beautiful engraving called the "Prisoner's child," and is a story in itself. The double steel fashion plate for this month is a very handsome one, both in design and execution; the contrast between the colors is especially fine. The other fashions and engravings of fancy-work are usual varied and well executed. The music for this month is the "Linden Hill Polka." Price \$2.50; 21 copies \$45.00; 9 copies \$16.00; 21 copies \$35.00. Specimen numbers will be sent to those desirous of making up clubs for 15 cents. Address Deacon & Petersen, 819 Walnut street, Philadelphia.