

Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES.

EBENSBURG, PA. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1860.

VOL. 8--NO. 2.

TERMS: DEMOCRAT & SENTINEL IS PUBLISHED EVERY Wednesday Morning at One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum...

Advertisement for UDOLOPH WOLFE'S AROMATIC SCHIEDAM SCHNAPPS, TONIC, DIURETIC, ANTI-DYSPEPTIC, and INVIGORATING CORDIAL.

TO CONSUMPTIVES AND NERVOUS SUFFERERS.

THE subscriber, for several years a resident of Asia, discovered while there, a simple vegetable remedy—a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colic, and Nervous Debility...

EDENSBURG FOUNDRY—HAVING purchased the entire stock and fixtures of the Ebensburg Foundry, the subscriber is prepared to furnish farmers and others with Ploughs, Fough Points, Stoves, Mill Irons, Threshing Machines...

HOWARD ASSOCIATION. PHILADELPHIA.

A benevolent Institution established by special Act of Assembly, for the Relief of the Sick and Distressed, afflicted with Venereal and Epidemic Diseases, and especially for the Cure of Diseases of the Sexual Organs.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!!! NEW GROCERY STORE.

THE undersigned would respectfully beg leave to inform the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity, that he has just received, at his store, one door West of Davis & Lloyd's Store, sugar and fresh lard of Groceries, which he offers for sale cheap for Cash or country Produce...

WAR IN MEXICO. D. J. EVANS & SON,

HAVE this day received from the East, and are now offering to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity a well selected assortment of MEN'S and BOYS' CLOTHING, also a large lot of DRY GOODS, consisting in part of the following articles, viz: SATINS, VELVETS, CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, DOE SKINS, SATINETTS, TWEEDS, JEANS, PLAIN AND MUSLINS, DISSIMILAR GOODS of every style, &c. &c.

UDOLPH WOLFE'S AROMATIC SCHIEDAM SCHNAPPS TONIC, DIURETIC, ANTI-DYSPEPTIC, AND INVIGORATING CORDIAL.

TO THE CITIZENS OF NEW JERSEY AND PENNSYLVANIA. APOTHECARIES, DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND PRIVATE FAMILIES.

Read the following from the New York Courier. Ebensburg Branch for one New York Merchant—We are happy to inform our fellow-citizens that there is one place in our city where the physician, apothecary, and country merchant can go and purchase pure Wines and Liquors, as pure as imported, and of the best quality.

MANHOOD, How Lost, How Restored. Just Published, in a Sealed Envelope. A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment and Radical Cure of Spermatorrhea, or Seminal Weakness, Sexual Debility, Nervousness and Involuntary Emissions producing Impotency, Consumption and Mental and Physical Debility.

J. H. ALLEN & CO., NOS. 2 & 4 Chestnut Street, (south side, below Water.) PHILADELPHIA (The Oldest Wagon-Ware House, in the City.) Manufacturers and Wholesale dealers in Patent Machine made BROOMS, Patent Grooved CEDAR-WARE, warranted not to shrink, WOOD & WILLOW WARE, COHDS, BRUSHES, &c., of all descriptions. Please call and examine our stock.

PHILADELPHIA WOOD MOULDING MILL Willow street, above Twelfth, north side. Mouldings suitable for Carpenters, Builders, Cabinet and Frame Makers, always on hand.

JACKSON & CLARK, SURGEON DENTISTS, JOHNSTOWN, PA. ONE of the firm will be in Ebensburg during the first ten days of each month, during which time all persons desiring his professional services can find him at the office of Dr. Lewis, nearly opposite Blair's Hotel.

NOTICE. The Pamphlet Laws of the last Session of the Legislature of this Commonwealth, have been received and are ready for distribution to persons entitled to get them.

ABRAHAM KOPELIX, Attorney at Law—Johnstown, OFFICE on Clinton Street, a few doors north of the corner of Main and Clinton. April 23, 1858.

THE UNION.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin. BY DAVID RATES. "Must and shall be preserved."—JACKSON.

What! rend this glorious federal arch, O'er which our proud flag is unfurled, And crush the hopes, and chain the march Of freedom to a fettered world? The wretch who seeks to rend it twain This Union that our father gave, Shall, living, bear the curse of Cain, And, dying, fill a traitor's grave.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WINNING A HEART By Cutting a Hole in the Head.

You urge that there is no romance in our profession? To be sure I do; things happen queerly sometimes, and we make strange acquaintances in the course of our practice. I admit it, but that anything positively romantic, as the world is understood, occurs in the practice of surgery, I deny.

This discoursed two young gentlemen who wrote M. D. at their names. "Charles," said the elder of the two, "light your cigar and listen. Two years before I received my degree, the events here narrated occurred." He opened a portfolio and commenced reading as follows: "During a period of time occupied by me in a tour the New England States, in the year 1855, I was on board a steamerboat crowded with passengers. The State of Maine had attractions for me, and to one of its towns I was destined. Among the many groups that were enjoying the sight of the sea from their chosen positions on the steamer's deck, a few hours after our departure, the attention of many observers was attracted more particularly by a family party of persons—an elderly gentleman of intellectual appearance, and two young ladies, his daughters; one an invalid, the other an incarnation of health and beauty. The object of their journey was the restoration of the health of the invalid one by change of scene, and the magic potency, in many cases, of the invigorating sea breeze.

The father had listened. The calm and cool manner of the young student had weighed much in his favor. After a look at his child who still seemed to be in the sleep of death, the low, peculiar, breathing sound, attending upon such cases, being the only sign of life, and sure symptom of the nature of the hurt, he took the young man's hand and said, "Do what you think best! Save her if you can; God help you!" He kissed her, and walked away, checking his emotion, repeating the prayer for her safety.

A request was made for those whose aid was not necessary to retire from the cabin, which was, of course, complied with. The physician, to his credit be spoken, remained to assist in an act which he dared not be a principal in. The instruments having been carefully arranged, and everything that prudence could suggest provided, the young lady was placed upon a table to undergo this fearful operation. There was to her no dread. She could feel no pain. Sensation, to her, was a lost faculty. But the loss of self-possession in the operation—a lack of knowledge and judgment in a critical moment, might make of the instrument a need to save a life a weapon of sure destruction. The physician secured her head in a position most convenient for the student removed from the injured spot the golden curls, as he took the scalpel in his hand to make the necessary incision through the integuments." "Twas evident success would attend his efforts. His hand trembled not, his eye quailed not. In a moment part of the scalp was dissected up—the bone was visible—the saw about to do its home was visible—a frightful wound appeared, and though inflicted upon one felt not pained, and though it called forth a terrible feeling of suspense. But a short time had been occupied by the young operator, when, occupied by a piece of the skull of a circular form, the brain, with its thousand vessels distended with blood showed plainly through its overlying membrane. Her father had walked here, and, not daring to look in the direction in which his child was lying. After various attempts to speak, he turned, saw the blood necessarily lost, trickling down her livid cheeks, and covering, in its course, and loose locks that had been spared. "Is she alive? Do not answer me—still I must ask—Ellen, Ellen!"

Expressions like these escaped from his lips, in tones of heart-sinking despair. No attention was paid to him by the operator, who proceeded to the last stages of his task, with as firm a hand and determined heart as if the instruments were acting on marble. A moment's pause for reflection and consultation enabled him to decide upon an important point. Applying a lever to the depressed portion of the skull, it was with much difficulty raised, and signs of returning consciousness

tion was one of imminent peril. "Can nothing be done to save her?" said the weeping father. The sister had been removed in almost unconscious state from the cabin, and was in the care of some of the ladies. The physician replied that there was but one hope to rest upon—an operation, and that skillfully and speedily performed. "What operation?" said the father, holding her head in his hands, and waiting in breathless anxiety. "Trepanning," quietly responded the physician, and briefly explained his meaning. A silence of some duration ensued. "When this dreadful operation is performed, what is the chance of recovery?" gasped the father, seizing the physician by the arm. "That must depend on circumstances," was his reply. "Save her life, Ellen my child—my child, poor girl, 'tis an awful thing to think of. If, as you say, it must be done, for heaven's sake loose no time."

"I have no instrument fit for the purpose. Nor would I undertake it if I had. It needs a more experienced hand than mine, I never saw it done. From the books only I know its nature and manner of proceeding." The captain remarked that he had a case of instruments on board the boat; of their purposes he was ignorant. The young man who had entered with the physician had been carefully examining the instruments, and requested the captain to procure the instruments, who left the cabin for that purpose. He then addressed the physician: "Sir, should the trepan be at hand would it not be well to attempt the operation? In her present state she must die unless some aid be promptly given. I will assist."

"Are you a physician?" "No, I am a student of medicine only. I have seen the trepan twice used with complete success. I am aware 'tis a dangerous operation though easily performed. I shall not undertake it—I could not summon resolution. I do not profess surgery."

"We are many miles from land, sir. I never performed this or any other operation upon the human body. Relying upon my knowledge of anatomy—the exigency of the case—the favorable position of the wound, I would not shrink in any attempt to save a valuable life. Why should you?" "The captain returned. The case was opened, and proved upon examination, to be a large case of amputating instruments, and fortunately the trepan and its necessary apparatus accompanying them. The father revived from an apparent stupor. The sight of the trepan made him shudder. "Well," said he in a whisper, "what is to be done?"

The young man and the physician were conversing audibly together for a moment. "No, sir," replied the physician. "Nothing in the world would induce me to attempt it. Having no confidence in my power, you know, sir, it is not likely that I shall succeed." "If you were not on board the boat, under the circumstances, and at the request of those interested, I would attempt it. But it is understood that you refuse, and if her father will trust me I will save her if I can; Captain, you know me, I can have none but good motives."

The father had listened. The calm and cool manner of the young student had weighed much in his favor. After a look at his child who still seemed to be in the sleep of death, the low, peculiar, breathing sound, attending upon such cases, being the only sign of life, and sure symptom of the nature of the hurt, he took the young man's hand and said, "Do what you think best! Save her if you can; God help you!" He kissed her, and walked away, checking his emotion, repeating the prayer for her safety.

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ness were evident. She moved her hands, and raised them to her head. The eye of the sufferer resumed her natural office, and from her lips came the words of transport—"Father! I am safe! I'm better!" The transition from death to life, so sudden, was like the charms of the magician's art. Overcome by the change, her father sank into a chair, and was not disturbed till the proper dressings were applied, and then the operation pronounced complete. The party were soon after landed at the town where I intended spending some days, and with the young surgeon I assisted in her removal to the carriage. For days he attended her constantly, and her complete recovery was the result—Is there not something romantic in this?"

"No, it's what might be called an interesting case, and its equal may be found in any of your published lectures by distinguished professors of surgery." "Well, it's an odd way to be introduced to a wife. You'll allow that, I suppose?" "Why, yes, one would hardly suppose that cutting a hole in the cranium of a young lady was the way to win her heart."

"It was in this case, at any rate. The fair haired lady I introduced to you yesterday, the wife of my friend—, who, you know, is no doctor, was the heroine of my romance. I had the story from the M. D. who was present on the occasion. And her father has given him, with her fortune. That lock of hair you saw braided in a brooch you so much admired in his bosom, was the one cut from Ellen's head previous to the operation, and which he prizes beyond the jewels that encompass it. Now what say you to the romance of our profession?"

"Say," yawned the junior M. D., "why, that such things don't happen every day. Why is not your friend one of us?" "He is, in all but name; possessing qualities necessary to excel in the practice of the healing art, an honor in society, delighting to do good, enjoying the felicity of domestic life with a companion won from the grave, by the knowledge of a splendid science, and the courageous exercise of its principles. Is not his reward the continuation of a true romance?"

How Sal Disgraced the Family.

A traveler in the State of Illinois, some years ago, came to a lone log hut on the prairie, near Cairo, and there halted. He went into the house of logs. It was a wretched affair, with an empty packing box for a table, two or three old chairs and disabled stools graced the reception room, the dark walls of which were further ornamented by a display of dirty tinware and a broken shelf article or two.

The woman was crying in one corner, and the man, with tears in his eyes and a pipe in his mouth, sat on a stool, with his dirty arms resting on his knees, and his sorrowful-looking head supported by the palms of his hands. Not a word greeted the interloper.

"Well," he said, "you seem to be in an awful trouble here: what's up?" "Oh, we are almost crazed, neighbor," said the woman; "and we ain't got no patience to see folks now."

"That's all right," said the visitor, not much taken aback by this polite reuff, "but can I be of any service to you in all this trouble?"

"Well, we've lost our gal; our Sal's gone off and left us," said the man in tones of despair. "Ah, do you know what induced her to leave you?" remarked the new arrival.

"Well, we can't say stranger, as how she's so far lost as to be induced, but then she's gone and disgraced us," remarked the afflicted father.

"Yes, neighbor, and not as I should say it as is her mother, but there war'n't a pooter gal in the West that our Sal; she's gone and brought ruin on us and on her own head now," followed the stricken mother.

"Who has she gone with?" asked the visitor.

A new sort of Divorce.—Not long since a native of the Feejee Islands presented himself to a missionary and humbly begged to receive the rite of baptism. "But, objected the priest, 'you are a polygamist—you have several wives.'" "Only two. 'That is one too many.'" "Good, I will get rid of one of them." "Keep the one that you have lived the longest with." "No, I prefer the other she is younger." "As you please." Eight days afterwards the converted savage returned to the priest, with his face radiant with innocent joy. "Now, father," said he "you can baptize me. I have only one wife now," and he pointed to quite a pleasant-looking woman who accompanied him. "And what has become of the other?" asked the priest. "Oh, I ate her!"

Sailent (Sadient) Wit.—Jones was riding up in Winchester county, and saw a board nailed upon a post in the yard of a farm house painted on it. "This Farm for Sale." Always ready for a little pleasure, and seeing a woman in checkered sun-bonnet, picking up up apronful of chips at the woodpile in front of the house, he stopped, and asked her, very politely, when the farm was to sail? She went on with her work, but replied to this question instantly, "just as soon as the man comes along who can raise the wind." Jones hit Dobbin a sudden cut with the whip, and dashed on.

Ladies vs. Gentlemen.—Three things a lady cannot do. 1st. She cannot pass a millinery shop without stopping. 2d. She cannot see a piece of lace without asking the price. 3d. She cannot see a baby without kissing it.

A lady turns the tables on the gentleman as follows: Three things a gentleman "cannot do" 1st. He cannot go through the house and shut the door. 2d. He cannot have a shirt made to suit him. 3d. He can never be satisfied with the ladies' fashions.

A Political Joke.—A countryman was lazily sauntering along some of the principal streets of Atlanta, when his attention was attracted by a placard, on one of the business houses, which appeared to astonish him not a little. Presently he was heard to exclaim, "The devil he is. Who then will run on the American ticket now?" "Bells hung" was the inscription on the card.—Marietta Advocate.

"Now, gentleman," said a nobleman to his guests, as the ladies left the room, "let us understand each other; are we to drink like men or like brutes?" The guests, somewhat indignant, exclaimed: "Like men of course." "Then," he replied, "we are going to be jolly drunk, for brutes never drink more than they want."

"Is this your only suit, Jerry? it's rather shabby." "Oh, no, I've got another." "Where?" "In Court."

"My son, haven't I told you three times to go and shut that gate?" said a father to a four year old. "Yes; and haven't I told you these three times that I wouldn't do it? You must be stupid."

Timothy says the first time he went courting, he felt as if a pink angel had hauled him down a rainbow with a piece of chain lightning smacked into a pile of down.—Where's a pigist!

A genuine son of the emerald Isle, finding only three persons in attendance upon his proposed lecture, made the following address: "Ladies and gentlemen—As there is nobody here, I'll dismiss you all. The performance of this night will not be performed; but they will be repeated to-morrow evening."

A lad, who had lately gone to service having had sold served up every day for a week, ran away because, said he, "they made me eat grass in the summer, and I was afraid they'd make me eat hay in the winter, so I was off."

"I bequeath," said an Irishman in his will, "to my beloved all of my property without reserve, and to my oldest son, Patrick, one-half of the remainder, and to Dennis my youngest son, the rest. If anything is left, it may go to Terrence McCarry."

Labanico, the second city of the Sandwich Islands, has two lawyers, two wholesale licensed liquor dealers, and not a single licensed retailer.

A man should pursue in health, the same line of conduct he proposes in sickness. He who cannot keep his own secret ought not to complain if another tells it.

Wanted—A thin man, who has been used to the business of collecting, to crawl through key holes and find debtors who are "never at home." Salery, nothing the first year, to be doubled each year afterwards.

Jonathan says the people live uncommon long in Vermont. There are two men there so old that they have quite forgotten who they are, and there is nobody alive who can remember it for them.

An editor in the western part of Michigan is in a fix. He dunned a subscriber for his subscription; he refused to pay, and threatened to flog the editor if he stopped the paper.