

BATES OF ADVERTISING.

Four lines or less constitute half a square. Ten lines or more than four, constitute a square.

THE PATRIOT AND UNION will be served to all subscribers residing in Harrisburg for six cents per week payable to the Carrier.

The Patriot & Union.

PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING, SUNDAYS EXCEPTED, BY O. BARRETT & CO.

VOL. 3.

HARRISBURG, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1861.

NO. 194.

Books, Stationery, &c.

SCHOOL BOOKS.—School Directors, Teachers, Parents, Scholars, and others, in want of School Books, School Stationery, &c., will find a complete assortment at M. M. FOLLOCK & SON'S BOOK STORE.

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FISH!!! SHAD, (Moss and very fine), HERRING, (extra large), COD FISH, SMOKED HERRING, (extra Digby).

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SPERM CANDLES.—A large supply just received by WM. DOCK, JR., & CO.

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CRANBERRIES!!!—A SPLENDID LOT just received by WM. DOCK, JR., & CO.

CRANBERRIES.—A very Superior lot at oct6. WM. DOCK, JR., & CO'S

Miscellaneous.

TAKE NOTICE! That we have recently added to our already full stock of PERFUMS.

OF PERFUMS. LA BANANA. TURKISH ESSENCE. ODEUR DE MUSK. LUBIN'S ESSENCE ROUGE.

OF SOAPS. NEW MOUNTAIN POWDER. JOCKEY CLUB. MOSS ROSE. BENZINE. VIOLET.

Having the largest stock and best assortment of Toilet Articles, we fancy that we are better able than our competitors to get up a complete Toilet Set at any price desired.

JACKSON & CO'S SHOE STORE, NO. 90 1/2 MARKET STREET, HARRISBURG, PA.

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OF ALL kinds and varieties, in the neatest and most fashionable styles, and at satisfactory prices.

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A Poem in the style of DON JUAN, and equal in spirit, matter and manner to that brilliant production of the "Standard" Editor.

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E. B. DURKEE & CO'S SELECT SPICES, in Tin Foil, (lined with Paper), and full Weight—BLACK PEPPER, GINGER, NUTMEG, WHITE PEPPER, ALLSPICE, MACIS, CAYENNE PEPPER, CINNAMON, CLOVES, MUSTARD.

COAL! COAL!!! ONLY YARD IN TOWN THAT DELIVERS COAL BY THE PATENT WEIGH CARTS.

For every family to get in their supply of Coal for the winter—weighed at their door by the Patent Weigh Cart.

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WARRANTED TWELVE MONTHS! MORTON'S UNRIVALLED GOLD PENS!

PERSONS in want of a superior and really good gold pen will find with me a large assortment to select from.

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VALENTINES! VALENTINES!!! A large assortment of COMIC and SENTIMENTAL VALENTINES of different styles and prices.

SMOKE! SMOKE! SMOKE!!!—Is not objectionable when from a CIGAR purchased at KELLER'S DRUG STORE, 91 Market street.

Lines of Travel.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

SUMMER TIME TABLE.

FIVE TRAINS DAILY TO & FROM PHILADELPHIA. ON AND AFTER MONDAY, APRIL 15, 1861.

THROUGH EXPRESS TRAIN leaves Harrisburg at 1 15 a. m., and arrives West Philadelphia at 5.30 a. m.

THROUGH EXPRESS TRAIN leaves Philadelphia at 10.45 p. m., Harrisburg 3.05 a. m., Altoona 8.05, arrives at Harrisburg 12.40 p. m.

MAIL TRAIN leaves Philadelphia 7.30 a. m., Harrisburg 1.30 p. m., Altoona 7.05 p. m., arrives at Harrisburg 12.20 p. m.

THROUGH EXPRESS TRAIN leaves Philadelphia 10.45 p. m., Harrisburg 3.05 a. m., Altoona 8.05, arrives at Harrisburg 12.40 p. m.

MAIL TRAIN leaves Philadelphia 7.30 a. m., Harrisburg 1.30 p. m., Altoona 7.05 p. m., arrives at Harrisburg 12.20 p. m.

THROUGH EXPRESS TRAIN leaves Philadelphia 10.45 p. m., Harrisburg 3.05 a. m., Altoona 8.05, arrives at Harrisburg 12.40 p. m.

MAIL TRAIN leaves Philadelphia 7.30 a. m., Harrisburg 1.30 p. m., Altoona 7.05 p. m., arrives at Harrisburg 12.20 p. m.

NEW AIR LINE ROUTE TO NEW YORK.

Shortest in Distance and Quickest in Time BETWEEN THE TWO CITIES OF NEW YORK AND HARRISBURG.

READING, ALLENTOWN AND EASTON MORNING EXPRESS, West, leaves Harrisburg at 6 a. m., arriving at Reading at 1 p. m., only 6 1/2 hours between the two cities.

MAIL LINE leaves New York at 12.00 noon, and arrives at Harrisburg at 3.15 p. m.

MORNING MAIL LINE, East, leaves Harrisburg 8.00 a. m., arriving at New York at 5.20 p. m.

AFTERNOON EXPRESS LINE, East, leaves Harrisburg at 1.30 p. m., arriving at New York at 9.45 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA READING RAILROAD. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. ON AND AFTER DEC. 12, 1860.

TWO PASSENGER TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG DAILY, (Sundays excepted), at 8.00 A. M., and 1.15 P. M., for Philadelphia, arriving there at 1.25 P. M., and 6.15 P. M.

RETURNING, LEAVE PHILADELPHIA at 8.00 A. M. and 9.00 P. M., arriving at Harrisburg at 1 P. M. and 5.10 P. M.

FARES.—To Philadelphia, No. 1 Cars, \$3.25; No. 2, (in same train) \$2.75.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING RAILROAD. REDUCTION OF PASSENGER FARES, ON AND AFTER MONDAY, APRIL 2, 1860.

With 25 Cents, will be issued between any points on the line, good for the holder and any member of his family, in any Passenger train, and at any time at 25 per cent. below the regular fares.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING RAILROAD. CHANGE OF SCHEDULE. SPRING ARRANGEMENT. ON AND AFTER FRIDAY, MARCH 1st, 1861.

Passenger Trains of the Northern Central Railway will leave Harrisburg as follows: GOING SOUTH.

ACCOMMODATION TRAIN will leave at 3.00 a. m. EXPRESS TRAIN will leave at 7.40 a. m. MAIL TRAIN will leave at 1.00 p. m.

GOING NORTH. MAIL TRAIN will leave at 1.40 p. m. EXPRESS TRAIN will leave at 8.50 p. m.

DRYED BEEF.—An extra lot of DRIED BEEF just received by WM. DOCK, JR., & CO.

BURLINGTON HERRING! Just received by WM. DOCK, JR., & CO.

The Patriot & Union.

THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 18, 1861.

ANECDOTES OF DR. ABERNETHY.

From "Jefferies' Book about Doctors," lately published by Rued & Deaton.

Abernethy is a by-word for rudeness and even brutality of manner; but he was as tender and generous as a man ought to be.

He was therefore prompt and decided in checking the egotistic garrulity of valetudinarians.

This candidly frank, and to the point, and unceremonious talk had one good result.

People who came to consult him took care not to offend him by needless prating.

In silence Abernethy dressed the wound, when instantly and silently the lady put the usual fee on the table, and retired.

In a few days she called again, and offered her finger for inspection. "Better," asked the surgeon.

"Better," answered the lady, speaking to him for the first time. "Not another word," he said.

Three or four similar visits were made, at the last of which the patient held out her finger free from bandages and perfectly healed.

"Well," was Abernethy's monosyllabic answer. "Well," was the lady's equally brief answer.

"Upon my soul, madam," exclaimed the delighted surgeon, "you are the most rational woman I ever met with!"

To curb his tongue, however, out of respect to Abernethy's humor, was an impossibility to John Philpot Curran.

On the great surgeon; and the rest of the interview he had looked at the orator's tongue (telling him, by-the-by, that it was the most unclean and utterly abominable tongue in the world).

He had curiously advised him to drink less, and not abuse his stomach with gormandizing, had taken a guinea, and had bowed him out of the room.

On the ninth visit, just as he was about to be dismissed in the same summary fashion, Curran, with a flash of his dark eye, fixed the surgeon, and said—"Mr. Abernethy, I have been here on eight different days, and I have paid you eight different guineas; but you have never yet listened to the symptoms of my complaint."

"I will satisfy you by doing so." With a good-natured laugh, Abernethy, half suspecting that he had to deal with a madman, fell back in his chair and said—"Oh! very well, sir; I am ready to hear you out. Go on, give me the whole—your birth, parentage and education. I wait your pleasure. Pray be as minute and tedious as you can."

With perfect gravity Curran began—"Sir, my name is John Philpot Curran. My parents were poor, but I believe honest people, of the province of Munster, where also I was born, at Newmarket, in the county of Cork, in the year one thousand seven hundred and fifty. My father being employed to collect the rents of a Protestant gentleman of small fortune, in that neighborhood, procured my admission into one of the Protestant free schools, where I obtained the first rudiments of my education. I was next enabled to enter Trinity College, Dublin, in the humble sphere of a sizar."

And so he went sturdily on, and threw his auditor into convulsions of laughter.

Abernethy was very careful not to take fees from patients if he suspected them to be in indigent circumstances. Mr. George Macilwain, in his instructive and agreeable "Memoirs of John Abernethy," mentions a case where an old officer of parsimonious habits, but not of impoverished condition, could not induce Abernethy to accept his fee, and consequently forebore from again consulting him.

On another occasion, when a half-pay lieutenant wished to pay him for a long and laborious attendance, Abernethy replied—"Wait till you have recovered, and see me, and we'll talk about fees." To a gentleman of small means who consulted him, after having in vain had recourse to other surgeons, he said—"Your recovery will be slow. If you don't feel much pain, depend upon it you are gradually getting round; if you do feel much pain, then come again, but not else. I don't want your money." To a hospital student (of great promise and industry, but in narrow circumstances) who became his dresser, he returned the customary fee of sixty guineas, and requested him to expend them in the purchase of books and securing other means of improvement.

To a poor widow lady (who consulted him about her child) he, on saying good bye in a friendly letter, returned all the fees he had taken from her under the impression that she was in good circumstances, and added 50l. to the sum, begging her to expend it in giving her child a daily ride in the fresh air. He was often brusque and harsh, and more than once was properly reproved for his hastiness and want of consideration.

"I have heard of your rudeness before I came, sir," one lady said, taking his prescription, "but I was not prepared for such treatment. What an I do with this?" "Nothing you like," the surgeon roughly answered. "Put it on the fire if you please."

Taking him at his word, the lady put her fee on the table, and the prescription on the fire; and, making a bow, left the room. Abernethy followed her into the hall, apologizing, and begging her to take back the fee or let him write another prescription; but the lady would not yield her advantage ground.

Mr. Abernethy had a most unscrupulous regard for his reputation as the preceptor of the profession. "I hope, sir, it will not be long," said a poor wretch suffering under the knife. "Indeed," earnestly answered Abernethy, "that would be too horrible." This humanity, at a point of which surgeons are popularly regarded as being devoid of feeling, is very general in the profession. William Cooper (Sir Astley's uncle) was, like Abernethy, a most tender hearted man. He was about to amputate a man's leg, in the hospital theatre, when the poor fellow, terrified at the display of instruments and apparatus, suddenly jumped off the table, and hobbled away. The students burst out laughing; and the surgeon, much pleased at being excused from the performance of a painful duty, exclaimed, "By God, I am glad he's gone!"

The treatment which one poor fellow received from Abernethy may at first seem to militate against our high estimate of the surgeon's humanity, and dislike of inflicting physical pain. Dr. —, an eminent physician still living and concurring lustre on his profession, sent a favorite man-servant with a brief note

running—"Dear Abernethy, will you do me the kindness to put a seton on this poor fellow's neck? Yours sincerely, —." The man, who was accustomed and encouraged to indulge in considerable freedom of speech with his master's friends, not only delivered the note to Abernethy, but added, in an explanatory and confiding tone, "You see, sir, I don't get better, and as master thinks I ought to have a seton in my neck, I should be thankful if you'd put it in for me." It is not at all improbable that Abernethy resented the directions of master and man. Anyhow he inquired into the invalid's case, and then taking out his needles did as he was requested. The operation was attended with a little pain, and the man howled as usual on the occasion of the temporary inconvenience—"Oh! Lor' bless you! Oh, have mercy on me! Yarra-yarra-yarra! Oh, doctor—doctor—you'll kill me!" In another minute the surgeon's work was accomplished, and the acute pain having passed away the man recovered his self-possession and impudence of a heartless buffoon. His time was precious, and he rightly considered that his business was to set his patients in the way of recovering their lost health—not to listen to their fatuous pratings about their maladies.

He was therefore prompt and decided in checking the egotistic garrulity of valetudinarians. This candidly frank, and to the point, and unceremonious talk had one good result. People who came to consult him took care not to offend him by needless prating.

A lady on one occasion entered his consulting room, and put before him an injured finger, without saying a word. In silence Abernethy dressed the wound, when instantly and silently the lady put the usual fee on the table, and retired.

In a few days she called again, and offered her finger for inspection. "Better," asked the surgeon. "Better," answered the lady, speaking to him for the first time.

"Not another word," he said. Three or four similar visits were made, at the last of which the patient held out her finger free from bandages and perfectly healed.

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mit a dreadful act which he would afterwards bitterly repent of. Reynaud said, "I grant you pardon, take a pen." The young man took a pen, and was asked to write, "I admit myself to be an infamous suborner." He threw the pen down and declared that nothing would induce him to write it. Reynaud then threatened to fire. "Give me a moment," said the young man; "let me say one prayer." A moment's hesitation ensued after this appeal, and Lobinches rushed to a window and jumped out, but while he was jumping Reynaud fired and wounded him. A moment after he stabbed his daughter in three places, plunging the point of the dagger into her bosom, and once in the floor, splashing and dying.

How MIREX, THE EXPLODED FRENCH BANKER, GOT HIS START IN THE WORLD.—One of the stories current about the early career of Mirex, the exploded French Banker, indicates the germ of that shrewdness, which was afterward developed into almost diplomatic art.

The great financier ten years ago was nearly penniless, and lived in Lyons from a narrow pittance. He got the control of a newspaper (the number of scamp who have been connected with journalism is frightful to contemplate) and forthwith devised an original scheme to bring himself and his paper into importance.

He published daily a list of all the deaths in Lyons, and appended in each instance the name of the physician who attended the unlucky patient. Of course, the Sangrados were alarmed; for once the doctors agreed; it would never do to tolerate this sort of thing. They went to Mirex, and endeavored to prevent him from publishing a paper which would ruin them. Mirex was profoundly impressed with the importance to the community of just such a publication. The people ought to know what physicians were unsuccessful practitioners. The doctors implored, but Mirex was inexorable. They offered money, but he was incorruptible. "This truly, he was willing to sell out his newspaper. But the doctors could not afford to buy it! so the publication continued, and the blood-lettings suffered; the town laughed, and the medical fraternity found its gains diminishing along with its reputation.

They went again to the horror-stricken editor. "Nothing would induce me to publish a paper which would ruin me," Mirex said. "But like his co-religionist, Shylock, he answered, "None that you have wit enough to make." They proposed large bribes, but still in vain. He would only sell his paper; and finally, rather than lose their practice, the knights of the lancet were obliged to raise a fund of fifty thousand francs and buy the newspaper that persisted in publishing such odious information. With this fifty thousand francs, so iniquitously obtained, Mirex went to Paris, to seek his fortune. As any doctor would that his career was terminated in a dungeon?

HOW THE JAPANESE RESTORE FADED FLOWERS.—After a bouquet is drooping beyond all remedies of fresh water, the Japanese can bring it back to all its first glory by a simple and seemingly most destructive operation. A writer at Nagasaki says: "I had received some days ago a beautiful bouquet from a Japanese acquaintance. The flowers were fast fading in their beauty for nearly two weeks, when at last they faded. Just as I was about to have them thrown away, the same gentleman, (Japanese gentleman), came to see me. I showed him the faded flowers, and told him, that though lasting a long time, they had now become useless. "Oh, no," said he, "only put the ends of the stems into the fire, and they will be as good as before." I was incredulous; so he took them himself and held the stems' ends in the fire until they were completely charred.

This was in the evening; at evening we were again looking at the bouquet, and we were again surprised to find the flowers fresh and vigorous. I continued to live in their beauty for nearly two weeks, when at last they faded. Just as I was about to have them thrown away, the same gentleman, (Japanese gentleman), came to see me. I showed him the faded flowers, and told him, that though lasting a long time, they had now become useless. "Oh, no," said he, "only put the ends of the stems into the fire, and they will be as good as before." I was incredulous; so he took them himself and held the stems' ends in the fire until they were completely charred.

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