

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, JANUARY 25, 1865.

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Johnstown, Cambria Co., Pa.
Office in the Exchange building, on the
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Office Colonnade row.
Dec. 4 1864

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
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FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC SEGARS,
SNUFFS, &c.
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GIVEN FOR
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Select Poetry.

The Newspaper.

BY CRABBE.

Lo! where it comes before the cheerful fire,
Damps from the press in smoky curls as-
cend:
(As from the earth the sun exhales the
dew.)
Ere we can read the wonders that ensue:
Then eager every eye surveys the part.
That brings its favorite subject to the heart;
Grave politicians look for facts alone,
And gravely add conjectures of their own:
The sprightly nymph, who never broke her
rest,
For tottering crowns, or mighty lands op-
press'd,
Finds bells and battles, but neglects them
all
For songs and suits, a birth-day or a ball:
The keen, warm man o'erlooks each idle
tale,
For "Monies Wanted," and "Estates for
Sale;"
While some with equal minds to all at-
tend,
Pleased with each part, and grieved to find
an end.
To this all readers turn, and they can look
Pleased on a paper, who abhor a book:
Those who ne'er design'd their Bible to pe-
ruse,
Would think it hard to be denied their
news;
Sinners and saints, the wisest and the weak,
Here mingle tastes, and one amusement
seek;
This, like the public inn provides a treat,
Where each promiscuous guest sits down to
eat,
And such this mental food, as we may call
Something to all men, and to some men all.

Miscellaneous.

A Very Polite Patient.

I am a consulting physician, as the
popular phrase goes although it does not
very accurately define my employment.
The younger members of my profession
should rather use the future-passive of the
verb, about to be (or ready to be at the
shortest possible notice) consulted; while
the elder members might, if they are toler-
ably fortunate, adopt the past participle,
and call themselves consulted physicians.
The latter is the rank at which I have
arrived myself. Immediately after break-
fast, I install myself in my sanctum at
the back of the house, and am prepared
to receive patients. Every ring at the
front-door bell between the hours of 10
and 12 A. M., has an auriferous sound,
and is worth at least a guinea.
The halt, the lame, and the blind I am
always delighted to see in my reception
room, at one pound one a head and up-
wards. I dare say the robust Irish lady
who is so good as to sweep the crossing
opposite, envies the rich folks whose car-
riages throng about my door every morn-
ing. But I can assure her that they repay
the compliment by envying her. One
must not speak evil of the bridge that
carries us over the river of life, but I can't
say that the majority of my rich patients
are amiable people. They do not bear
their cross of sickness nearly so well as
poorer folks, who have so many other
wearisome burdens to carry. The differ-
ence between the rich whom I see at my
own house, those, similarly afflicted,
whom I visit a few hours afterwards in
hospitals, is very marked. Of course,
they all complain; it is one of the offices
—and by no means a useless one—of a
consulting physician to hear complaints;
it is a relief to the sufferer to pour his
woes into the ear of one who will at least
understand, even if too cruel to sympa-
thize with them. It is neither kind nor
wise to cut a fellow creature very short
while he is enumerating his calamities,
although we may be thoroughly aware of
what he is going to say. "You feel so
and so, and so and so, and so and so,
don't you?" say some of my professional
brethren, putting question after question
so fast, that the answer can be only "Yes"
or "No;" whereupon the afflicted crea-
ture sighs, like one who has been inter-
rupted in his choicest anecdote by some
rude fellow's informing him that his story
is as old as the hills.

Now, the poor man, although by nature
garrulous, seems to be aware that on that
long line of beds in the same ward
there are others whose cases are at least
as serious as his own, and which require
to be stated at some length; and he often
makes some attempt to condense what he
has to say, although that is a feat by no
means easy to him. He is a patient, too,
in the best sense; submitting to all that
is proposed, because he is convinced that
the very best is being done for him, to the
extent of our ability, as God forbid it
should not be done. Whereas my rich
friends sometimes seem to consider, con-

scious of having paid their guinea, and
that time is money, that a shilling a min-
ute is a good deal to pay for enlarging not
only upon their particular calamity, but
upon various other matters scarcely with-
in my province. In consequence of which,
I take care to have a clock on my mantle-
piece that strikes not only the hours, but
the half-hours and quarters pretty loudly.
This gives me the opportunity of referring
politely to the flight of time, and thereby
abbreviating the narration of certain un-
necessary details which seem to verge
upon the confines of eternity.

The ante-room where my patients as-
semble is similarly furnished, so that each
may know exactly how long he has had
to wait before he is admitted; an interval
which otherwise is apt to be exaggerated,
for not even the most engaging periodicals
or books, or newspapers, can make that
period elapse quickly at the end of which
may be delivered a sentence of many
years' imprisonment, without hard labor,
alms! or anything to do at all—as in
some cases of eye disease; or some full
decree which involves the loss of limb; or
even the dread doom of death itself. Peo-
ple who are in sad straits as these, how-
ever, are generally less impatient than
those more lightly afflicted; some of
whom (as I learn from my servant) do not
always behave themselves quite politely,
but struggle with one another for prece-
dence of interview with their unconscious
humble servant, myself. Suffering gen-
tlemen and afflicted ladies (especially) will
even go the length of asserting that they
came by special appointment, and upon
that false pretext obtain an advantage
over the rest of the company; while
nothing is more common than for them to
be confused as to the exact date of their
arrival, and to give themselves the benefit
of the doubt, to the detriment of others.

In cases of this kind, the clock is in-
valuable; my servant sets down to a
second the time at which each arrives,
a reference to the calendar thus kept is of
course without appeal. Under these cir-
cumstances, it is no wonder that he takes
some personal interest in my morning visi-
tors, and forms some opinion in his own
mind respecting them, even if he is not
called upon to express it—like his master.
Upon a recent occasion, he admitted into
his ante-room of mine a very polite pa-
tient indeed, whose behavior was alto-
gether so exceptional, that I think it
worthy of record, not so much as an ex-
ample to others—although he was the
very pink and pattern of patients (up to
a certain point)—as for the instruction of
all Consulting Physicians. This gentle-
man had never honored me by seeking my
advice before, nor is it probable that the
nature of our interview will lead him to
resort to me again—although he may per-
haps favor other members of the faculty
with his society. Yet I shall never for-
get him, while memory holds her seat at
all, and my right hand retains the faculty
of recognizing a sovereign and shilling at
first touch through any amount of silver
paper.

The cases brought under my notice had
been unusually serious upon the morning
in question, and about 10:40 I inquired of
my servant somewhat anxiously how
many patients remained still to be seen,
as I had to be at a consultation in the
neighborhood precisely at noon.

"There's only one gentleman left,"
said he; "he arrived an hour ago; but
he is so very polite, that he has hitherto
declined to take his turn."
I was sorry to hear this, for according
to my experience, such an individual was
likely to be in a critical state of health,
or perhaps only postponed his interview till
last, so that he might prolong it without
interruption.

"I hope everybody does come in in
proper order, James," said I. "You know
what an objection I have to any favorit-
ism."

"O dear, sir, I am sure I never took a
shilling from any gentleman or lady in my
life, in order that they might be admitted
earlier."

"Really, James I never said you did,"
replied I severely. "Show the gentle-
man in."

The patient whose acquaintance I had
now the pleasure of making for the first
time, had the appearance of a country
gentleman; he was well dressed, but there
was an absence of that undefinable smart-
ness and completeness about his attire
which is only made in town-made gar-
ments; moreover, his eye wandered all
over the room with an expression very un-
like the incurious gaze of a well-bred
Londoner. His very politeness had prob-
ably arisen from an erroneous idea, that
it was the fashion in good society to make
little self-sacrifices in giving way to other
people.

"I am afraid, sir, you have been detain-
ed a considerable time," observed I.

"Not at all," returned he briskly. "I
was in no particular hurry. I have plenty
of leisure here in London, away from all
my usual country avocations, and there
were several people in your ante-room,
who, I am sure, had more urgent need of
your advice than I. In fact, I feel that I
have scarcely any right to intrude upon
your valuable time at all; but I have
been a good deal bothered with a cough
at night, and I should like to be cured
of it."

"Take a seat, sir. Any pain in your
chest?"
"I don't think it will be necessary to
examine me," observed he nervously; "I
can tell you my symptoms, such as they
are."

How curious it is that those who are
apparently the strongest and most healthy,
are often the most morbidly apprehensive.
I could not help smiling to see that re-
spectable fox-hunter, as he looked to be,
hugging his coat together, as though my
stethoscope had been a dagger, seeking
entrance into his heart.

"My dear sir," said I, "this little in-
strument will not hurt you."

At this moment, a very singular thing
took place, the clock upon my mantle-
piece struck the three-quarters past eleven,
and I seemed to hear the sound repeated
from the clock in the next room. It was
a muffled sound, but the wonder was how
it could have arrived at all through two
wooden doors and a baize one. I was
convinced that I did not hear it, however,
that I immediately strode forward to see
for myself whether any of the doors of
communication were open. They were
all closed. When I returned, my patient
had unbuttoned his coat, and assured me
that he had no silly objection to being
stethoscoped, if I thought it worth while,
but that there was nothing the matter
with him beyond a troublesome cough, for
which he wanted a prescription.

His lungs seemed sound enough indeed,
but I need not have been so long exam-
ining them but for a certain reason. Very
different from most hypocondriacal folks,
my new friend seemed so very anxious to
cut short our interview, that he began to
awaken my suspicions as to whether he
was a bona fide patient at all. I knew
that I should discover this if I could only
detain him for a quarter of an hour, and
therefore I prolonged my stethoscopic in-
vestigations. At last he jumped up, and
throwing down a sovereign and a shilling,
with no little ostentation, upon the table,
expressed himself as perfectly satisfied.

"But, my dear sir," I said, "you have
not got your prescription."

It wanted then one minute to the hour
of noon, but I was writing very slowly,
when the clock on the mantle-piece began
to strike; I thought it would never have
done, so eagerly was I watching for the
first note of its companion time piece,
which I felt sure by this time was con-
cealed somewhere about my polite pa-
tient's person. He had waited until he
had been left alone in the ante-room, to
make a clean sweep of everything valu-
able he could lay his hands upon, the
clock among the rest. He had stuffed
this at first, I fancy into his breast pocket
—whence arose his original objection to
the use of the stethoscope—but had
transferred it, while I went to look at the
doors, to some other part of his attire.
Sagacious as he had been, however, he
had omitted, or had not had the opportu-
nity, to silence the voice of my faithful
dial. I heard its whisper—its faint "tick,
tick," all the time—and now I was wait-
ing for its full voice in accusation of the
robber. At last it came. One can scarce-
ly imagine a situation more embarrassing
than that of my polite patient with his
stolen clock striking very distinctly in the
pocket of his coat tail, and in hearing of
its rightful proprietor.

"I have found out what is the matter
with you my friend," said I, pressing a
hand bell, which brought in James upon
the instant. "You are troubled with the
Tic Douloureux. Your symptoms are ex-
ceedingly striking. This prescription must
be made at once, and my servant will run
out for it, while you remain here a minute
or two."

Never was prescription so short:
Jam let a pol. in
Or without abbreviation, as I had written
it:
James fetch a policeman immediately.

PHILOSOPHICAL EPIGRAM.
Says the Earth to the Moon—"You're a
pitiful jade:
What you steal from the Sun is beyond all
relief!"
Fair Cynthia replies, "Madam Earth hold
your prate,
The 'receiver' is always as bad as the
thief!"

The Great Actress in Dublin.

AN IRISH CRITIQUE.

The following whimsical account of
Mrs. Siddon's first appearance in Dublin,
is taken from an old Irish newspaper.
When it was first published, her friends
were outrageous against the author, who,
however, kept himself concealed:

"On Saturday, Mrs. S——, about
whom all the world has been talking, ex-
posed her beautiful, adamant, soft, and
lovely person for the first time at Smock
Alley Theatre, in the bewitching, melt-
ing, and all tearful character of Isabella.
From the repeated panegyrics in the im-
perial London newspapers, we were
taught to expect the sight of a heavenly
angel, but how were we supernaturally
surprised into the most awful joy at be-
holding a mortal goddess. The house
was crowded with hundreds more than it
could hold! with thousands of admiring
spectators that went away without a
sigh! This extraordinary phenomenon
of tragic excellence!—this star of Melpo-
mene!—this comet of the stage!—this
sun of the firmament of the muses!—this
moon of blank verse!—this queen and
princess of tears!—this Donnellan of the
poisoned bowl!—this empress of the pistol
and dagger!—this chaos of Shakes-
peare!—this world of weeping clouds!—
this Juno of commanding aspects!—this
Terpsichore of the curtains and scenes!—
this Hroesgine of fire and earthquake!—
this Katerfelty of wonders! exceeded
expectation, went beyond belief, and
saw above all powers of description!
She was nature herself! She was the
most exquisite work of art; she was the
very daisy, primrose, tuberose, sweet brier,
furze-blossom, gillflower, wall-flower,
cattulflower, arbuticula, and rosemary; in
short, she was the bouquet of Parnassus.

"Where expectation was raised so
high, it was thought she would be in-
jured by her appearance, but it was the
audience who were injured: several
fainted even before the curtain drew up!
but, when she came to the scene of part-
ing with her wedding ring, ah! what a
sight was there! the fiddlers in the orches-
tra, albeit unused to the melting mood,
blubbered like children crying for their
bread and butter; and when the bell
rang for music between the acts, the tears
ran from the bassoon player's eyes in such
plentiful showers, that they choked the
finger-stops, and making a spout of the
instrument, poured in such torrents on
the first fiddlers book, that not seeing the
overture was in two sharps, the leader of
the band actually played in one flat.

"But the sobs and sighs of the groan-
ing audience, and the noise of corks
drawn from the smelling bottles prevented
this mistake between the flats and the
sharps being discovered.

"One hundred and nine ladies fainted,
forty-six went into fits, and ninety-five
had strong hysterics, the world will
scarcely credit the truth when they are
told that fourteen children, five old
women, one hundred tailors, and six
common councilmen, were actually
drowned in the inundation of tears that
flowed from the galleries, lattices, and
boxes, to increase the briny flood in the
pit. The water was three feet deep, and
the people that were obliged to stand upon
the benches, were, in that position, up to
their ankles in tears.

"An act of parliament against her
playing any more will certainly pass;
for she has infected all the volunteers, and
they sit reading 'The Fatal Marriage,'
crying and roaring the whole morning,
at the expectation of seeing this Giant's
Causeway, this Salmonleap of wonders
at night. An address has been presented
to the good Earl of Claremont, by the
principal volunteers, and backed by Dr.
Quin and the faculty of Dublin, praying
him to stay at home, the evening of her
appearance, else they are convinced she'll
tear his infirm frame in pieces with her
terrific screams, when she's dragged from
the corpse of Biron, and they'll loose
the greatest General that ever headed the
army. Nature most assuredly, in one of
her bountiful moments, in one of her all-
sorrowing gladsome years, made this hu-
mane lump of clayey perfection.

"Oh happy Hibernia! blessed Ierne!
sanctified land of saints! what a hearse
load: what a coffin full, what a church
yard tree of the brightest excellence of
excellencies now stands on the turf of thy
fruitful earth!"

"From Cork, from Killarney, from
Galway, from Ballinasloe, from Eyre-
court, from the east, from the west, from
the north, from the south, from Island
Bridge, from Lazor's Hill, from the banks

of the canal to the new road at the back
of Drumcondra, shall millions come to
Smock Alley to see this astonishing
woman.

"The streets round the theatre shall be
crowded, and the very galleys that
carry coals to Island Bridge shall stop at
the Blind Quay, and land their unpolished
waterman to spend thirteen pence for a
seat in the upper gallery when Isabella is
performed.

"O thou universal genius! what pity
it is that thy talents are so confined to
tragedy alone. No age, nay, the Roman
theater—the stage at Constantinople—
Nero himself never performed the scene
of sadness, of grief, of joy, of woe, of
distress, of sorrow, and of pity, so well
as Mrs. S——.

"May the curses of an-insulted na-
tion pursue the gentlemen of the college,
the gentlemen of the bar, and the peers
peeresses whose wisdom and discern-
ment have been so highly extolled, that
hissed her on the second night. True it
is, Mr. Garrick never could make any-
thing of her, and pronounced her below
mediocrity; true it is, the London au-
dience once did not like her, but what of
that? Rise up, bright goddess of the
sock and buskin, and soar to unknown
regions of immortal praise, for—
"Envy will merit as its shade pursue!"

A Singular Story.

A few weeks since a man, only some
five-and-thirty or eight-and-thirty years
old went into the cafe Anglaise, Paris,
and said to the mistress:

"I wish you would retain No. 13 for
me this evening. Lay plates for eight,
and have dinner on the table at seven
o'clock precisely. I leave the selection of
the dinner to you. Give us a dinner of
four dollars a head, wine included here is
a bank note for \$40; four times eight are
thirty two; the change, eight dollars, is
for the waiters."

At a quarter before seven he returned;
he was shown to No. 13. He asked for
a pen, ink, and paper. After he received
them he tore a sheet of paper into eight
several parts, wrote something on each of
them, and placed one of them on each
plate. When the clock struck seven, he
said to the waiter: "Serve the dinner
just the same as if my guests were pres-
ent." The waiter obeyed, and placed a
dish of soup on each plate, managing
white doing so to read the names on the
plates. He found nothing on the bits of
paper but re, me, fa, se, la, si, do. When
he went back to the kitchen, he told the
servant the odd guest he had in No. 13.
The rumor reached the ear of the master
of the house; he at once suspected some-
thing was wrong. "How is the gentle-
man dressed?" he asked the waiter.
"He is dressed in black."

When he went into the room he took
off his overcoat and placed it on the
piano, where it still remains. "Bring
me his overcoat. It doubtless contains
letters or visiting cards;" but they dis-
covered two small pocket pistols which
were capped and loaded. The master
drew the charges, left the caps on the
nipples, replaced them in the pocket, and
made the servant carry the overcoat back
to the private room. As he was eating
desert the waiter asked him—I mean
this strange guest—if he would take
coffee. "Yes." "How many cups?"
"Eight of course." The eight cups
were filled. "Now leave me; when I
want you I will ring the bell." The
waiter retired, shut the door, and put his
eye to the key-hole to see what was going
to take place.

As soon as the guest was alone he
heaved a sigh, rose, went to the piano,
opened it, played an air from one of
Verdi's operas, and tried to sing it—in
vain. His voice was completely gone.
His hands fell into his lap, and the tears
coursed down his cheeks. He murmured:
"All is over! 'Tis hopeless! my voice
is broken! I shall never be able to ob-
tain another engagement. My career is
at an end! I