Montrose Democrat.

A. J. GERRITSON, Publisher. | MONTROSE, PA., TUESDAY, OCT. 23, 1866. | VOLUME XXIII, NUMBER 43.

OLD MUSIC.

Back from the misty realms of time,
Back from the years agone,
Faintly we catch the ringing rhyme,
And hear the melody and the chime
Of olden songs and strains sublime,
Like carol of birds at dawn.

And ever we hear them, soft and low,
Harping their music sweet,
Songs that we loved in the long ago,
Rippling their liquid ebb and flow,
Drifting their cadence to and fro,
Like the fall of fairy feet.

Some faces our hearts will ever hold,
Some smiles we remember yet;
There were flowing locks like the sunset's gold,
There were parted lips of Cupid's mould,
And the songs they sung can ne'er grow old,
For our hearts can ne'er forget.

The tunes that the voice of girlhood sung,
The chords that we loved full well
When hopes were buoyant, hearts were young,
When fairy bells in the flower-cups sung,
And ever fell from a maiden's tongue
The words of a witching spell.

Ah, welladay! 'tis a story past,
Which I may not tell again,
'Twas a happiness too sweet to last;
The heavy clods on her grave are cast,
And her voice is stilled, and above her fast
Falls the soft summer rain.

BREAKING UP A SETTING HEN.

"Timothy, that air yaller hen's settin' agin," said Mrs. Hayes to her son, one morning at breakfast.

"Well, let her set," remarked Timothy, helping himself to a large piece of cheese, "I reckon I can stand it as long as she can."

"I do wish you would try to be a little equinomical & cheese, Timothy; I've cut the very last of my every day lot, and it's only the first of May. And now as soon as soon as you've done eating I want you to go out and break up that hen. She's setting on an old ax and two bricks now."

"I hope she'll hatch 'em," returned Timothy.

"If she was set now, she'd hatch the fourth week in May. It's a bad sign; something allers happens arter it. Sue giggling, Helen Maria, by the time you get to be as old as your ma, ye'll see further than you do now. There was Jenkins' folks, their grey top-knot hatched the first of May, and Mrs. Jenkins, she had the conjunction of the lungs, and would have died if they had not killed a lamb and wrapped her in the hide while it's warm. That was all that saved her life."

With such a startling proof of the truth and the omen before him, Timothy finished his breakfast in haste and departed for the barn, from which he soon returned bearing the squalling biddy by the legs.

"What shall I do with her, mother?—She'll get on again, and she's cross as bedlam—she skinned my hands, and would be the death of me if she cou'd only get loose."

"I've heer'n it said that it was a good plan to throw 'em up in the air," said Mrs. Hayes. "Aunt Peggy broke one of setting only three times trying. Spose'n you try it."

"Up she goes, head or tail!" cried Timothy, as he tossed the volcano skyward.

"Laud-o-massy," exclaimed Mrs. H., "she's coming down on the pan of bread that I set out on the great rock to rise! Tim, it's strange that you can't do nothing without overdoing it."

"Down with the traitors, up with the stars," sang out Tim, elevating biddy again with something less than a pint of batter hanging to her feet.

"Good gracious me, wuss and wuss," cried Mrs. Hayes, and Tim agreed with her, for the hen had come down on the well polished tile of Esquire Bennett, who happened to be passing, and the dignified old gentleman was the father of Cynthia Bennett, the young lady with whom Tim was seriously enamored.

The Squire looked daggers, brushed off the dough with his handkerchief, and strode on in silence.

"Yes, but it's going up again," said Tim, spitefully seizing the clucking biddy and tossing her at random into the air.—Biddy thought it time to manifest her individuality, and with a loud scream she darted against the parlor window, broke through, knocked down the canary cage, and landed plump in the silken lap of Mrs. Gray, who was boarding at the farm house.

Mrs. Gray screamed with horror, and starting up, dislodged biddy, who flew at her reflection in the looking glass with an angry hiss. The glass was shattered and down came the hen, astonished beyond measure, against a vase of flowers, which upset, and in falling knocked over the stand-dish and deluged with water a pair of drab-colored velvet slippers which Helen Maria was embroidering for her lover, Mr. James Henshaw.

Helen entered the room just as the mischief had been done, and viewing the ruin, she at once laid it to her brother Timothy. She heard his step behind her, and the unfortunate hen she flung full in his face.

There was a smothered oath, and the hen came back with the force of a twenty pound shot.

Helen was mad. Her eyes were nearly put out with the feathery dust and dough, and she went at Timothy with a true feminine zeal. She broke his watchguard in a dozen pieces, crushed his dickey, and began to pull his whiskers out by the roots; when suddenly she remembered that Timothy had no whiskers to pull out by the roots.

But when she came to look closer, she perceived the man she had nearly annihilated was not Timothy, but James Henshaw.

Poor Helen burst into tears and fled into her chamber, the usual refuge for heroines; and James, after washing his face at the kitchen sink, went home, sternly resolved never to marry a woman with such a temper as Helen Hayes had.

The hen, meanwhile, who is the heroine, returned to the barn to establish herself on the ruin of her nest, determined to set if the heavens fell.

Mrs. Hays soon discovered her, and she having heard that dipping in water would cure "broodiness," she set forth for the brook with the fowl in her apron.

Mrs. Weaver, an old lady of very quarrelsome temperament, who resided near, and was at sword's points with Mrs. Hays, was just coming to the brook for a pail of water, and spied the yellow head of the bird peeping out from Mrs. Hayes' apron.

"There!" she exclaimed, "Now I've found out what puzzled me to death nigh a week. I've found out where that yellow pullet has gone to. Mrs. Hayes, I allars knowed you was a wicked, deseatful woman, but I didn't think you'd steal."

"Steal! me steal! Who are you talking to, Mrs. Weaver?" said Mrs. Hayes on her dignity.

"I'm talking to you, madam, that's who I'm talking to. You've stolen my hen what I got of Uncle Gillies, and paid for in sassengers. She's a real Dorking. Give her to me right away or I will use force."

"She's my hen, and you touch her if you dare!"

"I'll show you what I dare!" yelled Mrs. Weaver, growing purple, and seizing the ill-starred fowl by the tail, she gave a wrench and the tail came out in her hand.

The sudden cessation of resistance upset Mrs. Weaver's balance, and she fell backward into the brook, spattering the mud and astonished polliwogs in every direction.

She was a spry woman and was soon on her feet again ready to renew the assault.

"Give me my hen," she cried, thrusting her fist into Mrs. Hayes' face, "you old hag and hypocrite you!" and she made a second dive at the bird.

The hen thought it proper to show her colors, and uttering an unearthly yell, she flew out of the covert square into the face of Mrs. Weaver, which she raked down with her nails until it resembled the page of a ledger, crossed and recrossed with red ink.

Mrs. Hayes caught a stick of brushwood from the fence—Mrs. Weavee did the same, and a regular duel would probably have been fought if the bank of the creek had not suddenly gave way and precipitated both the beligerant women into the water.

They scrambled out on opposite sides, and the hen sat perched in an apple-tree and cackled in triumph.

The ladies shook themselves, and by consent went home. They have not spoken since.

The hen disappeared and was not seen until three weeks afterwards, when she made her appearance with eleven nice yellow chickens. She found some other fowl's nest and had set in spite of fate.

But although not "broken up" herself she broke up two mathes—for Cynthia Bennett was not at home the next time Timothy called, and Mr. Henshaw never forgave Helen for having such a temper.

How Burglars Operate on Safes.

A month or two ago we remarked that the exploits of the London burglars upon the premises of Mr. Walker, the jeweler, and the subsequent trial between Mr. Walker and Messrs. Millner, have led to great efforts being put forth by the safe makers to increase the security of their wares. Since that time as many as forty patents have been got out by safe makers, all with the view to increase the ability of the safes to resist the attacks of burglars. We have just seen a safe that has been constructed on one of these patents. It was produced by a Wolverhampton firm—that of Mr. George Price, of the Cleveland Works—and by the time this appears in print, it will be on the premises of the purchaser, in London. It has been bought by Mr. Johnson, jeweler, of Threadneedle street, who was robbed of property worth about 4,000 pounds, in 1864, by a party of burglars known as "Scotty's" gang. The ability with which the burglars opened the safe in the Stamp Office at Manchester, and stole property worth £7,000 lately, has shown that the thieves have improved in their method of attack since the robbery at Mr. Walker's. In the opening of Mr. Walker's safe, no drill was used, but the outside band was forced partly away from the left hand side of the safe, sufficiently to allow the point of the crow bar to enter and bite under the door plate. With the stamp office safe, however, the burglars first drilled a piece out of the point of outside band, at the extreme left hand corner, over the door. They then cut the piece so drilled square, which exposed the back of the door plate, behind which they drove their first wedge, or chisel. Next they forced another wedge a few inches from the first, but against the face of the outside band, which brought away the door plate sufficiently to allow the crow bar to be got at the back of the door, as with Walker's safe, and with one wrench the door was opened. We examined the safe after the robbery, and, with the exception of the piece—about one inch by half an inch—cut out of the outside band—scarcely a mark was observable on the exterior. In respect of the new safe which has been sent from Wolverhampton, the object of the maker seems to have been to construct one, without any additional mechanism to the ordinary safe, so that it shall be impossible for a burglar to insert a wedge around any portion of the door at all By making a safe wedge proof, it is also crow bar proof, as the latter instrument is of no value without a bite and a fulcrum, Mr. Price's doors being case hardened, he had only to carry the principle a little further and case harden the frame into which the door fits. This is what he now does, and, in addition, forms the inner frame of bars 5 inches wide by 1 inch thick, which, instead of being dove tailed at the corners, as is usual in all safes, he bends the bars. In order to make the four pieces into one continuous ring or band, he dovetails the straight pieces into the bent pieces, and so obtains the greatest strength such a ring or band of iron is capable of giving. This case hardened continuous ring or band is put inside the body plates—not outside, as in the safe opened at Walker's and the Stamp Office. As a further protection, if thought to be necessary, the inventor welds another bar of iron 5 inches by 3-8 inch, and shrinks on to the outside at the back and front of the safe. The construction of this safe is decidedly simple, and it seems to us to offer a very great amount of resistance to the operation of the burglar's implements which have recently proved so destructive of security.—Ironmonger.

Old Things.

Give me old songs, those exquisite bursts of melody which thrilled the lyres of the inspired poets and minstrels of long ago. Every note has borne on the air a tale of joy and rapture, of sorrow and sadness. They tell of days gone by, and time has given them a voice that speaks to us of those who breathed those melodies; may they be mine to hear till life shall end; as "I launch my boat" upon the seas of eternity, may their echoes be wafted on my ear, to cheer me on my passage from earth to fatherland!

Give me the old paths where we have wandered and culled the flowers of friendship in the days of "Auld Lang Syne." Sweeter far the dells whose echoes have answered to our voices, whose turf is not a stranger to our footsteps, and whose rills have in childhoods days reflected back our forms, and those of our merry playfellows from whom we have parted and meet no more in the old nooks we loved so well. May the old paths be watered with Heaven's own dew, and be green forever in my memory!

Give me the old house upon whose stairs we seem to hear light footsteps, and under whose porch a merry laugh seems to mingle with the winds that whistle through the old elms, beneath whose branches lie the graves of those who once trod the halls and made the chambers ring with glee.

And O, above all, give me old friends, hearts bound to mine in life's sunshiny hours, and a link so strong that all the storms of earth might not break it asunder; spirits congenial, whose hearts thro' life have beat in unison with my own. O, when death shall still this heart, I would not ask for aught more sacred to hallow my dust than the tear of an old friend.

Keeping Apples in Winter.

At the last State Fair in this city, Delos Rundall had on exhibition Russet Apples grown a year ago. These apples were plump, fresh and of good flavor, quite as good as the same kind of apples are ordinarily on the approach of spring. We inquired as to the manner of keeping, and were informed that the apples were put in refuse boxes obtained at the groceries, and in the following manner: A layer of dry saw dust was sprinkled at the bottom of the box, and then a layer of apples placed in it so that they did not touch each other. Upon these was placed a layer of saw dust, and so on till the box was filled. The boxes after being packed in this way were placed on a wall in the cellar, up from the ground, where they kept, perfectly retaining their freshness and flavor, until brought out and exhibited at the Fair. He says that he has kept apples in this way some months later than the time named.

From experiment made with dry sand packing the apples in the same way he finds that saw dust is much superior to the sand, the latter, he thinks, being too heavy a material, and pressing the apples too much, causing them to decay more rapidly than with the saw dust. The above experiment, perhaps, may be suggestive to those desiring to preserve apples late in the season of the next year.

It will be needless to remark, perhaps that no apple will keep late, by any process of packing that has been bruised or injured in picking. Apples should be handled carefully, and the less moving about, after having been picked, the better. A large part of the fruit grown and sold in market, has been so injured by careless gathering, pouring into barrels and rough handling while being driven to market, that it soon decays under whatever treatment it may be subjected for the purpose of keeping.—*Union Herald.*

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman, on the same subject says: "You ask for the experience of others in reference to packing apples. My experience is that apples should be kept in a dry building until quite cold weather; then very carefully picked over and headed in an air tight barrel and removed to a cool cellar. They will keep better than any other treatment I have ever tried. A cellar for keeping fruit should be well drained, but should not have the bottom made of hydraulic cement. Cement prevents evaporation, and as the coolness of a cellar is caused by evaporation mainly it is important that nothing be done to prevent this.

Napoleon's Pheasant Preserve.

The imperial pheasantry covers eight hundred and forty two acres of the forest of Fontainbleau. It is managed by ten men; four keepers, two pheasant men, two servants and two egg hunters. There are, besides eight night watchmen who shoot hawks, owls, and other birds and beasts who destroy game. At the season of the year when the hen pheasants begin to lay eggs, they are each of them inclosed in a circular wired coop. All these coops are placed in a field set apart for this purpose. All these coops are placed in a field set apart for this purpose. As fast as the hen pheasants lay eggs, the latter are taken and placed under hen chickens, who hatch them, so the hen pheasants continue to lay eggs during the whole season without interruption. June is the month when most of these eggs are hatched. As the pheasants are hatched they are placed in great baskets, wadded at the bottom and sides with loose wool, where they cluster and move and get on each other like cray fish in a fisherman's basket. As fast as possible they are placed in long white boxes, divided into two unequal portions. The small portion is occupied by the hen chicken, and it is divided from the larger portion by wide bars which allow the pheasants to come and go at will, but keeps the brooding hen from their food, which is placed at the further end of the box. This food is rare, and even in so vast a forest as Fontainbleau, it cannot be obtained in sufficient puantities. It is ant's eggs. Every morning before daybreak, the two egg hunters go in light carts to ant hills in the forest and open them with a trowel. They take all the eggs they find in them, and sit them on their return home. Once every fortnight the same ant hills will afford a supply of eggs, but as each egg hunter is expected to bring home daily two hundred quarts of eggs, a great many ant hills are necessarily visited every morning. This hunt is extremely annoying.

The ants, whose castle is invaded and sacked, sally forth in numbers and sting the hunters, pouring into the puncture formic acid (that acid more corrosive than vitrol, and which the modern chemists can make with sugar) which irritates the epidermis in a painful manner. The young pheasants require, in addition to the four hundred quarts of ant's eggs brought by the egg hunters, one hundred quarts of porridge, which is made of hard boiled eggs, meal, and some other ingredients, all chopped fine. The imperial pheasantry at Fontainbleau annually produces 6,000 pheasants, 1,500 gray patridges, and 600 Chinese patridges, California colins, silver and golden pheasants. While the pheasants are under the care of te brood hen they are subject to a dysentery, which is fatal to a great many of them; No specific for this disease has been discovered. When the pheasants leave the brood hen, they are placed under coops in shady places to gain strength; here they remain for a fortnight, and then they are let loose in the undergrowth of the preserve. This undergrowth consists of young oaks planted close together, and his causes them to throw out a great many thick leafed lateral branches, which give the pheasants the shade and humidity they like. They are now free, and if they are wise, they fly off in the forest where they are secure from gun, and take the hardships with the security of liberty. Few, perhaps none of them, are so sagacious or so strong willed as to resist the pleasure of being fed daily with regularity and abundance. Every evening at four o'clock mashed boiled potatoes are distributed to them. At the appointed hour the whole lawn of the preserve is covered with silver, golden, red, ordinary and Chinese pheasants, patridges, colins, presenting a most animated and interesting spectacle. But this feeding by hand and this food domesticates the bird and destroys his game flavor and makes shooting such wild fowl as tame as a barn yard massacre.—*Letter from Paris.*

Lost Arts.

In regard to colors we are far behind the ancients. None of the colors in the Egyptian paintings of thousands of years ago are not in the least faded, except the green. The Tyrian purple of the entombed city of Pompeii is as fresh to day as it was those thousand years ago. Some of the stucco, painted ages before the Christian era, broken up and mixed, reverted to its original lustre. And yet we pity the ignorance of the dark skinned children of the ancient Egypt. The colors upon the walls of Nero's festal vault are as fresh as if painted yesterday. So is the cheek of the Egyptain prince who was contemporaneous with Solomon, and Cleopatra, at whose feet Cæsar laid the riches of his empire.

And in regard to metals. The edges of the statues of the obelisks of Egypt, and of the ancient walls of Rome, are as sharp as if but hewn yesterday. And the stones still remain so closely fitted that their seams, laid with mortar, cannot be penetrated with the edge of a penknife. And their surface is exceedingly hard, so hard that when the French artists engraved two lines upon the obelisk bro't from Egypt, they destroyed, in the tedious task, many of the best tools which can be manufactured. And yet these ancient monuments are traced all over with inscriptions placed upon them in olden times. This, with other facts of a striking character, prove that they were far more skilled in metals than we are. Quite recently it is recorded that when an American vessel was on the shores of Africa a son of that benighted region made from an iron hoop, a knife superior to any on board of the vessel, and another made a sword of Damascus excellence from a piece of iron.

Fiction is very old; Scott had his counterpart two thousand years ago. A story is told of a warrior who had no time to wait for the proper forging of his weapon, but seized it red hot, rode forward, but found to his surprise that the cool air had tempered his iron [illegible] weapon. The tempering of steel therefore, which was new to us a century since, was old two thousand years ago.

Ventilation is deemed a modern art. But this is not the fact, for aperture, unquestionably made for the purpose of ventilation, are found in the pyramid tombs of Egypt. Yet thousands of years ago the barbarous Pagans went so far as to ventilate their tombs, while we yet scarcely know how to ventilate our houses.

Railway Over the Alps.

The pass over Mont Cenis, joining the festile fields of Sardinia and Savoy, has always been the favorite of alpine passes. Although the military route for ages, the road was in a deplorable condition till, by the enterprise of Napoleon, a substantial carriage way was constructed at an expense to the government of seven million francs. For a number of years past this road, in connection with the French and Italian railroads and the Adriatic steamers, has formed the most direct and expeditious mail route to India and the East. The slow and tedious mountain passage, originated the project of completing the missing link of railway communication by tunneling the Alps.

Whether this gigantic undertaking will ever be completed, admits of doubt. In the meantime, a company has been started with the design of accomplishing this same object by constructing a railroad over the summit of the mountain.

Mr. Fell, an English engineer, read an interesting paper on the subject before the British Association, and his statements leave no doubt as to the feasibility of the plan. Both the French and Italian governments favor the enterprise; operations have already begun, and in all probability the road will be completed by March next.

From the difficulties to be overcome, the work must fairly be ranked as one of the greatest in the records of engineering.

The inclines to be traversed by this road—without exception the steepest ever attempted—require a special construction both in the railway itself and locomotive.

The variations of climate during the year—always an important consideration in allowing for adhesion, or bite of the driving wheels on the rail—constitute here an important element, and necessitates the employment of a third or center rail. By this means not only is the proper amount of adhesion produced, but the additional advantage is obtained of furnishing means for applying an increased amount of brake power, and also preventing all possibility of either car leaving the track.

The engines and carriages have each, in addition to the usual vertical wheels, four horizontal wheels, having flanges underlapping the center rail, connected with brake so as to grip the rails; these, in connection with the usual sets, give a brake pressure of 60 tons in an engine weighing 16 to 17 tons.

This principle of obtaining the adhesion required, in order to develop tractive force on railways, is equally applicable to an even much steeper gradient, than any found on the Mont Cenis road, and that consistently with the economical expense of mechanical power.

A Sheriff's Attachment.

Court was in session, and amid the multiplicity of business which crowded upon a Sheriff at term time, he was led to the door of a beautiful widow, who, by the way, had often bestowed melting glances on the aforesaid Sheriff. He was admitted, and the widow appeared. The confusion and fright which the arrival of her visitor occasioned, set off to greater advantage the captivating charms of the widow M. Her cheek bore the beautiful blended tints of the apple blossom; her lips resembled the rose-buds, upon which the morning dew yet lingered, and her eyes were like the quivers of Cupid; and glances of love and tenderness with which they were filled, resembled arrows which only invited a "beau" (pardon the pun) to do full execution. After a few common-place remarks:

"Madam," said the matter-of-fact Sheriff, "I have an attachment for you."

A deeper blush than usual mantled the cheeks of the fair widow, while the glance of her downcast eyes was centered upon her beautiful foot, which, half concealed by flowing drapery, patted the floor. She with equal candor replied:

"Sir, the attachment is reciprocal."

For some time the Sheriff maintained an astonished silence, and at length said:

"Madam, will you proceed to court?"

"Proceed to court," replied the lady, with a merry laugh; then shaking her head, she said:

"No, sir, though this is leap year, I will not take advantage therein granted to my sex, and therefore I greatly prefer that you should proceed to court."

"But, madam, the justice is waiting."

"Let him wait; I am not disposed to hurry matters, and besides, sir, when the ceremony is performed, I wish you to understand that I greatly prefer a minister to a justice of the peace."

A light dawned upon the Sheriff's brain.

[illegible] chair with solemn dignity, "there is a great mistake here; my language has been misunderstood; the attachment of which I speak was issued from the office of Squire C——, and commands me to bring you instantly before him to answer a contempt of court, disobeying a subpœna in the case of Smith vs. Jones."

Never Saw a Woman.

"Meadow's History of the Chinese," lately published in London, in a chapter on love, has the following:

A Chinese, who had been disappointed in marriage, and had grievously suffered through women in various other ways, retired with his infant son to the peaks of a mountain range in Kweichoo, a spot quite inaccessible to little footed Chinese women. He trained the boy to worship the gods, and stand in awe and abhorrence of the devils; but he never mentioned women to him, always descending the mountain alone to buy the food. At length, however, the infirmities of age compelled him to take the young man with him to carry the heavy bag of rice. As they were leaving the market town together the son suddenly stopped short, and, pointing to three approaching objects, cried—

"Father, what are things? Look! look! what are they?"

"The father answered with the peremptory order—

"Turn away your head; they are devils!"

The son, in some alarm, turned away, noticing that the evil things were gazing at him with surprise from behind their fans. He walked to the mountain in silence, ate no supper, and from that day lost his appetite and was afflicted with melancholy. For some time his puzzled and anxious parent could get no satisfactory answer to his inquiries, but at length the young man burst out crying with inexplicable pain—

"Oh, father, that tallest devil! that tallest devil"

SMART GIRLS.—At an examination in one of our young ladies' seminaries, the other day, the question was put to a class of little ones:

"Who makes the laws in our government?"

"Congress," was the ready reply.

"How is Congress divided?" was the next question; but the little girl to whom it was put failed to answer it. Another little girl in the class raised up her hand, indicating that she could answer it.

"Well," said the examiner, "Miss Sallie, what do you say the division is?"

Instantly, with an air of confidence as well as triumph, the answer came—"Civilized, half-civilized, and savage!"