Montrose Democrat.

A. J. GERRITSON, Publisher. | MONTROSE, PA., TUESDAY, NOV. 13, 1866. | VOLUME XXIII, NUMBER 46.

THE WASHING OF THE PILGRIM'S FEET.

A Scene at Rome.

I had vowed I would go to no ceremonies in Rome. Mock them I would not; respect them I could not. Why should I see anything, sacred to others, that could but rouse ridicule to my mind? But the account given me of the washing of the pilgrim's feet, not at St. Peter's, but at Santa Marie del Pelegrini—the description of the peasant toil-worn pilgrims made me absolve myself from that part of my vow and take steps to procure admission to the spectacle.

Very difficult, every one said, to get a ticket, every one was so anxious to go; and I had quite given up the idea, when late on Saturday evening—Easter Saturday—a note came from a friend to offer me the vacant place in their carriage and a spare ticket.

A little before nine o'clock we left via Condotti and drove through the dark narrow streets, whither I knew not.

Stopping at the darkest corner of a great church and a tall gloomy building, the hospital adjoining, up a slippery, dim, wholesomely stair, we stumbled, fearing to be too late, and, passing through two small ante-rooms, joined a procession of other ladies through a narrow passage made by wooden rails in the middle of the long, large, bare-walled chamber, where the supper was to be. On one side of us were long narrow tables, as yet uncovered, with attendant narrow benches. On the other a smaller space, occupied by a board, on which the materials for the supper were laid as they were brought in from another room by half a dozen or so of little women, with black silk dresses and red pinafores—ministering angels with very much the air of housekeepers and ladies' maids, but who were coroneted peeresses, countesses, and marchesas, every one of them.

A gradual pushing and shoving bro't us to the door, and down a perilous dark stair, to the room where the ceremony was about to begin.

A large oblong stone chamber—not unlike a laundry—a raised stone seat with all around cocks of steaming water pouring into small tubs three sides of it, and a wooden beam to keep separate the beholders and the performers in the impending sight.

By a side door the peasant women came slowly in one by one, seating themselves shyly on the stone seat, and pulling off their thick woolen socks and their strong shoes.

An old crone, wrinkled like a withered apple, laid her hands on her knees and stared indifferently before her. A shy, brown faced girl, shame-faced, with the most beautiful wild blue eyes I ever saw, coarse white cloth over her head, and many beads round her throat, sat next her. A stout, stupid matron by her plunged her feet at once into the hot water to soak. They were mostly old women, none of them ragged, and few that did not look strong and hearty; but their faces wore, for the most part, that melancholy, weird look that is so southern and poetic, and that means so little.

The red-aproned ladies had dropped on their knees before the tubs, and all was quiet, when a plump priest, in pink and calico garments and a scarlet skull-cap, entered and placed himself in the middle of a long row of pilgrims. After a cheery word or two to the old dame on either side of him, the priest began in a nasal monotone, a Latin prayer, instantly followed by the pilgrims. The ladies began to splash the water in the tubs and look around them and smile at their acquaintances.

A curious scene enough. Deep gray shadows, a fitful yellow light here and there resting on a dark, wild face; harsh voices rising and falling in an unfamiliar tongue, and at once all the strange sense that these were unknown fellow-occupants of this dream-like world, fellow-travelers to the eternal world to come—faces that I should never see again, and that had each its own fate and history, for good or evil, in this life and the next.

Small zeal, I thought, the ladies bestowed on their office. I should like to see English girls doing right heartily the scrubbing and sponging that they did not do at all. The prayers ended, each pilgrim drew on her socks and shoes; each lady placed the hand of her whose feet she had washed within her arm and led her from the room. The women slouched bashfully past us, and the ministering angels nodded and smiled to the friends they saw amongst our number, but seemed to take no heed of, or interest in, their companions.

We made our way, as speedily as might be to the supper room, while a new set of pilgrims, ladies and spectators, took our places.

Up stairs, the long tables were already covered and rows of sunburnt guests seated, waiting for grace to be said, more red pinafores flitted around with round bowls of salad and thick brown loaves, and with them were here and there stout beings in pink calico garments from the throat to the feet, whose gray moustaches relieved us from an otherwise painful uncertainty as to their sex.

With glee I recognized my friend, Prince M——, as benign and better shaven than usual, amongst the pink dressing gowns; and he told me that with sundry others he had finished washing the men's feet in a separate part of the hospital, and had come to help keep order here.

A cheery sound now filled the long room, the salad, bread, fish and wine made an ample supper in the eyes of such frugal, hungry folk as the Italian peasants, and talking, laughing and whispering, in groups they ate and drank. Some did not eat, but stuffed their portion into a leathern wallet or yellow kerchief for the morrow's use. Some helped their neighbors, pulling the shining lettuce leaves out of brown wooden bowls with yet browner fingers. Here and there a sad gloomy face looked out from the white head-gear, but there was many a flashing eye and happy countenance among them. Only one girl—so beautiful that her face haunts me still—looked so lonely and so sad that I tried to coax her to take her untouched food; she shook her head and a tell-tale tear fell from her eyes; she would not even carry off her bread and wine, as did those who, dog like, were too shy to eat in public, but sat with locks of tawny hair on her shoulders and long slender hands clasped in her lap, a poem in herself. I wondered why she was sad, and composed a rapid romance for her, ending happily in the third volume.

Grace was said and a move made toward the sleeping room, and now began a strange scene.

Wooden bars were again put up to keep a passage wide enough to admit two abreast to the doorway.

Countess E—— stood at the exit to see that too many did not crowd into the dormitory at one time, and Marchese —— took up a position a few yards inside the room, to keep order in the procession as it passed from the tables. Within the sleeping-room a hymn, chanted by the lady attendants, was joined by the voices of the peasants, in turn, as they left the supper room, not an unmelodious ring of rough and uncultivated tones in a slow, yet glad cadence, but we only heard the sound at first, for they would not go quietly, and a trampling of heavy feet drowned all save their own noise.

Much to my amaze the frightened, grave women became bold, half fierce, and very boisterous, elbowing, exclaiming, pushing, with flushed faces and muttered words—all strove to be first. So wildly did they push that at last the matron, little active Marchese —— threw herself between two stout women, and with head, hands, and elbows, fought till she had driven back the foremost in the melee, and had restored order in the procession.

"Curious folk," Prince M—— said to me; "they are so fierce at times in their dormitory that it is hard to manage them. Certain beds are special favorites, certain parts of the room are much esteemed, and they fight for these; also, those of one country or of one family are wild if they be not together at bed time."

The Prince told me that in another section of the building the male pilgrims were tended, as were here the women, but that all through the year the institution was open for the relief of all the poor wayfaring people; only, to merit the special privileges of Easter,—the six days' food and lodging, the clean linen, and warm water,—they must have journeyed sixty miles on foot unwashed; then for six days they may receive food and lodging, and on one of those days their feet are washed by the delicate hands of the high-born Lenten penitents of Rome.

The pilgrims spend their day in visiting shrines and churches, and on Easter day they throng the great place of St. Peter to receive the Papal blessing.

I was mistaken in my supposition that the pilgrims regarded themselves as favored beings in being so treated; it appears they consider that the privilege is theirs to bestow when they lend themselves to aid the good works of the fair penitents; the favor is all the other way; they think themselves very gracious in allowing the Roman countesses and princesses to urge a claim on Heaven by washing their feet; and there is great "concurrence" among the Roman ladies for permission to do it, so much so that the Holy Father had declared that henceforth no one should be eligible to the office who did not six times wash the feet in private before the public washing.

The whole thing is so utterly apart from any English charity or good work, so thoroughly "foreign" as we call it, that I could institute no comparison between it and any institution in our country; but I left the gray walls of Santa Marie del Pelegrini with real regret that I could only have this one glimpse at the interesting countrywomen of this most poetic land, and that there was so small a likelihood of my ever revisiting a scene so novel and so far superior, from its absence of theatrical effect, to anything I had yet seen in the Holy City.

☞ A curious man in Taunton, Mass., inserted on Sunday a red-hot poker into the fuse-hole of an old shell, to see whether it was loaded. He ascertained that it was, but lost all the hair on his head, also a leg and an arm.

Macaulay's Description of the Puritans.

They mistook their own indignant feelings for emotions of piety; encouraged in themselves, by reading and meditation, a disposition to brood over their wrongs, and, when they had worked themselves into hating their enemies, imagined they were only hating the enemies of Heaven. In the New Testament, there was little indeed which, even when perverted by the most disingenuous exposition, could seem to countenance the indulgence of malevolent passions. But the Old Testament contained the history of a race selected by God to be witnesses of His unity and ministers of His vengeance, and specially commanded by Him to do many things which, if done without His special command, would have been atrocious. In such a history it was not difficult for fierce and gloomy spirits to find much that might be restored to suit their wishes. The extreme Puritans, therefore, began to feel for the Old Testament a preference which, perhaps, they did not distinctly avow even to themselves, but which showed itself in all their sentiments and habits. They paid to the Hebrew language a respect which they refused to that tongue in which the discourses of Jesus and the epistles of Paul have come down to us. They baptized their children by the names, not of Christian saints, but of Hebrew patriarchs and warriors.

In defiance of the express and reiterated declarations of Luther and Calvin, they turned the weekly festival by which the church had from the primitive times, commemorated the resurrection of her Lord, into a Jewish Sabbath. They sought for principles of jurisprudence in the Mosaic law, and for precedents to guide their ordinary conduct in the books of Judges and Kings. Their thoughts and discourses ran much on acts which were assuredly not recorded as examples for our imitation. The prophet who hewed in pieces a captive King, the rebel general who gave the bloon of a queen to the dogs, the matron who in defiance of plighted faith and of laws of eastern hospitality drove the nail into the brain of the fugitive ally who had just fed at her board, and who was sleeping under the shadow of her tent—were proposed as models to Christians suffering under the tyranny of princes and prelates.

Morals and manners were subjected to a code resembling that of a synagogue when the synagogue was in its worst state. The dress, the language, the deportment, the studies, the amusements of the rigid sect were regulated on principles resembling those of the Pharisees, who, proud of their washed hands and broad phylacteries, taunted the Redeemer as a Sabbath breaker and a wine bibbler. It was a sin to hang garlands on a May pole, to drink a friend's health, to fly a hawk, to hunt a stag, to play at chess, to wear love locks, to put starch into a ruff, to touch the virgins, to read the Fairy Queen. Rules such as these—rules which would have appeared insupportable to the free and joyous spirit of Luther, and contemptible to the serene and philosophical intellect of Zuingle, threw over all life a more than monastic gloom.

The learning and eloquence by which the great Reformers had been eminently distinguished, and to which they had been in no small measure, indebted for their success, were regarded by the new school of Protestants with suspicion, if not with aversion. Some precisians scrupled about teaching the Latin grammar, because the names of Mars, Bacchus and Apollo occurred in it. The fine arts were all proscribed. The solemn peal of the organ was superstitious. The music of Ben Johnson's Takes was dissolute. Half the fine paintings in England were idolatrous and the other half indecent.

The Puritan was at once known from other men by his gait, his garb, his lank hair, and the sour solemnity of his face, the upturned whites of his eyes, the nasal twang with which he spoke, and, above all, his peculiar dialect. He employed, on every occasion, the imagery and style of scripture. Hebraisms violently introduced into the English language, and metaphors borrowed from the baldest lyric poetry of a remote age and country, and applied to the common concerns of English life, were the most striking peculiarities of this cant, which moved, not without cause, the derision both of prelates and libertines.

☞ If your sister while engaged with a sweet heart, asks you to bring a glass of water from an adjoining room start on your errand but you need not return. You will not be missed. Don't forget this, little boys.

—"What makes you look so grum, Tom?" "Oh, I had to endure a sad trial to my feelings." "What on earth was it?" "Why, I had to tie on a pretty girls bonnet while her ma was looking on."

—Prentice says Butler makes war as boys sleep in cold weather—spoon fashion.

—We do not believe in spiritualism or magic, but the other day a veracious witness actually saw a young man turn into a public house.

A Sensation Novel of Real Life.

It is not often that a man who begins his career by embezzlement turns out right in the long run, and refunds with interest the amount abstracted; but an instance of the kind, very remarkable in its character, has come to light in Liverpool. About six or eight years ago, a young man, who had been educated at Trinity College, Dublin, arrived in Liverpool to push his fortune. His conduct while at the college had been so loose and wild that his parents declined to have anything further to do with him. But he was clever, a good linguist and apt to make himself useful, and soon he was engaged as a correspondence clerk by an influential firm, in whose service he worked himself up to such a point of efficiency that they increased both his pay and his responsibilities. At length, however, the "Old Adam" asserted itself, and, in order to cover his personal extravagance, the young man helped himself to his employers' cash to the extent of £3,000. He of course himself eloped, and all the ingenuity of the detective officials could not disclose his whereabouts. In the meantime the fugitive went to America, and (as afterward transpired) engaged himself to a well known dry goods merchant in New York, with whom he remained until the outbreak of the American war. His master being an ardent patriot, offered to advance handsome sums of money to any of his clerks who would volunteer for the war, and the hero of this brief narrative was one who accepted the offer. He went through some of the severest brushes of the campaign without receiving a wound, fought at Fredericksburg, Seven Oaks, and other places, and held a subordinate command during Sherman's great march. At the close of the struggle, he fell in love with, and married, the wealthy young widow of one of the Federal Generals who was killed at Gettysburg. After their marriage, the lady wished to visit England, but there was one little difficulty in the way—the £3,000. Ultimately, however, it was decided that the wisest course would be to refund the amount; and, to the delight of the Liverpool firm, they received by the last steamer an order for the amount, with 5 per cent. interest from the date of the cashier's elopement.—*Belfast* (Ireland) *Whig.*

Wonders of the Telegraph.

The annihilation of time and space by the telegraph, now that it reaches nearly half around the globe, is so astounding that men have to reflect to take in its full meaning. The New York Independent gives the following as an illustration: "On Monday, July 30, Mr. Field received a message of congratulation from Mr. Ferdinand de Lesseps, the projector of the Suez Canal. It was dated at Alexandria, in Egypt, the same day, at half past one p. m., and received in Newfoundland at half past ten a. m. Let us look at the globe, and see over what a space that message flew. It came from the land of the Pharoabs and the Ptolemies—it passed along the shores of Africa, and under the Mediterranean Ocean, more than a thousand miles to Malta, it then leaped to the continent of Europe and shot across Italy, over the Alps and through France, under the English Channel, to London—it then flashed across England and Ireland, till from the cliffs of Valentia it struck straight into the Atlantic, darting down the submarine mountain which lies off the coast, and over all the hills and valleys which lie beneath the watery plain, resting not till it touched the shore of the 'New World.' In that morning's flight it had passed over one fourth of the earth's surface, and so far outstripped the sun in his course that it reached its destination three hours before it was sent! To understand this it must be remembered that the earth revolves from west to east, and when it is sunrise here it is between 8 and 9 o'clock in Alexandria, in Egypt, and when it is sunset here, it is nearly nine o'clock in the evening there."
—American Artizan.

Politeness in Business.

Politeness in business is a large addition to your capital already invested. It keeps your customers in a good humor, and gains new ones for you every day.—It is the charm that smoothes and softens the rough paths of business. It is the "philosopher's stone" which turns every thing you touch into gold. It invests commercial life with most of the poetry that ever adorns it. It makes men respect you and love to deal with you. It gains you the good offices and kind words of those with whom you daily come in contact.

It has been humorously and truly said of one that he preferred making his dealings with a polite merchant, who would cheat him a *little*, than with a rude, rough, and habitually impolite one, who would *honest* him a great deal. Honesty and honor are commendable and shining qualities it is true; but they never look better than when they are found in a setting of genuine politeness and good breeding.

—Fenian sisterhoods; says a writer, are much nicer things than brotherhoods, and far better armed for conquest.

—Wanted by a confectioner, a candid young woman.

Youth and Maturity.

There is a certain even handed justice; and for what he takes away, he gives us something in return. He robs us of elasticity of limb and spirit, and in its place he brings tranquility and repose—the mild autumnal weather of the soul. He takes away hope, but he gives us memory. And the settled unfluctuating atmosphere of middle age is no bad change for the stormful emotions, the passionate cries ad suspenses of the earlier day. The constitutional melancholy of the middle aged man is a dim back ground on which the pale flowers of life are brought out in the tenderest relief.

Youth is the time for action, middle age for thought. In youth we hurriedly crop the herbage; in middle age, in a sheltered place, we chew the ruminative cud. In youth, red handed, red ankled, with songs and shouting, we gather in the grapes, in middle age, under our own fig tree, or in quiet gossip with a friend, we drink the wine free of all turbid fears. Youth is a lyrical poet; middle age is a quiet essayist, fond of recounting experiences and of appending a moral to every incident. In youth the world is strange and unfamiliar, novel and exciting, everything wears the face and garb of a stranger; in middle age the world is covered with reminiscences as with a garment—it is made homely with usage, and it is made sacred with graves.

The middle aged man can go no where without treading the mark of his own footsteps. And in middle age, too—provided the man has been a good and ordinarily happy one, along with his mental tranquility there comes a corresponding sweetness of the moral atmosphere. He has seen the good and evil there is in the world, the ups and downs: the almost general desire of the men and women therein to do the right thing if they could but see how, and he has learned to be uncensorious, humane; to attribute the best motives to every action, and to be chary of imputing a sweeping and cruel blame. He has a quiet smile for vain glorious boasts; a feeling of respect for the shabby genteel virtues; a pity for thread bare garments proudly worn, and for the napless hat glazed into more than pristine brilliancy from frequent brushing after rain. He would not be satirical for the world. He has no finger of scorn to point at anything under the sun. He has a hearty "Amen" for every good wish, and in the worst cases he leans to a verdict of not proven.

And along with this pleasant blandness and charity, a certain grave, serious humor, "a smile on the lip, and a tear in the eye," is noticeable frequently in middle aged persons—a phase of humor peculiar to that period of life, as the crysanthemum to December. Pity lies at the bottom of it, just as pity lies, unsuspected, at the bottom of love. Perhaps this is a special quality of humor, with its sadness and tenderness, its mirth with the heart ache, its gayety grown out of deepest seriousness, like a crocus on a child's grave—never approaching closer to a perfection than in some passages of Mr. Hawthorne's writings, who was a middle aged man from earliest boyhood. And altho' middle aged persons have lost the actual possession of youth, yet in virtue of this youth they comprehend it, see all around it, enter imaginatively into every sweet and bitter of it. They wear the key of memory at their girdles and they can open every door in the chamber of youth.

A Match Factory.

A match factory in Western New York is noted for the curious machinery used in the manufacture. Seven hundred and twenty thousand feet of pine of the best quality are used annually for the matches, and 400,000 feet of basswood for cases. The sulphur used annually for the matches is 400 barrels, and the phosphorous is 9,600 pounds. The machines run night and day, and 300 hands are employed in the works. Five hundred pounds of paper per day are used to make the light, small boxes for holding the matches, and four tons of pasteboard per week for the larger boxes. Sixty six pounds of flour per day are used for paste; and the penny stamps required by government on the boxes amount to the snug little sum of $1,140 per day.

There are four machines in use for cutting, dipping, and delivering the matches. The two inch pine plank is sawed up the length of the match, which is 2½ inches. These go into the machine for cutting, where at every stroke 12 matches are cut, and by the succeeding stroke pushed in to slats arranged on a double chain 250 feet long, which carries them to the sulphur vat, and thence to the phosphorous vat, and thus across the room and back, returning them at a point just in front of the cutting machine, and where they are delivered in their natural order, and are gathered up by a boy in trays, and sent to the packing room. Thus 1,000 gross or 144,000 small boxes of matches are made per day. The machines for making the small, thin paper boxes and their covers are quite as wonderfully and ingeniously contrived as those that make the matches. A long coil of paper, as wide as the box is long, revolves on a wheel, one end being in the machine. It first passes thro' rollers, where the printing is done, and thence to the pasteboxes, where the sides and ends are only pasted; from thence to the folding apparatus, where the ends are nicely folded and the whole box is pasted together and drops into a basket. A similar machine is at work at the covers, and thus 144,000 boxes per day are manufactured.

WHISKERS AND KISSES.—The editress of the Lancaster Literary Gazette says she "would as soon nestle her nose in a rat's nest of Swingletown as a man with whiskers to kiss her." We don't believe a word of it. The objections which some ladies pretend to have to whiskers all arise from envy. They don't have any. They would if they could; but the fact is, the continual motion of the lower jaw is fatal to their growth. The ladies—God bless them!—adopt our fashions as far as they can. Look at the depredations they have committed on our wardrobes the last few years. They have appropriated our shirt bosoms, gold studs and all. They have encircled their soft bewitching cheeks in our standing collars and cravats, driving us to flatties and turn downs. Their innocent little hearts have been palpitating in the inside of our waistcoats, instead of thumping against the outside, as naturally indeed. They thrust their pretty little feet and ankles through our unmentionables, unthinkaboutts, and they are skipping along the streets in our high heeled boots. Do you hear?—we say boots.

Circumlocution Office.

A wag, the other day, had a fifty cent note of the fractional currency, sound in substance, but rather defaced. As it purported to be a legal tender for postage stamps, he presented himself at the stamp window at the Post Office, and demanded stamps therefor. The clerk replied that it was good, but too much worn. He wouldn't take it. Finally, he relaxed his official dignity under the good nature of his petitioner, by telling him to go to the wholesale department. Thither went the holder of the stamp. The official there examined the little legal tender, scrutinized it with his magnifier, thought it was good—but there was a curve about the signature with which he was not quite familiar. He recommended an application at the Treasury Department in Pine st. Off trotted our holder to that place. The official there examined it, volunteered the opinion that it was good, and recommended application to the Fractional Currency department. To that department went the noteholder. A close scrutiny by the official in charge resulted in a judgment in favor of the soundness of the note, but that office did not redeem in less sums than $3. "Then," queried the note-owner, "I must go and buy five more, and you'll redeem the whole." "Oh," said the clerk, "you'd better sell it to a broker." Conjured up by the sound, up stepped a buyer of national currency. He examined the thing, shook his head, examined it again, and then offered 10 cents for it.

THE WOOL-SACK.—The wool sack has for many ages been termed the seat of the Lord Chancellor, in the English House of Lords. It is a large square bag of wool, without back or arms, covered with red cloth. It is represented as having originated in very early times—when the great business of life was in keeping herds and flocks—in producing the simple necessities of life, and manufacturing, in the primitive way, the fleeces of their flocks, which were their principal material at that time for that purpose, into cloth-ing. When any dispute arose, the Judge or Justice in the case mounted a wool sack. Hence the introduction of it into the dignity of the legislative or parliamentary proceedings of Great Britain. It looks like a large feather bed. The Lord Chancellor is said to have taken his seat upon the wool sack, but he sits in a chair beside it.

There is one thing sure, said Mrs. Partington, the females of the present regeneration are a heap more independent than they used to be. Why, I saw a gal go by to day that, know belongs to the historical class of society, with her dress all tucked up to her knee, her hair all buzzled up like as if she hadn't had time to comb it for a week, and one of her grandmother's caps, in an awful crumpled condition, on her head. Why, laws, honey, when I was a gal, if any of the fellows come along when I had my clothes tucked up that way, and my head kivered with an old white rag, I would run for dear life, and hide out of sight. Well, well, the gals then were innocent, unconfiscated creatures; now they are what the French call "blazes."

—It has been asked, when the rain falls does it ever get up again? Of course it does—in dew time.

—The late Dr. Seymour was asked if he considered tight lacing bad for consumption. "Not at all; it is what it lives on." A wise and witty reply.

—Why is a piece of sterile ground like a certain toilet article? Because it is bare soil (bear's oil.)

—What to do with the national debt? leave it a loan.