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## TOM DUNLEIGH'S BLUNDER.

BY BELLE ST. AUBYN.

"Come Bertie, and let's have a drive. I'm pining for a change; and as for you, I have serious fears that you will fade quite away. Get your hat and mantle, my Kit, and we will have a jolly time! Run off, now, right away!" And lazy Tom for once roused himself, and clasped his hands with that gesture which is sometimes used to hasten the movements of others when we are ourselves in a hurry. But Bertie only looked up with a doleful face, and dropped her sewing reluctantly upon her lap, to make a regretful reply.

"Tom, dear, I really can't. This work must be finished, and if I spared the time for a drive I could not do it."

"Come, somebody else will finish it." "Who is there, pray? You don't expect Jenny, the housemaid, to take hold of a piece of work like this, and there is no others of womankind in the house! To-morrow, mamma will be here, and our new house must look just as perfect as possible. I will try to find time to drive after tea, perhaps; but I can't go now any way possible."

Little Mrs. Dunleigh here settled herself back to her work, firmly, utterly resigning the tempting thoughts of a drive while the cover that was to enrich her sofa pillow remained unfinished. Tom signed heavily, and passing out into the hall, put his hat on; but he paused at the door and looked back, wistfully.

"Oh, pshaw! Bertie. Do come. What does a new cover signify? It will do just as well without for another day, and I want you ever so much, because I shall not have another holiday in a long time perhaps. I don't know what to do with myself."

Bertie looked up, roguishly. "Suppose you read aloud from Dante's Inferno for me. That would be charming. I could listen delightfully while sewing."

"I hate Dante, and you know it!—Come, won't you be obliging!"

"Can't, really. You had better go and find Harry Leon to play billiards; you will enjoy that."

Tom waited no longer, but went out, deliberately, walking quite as deliberately down the street, puffing at a cigar with commendable zeal. To tell the truth, he was vexed, for he had set his heart upon a drive with his charming little wife, and the disappointment was a sore one. He did so love to have the little creature perched beside him behind the lovely grays he was wont to drive when he went out. She always looked so bright and happy, and everybody else looked so admiring. Two very strong winks of his nature were supplied. Tom loved his "fairy" idolizingly, and he loved to have her praised beyond anything else. In fact, if the truth was told, Tom Dunleigh took especial delight in having anything that belonged to him admired. It was one of the peculiarities of his disposition; and those who sought the way to his great, generous heart could find it in no easier way than by praising his various possessions.

By the time he arrived at Leon's place of business, he had partly dissipated his vexation, burning it away with the cigar he smoked, and watching him as it spread in soft clouds above him. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Leon was not in, and Tom betook himself to the street again, feeling in anything but a happy mood.

"I've half a mind to go off on a spree," said Tom to himself, in a half-audible and very petulant tone. And then he smiled when he thought of how horrified Bertie would be to see him coming home "tipsy," and how she would reproach herself as the cause. To do him justice, Tom had no serious thought of doing himself so gross an injury; and for an hour did nothing more harmful than to wander aimlessly about, hoping to find some one to help him get rid of a troublesome ailment. Finally he stopped on a corner near a large hotel, gazing idly at the passers as they filed along each bent on their own business or pleasure—none with more than a word, a nod, or a smile for him.

"I'm just like the idle boy who could find no one to play with him," muttered Tom once more to himself. "And I suppose it will end in my getting into some mischief or other. I hope there will be no more holidays soon, if this is the way I'm to spend 'em. I'd better have attended the funeral of my respected senior employer than to have pretended a headache, and have this aimless, dreary time as a reward. I feel like going to a funeral. Wish it wasn't too late."

But just at this moment Tom's eyes fell upon a little figure gliding away rapidly along on the opposite side of the street, where it soon turned the corner. The face was concealed by the veil, but there was no such thing as mistaking a figure like Bertie's light, airy, and graceful. From her head to the tip of her dainty foot, his wife was the perfection of delicate loveliness, and all P— could not boast another like her. But he was astonished to see her on the street after her refusal to drive; and his unhappy

mood was not made any better by the sight.

Crossing the street quickly, he followed after, intending to overtake her; but her little glancing feet were far too quick for his clumsy tread. She led him a charming chase for three squares, then he just caught a sight of her, as a tall, slender gentleman, faultlessly attired, stepped to her side and took her hand in greeting. The next moment, both had entered the cars; and before he had realized it, had gone.

For one moment after reaching the corner, Tom gazed after the distant car in bewilderment. The cool, sluggish blood, so hard to rouse usually, was mounting hotly now. An incident of less import might have set it going in his present frame of mind; and this had maddened him. Once thoroughly angered, Tom Dunleigh was a terrible man to deal with, and it would have fared ill with the handsome stranger had he been at that moment within reach. As it was, he started off in a steady, rapid walk, bent on tracing her to her destination. He would find out who it was that she preferred to her own husband, and take dire vengeance upon him. Surely he had reason for the maddening jealousy that had taken possession of him. The meeting he had witnessed bore mystery upon the face of it; even had he not known that such a man, his name or station, had never at any time been mentioned to him as having the honor of his wife's acquaintance. A less passionate man might have felt as Tom did at this moment. But as we have said, though Mr. Dunleigh was one of the best and generous of mortals, taking all things ordinarily with inimicable sang froid, when once roused, he was terrible, and one might be forgiven for trembling in the presence of his wrath.

Tom had walked about six squares ere he was near enough to see that he had in view the same car he was following. One or two delays at the corners, waiting for passengers, favored him greatly, so that it was not a square distance when the pair descended and mounted the steps of an elegant house on the left. He quickened his pace almost to a run at the sight of them; but ere he could gain the house, the door had closed upon them, shutting him out.

Poor Tom's fury was boundless. He was tempted to rush up the steps and demand that she should go with him instantly. But a moment's thought restrained him.

"I may get her, but he will escape me," he muttered through his set teeth. "I will wait and make sure of him when he comes out." Saying which, with portentous coolness, Tom crossed the street, and took up his position in a drug store, where he could see the houses. He only asked permission to sit down for a while, giving no reason, and set there stolidly indifferent to the man's wonder at the strange proceeding. Keeping his gaze fixed the door, he remained for a full hour, then seeing no signs of returning, his patience was exhausted, and he went out abruptly. In that hour the thoughts and feelings that had passed through his unhappy brain were of a fearful nature. Out of the whirlwind of passion, one deliberate purpose had resolved itself. And now as the cool air fell upon his hot face, he tossed the thick, damp masses of brown hair back from his forehead, and turned his steps homeward.

Arriving there, he turned into the little library, and wrote rapidly for several minutes. The letter he carried into Bertie's chamber, and left upon her toilet table. It was a cruel, bitter letter; but he meant that she should never know peace again, after having read it once. Deceit like hers was deserving of dreadful punishment.

It was a hard thing to go away and leave his new home. He had toiled very hard for it, and had anticipated so much happiness in the possession. And here it must all end! Tom thought everything that made life worth the keeping must be left behind, and he became a wanderer on the face of the earth, a vagabond, perhaps, he said, bitterly. But what would it matter now?

Standing in Bertie's room, with the delicate perfumes she loved stealing around him, poor Tom's agony was increased. One of her tiny slippers lay upon a stool where she had left it, and he snatched it up, kissing it passionately, while a bitter groan burst through his lips.

"Oh, Bertie, Bertie! How I have loved you!"

And then he put the little thing in his pocket, the only memento he would carry away with him. He would take one long look through the house, then he would go and lie in wait for that man until he could punish him, after which he would fly the country, and see her no more forever.

A deadly light gleamed from honest Tom's blue eyes, as he took a revolver from its case, and placed it in an inside pocket. But tears were on his cheeks when he turned from Bertie's room for the last time. It was a hard and bitter thing to do what lay before him.

"Twilight had fallen by this time, and he peered wistfully into each dim room as he passed, making his way to Bertie's boudoir for a last look at the spot she

loved best. But the house was so still, his own steps sounded harsh to him in spite of the soft carpets. Turning the handle of the door, he stepped in as lightly as he could, but he stood for half a minute ere his eyes became sufficiently accustomed to the darkness to enable him to distinguish objects. When they did grow used to it, he saw something that drove the hot blood back to his heart, and made him feel faint.

There in one corner, resting upon a lounge, and dressed in a white wrapper, lay Bertie fast asleep! Her rich hair was scattered over the pillow, and a warm flush on her delicate cheeks, which made her look inexpressibly lovely. Her regular breathing betrayed a deep and dreamless sleep. Evidently she had been there for some time, for the curtains had been dropped to subdue the light.

Filled with remorseful shame for the actions of the past two hours, poor Tom slipped out of the room, and quickly returned the revolver to its case. Then he burnt the letter he had written, and having destroyed all traces of his anger, returned to Bertie, who woke to find her husband holding her in his arms, and covering her face with his kisses.

"Oh, Tom, how you frightened me!—I got so tired I had to lie down, but the cover is finished, and Tom so pleased. Did you have a nice game, dear?"

"Very nice," answered Tom, aloud, but mentally added: "A very nice time in making a fool of myself."

"Why did you not bring Harry home to tea with you?"

"Couldn't come," answered the dutiful fellow with some hesitation; then he hastened to cover it by saying that it seemed quite as well, for he saw no signs of such a meal. Bertie laughed.

"That's all you know about my management! A match touched to the dining-room chandeliers will show you the table in perfect readiness, and in less than two minutes tea can be served. I am saving gas by waiting, you see. I mean to be a very economical little housekeeper until you are wholly out of debt, so many little things have to be paid for. And I'll tell you, dear Tom, one reason why I did not yield to your wishes for a drive, was because I thought we ought to dispense with such luxuries just now. After a while I hope there will be no need to deny ourselves a few simple pleasures."

Tom's arms closed very tenderly round the little figure now, but the blood came in a hotter flush to his brow. He was trembling, so as to make detection inevitable, had not the little hands, wandering restlessly to his pockets, found something which brought a quick exclamation and ringing laugh to Bertie's lips. Then he, too, began to laugh; and after some teasing, told her the whole story through, and amid screams of laughter, ending with an earnest prayer to be forgiven for his blunder.

**Civilization Weakens as well as Strengthens.**

Society never advances; it recedes on one side as it gains on the other. It undergoes considerable changes; it is barbarous, it is christianized, it is rich, it is scientific, but this change is not ameliorated. For everything that is given, something is taken. Society acquires new arts and loses old instincts.

What a contrast between the well-clad, reading, writing, thinking American, with a watch, a pencil and a bill of exchange in his pocket, and the naked New Zealander, whose property is a club, a spear, a mat, and an undivided twentieth of a shed to sleep under! But compare the health of the two men, and you will see the white man has lost his aboriginal strength. If the traveler tells us truly, strike the savage with a broad axe, in a day or two the flesh will unite and heal as if you had struck the blow into soft pitch, and the same blow would send the white man to his grave.

The civilized man has built a coach, but has lost the use of his feet. He is supported on crutches, but lacks the support of muscle. He has a fine Waltham watch, but he fails of the skill to tell the hour by the sun. A Greenwhich nautical almanac he has, but being sure of the information when he wants it, the man in the street does not know a star in the sky. The sextant he does not observe; the equinox he knows as little, and the whole bright calendar of the year is without a dial in his mind. His note books impair his memory; his libraries overload his wit; the insurance office increases the number of accidents; and it may be a question whether machinery does not encumber; whether we have not lost by refinement some energy, by a christianity entrenched in forms and establishments some vigor of wild virtue.

Never place so much confidence in your minister as to sleep during the sermon.

Look out, lest by endorsing the character of others you lose your own.

Like cures like. Sulphur comes from Veauvins, therefore it is good for eruptions.

## FICKLENESS AND FASHION.

It is matter of amusement to an uninterested spectator like myself, to observe the influence fashion has on the dress and deportment of its votaries, and how very quick they fly from one extreme to the other.

A few years since the rage was very high crowned hats, with very narrow brims, tight neckcloth, tight coat, tight jacket, tight small clothes, and shoes loaded with enormous silver buckles; the hair craped, plaited, queued and powdered—in short, an air of the greatest spruceness and tightness diffused over the whole person.

The ladies, with their tresses neatly turned up over an immense cushion; waist a yard long, braced up with stays into the smallest compass, and encircled by an enormous hoop; so the fashionable belle resembled a walking bottle.

Thus dressed, was seen, with the most bewitching languor, reclining on the arm of an extremely attentive beau, who, with a long case, decorated with an enormous tassel, was carefully employed in removing every stone, stick, or straw that might impede the progress of his tottering companion, whose high-heeled shoes just brought the points of her toes to the ground.

What an alteration has a few years produced! We now behold our gentlemen, with the most studious carelessness and almost slovenliness of dress; large hat, large coat, large neckcloth, large pantaloons, large boots, and hair scratched into every careless direction, lounging along the streets in the most apparent listlessness and vacuity of thought; starting with an unmeaning countenance, at every passenger, or leaning upon the arm of some kind fair one for support, with the other hand crammed into his breeches' pocket. Such is the picture of a modern beau—in his dress stuffing himself up to the dimensions of a Hercules; in his manners affecting the helplessness of an invalid.

The belle who has to undergo the fatigue of dragging along this sluggish animal has chosen a character the very reverse—emulating in her dress and actions all the airy lightness of a sylph, she trips along with the greatest vivacity. Her eyes, her countenance enlivened with kindred animation every feature, except the torpid being by her side, who is either affecting the fashionable sang froid, or is wrapt up in profound contemplation of himself.

**HOW THE OLDSTYLES GOT MARRIED.**

There is nothing that seems more strange and preposterous to me than the manner in which modern marriages are conducted. The parties keep the matter as secret as if there was something disgraceful in the connection. The lady positively denies that anything of the kind is to happen; will laugh at her intended husband, and even lay bets against the event, the very day before it is to take place. They sneak into matrimony as quietly as possible, and seem to pride themselves on the cunning and ingenuity they have displayed in their manoeuvres.

How different is this from the manners of former times! I recollect when my Aunt Barbara was addressed by Squire Stylish; nothing was heard of during the whole courtship but consultations and negotiations between her friends and relatives; the matter was considered and reconsidered, and, at length, the time set for a final answer. Never shall I forget the awful solemnity of the scene. The whole family of the Oldstyles assembled in a awful conclave; my Aunt Barbara dressed out as fine as hands could make her—high cushion, enormous cap, long waist, prodigious hoop, ruffles that reached to the end of her fingers, and a gown of flame colored brocade, figured with poppies, roses and sunflowers. Never did she look so sublimely handsome. The squire entered the room, with a countenance suited to the solemnity of the occasion. He was arrayed in a full suit of scarlet velvet, his coat decorated with a profusion of large silk buttons, and the skirts stiffened with a yard or two of buckram; a long, pig-tailed wig, well powdered, adorned his head; and stockings of deep blue silk, rolled over the knees, graced his extremities; the flaps of his vest reached to his knee-buckles, and the ends of his cravat, tied with the most precise neatness, twisted through every button hole.

Thus accoutred, he gravely walked into the room, with his ivory-headed ebony cane in one hand, and gently swaying his three-cornered beaver with the other. The gallant and fashionable appearance of the squire, the gracefulness and dignity of his deportment, occasioned a general smile of complacency through the room; my Aunt Barbara modestly veiled her countenance with her fan, but I observed her contemplating her admirer with great satisfaction through the sticks.

The business was opened with the most formal solemnity, but was not long in agitation. The Oldstyles were moderate; their articles of capitulation few; the squire was gallant, and acceded to them all. In short, the blushing Barbara was delivered up to his embraces with due ceremony.

Then were the happy times. Such oceans of arrack—such mountains of plum cake—such feasting and congratulating; such fiddling and dancing—ah me! who can think of those days, and not sigh when he sees the degeneracy of the present; no eating of cake nor throwing of stockings—not a skin filled with wine on the joyful occasion—nor a single pocket edified by it but the parson's.

It is with the greatest pain I saw those customs dying away, which served to awaken the hospitality of my ancient comrades—that strewn with flowers the path to the altar, and shed a ray of sunlight on the commencement of the matrimonial union.

**What is "One Horse Power?"**

The use of the term "horse power" is very common; yet few, except good mechanics and engineers, attach a definite meaning to it, but regard it as indicating, loosely, about the power which one horse would draw. It is, however, when used in the sense under consideration, as definite as possible, and means the power required to lift 33,000 pounds avoirdupois one foot high in one minute.

A horse hitched to the end of a rope over a pulley one foot in diameter placed over a deep well, traveling at the rate of about 2½ miles per hour, or 220 feet per minute, will draw up 150 pounds the same distance he travels. The force thus exerted is called, in mechanics, a "horse power," it being an approximation to the average amount of continuous power it is fair to demand of a strong horse. If we multiply the weight raised (150 pounds) by the number of feet it was moved per minute, (220,) the product will be the number of pounds which the same power would raise one foot high in the same length of time (33,000 pounds.)

The dynamometer is an instrument made for measuring power, particularly that exerted in drawing. Those used for testing the draft of agricultural implements are simply very strong spring balances, or spring steelyards, graduated to indicate the power required to raise any weight, within reasonable limit, at the rate of 2½ miles per hour. When we apply the dynamometer, in ascertaining the draught of machines, if the index indicates one hundred and fifty pounds, it is shown that the horse is required to draw just as much as he would do if raising one with a rope over a pulley one foot in diameter at the rate of 2½ miles per hour, and so for other weights.

The velocity at which a team moves is to be considered, as well as the weight to be raised, or the load to be drawn. If a horse travels faster than two and a half miles per hour, while raising one hundred and fifty pounds out of a well, he exerts more than one horse power. If he walks slower than this, he does not exert a force equal to one horse power.

In ascertaining the draught of a plow, or reaper and mower, by drawing faster than two and a half miles per hour, the dynamometer would indicate more than the correct draught; and by driving slower, the draught would appear to be less than it really is. In testing the draught of machines a team should always move at the rate of two and a half miles per hour, or two hundred and twenty feet per minute, which is the universally accepted rate with reference to which dynamometers are graduated, and an easy one to which to approximate in driving with almost any kind of team.

Many people have supposed that 300 pounds—two horse power—represented the same force that a team would exert, when dragging 300 pounds along on the ground. A horse can haul 600 pounds on the hard ground with ease; but he could not draw hard enough on the dynamometer to mark more than 250 of 300 pounds, except for a few minutes. The power of a man is estimated at one fifth of a horse power.—American Agriculturist.

**Not Deep enough for Prayer.**

A good story is told of two raftsmen who were caught in the late big blow on the Mississippi, by which so many crafts were swamped and so many steamboats lost their sky rigging. The raft was just emerging from Lake Pepin as the squall came. In an instant it was pitching and writhing as if suddenly dropped into Charybdis, while the waves broke over her with tremendous uproar, and expecting instant destruction, one of the raftsmen dropped on his knees and commenced praying with a vim equal to the emergency. Happening to open his eyes an instant, he observed his companion not engaged in prayer, but pushing a pole in the water at the side of the raft.

"What's that yer doing, Mike?" said he, "get down on yer knees now, for there isn't a minute between us and purgatory!"

"Be easy, Pat," said the other, as he coolly continued to punch with his pole; "be easy, now; what's the use of prayin' when a feller can tech bottom with a pole?"

Mike is a pretty good specimen of a large class of Christians, who prefer to omit prayers as long as they can "tech bottom."

A penitential tear in value surpasses the wealth of worlds.

## Three Processes for Preserving Meat.

The perfect preservation of fresh meat in warm countries offers such a remunerative field to the successful inventor, that many methods have been proposed for its accomplishment. In an official report laid before Parliament on the preparation of beef in South America, for the English market, three methods, proposed by Prof. Morgan of the Royal College of Surgeons in Dublin, Baron Von Liebig, of Munich, and Mr. Sloper, of London, are to effect this end.

Mr. Morgan's process is based on forced infiltration, using the circulatory system of the body as a means of introducing in the tissues of the animal, by injection, a preparation the constituents of which have not yet been made public. The process is simple and efficacious; by it an ox can be preserved in ten minutes, using from twelve to fourteen gallons of the fluid.

Liebig's process differs essentially from the former, for the meat, instead of being preserved whole, is reduced to an essence to be used in making soups. The concentration is carried to such an extent that thirty-three pounds of meat are reduced to one pound of essence, and the alimentary matter of an entire ox is contained in eight pounds of this preparation, making over one thousand basins of good, strong soup.

The remaining process, patented by Messrs. McCall & Sloper, professes to preserve meat in its fresh or raw state, arriving in market in the exact condition of butchers' meat just killed, but with an additional advantage of keeping twice as long as ordinary meat, after being exposed to the air. The curing process is based on the extraction of oxygen from the vessel in which the meat is packed. Tin cans are used in putting up the meat, in which a vacuum is formed to be filled by a certain gas, the composition of which is kept a profound secret. The only difficulty of this process, in some respects superior to either of the preceding, is, that the smallest opening in the tin case proves destructive to its contents, by allowing the gas to escape and the air to get in.

**An Obedient Private.**

During the war a good story used to be told of a private in one of the Massachusetts regiments—the 14th we think—good going, and one day told the high private to go for some oysters; also giving him in the usual jocular way the command:

"Don't come back without them."

Off went the man, and no more was seen of him for several days, and the indignant and disappointed Captain reported him as a deserter, and gave him up as a lost child. But lo, after the lapse of nine days, the Captain beheld his reported deserter, Bailey, coming into camp, leading a train of four wagons loaded with oysters. Approaching and respectfully saluting the amazed Captain, Bailey reported:

"Here are your oysters, Captain; I could not find any in Alexandria, so I chartered a schooner and made a voyage to Fortress Monroe and Norfolk for them. There's about two hundred bushels; where do you want them?"

Bailey, it seems, really did make the trip, hired his men, and sold enough Oysters in Georgetown, before reporting, to pay all expenses and leave him a profit of \$160.

Two hundred bushels were divided among the regiment, and Bailey returned to duty as if nothing had transpired.—N. Y. Citizen.

**Moral Courage in Every-day Life.**

Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket.

Have the courage to do without that which you not need, however much your eyes may covet it.

Have the courage to speak your mind when it necessary to do so, and to hold your tongue when it is prudent you should do so.

Have the courage to speak to a friend in a "seedy" coat, even though you are in company with a rich one, and richly attired.

Have the courage to make a will and a just one.

Have the courage to tell a man why you will not lend him your money.

Have the courage to "out the most agreeable acquaintance you have when you are convinced that he lacks principle." A friend should bear with a friend's infirmities, but not with his vices.

Have the courage to show your respect for honesty in whatever guise it appears; and your contempt for dishonest publicity, by whomsoever exhibited.

Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for new ones.

Have the courage to obey your Maker, at the risk of being ridiculed by man.

Have the courage to prefer comfort and propriety to fashion in all things.

Have the courage to acknowledge your ignorance rather than seek credit for knowledge under false pretenses.

Have the courage to provide entertainment for your friends within your means, not beyond.