

# THE JEFFERSONIAN

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Science, Morality, and General Intelligence.

VOL. 18. STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA. FEBRUARY 11, 1858. NO. 8

**Published by Theodore Schoch.**  
No. 48—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars and a quarter, half yearly—and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. No papers are sent out until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the Editor.  
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**TRIAL LIST—**for Feb. Term, 1858.  
Executors of Joseph Keller, deceased vs. Melchior Bosserd.  
Executors of James Clewer, deceased vs. James N. Darling, Alexander Hornsby, Mathias Braekley and Wm. S. White.  
Fredrick Cramer, vs. Sarah Kiple, Executor of George Kiple, deceased.  
John J. Griffin vs. George Phillips.  
Ephraim Christman vs. Samuel J. Berger.

Jesse R. Weiss vs. Moses L. Noyce.  
William Ruff vs. Sydenham Walton.  
William S. Wintemute vs. the School Directors of Stroud township.  
Daniel Bailey vs. Samuel S. Keller.  
Adam Boyer vs. James M. Porter and John W. Sayre, partners under the firm of Porter & Sayre.

**A Dismal Flight—A Good Story.**  
Sir John Mandeville, an old British navigator, gives some astonishing reports of adventures in the Arctic seas—such, for example, as the following:

We were separated by a storm in the latitude of seventy-three, in-asmuch that only the ship which I was in, with a Dutch and French vessel, got safe into a creek of Nova Zembla. We landed in order to refit our vessels, and store ourselves with provisions. The crew of each vessel made themselves a cabin of turf and wood at some distance from each other, to fence themselves against the inclemencies of the weather, which was severe beyond imagination. We soon observed that, in talking to one another, we lost several of our words, and could not hear one another at above two yards distance, and that too when we sat very near the fire. After much perplexity, I found that our words froze in the air before they could reach the ears of the person to whom they were spoken. I was soon confirmed in this conjecture, when, upon the increase of the cold, the whole company grew dumb, or rather deaf; for every man was sensible, as we afterwards found that he spoke as well as ever, but the sounds no sooner took air than they were condensed and lost. It was now a miserable spectacle to see us nodding and gaping at one another, every man talking, and no man heard. One might observe a seaman that could hail a ship at a league's distance, beckoning with his hand, straining his lungs, and tearing his throat; but all in vain.

Nor voice, nor words ensued.  
We continued here three weeks in this dismal plight. At length upon a turn of wind the air about us began to thaw. Our cabin was immediately filled with a dry clattering sound, which I afterwards found to be the crackling consonants that broke above our heads, and very often mixed with a gentle hissing, which I imputed to the letter "s" that occurs so frequently in the English tongue. I soon after felt a breeze of whispers rushing by my ear; for those, being of a soft and gentle substance, immediately liquefied in the warm wind that blew across our cabin. These were soon followed by entire sentences, that melted sooner or later, as they were more or less congealed; so that we now heard everything that had been spoken during the whole three weeks, that we had been silent, if I may use the expression. It was now very early in the morning and yet to my surprise, I heard somebody say "Sir John, it is midnight and time for the ship's crew to go to bed."

This I knew to be the pilot's and, upon recollecting myself, I concluded that he had spoken those words to me some days before, though I could not hear them until the present thaw. My reader will easily imagine how the whole crew was amazed to hear every man talking, and see no man opening his mouth. In the midst of this great surprise we were all in, we heard a volley of oaths and curses, lasting for a long while, and uttered in a very hoarse voice, which I knew belonged to the boatswain, who was a very choleric fellow, and had taken this opportunity of cursing and swearing at me when he thought I could not hear him; for I had several times given him the strappado on that account, as I did not fail to repeat it for these his pious soliloquies when I got him on shipboard.

## LOVE AND REVENGE.

Oh, how I hated him—how I hated Richard Vinely—kneeling by my side, with that sort of mocking triumph lighting up his deep eyes, and his proud, thin lips, half parted, as if in expectation that I would say something that he might wish to check. And who would not have hated him as I did? Let me tell you how it was.

I had loved him more than a year—loved him, heaven only knows how passionately. Not more blindly or entirely does the silk worm weave itself with its own shroud, than I wrapped myself up in his pleasure, his admiration, his love. Not more trustingly turns the fearless eagle to its mountain eyrie, than I, foolish and confiding, turned to the bright, beautiful castles of hope which I had built on the rotten foundation of his faith. And yet (I never thought of it till that day; and oh, with what a humiliating weight the knowledge came to me) he had never asked me for my love—never asked me if it openly save by tender glances and pressures of the hand, and those thousand delicate attentions which are most precious to the jealous eyes and ears of affection. But I had not dreamed that a passion as mine could be poured forth and bring me no return. I did not even imagine that his apparent devotion could be wrongly understood; and so I blundered myself, and bewildered, content, happy, rushed forward to despair.

That afternoon we had been sitting in the garden, talking to each other, as we had many times before, of our past lives. The dreamy music which the wind made as it stirred the trees above us; and the fresh, sweet smell of early flowers with which the spring air was loaded, seemed just the outward influence needed to soften our hearts, and draw them most nearly into sympathy; and when in his quiet, manly way, he told me the story of his life—the father who died before his remembrance, and the sweet mother who had closed her eyes in their eternal sleep ere the grass had twice grown green over her husband's coffin; of his desolate, friendless, struggling boyhood, showing me, one by one the weary steps he had climbed; telling me so gratefully how his hands had sown roses in the step way; and at the close, saying with such a serene smile: "Helen, I would suffer my life over again a thousand times, rather than give back this day," my heart was filled to overflowing. I too, was an orphan, and knew better than any one, I thought, how cruelly and grudgingly the world had laid its hands upon him, as he toiled onward in its service. How glad I was that I had always been kind to him, that I had kept my heart free, un-ullied and womanly, as the crowing gift of his success and joy.

I wept, moved deeply by his eloquence and leaning towards him, with a quick, impetuous movement, drew his head forward with my hands, and pressing my lips to his white forehead, kissed him—not lightly and caressingly—but reverently and tearfully. For a moment he bowed his head, and I could not see his face; but when he looked up his expression startled me, the change had been so sudden.

"Do you know," said he, slowly, dropping his eyes before my look of wondering inquiry, "that I think the woman who bestows the tokens of her love un-ought, lowers herself beneath the respect of him who becomes their recipient."

I am sure I should not have understood him, but for the meaning sarcastic smile with which he spoke. I saw then, in a moment, his whole power over me; I saw he had led me on cautiously, artfully, through love to pity, and through pity to humiliation; I saw that for an ignoble triumph over my woman's pride he had sacrificed his truth, and would sacrifice my heart; I saw him degraded from an honest, loving, noble heart, into a fiend, and for my life I could not have answered false to strike or curse him. He read my feelings in my face, for he laughed ironically. He spoke again, and I was forced to listen.

"Helen Reade, you need not look so fierce, so bitter, so scornful in your anger, thinking to deceive me. You love me, and I know it. You would have wedded with naked feet through heaps of fire rather than give me up as you are doing now. You would—wait till I have done," he continued, when I would have interrupted him. "Do you remember the time when I went to you, five years ago, and offered you what now would be your highest bliss to own? Do you remember how you laughed my words to scorn, and scoffed at me as a silly boy, who had mistaken himself and you? Ay, I was a boy in years, Helen Reade; but a man's understanding, a man's experience, a man's passionate strength of purpose, had made me old before my time, and I loved you with as perfect a love as ever grew up in a human heart. I was proud; and your indifference, your gay, heartless, cutting indifference galled me, and made disappointment doubly bitter. I said then, as I left you with that dead hope making discord in my breast, that some day your heart should bleed as mine did then; that some day I would mock your anguish contempt as humiliating as that you heaped on me. Has not my hour of triumph come? Have I not won you carefully, proudly, as best became the worthy object I was striving for? And did I not just now, when my blood tingled beneath the pressure of your arm, half

shy, half confident, and felt the warmth of your clinging lips upon my brow, that never before had you been so completely, so unreservedly, mine? Helen, Helen! am I not gloriously avenged now, that I can toss back your heart as lightly as I have won it, and know all the while that you love me, in spite of yourself and your mighty pride?"

"Richard Vinely," I began, as he ceased speaking; but the torrent of fierce words that leaped up hotly for utterance choked me; my lips burned as though blistered by the touch of flame, and I was forced to stop and steady my wild rage before I could proceed.

At length, in a hoarse, angry whisper, I said:

"Yes, I remember the time of which you speak; although, but for your delicate reminding, I might never have called it to my mind again. I was a young, thoughtless, ignorant girl; I did not understand you, or the nature of the feelings you proposed to bear me; I answered you as any other giddy, inconsiderate child would have done; but Heaven knows I meant no harm, no contempt, no exultation. You have achieved a noble, a manly, a generous revenge; you have cherished the slight of a heedless girl, forgotten by her as soon as it was given, and kept it ranking in your memory till it has grown strong enough to crush by its rebounding, a heart that would have shed its last drop of blood to serve you. Love you?—yes—so well that I could strike you dead here at my feet, and trample on your lifeless body in very loathing of the mean soul it contained!—so well that if your false heart lay bare before me, I could snap the chords apart with as little pity as I would threads of flax!—so well, that when you die I hope I may be beside you to show you how fit you are for Heaven; to console you by recelling the magnanimous aims that have inspired your life, and to revive you at the last moment by whispering in your ear of the honorable victory you have achieved over a defenceless, weak hearted woman!" I paused, out of breath with passion.

"Go on—please go on. Anger improves the style of your beauty, and I am a gratified listener," said my tormentor, drily.

"I have nothing more to say," I replied, "save that I pray I may never look upon your face again, unless the sight of me becomes a torment, and then I will risk wealth, life, ay, everything, for the sake of passing once more before your eyes."

He caught one of my hands that was lying idly in my lap, and when I would have snatched it from him, he closed his fingers about it like a vice. The look of bitterness softened away from his features, and one of almost tender expectation took its place. I saw in the change only a new revelation of hypocrisy, cunning and far-seeing treacherous malignity; so I waited for him to speak. "It is a wonder I hated him!"

"Helen," he said, and the cutting sharpness was all gone from his voice, "will you marry me?"

The question did not startle me half as much as it would have done an hour before; it was like him—strange, abrupt, contradictory. I sprang up and spurned him with my foot.

"Do not tempt me further, Richard Vinely, or even you, evil as you are, may shrink from the demon I shall harden into. I am not ashamed to own that I have loved you, for over the blackness and corruption of your true character, you have worn skillfully the disguise of a pure, upright manliness, and through that only have I known you. Go away now and boast of your prowess—I am willing. Spread it far and wide, that Helen Reade—proud, imperial, haughty Helen Reade has been humbled by your scorn."

But say not that she wept before you; say not that she clung to you, or pleaded, or faintly, as gentle women might have done. Say that when she knew you better, she spurned you as she would a venomous reptile; say that she took back the love you despised and flung it to the winds, as the only shame of her life; say that she defied, insulted, cursed you to your face, and called all the angels of darkness to her aid, so that she may hate you—hate you entirely so long as you and she live; say—"

"Stop! in Heaven's name, stop!" he exclaimed, interrupting me; and I knew by the whiteness of his face, and the blank, horrified look of entreaty which he gave me, that my vehemence frightened him. I was glad that it was so, and swept past him with a low, derisive laugh.

"Wait, and hear me one moment, Helen!" he cried, springing forward to detain me.

But I shook off his touch as it had been a serpent's, and walked proudly up the garden path. I can but wonder now at the mighty effort with which I crushed back my true feeling into subjection, till my heart was numb with the great agony it would not let find a voice. I tried to think of everything save the inward fire that was consuming me; tried to think of the rose bushes whose green branches, thick with buds, brushed my garments as I went steadily past them; tried to think of the lilacs that reached out their heavy clusters to me like so many purple hands; and all the while I felt that sharp anguish gnawing into my soul. I did not go to my room, for I thought that its quiet solitude would kill me. I

was too miserable to weep, or pray, or think. I needed excitement, activity, amusement. So I went into the large parlors that had been crowded with company all the afternoon; I sang, jested, and played, scarcely knowing and little caring what I did, yet dimly conscious that once the tall figure of Richard Vinely came into the room, lingered a moment as if watching me, and then disappeared.

I do not remember how that afternoon and evening wore away. But I know the great, noisy, brilliant rooms were silent at last; the guests had departed, the lights were extinguished, and faint with the misery I had kept in check so long, I was sitting on a broad, low window-seat at one end of the desolated parlors, leaning out to feel the cool, fresh, night wind, as it tossed the long, unbound hair, from my fevered cheeks. Everything seemed to me like a confused dream, and when the door at the farther extremity of the apartment was opened softly, I felt rather than saw, that Richard Vinely, stood upon the threshold.

"What, all empty, all dark?" I heard him say, and then he turned to go; but the flutter of my white dress must have attracted his notice, for he stopped and came back a few steps into the room—"Cousin Amy," he called, in a low voice, "is that you?"—I did not answer, but drew the window curtain closely about my face. "Don't be trifling," he said impatiently, "I have something that I wish to say—something that I must tell you."—And he came along, and drew an ottoman to my side.

That he should have mistaken me for another person, even in the dark, seemed strange to me then, although I see now how easily in his great agitation it could be. But I was glad to escape detection, for it seemed as though I could suffer a torturer rather than make myself known to him, lest he should triumph over me again in my more womanly and less defiant mood. Besides I thought I should like to hear him speak once more, kindly and without irony, as he had been wont to speak before that terrible hour when he almost snatched me mad with his cruel words. So I schooled myself for the deception I was about to practice, and told him in a whisper, that I was ready to hear him.

"O, I am wretched, Amy, so utterly wretched!" he commenced.

Fierce as was the exultation with which I heard this confession, there was something so touching, and withal so earnest, that for a moment I pitied more than despised him. Since he suffered I thought I had a right to partially forgive him the terrible wrong he had done me.

"Listen," he continued, seeing I did not speak; "let me tell you what an idiot, what a wretch I have been. You know Amy,—I imagined his voice quivered a little "what my feelings have been towards Helen Reade; to you, and to you only have I confided the love which has been my inspiration for six long years. You know, too, that a long time ago, when she was very young and I was foolish, I offered myself to her and was rejected. Since then she has learned to look upon me in a different light; need I say what happiness it has given me to know it? To day, Amy, when I knew that a single word of mine would have opened the innermost door of her proud heart to me and made her mine forever, some evil demon put it in my heart to try her even as I had been tried. I taunted her with the very love I craved so madly, and told her I had sought it but for revenge. Fool that I was to tempt a woman's pride! Fool to think I could put her from me with affected contempt, and gather her all the more closely to my bosom; to imagine I might shock, startle, terrify her, and then soften her back into forgiveness, by the same tenderness I had outraged! Oh, the real indignation with which she scorned me and flung my insults back into my teeth! I quailed before her, astounded, ashamed, baffled; troubled at the storm I had invoked. With a rash hand I dared disturb the sweet channel of her maidenly love, and it turned into a river of gall, whose bitterness shall henceforth be over all my life. I feel that no explanation, no apology, no plea for forgiveness, can be powerful enough to counteract the great, unutterable hatred with which I have inspired her. Pity me dear Amy, pity me! A mad, unmanly freak has cost me the happiness of a lifetime."

He paused, and I could hear his proud form shaking with strong, passionate sobs of grief. It was well that he was thus agitated or the loud beating of my heart would have betrayed me.

"Richard!" I whispered softly through my blinding tears, after I had time to control the rapturous feeling that had nearly overwhelmed me.

He turned his head quickly, and exclaimed, in a voice scarcely above a whisper. "Hark, Amy! Am I dreaming—or did I hear her call me?" I put my hands out to him, as I had done before that day, and drawing his head forward with the same quick, impetuous movement, let my lips cling once more to his white forehead. Just then the moon came over the tops of the trees, and a broad beam of light dropped in at the window like a torch of silver.—He caught me by the shoulders and turned me about till I faced the light, and I saw a rapid, intense happiness break over his features as he murmured huskily, "Helen!"

"Do not repulse me again, Richard!" I cried, putting both my arms round about his neck, and dropping my happy, tearful face, upon his shoulder—"it would kill me!"

"Repulse you, Helen?" It was all he said, but a whole heart—full of gratitude, penitence, hope and tenderness was in the words, and I was content. M. Y.

## Making Bread by Machinery.

It is somewhat remarkable that up to the present time, when almost every want of civilized man is supplied by machinery; the manufacture of bread—the first of all necessities, the "staff of life"—should be almost universally carried on in as rude a manner as by the ancients. It is true that the primary process of converting the grain into flour may be said to have arrived at perfection, but beyond this the manufacture, as generally practiced, differs little from what it was in the days of Moses. The subject has, however, within the last few years, attracted much attention from scientific and ingenious men, both in this country and Europe, and it now seems that this most important of all the useful arts is to be no longer handed down to posterity by the same methods which minister to our other wants.

A mechanized bakery has just commenced operation in Philadelphia, the ovens and machinery of which are the invention of A. Borsari, of New York city, which is capable, when worked up to its fullest capacity, of converting into bread the enormous quantity of 1,000 barrels of flour daily, estimated sufficient to supply the entire population of the Quaker City. By the immense saving of labor, fuel and space the bread can be supplied from the establishment to the consumer, at a cost greatly below that charged by the bakers, and even cheaper than it can be made by families, purchasing their flour at retail. A brief description of this immense concern will, doubtless, be interesting to the majority of our readers, though it would require engravings to give anything like an adequate idea of it.

The building is four stories high, the uppermost of which the flour is conveyed in the barrels by a hoisting apparatus, and after being turned out of the barrels, is sifted by suitable machinery, and afterwards conveyed into a large hopper belonging to the kneading machine, which is on the floor below. This machine is composed of a horizontal cylinder, in which rotates a bar for stirring, the flour water and ferment together, use apparatus for preventing the adhesion of the dough to the cylinder and a "dopper," which cuts into and opens the dough, takes up several hundred pounds of it at a time, and throws it about in a most remarkable manner, some what imitating on a large scale the operation of kneading by hand, causing much air to enter into it and be retained within it, distributed in small cells, and making the bread very light, with a small quantity of yeast. From this machine the dough is conveyed to the hopper or loaf-making machine, the principal portion of which is on the second floor. This machine cuts or moulds the dough into loaves, and registers the number made. The moulds or cutter of the last mentioned machine are variously shaped to enable the loaves to be varied in size exactly in proportion to the market price of flour. The loaves, after being formed, are carried off by an endless apron to a convenient point to be taken by attendants and placed on brick hotted ovens, on which they are passed into the ovens and baked. The ovens, of which there are two, are upright, and occupy comparatively little horizontal area. They are independent of each other, and each complete in itself, containing a system of upright endless chains, which are constantly in motion, to convey the bread from one door of the oven on the second floor of the building, where the bread is introduced, down to a door on the first floor, where it is discharged when sufficiently baked; the time occupied in its descent being just sufficient for the baking process, which is made continuous for any length of time, by the introduction of new supplies as fast as the discharges take place, the oven being thus kept constantly filled with the bread at progressive stages of the baking process. While the baking bread is passing down the oven on one side, the cars which have been emptied on the first floor and introduced at another door on the same floor, are passing up through the oven on the opposite side to a door on the second floor, where they are discharged, to be re-loaded and introduced at the first named door again. There are four doors in all, two on the first, and two on the second floor.

The endless chains of the ovens are made with rails, on which the cars run in and out. The doors are opened one at a time, at proper intervals, for the admission and exit of the cars, which are drawn into and expelled from the oven, and moved from the discharging to the receiving doors outside the oven all by machinery; and the only manual labor in the whole establishment is that of loading and unloading the cars. The oven is built entirely of brick, and the cars on which the bread is baked are with the exception of light iron frames, made entirely of brick. Of the advantage of brick ovens it is needless to speak. The ovens are heated by fires which are tended in the basement of the building. —Scientific American.

**How Burning Fluids are Made.**  
Not many years ago the only fluids employed in our country for household light were animal oils, obtained by perilous adventure on the stormy sea with monsters of the deep. At present whale oils are in comparatively limited use for illumination, and are becoming more limited every year. Sperm oil has no superior among all the burning fluids, but it has become so dear that cheaper substitutes have been sought and obtained.—The most common of these is a compound of alcohol and turpentine, commonly known by the name of *burning fluid*, which is very cheap and cleanly, possessing none of that greasy property which belongs to oil. This fluid was first brought into public use in 1830, when a patent (now expired) was obtained for it by Isaiah Jennings, of New York city. It is composed of nine parts of highly rectified alcohol and one of camphene, and is capable of burning in common lamps; were it not so volatile, no burning fluid could be more desirable. From its very nature, however, it must be used with great care, because it is so liable to evaporate and become explosive by mixing with the atmosphere. Horrible accidents, causing death in many instances, have occurred from the explosion of lamps since it came into use; hence a safer substance is desirable.

From some kinds of bituminous coal a sub-spiritous oil is now manufactured, which is fast coming into popular favor, owing to the improvements which have recently been made in the means of purifying, and in the lamps designed for burning it. It is but a few years since it was first discovered that oil could be distilled at a low temperature from rich coal, and now this oil is almost exclusively employed for lubrication in Great Britain, while it is extensively used both for lubrication and illumination among our people. Vast beds of rich coal from which this oil can be obtained exist in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Kentucky, affording sources of supply for thousands of years to come. This oil passes over in a very crude state, incapable of being generally employed for burning on its first distillation; but by the use of sulphuric acid and bicarbonate of potash, several washings and distillations, it is purified so as to afford a most brilliant light in an argand burner. Coal oils are very peculiar. A very clear oil will come over in small quantities at a comparative low heat during distillation; then, as the temperature is raised, a greater quantity comes over, but it is thick and viscid.—All these oils are liable to become red in color by exposure to the air, and they have an offensive odor.

Rectified turpentine, under the name of camphene, which is very cheap, has been tried for illumination, and judgment passed against it. It requires, like coal oil, an argand burner, and even with the greatest care it is liable to smoke and fill up the meshes of the lampwick with resinous matter. Rosin oil, although very cheap, labors under the same disadvantages.

It is a remarkable fact that, while all the animal oils may be burnt in common lamps, very few of the vegetable oils can be so used. The great defect of most vegetable oils for burning is their gummy nature, which causes them to clog up the meshes of the wick, and give out only a dull redish and smoky light. The two vegetable oils capable of burning in lamps are made from the olive and the seed of the *brassica rapum*, (rape seed). This oil is capable of rivaling sperm for giving a brilliant light. Patents have been taken out for purifying linseed, cotton seed, and sunflower seed oils, to adapt them for artificial light, but hitherto none of them have come into general use; the process pursued to purify them have either been inefficient or too expensive.

Neither the olive nor the rape are cultivated for oil in our country; yet the former may and should be, for its beautiful oil, in our Southern States, and the latter for the same object in all our States. In France and Germany rape seed is extensively and profitably cultivated. The oil exists ready formed in the seed and is extracted by pressure, like other oils obtained from seeds. The seed is first ground to meal, then heated to 200 degrees, placed in bags, and submitted to very severe pressure. As the oil comes from the press it contains some water, which must be removed to fit it for burning. This is accomplished by stirring about two per cent. of vitriol among it, washing with water in vats, and afterward filtering it. The sulphuric acid unites with the moisture of the oil, and falls down as a heavy precipitate; the oil floats on the top of the water after standing a few days, and is then drawn off by a siphon or tap. This oil, which can be employed in common lamps, illuminates the light-houses on the French coast, which are said to be the best lighted in the world. It is, at least, an oil to which direct attention in order to induce some of our people to introduce a useful manufacture. —Scientific American.

Louis Napoleon is about stopping duelling in France, by bringing to justice the seconds and surviving principal in a recent affair of honor, which terminated fatally, and had for a cause the simple fact that a gentleman wore in his button-hole a flower given him by a lady which had been presented to her early in the evening by a rival.