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When o'er the moral world, the pall
That told Religion dead, was flung
And superstition's chilling thrall
On God's deserted altars hung,
Then in the fullness of the time,
There glared above the earth
That glorious star, whose light sublime
Proclaimed the promised Saviour's birth.
A thousand years had waned away—
The world in mental midnight rolled—
The age of darkness and decay
From memory crushed the age of gold.
When, from the void of ignorance,
Flashed out the lightning of the Press—
A heaven-created radiance—
To warn, to comfort, and to bless.
And, as from land to land it flew,
The longing people blessed the light,
For with it Freedom o'er them threw
The magic shield of human right;
It showed the tyrant's reckless sword;
It lighted up the bigot's den;
It hurled down the kings whom fools adored,
And raised the mass from slaves, to men.
Hail to the Press! Forever on
His mind-flaming march will be,
Till it shall bring to every son
Of Adam, light and liberty
Wrought by the tireless arm of steam,
The lightning to its service given,
So may it speak as shall become
The mightiest power under heaven.

THE LOST FLOWERS.

It was a beautiful morning in May, when Jennie Gray, with a small bundle in her hand, took her leave of the farm-house of Drylaw, on the expiration of her half-year's term of service. She had but a short distance to walk, the village of Elsington, about three miles off, being her destination. As she passed down the little lane leading from the farm to the main road, two or three fair-haired children came bounding over a stile to her side, and clung affectionately around their late attendant.
"Oh, Jennie, what for man you gang away? Mamma would let us see you out on the road a bit, but we was away to you by running round the stack-yard!"
Jennie stood still as the eldest of her late charges spoke thus, and said: "Marian, you should have had your sense than to come when your mother forbid you. Rin away back, like good bairns," continued she, caressing them kindly: "rin away hame. I'll maybe come and see you again."
"Oh, be sure and do that, then, Jennie," said the eldest.
"Come back again, Jennie," cried the younger ones, as they turned sorrowfully away.
From such marks of affection, displayed by those who had been under her care, our readers may conceive that Jennie Gray was possessed of engaging and amiable qualities. This was indeed the case; a more modest and kind-hearted creature perhaps never drew the breath of life. Separated at an early age from her parents, like so many of her class—that class so perfectly represented in the character of Jenny, in the "Cotter's Saturday Night,"—she had conducted herself, in the several families which she had entered, in such a way as to acquire uniformly their love and esteem. Some mistresses, it is true, are scarcely able to appreciate a good and dutiful servant; and of this class was Mrs. Smith of Drylaw, a cold, haughty, mistrustful woman, who, having suffered by bad servants, had come to look upon the best of them as but sordid workers for the penny-fee. To such a person, the fidelity and reserve which distinguished Jennie Gray's character to a fault, seemed only a screen, cunningly and deliberately assumed; and the proud distance which Mrs. Smith preserved, prevented her from ever discovering her error. Excepting for the sake of the children, therefore, it is not to be wondered at that Jennie felt no regret at leaving Drylaw.
Her destination on departing from her late abode was, as we have already mentioned, the village of Elsington; and it is now necessary that we should divulge a more important matter—she was going there to be married. Jennie Gray could not be called a beautiful girl, yet her cheerful though pale countenance, her soft dark eye and glossy hair, and her somewhat handsome form, had attracted not a few admirers. Her matrimonial fate, however, had been early decided; and the circumstances under which it was about to be brought to a happy issue, were most honorable to both parties interested. At the age of eighteen, Jennie's heart had been sought and won by William Ainslie, a young tradesman in the neighboring town. Deep was the affection that sprang up between the pair; but they combined prudence with love, and resolved, after binding themselves by the simple love-words of their class, to defer their union until they should have earned enough to insure them a happy and comfortable home. For six long years had they been true to each other, tho' they had met only at rare intervals during the whole of that period. By industry and good conduct, William had managed to lay by the sum of forty pounds, a great deal for one in his station; and this, joined with Jennie's lesser earnings, had encouraged them to give way to the long-cherished wishes of their hearts. A *but-and-a-ben*, or a cottage with two apartments, had been taken and furnished by William, and the wedding was to take place on the

day following the May term, in the house of the bride's sister-in-law.
We left Jennie Gray on her way from the farm-house of Drylaw. After her momentary regret at parting with the children, whom the affectionate creature dearly loved, as she was disposed to do every living thing around her, her mind reverted naturally to the object that lay nearest her heart. The bright sun above sent his cheering radiance through the light fleecy clouds of the young summer, the riveted trees cast their shades over her path, the merry lark rose leaping from the fields, and the sparrow chirped from the hedge at her side—everything around her breathed of happiness and joy, and her mind soon brightened into unison with the pleasing influences. Yet ever and anon a flutter of indescribable emotion thrilled thro' the maiden's heart, and made her cheeks, tho' unseem, vary in hue. At an angle in the road, while she was moving along, absorbed in her own thoughts, a manly voice exclaimed: "Jennie!" and a well-known form started up from a seat on the way-side. It was William Ainslie. The converse which followed, as the betrothed pair pursued their way, and laid open their hearts to each other, we can not, and shall not attempt to describe. After Jennie had parted for a time with William, and was seated quietly in her sister-in-law's house, a parcel was handed in to her from a lady in whose service she had formerly been. On being opened, it was found to contain some beautiful artificial flowers, which the lady destined as a present to adorn the wedding-cap; an ornament regarding which, brides among the Scottish peasantry are rather particular. The kindness displayed in the gift, more than its value, affected Jennie's heart, and brought tears to her eyes. She fitted the flowers to her cap, and was pleased to hear her sister-in-law's praises of their beautiful effect. Fatal present!—but let us not anticipate. The wedding came and passed, not accompanied with boisterous mirth and uproar, but in quiet cheerfulness, for William, like his bride, was peaceful in his tastes and habits. Let the reader, then, suppose the festive occasion over in decent order, and the newly-married pair seated in their new house—their own house—at dinner, on the following day. William had been at his work that morning as he was wont, and his young wife had prepared their humble and neat dinner. Oh! how delicious was that food to both! Their happiness was almost too deep for language. Looks of intense affection and tenderness were its only expression.
"I mean to be a tnan, Jennie, to-night," said the husband. "My courasies in the shop might be a foy frae me, since we couldn't ask them a' to the wedding, ye ken."
"Surely," said his wife, raising her timid, confiding eyes to his face, whatever you think right, William; I ken you are nae waster, and they wad hae shown the same kindness to you."
"I hope you'll find me nae waster," returned her husband smiling; "nor an I fear'd for you turning out one either, Jennie, lass, tho' ye was sae very haw about the head last night." By the direction of his eyes to the artificial flowers which had adorned her wedding-cap, and which were lying on the top of her new stand of drawers at the moment, Jennie saw to what her husband alluded.
"Oh, the flowers!" said she, blushing; "they didna cost me muckle, William."
The conversation of the pair was at this moment interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Smith of Drylaw, who mentioned, with an appearance of kindness, that, having been accidentally in Elsington that day, she had tho't it her duty to pay a friendly visit to Jennie and her good man. Whether curiosity had fully as much share in bringing about the visit as friendly feeling, it matters not. Jennie and William received her as became her rank, and the relation in which the former had lately stood regarding her. Bread and cheese were brought out, and she was pressed to taste a drop of the best liquor they possessed.
"Alas! how sudden are the revolutions of human affairs. The party were in the midst of an amicable conversation when Mrs. Smith's eye happened to be caught by the bouquet on the top of the drawers, and a remarkable change was at once observable in her manner.
"Jennie," said she, with deep emphasis and rising anger, "I did not expect to find my flowers lying there. Say not a word—I see it all—I see it all—you have been a thief—there is the evidence of it—I shall not stay another instant in your house."
So saying, the infuriated and reckless woman rushed from the dwelling of the wretched pair. Jennie, as already mentioned, was timid and modest to a fault. When her late mistress thus addressed her, she motioned to speak, but could not, though the blood rushed to her face, and her bosom heaved convulsively. When left alone with her husband, she turned her eyes wildly toward him, and a flood of tears gushed over her cheeks. What thought William of all this? His emotion was scarcely less on hearing the accusation than his wife's; and recollecting her saying that the flowers cost her nothing, alas! he feared that the charge was but too true. The more than feminine delicacy and timidity of his wife's nature was not fully known to him, and her voiceless agitation appeared too like an inability to confute the imputation. He rose, and

while Jennie, still incapable of utterance, could only hold up her hands deprecatingly, he cast on her a glance of mingled sorrow and rebuke, and left the room. His wife—his bride—stricken in the first flush of her matrimonial joy and pride, sunk from her chair on his departure—insensible!
It was rather late, from a cause that has been alluded to, before William Ainslie returned to his home that night. His wife had retired to rest, but her sister-in-law, who had been sent for by Jennie, was in waiting for him, and revealed the utter falsehood of Mrs. Smith's accusation, she having been an eyewitness of the receipt of the flowers, as a present from another lady.
"Take care o' Jennie, William," said the sister-in-law; "she is ill—a charge o' that kind is enough to kill her." This prediction unhappily had truth in it. On the ensuing morning the young wife was raving incoherently, in a state between slumber and waking. A deep flush remained permanently upon her countenance, most unlike the usual fairness of her complexion. Her mangled exclamations shocked her husband to the soul.
"Oh, William, you believed it! But it's no true—it's no true—it is false!" was the language she continually murmured forth.
Medical skill was speedily seen to be necessary, and the surgeon who was called in informed William, that in consequence of strong excitement, ineffectual symptoms of brain-fever had made their appearance. The utmost quiet was prescribed, and blood withdrawn from the temples in considerable quantity. For a time, these and other remedies seemed to give relief, and the poor husband never left the side of the sufferer. Indeed, it seemed as if she could not bear him to be absent; her mind always reverting, when he was out of her sight, to the idea that he believed the charge which had been made against her, and left her forever. The oft-repeated assurances to the contrary, from his own lips, seemed at length to produce conviction, for she at last was silent on the subject. But the charge—the blow—had struck too deep. Jennie Ainslie—if we may call her by a name she was destined so short a time to bear—fell after two or three days' illness into a state of stupor, which continued with short and rare intervals, and on the eighth day after her arrival, her pure spirit departed.
William Ainslie had shown on many occasions in life great firmness and self-command; and now, though deep suffering was written on his brow, he made, with at least external composure, the requisite preparations for laying in the grave the remains of her whom he had loved so long and so truly. As to retribution upon the head of the person who had been instrumental, through inconsiderate hastiness only, it is to be hoped, in producing his misery, the bereaved husband thought not of calling for it. Yet it did come, to a certain extent, for our errors seldom pass even in this life, without a pang of punishment and remorse.
Several days after charging the innocent Jennie with the abduction of her flowers, Mrs. Smith of Drylaw found, by a discovery of her new servant, that one of her younger children, impatient for the flowering of a rose-bush in the little garden near the farm-house, had lighted upon the artificial bouquet in her mother's dressing-room, and had carried it out and stuck it to the bush. There the flowers were accordingly found; and Mrs. Smith, who was far from being an evil-intentioned woman, did feel regret at having charged the loss upon the guileless. Ignorant of all that had passed at Elsington in the interval, she determined to call at William Ainslie's on her first visit to the village, and explain her mistake.
That call was made two days after Jennie's death; and on Mrs. Smith entering the room, she found William sitting by his bereaved heir, with his sister-in-law and another kind neighbor, bearing him company.
"Oh—by-the-by—the flowers!" said the unwelcome visitor in a tone and in a manner which she meant to be condescending and insinuating; "how sorry I am for what happened about those flowers! Where do you think I found them after all?—in a rose-bush in the garden, where Jennie had put them. And now I am come to say I am sorry for it, and hope that it will be all over."
William Ainslie had risen slowly during this extraordinary speech and now, raising his finger toward his lips, he approached and took Mrs. Smith by the hand, beckoning at the same time to the two women who were seated with him. They seemed intuitively to comprehend his wishes, and rising, moved toward the bed, around which the curtains were closely drawn, William leading forward also the unresisting and bewildered visitor. The women drew the curtains aside, and William, fixing his eyes on Mrs. Smith, pointed silently to the body of his wife, shrouded in the ceremonies of death, and lying with the pale, uncovered face upturned to that heaven for which her pure life had been a fitting preparation. The wretched and false accuser gazed with changing color on the corpse of the dead innocent, and, turning her looks for a moment on the silent faces around, that regarded her in a sorrow than in anger, she uttered a groan of anguish as the truth broke on her; then bursting from the hand which held her, she hastily departed from the house.
There is little now to add to this melancholy story, which, unhappily is but too true. The

little we have to add, is but in accordance with the tenor of what has been told. After the burial of his Jennie, William Ainslie departed from Elsington; and what were his future fortunes no one can tell, for he never was seen or heard of again in his native place. As for the unhappy woman who was the occasion of the lamentable catastrophe which we have related, she lived to deplore the rashness of which she was guilty. Let us hope that the circumstance had an influence on her future conduct, and will not be without its moral efficacy in the minds of our readers.
A "STRANGE" PREACHER.—His name was strange also. He was a zealous preacher and a sweet singer. Nothing gave him so much pleasure as to go about the country preaching and singing. A benevolent gentleman, well off in worldly gear, desiring to make him and his family comfortable in their declining years, generously presented him a title deed for three hundred and twenty acres of land. Strange accepted the donation with thankfulness, and went his way, preaching and singing as he went. But after a few months he returned and requested his generous friend to take back the title-deed. Surprised at the request, the gentleman inquired:
"Is there any flaw in it?"
"Not the slightest."
"Is not the land good?"
"First-rate."
"Isn't it healthy?"
"None more so."
"Why then do you wish me to take it back?"
"It will be a comfortable home for you when you grow old, and something for your wife and children if you should be taken away."
"Why, I'll tell you. Ever since I've that deed I've lost my enjoyment in singing. I can't sing my favorite hymn with a good conscience any longer."
"What is that?"
"This—"
"No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in the wilderness,
A poor wayward man,
I dwell awhile in tenements below,
Or gladly wander to seek fro',
Till my Canaan gain."
"Your's my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
I'll sing and sing and sing,
And my abiding home."
"There!" said Strange, "I'd rather sing that hymn than our Amosias. I'll trust the Lord to take care of my wife and children."
The Price of Success.
Effort is the price of success in every department of human action. From the attainment of rudimentary knowledge to the salvation of the soul, every step in our progress is made by unaided toil. The boy drones over his book, a slave to listless laziness, thereby securing for himself a place at the feet of society. The Christian who, like Bunyan's Timorous and Mistrust, flees at the voice of lions, is undone. The man who shrinks from difficulty in his business or profession, who refuses to climb because the rock is sharp, and the way steep, must make up his mind to slide back and to lie in the shadows below, while others use him as a stepping-stone to their own rising. For this, such is the constitution of society, there is no hope. The poet wrote truly who said—
"Thou must either soar or stoop,
Fall or triumph, stand or droop;
Thou must either serve or govern;
Must be slave or master;
Must, in fine, be block or wedge;
Must be anvil or be sludge."
To shake off an indolent spirit, or stir one's self to exertion, to reach constantly upward, to struggle for a firm foothold on the most slippery places, to wrestle manfully, even when principles and powers are our foes, to refuse submission to any evils, however flowing are conditions we must either fall or sink to listlessness, to uselessness—perchance to ruin. Therefore, with a brave heart and an unconquerable spirit, every man should address himself to the work of the day; striving with pure views and religious trust for an increase of his talent, and for a victory, which will enable him to stand unabashed in the last day. He who thus strives need fear no failure. His triumph, though decayed for a time, shall come at last.
Right Kind of Preaching.
It was a beautiful criticism made by Longinus upon the effect of the speaking of Cicero and Demosthenes. He says the people would go from one of Cicero's orations exclaiming, "What a beautiful speaker! what a rich fine voice! what an eloquent man Cicero is!" They talked of Cicero; but when they left Demosthenes, they said, "Let us fight Phillip!" Losing sight of the speaker, they were all absorbed in the subject; they thought not of Demosthenes, but of their country. So, my brethren, let us endeavor to send away from our ministrations the Christian, with his mouth full of the praise, not of "our preacher," but of God; and the sinner, not descending upon the beautiful figures and well-turned periods of the discourse, but inquiring, with the brokenness of a penitent, "What shall I do to be saved?" So shall we be blessed in our work; and when called to leave the watch-towers of our spiritual Jerusalem, through the vast serene, like the deep melody of an angel's song, heaven's approving voice shall be heard—
"Servants of God well done,
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the victory's won,
And thou art crowned at last."

Laughing Gas.
This singular substance, discovered by Dr. Priestley, in 1776, was brought into particular notice by Sir Humphry Davy, the latter being the first to notice its stimulating properties. When taken into the lungs it induces the most agreeable state of reverie or intoxication, frequently accompanied with physical as well as mental excitement, which lasts for a few minutes, and then subsides without any unpleasant consequences. Persons who breathe it feel an indescribable pleasure and happiness, so much so as to induce laughter, and hence the name (laughing gas) given to this substance, but which chemists call nitrous oxide. Enough laughing gas may be prepared for a single experiment by heating two ounces of nitrate of ammonia in a retort, having a large ox-bladder attached to collect the gas. The process is, first to insert into the neck of the bladder a wooden pipe, or stop-cock, made of elder, with the pith pushed out; next moisten the bladder, and squeeze it up, to remove the air; then fix it to the retort containing the nitrate of ammonia. Now heat the salt with a spirit-lamp; it first liquefies, then boils and decomposes, producing water (which remains in the retort) and the gas (which passes into the bladder); when the bladder is full, the experiment can be performed. Hold the bladder in the left hand, placing the thumb over the pipe to retain the gas; with the right hand close the nostrils; then empty the lungs by a long expiration; after which, insert into the mouth the pipe attached to the bladder, and breathe the gas in the same manner as if it was air; in one or two minutes, if the experiment be successful, an elysian sensation will follow, more exquisite than can be described.—*Seplimus Pissae.*
Mysteries on Every Side.
The world is full of mystery. The Chamber in which the infant opens its eyes is a universe of mysteries. The father's voice, the mother's smile, reveal to it slowly the mysterious world of affections. The child solves many of these mysteries; but as the circle of knowledge is enlarged, its vision is always bounded by a veil of mystery. The sun that wakens it at morning, and again at night looks in at its window to bid it farewell; the tree that shades its home, and in whose branches the birds come and sing before the dews are dry; the clouds with shining edges that move across the sky, calm and steadily like the elation of an angel, all are mysteries. Nay to grown up man there is not a thing which the hand touches or on which the eye rests, which is not enveloped in mystery. The dower that springs at your feet—who has revealed the wonderful secret of its organization? Its roots shoot down, and leaf and flower rise up and expand into the infinite abyss of mystery. We are like emigrants traveling through an unknown wilderness; they stop at night by a flowing stream; they feed their horses, set up their tent, and build a fire; and as the flames rise up, all within the circle of a few rods around is distinct and clear in its light. But beyond and bounding this are rocks dimly seen, and trees with vague outline dimly stoop forward to the blaze; and beyond the branches creek, and the waters murmur over their beds; and wild unknown animals howl in the dark realms of night and silence. Such is the light of man's knowledge, and so it is bounded by the infinite realms of mystery.
"Don't Speak so Cross!"
"Don't speak so cross," said one little boy yesterday in the street to another. "Don't speak so cross, there's no use in it." We happened to be passing at the time, and hearing the injunction, or exhortation, for it was made in a hortatory manner, we set the juvenile speaker down as an embryo philosopher. In sooth, touching the point involved in the boy's difficulty which made occasion for the remark, he might properly be considered at maturity. What more could Solomon have said on occasion? True, he hath put it on record that a "soft answer turneth away wrath,"—and this being taken as true, and everybody knows it to be so—it is evidence in favor of the superiority of the law of kindness over that of wrath. But our young street philosopher said pretty much the same thing substantially, when he said—"Don't speak so cross—there's no use in it." On the contrary; it invariably does much harm. Is a man angry? It inflames his ire still more, and confirms in his enemy him who by a kind word and a gentle and pleasing demeanor might be converted into a friend. It is in fact an addition of fuel to the flame already kindled,—and what do you gain by it? Nothing desirable, certainly, unless discord, strife, contention, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness be desirable. The boy spake the "words of truth and soberness," when he said, "Don't speak so cross—there's no use in it."
CREDIT.—Credit is one of the best things man has devised, and about the worst thing abused. Thousands live on credit who have no right to any such a thing. None but an honest man ought to be able to pass his word instead of coin—a rogue's word is not worth its face, no matter how rich he may be. No one should have facility to run in debt for the means of ostentations of sensual gratification or of hazardous adventure. "Earu before you spend" should be the general rule, credit should be extended mainly to those who use it to fill themselves with the means and implements of useful productive labor.—*H. Greeley.*

Rum and its Vender.
A few years ago a poor miserable victim of strong drink, after squandering all he possessed at a neighboring rum store, died, leaving four small children to be provided for by his abused and almost heart-broken widow. After struggling on for some time in poverty and want, she was advised to apply for work to the wife of the wealthy rum seller, who had been the ruin of her husband. In compliance with this advice, she waited on this person, who, with the appearance of kindness, offered to supply her with sewing. She gave her a couple of shirts to make at twenty-five cents each, promising that if they were made to her satisfaction, she would supply her with a number more. Upon bringing them home, she was told that they gave full satisfaction, but the lady said that she was not in the habit of paying for work till it amounted to five dollars, and she would supply her with work to that amount. The poor woman toiled night and day to make up eighteen more shirts to earn this amount, in the meanwhile being driven by actual want to beg and boil potato peelings to keep her poor children alive. At length the shirts were all finished. The poor woman set out to carry them home, thinking all the way of the five dollars and the food it would buy for her famishing children; and it never seemed to her that five dollars was so much money before. Upon delivering them they were pronounced well done, the poor woman was called for her bill,—the rum seller's wife then asked for her husband, and after conversing a few minutes in an under tone, he put his hand into his pocket and took out a five dollar bill, signed by her murdered husband, for five dollars, and presented it to the poor woman for her pay! She uttered a scream and fell senseless on the floor, and had to be carried home to her starving babes, to awake to a sense of the wretchedness caused by these fiends in human shape.—*Gough.*
Arsenic Smokers.
Travellers have already given accounts of the arsenic eaters of the Carpathian mountains. This drug gave them blooming complexions, and enabled them to endure long ascending walks on the mountains without overtaxing their lungs. They had, however, to increase the dose continually, and life ebbed between the two alternatives, to stop and die of inanition, or go on and perish of the excess. A correspondent of the *Tribune*, speaking of the same habit, refers to the statements of M. Moxrrey, French Consul in China, in reference to the use of arsenic by the Chinese. He says they mingled it in their smoking tobacco. The custom is peculiar to certain provinces, and so common that, according to the testimony of the missionaries who lived a long time there, tobacco, free from arsenic, is not sold. The same witness assured the Council that the arsenic smokers were stout fellows, with "lungs like a blacksmith's bellows, and rosy as cherubs." The publication of Moxrrey's statement has called out a letter from Dr. Loxna, who announces that some years ago, in the course of a discussion at the Academy of Medicine, on the agents to be employed to cure tubercular consumption, he told the assembled doctors that he had found but one successful means of combating that dreadful disease; that means was the smoking of arsenic. The doctor reaffirmed his commendation of his remedy. How singular it would be, if a remedy for the wide spread plague of consumption was to be found in the counter-poison of this horrid and inexplicable habit.
Spiritualism.
The mischief which this wretched delusion has done, and is still doing, is almost incalculable. We are often called upon to record instances of its evil workings. The Boston papers a day or two since contained an account of a young lady, formerly a teacher in one of the public schools, who has gone mad through a belief in that doctrine. And another instance has just come to our knowledge. It is that of a highly intelligent lady, who, one year ago, was living in Boston in comparative ease and luxury, surrounded by all the endearments of domestic bliss. But suddenly a change came over her husband. He became infatuated with a company of "spiritualists," and gradually neglected his wife and children. His evenings were no longer spent at the domestic hearth-stone. At last, wife was forsaken, children were neglected, home was deserted. The infatuated husband said he had a "vision," wherein it was revealed to him that he must forsake his wife and children, and become the "spiritual husband" of a certain "medium" with whom he was intimately acquainted. And this he did—forsaking the true partner of his heart—the woman he had solemnly vowed to watch over and protect, "until death them should part." The deserted wife was thus left to her own exertions for means of supporting herself and three children. She is now residing in a neighboring city, where she manages to earn a livelihood by dress-making; while her husband, she says, is living in elegant luxury at a fashionable hotel, with his "spiritual wife."—*Journal of Commerce.*
Why are the modern young ladies like Gen. Jackson's army at New Orleans? Because they conceal their bodies behind cotton breastworks. The author of the above conundrum, we learn, has got his head hooped to prevent a "blow up."—*See ailing*