

# THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

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## Poetry.

**Little Jerry the Miller.**  
Beneath the mill you may see the mill,  
Of wa-tung wood and crumbling stone,  
The wheel is dripping and clattering still,  
But Jerry, the miller, is dead and gone.  
Year after year, early and late;  
Like in summer and winter weather,  
He pecked the stones and calked the gate,  
And mill and miller grew old together.  
"Little Jerry," 'twas all the same—  
They loved him well who called him so,  
And whether he'd ever another name,  
Nobody ever seemed to know.  
"Twas "Little Jerry, come grind my eye!"  
And "Little Jerry, come grind my eye!"  
And "Little Jerry, come grind the mill."  
From matron hold and maiden sweet.  
"Twas "Little Jerry, on every tongue,  
And thus the simple truth was told;  
For Jerry was little when he was young,  
And Jerry was little when he was old.  
But what is size he should be loath to lack,  
That Jerry made up in being strong;  
I've seen a sack upon his back  
As thick as the miller, and quite so long.  
Always busy, and always merry,  
Always doing his very best,  
A notable was Little Jerry,  
Who interred well his staid old best—  
"When will you grind my corn, I say?"  
"Nay," quoth Jerry, "you needn't say,  
Just leave your grain for half a day,  
And never fear but you'll be satisfied."  
How Jerry lived is known to fame,  
But how he died there's some that know;  
One autumn day the water came to rise,  
And the brook and Jerry were very low.  
And then 'twas whispered mournfully,  
The leech had come, and he was dead;  
And all the neighbors flocked to see—  
"Poor Little Jerry," 'twas all they said.  
They laid him in his earthly bed—  
His miller's coat he only stored—  
"Dust to dust" the parson said,  
And all the people wept a good.  
For he had slummed the deadly sin,  
And not a grain of over-ill,  
Had ever dropped into his bin,  
To weigh upon his parting soul.  
Beneath the mill there stands the mill,  
Of wa-tung wood and crumbling stone,  
The wheel is dripping and clattering still,  
But Jerry, the miller, is dead and gone.

## Selections.

**The Frosts of a Holiday.**  
Finding himself in possession of a holiday, Samson Brown betook himself by rail to a village not many miles distant from London. He inquired at the station whether there were return tickets that commanded a period of three or four days; but, receiving an answer in the negative, he paid his second-class fare down, entered the carriage, and sighted to think how his liabilities would be renewed when, his holiday expired, he once more sought the great metropolis. He submitted, however, to Fate, and was soon absorbed in his favorite paper. When, startled in the midst of one of the most interesting articles in the *Economist*, by a harsh shout, announcing the arrival of the train at the desired station, Samson Brown awoke from the carriage, his first thought was to stroll about the village, and ascertain the nature of the accommodations presented. All he knew about the village was this: it stood a very little way down in the page of the month's Bradshaw (which he had borrowed from a friend), and consequently it could be reached at a very small expense. The object that first struck his eye as he roamed through the village, was a neat white-washed cottage, of the ornamental species, with all the shutters closed. In front of the domicile was a neglected garden. Strolling further on, Samson Brown observed that there was scarcely such a thing as an occupied message or a tenement in the place; yet there were houses infinitely worse situated and worse looking than this deserted dwelling. As a stimulus to thought he rubbed his chin, and its touch reminded him that he was as yet unshaven. He had therefore a pretext for calling on the village barber; and, placing himself under the care of that distinguished artist, he put several questions relative to the mystery that now occupied his mind. The barber stated all he knew about the matter in a confidential tone, that was highly flattering to Samson Brown. For a ten-penny note, he would not have said as much to the best friend he had ever known, but he poured it all forth gratuitously into the ear of Samson Brown, whom he had never before seen in his life, and whose countenance expressed nothing but unmitigated astuteness. According to the information of the communicative barber, the cottage in question was troubled. People had been invited to live

there for nothing, and even on those very reasonable terms, had been unable to remain, in consequence of the strange noises that abounded in every room, more especially the first floor back. Doors opened without visible cause, and shut with excessive audibility. Crockery and glass had a strange knack of rattling and jingling on the tables, and on the stairs might be heard the rustling of that peculiarly stiff silk, which is never worn now-a-days, but was much in vogue among wicked old ladies in the last century. Armed with these formidable facts, Samson Brown proceeded to the office of the village house-agent, which was situated in the High street, and after the shortest possible preface, asked what was the rent of the avoided cottage. The sum required by the agent was ridiculously small, when tested by the appearance of the domicile; but it was perfectly exorbitant compared with the sum proposed, in his turn, by Samson Brown. The agent affected indignant surprise, but was quailed in a moment by the piercing glance with which Samson Brown eyed him, when he said: "Well, small as my offer may be, it is better than nothing, and you know very well that, even at the rate of nothing per annum, more than one person has refused to occupy those auspicious premises. Don't smile; you are perfectly aware that the cottage has the reputation of being troubled—that's the expression—troubled!" Here the agent exclaimed with his well-affecting meaning: "I should very much like to know who dares to propagate such a malicious rumor." "As every one in the village has sufficient courage for that exploit—though not sufficient to live in your house—your wish may be easily gratified," replied Samson Brown, with the most profound coolness. "Well," observed the agent in a conciliatory tone of voice, "I admit that there are many foolish people hereabouts, and foolish people often indulge in foolish superstitions; but men of sense, my dear sir—men of the world—like you and me—" "Stop a moment," said Samson Brown; "don't put you and me together. You and I see the matter from precisely opposite points of view. You want to get as much as you can for the cottage, and therefore you disbelieve the report that it is haunted; I want to give you as little as I can, and therefore am a firm believer in supernatural influences." This logic was too much for the agent, and in a few seconds Samson Brown had signed an agreement by virtue of which, on his own terms, he obtained possession of the cottage, together with sundry shabby articles of furniture, which probably left by the last frightened tenant, still lingered in the deserted rooms. At about a quarter before midnight, Samson Brown was sitting alone in the deserted first floor back of the cottage, regaling himself with a glass of tolerably strong brandy and water, and inhaling the fragrance of a mild cigar. A small loaf and half a Dutch cheese stood upon the rickety table against which he sat; also, a powder-pot, carefully covered with a small plate. These articles had been brought in by Samson Brown with his own hand, when he took possession, for there was not a ches-onger's assistant or port-boy who would have approached the door of the troubled house. His mind was once more absorbed in the *Economist*, which he read through the fumes that gracefully curled about his well-defined nose. As the hour of midnight approached, the plate began to clatter terribly on the top of the powder-pot. Samson Brown, roused from his studies, quietly removed the noisy utensil, placed it on a soft piece of baize, which rendered abortive every attempt to clatter, and was once more deep in the *Revue des Lettres*. Presently the door of the room opened with a creak and closed with a bang. Samson Brown rose from his seat, turned the key, and resumed his reflections on the proceeds of customs and excise. The creak of the village struck twelve, with a dreary solemnity that would have awed every other occupant of that dismal, scantily-furnished room; but Samson Brown was pondering over the probability of an increase of the income tax. However, at the final stroke of twelve, a rustling of stiff silk caused Samson Brown to suspect that he was not alone. Raising his eyes from the fascinating paper, he perceived a short female figure, in an old-fashioned dress, bustling about the room, and apparently unconscious of his presence, until, suddenly turning round, it fixed upon him two glassy eyes. Then, darting forward, it planted two pointed elbows on the table, and rested upon two skinny hands one of the most evil faces that was ever beheld. Never were earthly wickedness and spectral repulsiveness more aptly combined. Nevertheless, with this most hideous countenance thrust into his countenance; with those eyes of glass pointed against his eyes; with that smile of indescribable malignity forced upon his vision, Samson Brown simply said: "Well, madam?" The countenance remained where it was without moving a muscle—the eyes were still fixed beyond the power of twinkling—the smile was stereotyped, and Samson Brown, after a pause of a few seconds, reiterated:

"Well, madam?" A strange expression came over the horrible features; and its meaning was divined in a moment by Samson Brown. The ghost had been used to scare all the world with a mere rustle of its silken robes. Now here was a man who could return its stare with another stare far more piercing. The eye of glass had met the eye of a hawk. Raising her face from her hands and her elbows from the table, the ill-looking old hag moved towards the empty grate, and began to scratch the wall above the chimney-place, uttering at the same time a low, wailing sound, which was the more horrible from being accompanied by no corresponding effect, which was again expressionless, and completely corpse-like. Samson Brown stepped up to the old lady and examined the wall over her head, stooping for that purpose till his chin almost rested upon her antiquated cap. "Ha! I see," said he, "that spruce piece of paper has been pasted on after the rest—allow me"—and taking hold of a loose corner of the paper he pulled it off, thus disclosing a small aperture in the wall, at the sight of which the ghost, rushing from the hearth, flew about the room with the most frantic gestures, till at last, apparently exhausted, it squatted down in a corner, repeating the low wailing noise. "Compose yourself, madam," said Samson Brown, and taking from the recess a miniature portrait and a piece of folded paper tied up with narrow green ribbon, he placed them on the table at which he resumed his seat. The miniature represented a lovely girl of about twenty years of age, with her hair dressed after a hundred years back. While Samson Brown was examining it with all the admiration of which his mind was capable, the ugly old ghost rose from the corner and pointed its forefinger with great earnestness, first at the picture, and then at the pit of its own stomach. As Samson Brown had a friend who often allowed him a seat in his opera box gratis, he was rather an adept in the language of the ballet. "Do you mean," said he, "that this is a portrait of yourself in your youthful days?" The ghost nodded. "Then," said Samson Brown, "you must have altered confoundedly as you advanced in years." The expression assumed by the ghost on the occasion of this remark was certainly ungenial. Every feature was distorted with rage, the glassy eyes looked like red coals, the skinny right hand took a sweeping gesture, and for a moment Samson Brown felt as if he had placed his head in a violent draught. He received a spectral box on the ear. "I see," he observed, "the cuffs of a ghost, like hard words, break no bones." Laying aside the portrait he unrolled and opened the folded paper, when the worst spelling and the worst handwriting he had ever seen were revealed to his astonished eyes. Every crime that could possibly be perpetrated by mortal, in transmitting his thoughts to paper with the aid of a pen, was apparent in that vile manuscript. There were adjectives beginning with capitals, and a little "to" to denote the first person; and the verb "to write" commenced with an "w," while certain rights that had been violated were spelled wright, with a "w." Even Samson Brown could not avoid something like a sensation of awe when he saw how many signs against every law of grammar, orthography and calligraphy, had been committed within the confined space of a single sheet of paper. "Good heavens, what a fat!" he exclaimed. Then addressing the ghost, who had returned sulkily into the corner, he said, "Is this your handwriting, madam?" The ghost nodded. "Did you learn writing at school?" The ghost nodded. "And your parents paid the schooling-bills regularly?" The ghost nodded. "Then," said Samson Brown, "if ghosts are condemned to walk the earth on account of wrongs committed in their lifetime, I think you must very often meet the ghost of your writing-master." The spectre not condescending to notice this brilliant eally, Samson Brown devoted his energies to the interpretation of the strange hieroglyphics. With an acuteness that would have done honor to the reader of a roll of papyrus, he at last succeeded in eliciting the facts that one "Margaret Stubbs" had defrauded one "John Jones" of moneys to the amount of one thousand pounds, and, oscillating between uneasiness at the thought of possessing ill-gotten treasure and unwillingness to part with a sum so considerable, had hidden the latter beneath a stone in the coal cellar. The operations of conscience had likewise prompted Marget to draw up a written confession of her guilt, and to place it where, in all human probability, it would never be found. The thought that after death she would wander about as an ugly ghost, and with her own hand indicate the spot where the paper was concealed, had clearly never entered the mind of Marget Stubbs. "Madam!" said Samson Brown, "oh! Oh! you are there, are you?" he continued, observing that the ghost had shifted into another corner. "Madam, I infer from the ill-written rigmorole I have just waded through, and from the impressive manner in which you revealed to me the place of its concealment, that you are the person described as Marget Stubbs?"

The ghost bowed. "I should spell Stubbs with two b's myself, but everybody understands his own business best. It appears then that you defrauded one John Jones—with whose name, I must observe, you take strange liberties—to the tune of one thousand pounds?" The ghost began to toss its arms about, with every sign of the wildest agony. "Now, my dear creature, pray compose yourself, or we shall never get on at all," said Samson Brown. "Listen to me, and let us perfectly understand each other.—From what I have read about ghosts in general, and reasoning by analogy, I arrive at the conclusion that, till your affair with John Jones, his executors, administrators, or assigns, is made completely straight, you are compelled to walk about these premises every midnight." The face of the ghost was distorted by a malicious grin. "I perfectly understand the meaning of that expression. Although, as I said before, you are compelled to walk these premises, you feel a sort of wicked pleasure in frightening other people." The ghost placed its hand before its eyes. "But you do not frighten me at all—mark that! You do not frighten me in the least. In fact, I find your society rather agreeable than otherwise. I never saw a ghost before; therefore your apparition has, at least, the charm of novelty." The ghost began to assume an appearance of anxiety. "Therefore, you perceive, if you expect that I am going to loathe myself with looking after John Jones merely for the sake of procuring a cessation of your visits, you are very much mistaken. As long as I am tenant of his house," he added, with a smile of something like gallantry, "there shall always be a corner at your service." The ghost was completely puzzled. It not only looked endeavorous—it looked stupid. "Consequently," continued the relentless Samson Brown, "if you wish to bring these little freaks to a termination, it is your own pleasure, not mine, that you are consulting. So, come," he went on, giving his hand a sudden slap on the table, "to make a long matter short, what will you allow me per cent. to wind up this affair with the Joneses?" The female figure glided slowly up and down the room for a few seconds, with its right forefinger pressed against its forehead. When this movement had ceased, it held up its right hand with all its fingers distended. "Five per cent. for a special transaction like this!" exclaimed Samson Brown, perfectly comprehending the sign; "ridiculous! I'll see you and the Joneses—!" A short voluntary cough prevented the completion of the sentence. Again did the ghost glide up and down the room, and when it stopped once more, both its hands were held up, with the fingers wildly distended. "Ten!" cried Samson Brown. "Ten per cent. on a thousand pounds is a round hundred. Make your mind easy, Mrs. or Miss Stubbs, whichever you are. If the money be really in the cellar, and the representatives of Jones are reasonably come-at-table, this business shall be settled to the satisfaction of everybody." No sooner had he uttered these words than the ghost vanished. How it went, Samson Brown neither knew nor cared.—He tried to resume his study of the *Economist*, but even statistics had lost their power of producing an excitement, and, after a few preliminary words, he fell asleep in his chair. Sleep did not occasion any loss of time. Dreams in a haunted house are of more than ordinary value; and things of more than ordinary value were not likely to be overlooked by Samson Brown. He fancied he was in an adjacent village, at the shop of one Jonathan Jones, a barber by profession, and whose somewhat unskillful hand he had entrusted his chin. The shaver cut him not infrequently; but, strange to say, while something like blood was apparent on the razor, not a single drop issued from the wound. When he awoke in the morning, Samson Brown proceeded straight to the coal cellar; where, after some little rumaging, he found the one thousand pounds mentioned in the ill-written document. It was a curious assemblage of notes, gold, silver and copper, and was not to be counted without some little trouble. Samson Brown, however, ascertained that it was all right, and allowed it to glide gently along the palm of his hand into his breeches-pocket, which he buttoned up with a great deal of deliberation and an air of intense satisfaction. If any of our readers have been pleased to fancy that Samson Brown was so much a lover of gain, that he had no sense of right or wrong, we beg to correct them in their erroneous opinion. A more vulgar scamp would have gone off with the thousand pounds in his pocket, and left the shade of Mrs. Stubbs to trouble the cottage till the end of time. But Samson Brown would soon have committed a forgery, as he had been guilty of an act so manifestly paltry. He therefore went to the village indicated in his dream; and after sundry inquiries, actually found a barber's shop tenanted by one Jonathan Jones. To the respectability of Jones, report bore indifferent testimony. A partiality to beer seemed to be among his leading propensities; and this peculiarity, it was said, strongly militated against that manipulative skill which is so essential to the barber's vocation. However, several of the

older informants when they had detailed sundry indisputable facts in connection with Jones, shook their heads with exceeding gravity, and said that if everybody had his rights, Jones would have been a very different person from what Jones was. If report were true, this would have been highly desirable. Entering the dirty and disorderly shop, Samson Brown perceived an individual still dirtier and still more disorderly, one of these ungainly, sottish figures, that seem never to be intoxicated and never sober; always have red noses, and always wear seamy coats. The individual in question was seated in a corner, with a short pipe in his mouth, the very perfection of those bad trades-folk who make a point of looking at every customer as if he was an intruder. "Come to be shaved?" said the individual in a foggy voice. For the first time, probably, in his life, Samson Brown shuddered. The idea of trusting a precious chin to the foul compound of dullness and malignity that stood before him! There was an awkward pause. Samson Brown turned his eye to the shop window, as the only shabby thing about the place, hoping to find some small article of which he might make a purchase. Vain endeavor. Rapidly passing in review a miserable assortment of glass cases and pasteboard boxes, evidently containing the fragments of a business ruined years ago, he plainly saw that there was literally nothing to buy. His only course, therefore, was to jump into the middle of his subject. "What was the name of your parental grand-father?" asked Samson Brown. "You're another!" growled the barber. "Pardon me," said Samson Brown, "I don't quite perceive the force of your observation. I asked you what was the name of your grand-father, on the father's side." "Very well; what was the name of yours?" was the respondent growl. Through this uncouth question Samson Brown could almost fancy he heard the voice of a tempting demon, urging him to walk off with the money, and leave the surly barber encumbered with his wrongs, as a punishment for his bad manner. However, he resolutely conquered the fiend; and with every show of good temper, resumed the conversation. "Was your grand-father's name John Jones?" "If you guess again, you'll guess wrong," was the periphrastic answer. "In a pecuniary respect your grand-father was better off than yourself?" The besotted individual did not know about that. He knew that he himself paid his way; and that, if other people, who wore fine coats, always did the same, things would go on much better than they did. After a few moments' pause, Samson Brown abruptly exclaimed: "Mr. Jones, would you like nine hundred pounds?" As this was a question that only admitted of one answer, Jonathan Jones made no answer at all. "Would you like to have nine hundred pounds?" repeated Samson Brown. "Because, if you would, I will give it to you—now." "Give me nine hundred pounds—now." Come, come, a joke's all very well.—"There is no joke in the matter. The discovery has been made that a thousand pounds is due to you from the estate of a certain party deceased, and the discoverer claims one hundred pounds as the reward of his zeal and integrity. So you have only to sign the receipt and take the money," and he presented a small document duly stamped. From a state of dogged stupidity, Jones had passed into a state of dogged shrewdness. He seemed more ready for information than for ready cash. "Who's this here Mrs. Stubbs, this here thing talks about?" he growled forth. "Sign my dear sir, without troubling yourself to ask questions," said Samson Brown, imploringly. "Well, but one likes to know what one is about; and then it seems I'm only to have nine hundred pounds; and I'm to sign for a thousand. The other hundred is for the hagony you say? Are you the hagony? Because, if you are, I think you have taken care of yourself, anyhow." "No matter who is the agent, and who is not. The hundred pounds in question is agreed to by Mrs. Stubbs." "That Mother Stubbs seems very free with other peoples money," growled Jones. "And I say," he continued, with increasing acumen, "if Mother Stubbs is dead, how can she agree to anything?" For the infinitesimal fraction of a second Samson Brown felt embarrassed; but immediately recovering himself, he said: "Mr. Jonathan Jones, my time is valuable. Sign that paper without asking any questions, and I put nine hundred pounds in hard money on that table. Ask one single question more, I walk out of your shop, and you'll never hear of the nine hundred pounds so long as you live." "There!" cried Samson Brown, after counting out the money, which he placed on the table. "There, you!" growled Jones, as he flung the signed receipt across the table to Samson Brown. Samson Brown retired, and betook him-

self to his troubled house. Jonathan Jones, having secured his newly acquired fortune under lock and key, sauntered to the nearest tap, where he expended a penny in the purchase of half-a-pint of beer. During the whole day he was observed to repeat this process at intervals much shorter than usual. At ten minutes before midnight, Mr. Samson Brown, who was sitting alone in the room where he had first made acquaintance with the late Mrs. Stubbs, heard the now familiar rustle of stiff silk, and immediately afterwards the ghost was visible, with something like animosity expressed in his countenance. "Ha!" exclaimed Samson Brown, in a cheerful tone; "I knew this business concerned you more than me; for here you are ten minutes before your time. Will this be sufficient?" he continued, presenting the receipt. Whether it had departed by chimney, chink, or key-hole; whether it had ascended or descended, he could not tell. He only knew that he was alone, and that his hundred pounds were still safe in his pocket. He had slapped his pocket by a sort of instinct at the moment the spectre vanished. On the following morning, Samson Brown was aroused from a refreshing slumber by a loud knocking at his door. Of course he opened it himself, and perceived the agent of whom he had taken the house. His egress from the terrible domicile on the previous day, and his bold return to it in the evening, had been observed by several of his neighbors, and had become the talk of the village. The terrors of the house had consequently fallen ninety per cent., and its value had risen in the same proportion.—Feeling, under these altered circumstances, that he had let the house far too cheap, the agent called on Samson Brown, with his cheque-book in his pocket, to induce him to rescind his contract. On the afternoon of that day, Samson Brown returned to London, in a second-class carriage, bearing in his pocket the hundred pounds found in the cellar, and an additional fifty received from the house-agent as a consideration for canceling the agreement. How he spent his wonderful holiday is only known to his most confidential friends; but it is generally remarked that his opinions on two particular subjects are not the same as they were a few years ago. No one in the world was more opposed to superstition; never was man more severely in favor of sticking to business than Samson Brown. But now he is occasionally heard to remark, that a holiday now and then is a very good thing, if people know how to make use of it; and that, as a belief in ghosts, there is a good deal to be said in its favor.

**Jim Franklin and the "Falling Stars."**  
The meteoric shower that fell on the night of the 13th of November, 1853, exhibited a scene long to be remembered by all who witnessed it. To the enlightened and well-informed it was grand, awful, sublime; but to the ignorant and superstitious, overwhelming and terrific. Such a countless number of meteors never fell from the empyrean in so short a space of time before or since, the theories of Humboldt and Captain Twining to the contrary notwithstanding. A few weeks after this grand display of fire-works, Jim Franklin, or "Uncle Jim," as he was most generally called, was seen hobbling about on crutches, his lower extremities covered with a superabundance of red flannel. Jim's early educational advantage had been very limited. His learning from books and schools was contracted to the acquisitions of a few months, by a mind not at all inclined to study. But he had prospered in the world, and by raising cuttin in the flatwoods of Elbert, where he lived, had accumulated a snug fortune. He was a general favorite in his neighborhood, and but for a slight habit of indulging sometimes too much in the "ardent," might be termed an unlearned, shrewd, exemplary man. Jim was sitting with a number of gentlemen in the Petersburg Inn, his feet nicely adjusted in another chair, with his crutches across his lap, when some one inquired why he was working himself in shafts? Whereupon he exclaimed: "You see we had at our house, the other night, a small sprinkling of what we honestly took to be the 'day of judgment.' It turned out to be slightly mistaken; but I assure you, if I'm any judge of small matters, it was a right good counterfeit of that great day, when they say there is to be a general smash up. Many a one of us for a while, thought it was the genuine coin, and, as the masons would say, 'conducted ourselves accordingly.' I tucked the wrong shute at the start. Now they say, 'Man purposes, and God exposes,' this may or may not be good Scripture; but the latter end of my experience I would call it good sense. "I was suddenly awakened out in a sound sleep, not by Gabriel's horn, but a noise mighty nigh so loud if not heard so far; wife, children, and niggers were screaming and hollerin the day of judgement was come, the stars wer all fallin, the world was burning up! I sprung up and looked at the heavens; never seed such pooden-

To converse with the spirits—lay a five cent piece on the table at a grog shop, and they'll show themselves quicker than you can say beans.