

THE COLUMBIA SPY. (EXTRA.)

COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 2, 1859.

A Word of Apology.

We appear on this occasion only (we hope) in the character of apologist. We have rarely troubled our public with excuses for shortcomings in the *Spy*, but have permitted it to extend its charity unsolicited. On this occasion, however, the second anniversary of our day of bondage, we are willing to lump our many offenses and cry *peccavi-mus* for the lot. Our sins—towards the public—of commission are about to be eclipsed by a graver one of omission—the *Spy* will not appear this week. Possibly our readers may look upon this non-publication of the *Spy* as a venial offense—a misfortune to be philosophically borne by its readers. They may consider the absence of their weekly visitor as unimportant, and the cause of the failure as none of their business. But, beloved, it is *our* business; and our business requires that you should be informed that ~~THE~~ THE SPY OFFICE HAS BEEN REMOVED TO CARPET HALL, S. W. CORNER OF FRONT AND LOCUST STREETS.

We should have given due notice of this change had it not been suddenly resolved upon—oh, that it could have been as suddenly executed! Our old location has its good points which made us loth to leave it, among which, however, are not its tropical climate and its perilous means of access.—Guarded as we were by two watchful tracks of railroad, the anxious subscriber who attained our sanctum, paid his *one, fifty* in advance, and again reached the east sidewalk of Front street without endangering his precious life had rare good luck. We have watched the upright man aforesaid determined to pay the printer or die in the attempt, standing at the corner of Front and Walnut streets, patiently awaiting the passing of a mile or two of P. R. R. Freight.—His countenance betokens inward peace engendered by a premeditated good net, and his hands are deep in his trowsers pockets. The way is at length clear and the patriot calmly approaches;—we are the more impatient party of the two;—he gets safely across the upper track and begins to congratulate himself; he descends the inclined plane; he catches our eye, smiles a regular pay-in-advance-subscriber smile to encourage us,—as if we didn't know our friends when they approach!—and is about to step on the lower track when suddenly, without warning, comes a train of lumber trucks rushing down the "grade" and brakes up under the very nose of our most punctual patron. He is an old gentleman. His back is too stiff to

allow him to creep under, and he is not as springy as he once was, or he would make nothing of climbing the obstruction. He doesn't like to risk crossing in front of the train and to walk around the rear would take him to the bridge; so he patiently waits again. He is patient, but would it be unreasonable—mind, we don't say we *did* do it!—if we swore? He begins to look troubled, and we give the Devil a round to relieve himself. He—the subscriber we mean, not the Devil—gives an appealing, doubtful look which we meet with an appealing and confident one, as if to say, "Ah, my friend! we have faith in you; we know you will persevere. Where would be the merit in a good deed if it cost you nothing. The bill and receipt are ready for you!" He musters his courage and starts to cross ahead of the train when a crash at the rear end starts the cars forward and our friend backward. It is too much; he can bear no more, and without the courage to meet our imploring look, he turns away. Ah, too late! The upper track is again blocked.—We make the Devil's hair stand on end, and this or some other shock starts the trucks, and our subscriber meets us at the door with "Why the deuce don't you move your office."—And we have moved our office!

We will not tell how high the mercury used to rise in our old quarters; nobody would believe us. The low ceiling was the only limit that it knew. (It has always been a question with us whether, had the ceiling been higher, the mercury would have risen or fallen.) It is sufficient to say that no starch or temper was proof against that temperature in Summer. Our model subscriber above, was sometimes plethoric, and on reaching our sanctum would exclaim: "My dear fellow, you *must* move your office!"—We have moved our office.

The old location has undeniable advantages. It is a good drinking neighborhood—a fact not to be despised when the water is muddy. It is a dog-fighting neighborhood—so much so that we never wanted a local item. It enjoys a look-out on a very stiff bit of a hill; and who does not appreciate the sight of a half dozen overloaded horses mercifully beaten because they can't drag the over-load up the hill?

So it is not to be wondered at that we hesitated before leaving so desirable a spot. We decided upon the change too late for last Saturday's *Spy*, or our subscribers should have had due notice of what *not* to expect this week.

The moving of a Printing Office is no every-day affair, and the resulting confusion is infinite and unavoidable. Irremediable, we had almost said, but we hope to emerge from chaos into something like order and system during the present week, and we can promise the *Spy* promptly next week. We are at this present writing surrounded by a heterogeneous mixture of type, press, cases, stands, sticks, rules, quoins, furniture, ink, rollers, stones, paper, books, stove-pipe, coal-scuttles, coal, kindling, buckets, troughs, Gas Fitters, Plumbers, Compositors, Pressmen, Devil and dirt, and breathing an atmosphere of three-fourths pure gas to one-fourth impure air. We hope that the impossibility of arranging all these components into a well regulated SPY OFFICE in time to permit the issue of a paper this week will be kindly recognized.

Our present location is easier of access than was the old one, and we hope to see our friends more frequently than heretofore.—We will by Saturday be prepared for all manner of business, and will look for an influx of Job Work, which we promise to turn out promptly, neatly and at reasonable rates.

The entrance to our office is by the outside stairway at the northern end of the building, and we shall always be found at our post, serving the public to the best of our ability. If we may temper our apology with a trifle of exhortation, we would say "Now is the accepted time to pay up! Delinquent subscribers hear and heed! We have importuned you but mildly for arrearages because it is not our disposition to dun, but the times press upon us as well as upon you, and we need our little subscriptions to enable us to face our creditors with the dignity becoming a man and an editor. We shall be glad to see you, one and all, in the sanctum."

We trust that our readers will bear with our present failure, and recognize it as legitimate and unavoidable. We believe that by bettering ourself in accommodations we benefit the public by affording them increased facilities of access to the advertising medium of the town. None need now complain that it is too much trouble to reach the SPY OFFICE; advertising is within every man's reach, and we sincerely hope that every man will conscientiously advertise. We are now better prepared to execute all kinds of Job Work than ever before, and will undertake to turn out as neat printing as can be got up in the state. Again we ask of the public, patronage and support.

SPY OFFICE, April 1, 1859.