

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

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Larger advertisements in proportion.
A liberal discount will be made to quarterly, half-
yearly or yearly advertisers, who are strictly confined
to their business.

DR. HOFFER,
DENTIST—OFFICE, Front Street 4th door
from Locust, over Taylor & McDonald's book store
Columbia, Pa. If business, between the Hook and
Dr. Herr's Drug Store, August 21, 1859.

THOMAS WELSH,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Columbia, Pa.
OFFICE, in Whipple's New Building, below
Black's Hotel, Front street.
If prompt attention given to all business entrusted
to his care.
November 28, 1857.

DR. G. W. MIFFLIN,
DENTIST, Locust street, a few doors above
the Odd Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Pa.
Columbia, May 3, 1858.

H. M. NORTH,
ATTORNEY IN CHIEF, FOR AT LAW
Columbia, Pa.
Collects claims, makes in Lancaster and York
Counties, May 4, 1858.

J. W. FISHER,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Columbia, Pa.
Columbia, September 1857.

C. D. HOTTENSTEIN, M. D.,
SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN, Columbia, Pa.
Office in the rooms lately occupied by Dr. L. S.
Fisher.
May 14, 1859-11.

S. Allee Beckius, D. D. S.
PRACTICES the Operative, Surgical and Mechan-
ical Department of Dentistry.
Office, Locust street, between the Franklin House
and Post Office, Columbia, Pa.
May 7, 1859.

CHEWING TOBACCO.
THE FRANKLIN HOUSE, Locust street, opposite the
Post Office, has had CIGAR LEAF, CIGAR,
TOBACCO, and several other brands of the best
Tobacco, to which the attention of smokers is invited.
May 1, 1859.

IMPORTED Lard, also, Glenn's Double Extra
for the household, at
HARRY GREEN'S,
Opposite Col. Bridge, Front St.
Feb. 19, 1859.

DRUGS—100 Doz. Brooms, at Wholesale
at Retail, at
H. PAULSON,
Locust street.

SINCE'S Compound of Syrup of Tar, Wild
Cherry and Honey, for the cure of Coughs,
Colds, Whooping Cough, Asthma, &c.
For sale at
H. PAULSON, Locust street.
Family Medicine Store, Opposite Herr's Hall
October 21, 1857.

Patent Steam Wash Boilers.
THESE well known Boilers are kept constantly on
hand at
H. PAULSON, Locust street, opposite the Franklin House,
Columbia, July 17, 1857.

Cats for sale by the bushel or larger quan-
tity
J. B. P. A. O. L. D.
Columbia, Dec 25, 1859.

Tobacco and Segars of the best brands,
wholesale and retail, at
BRUNER'S,
1229
JUST in store, a fresh lot of Breng & Froufelle's
celebrated Vegetable Cattle Powder, and for sale by
H. PAULSON, Locust street, Columbia, Pa.
Sept. 17, 1859.

Soap.
25 Boxes of Bully Bivona Soap on hand and for
sale at low price at Third and Union Sts.
August 6, 1859

Suffer no longer with Corns.
AT the Golden Mortar Drug Store you can procure
an article which is warranted to remove Corns in
48 hours, without pain or soreness.

Fly Paper.
A SUPERIOR article of Fly Paper, for the destruc-
tion of Flies, &c., has just been received at the
Drug Store of
R. WILLIAMS, Front street,
Columbia, July 20, 1859.

Harrison's Columbian Ink.
WHICH is a superior article, permanently black
and not corroding the pen, can be had in any
quantity at the Family Medicine Store, and blacker
yet at the English Book Store.
Columbia, June 9, 1859

On Hand.
MRS. WINSLOW'S Washing Syrup, which will
greatly facilitate the process of washing by re-
ducing inflammation, relieving pain, spasmodic action,
&c., in very short time. For sale by
R. WILLIAMS, Front street, Columbia, Pa.
Sept. 17, 1859.

REDDING & CO'S Russia Salve! This ex-
traordinary remedy for the cure of Catarrhs,
Gonorrhoea, &c., is now in use at
R. WILLIAMS, Front st., Columbia,
Sept. 24, 1859

GRAIN GROWERS can carry on their busi-
ness, most successfully at Hottentstein's Lead-
ing Store, Front street, Columbia, Pa.
See advertisement of Hottentstein, lead-
ing store, Front street, Columbia, Pa.

PERSONS wanting change of climate for
winter, can do so at Hottentstein's Lead-
ing Store, Front street, Columbia, Pa.
See advertisement of Hottentstein, lead-
ing store, Front street, Columbia, Pa.

SALE by the Sack or Bushel, and Packages
in bulk or small quantities, for sale at the Col-
umbia and Union streets.
Jan. 8, 1859

FRANCIS' PATENT and **SEAL**, an invaluable
invention, at
HARRY GREEN'S,
Front St.,
Feb. 19, 1859.

CISTERN PUMPS.
THE subscriber has a large stock of Cistern Pump,
1 and 2 inch, to which he calls the attention of
the public. He is prepared to put them up in the
most substantial and enduring manner.
H. PAULSON,
Locust street
December 12, 1857.

FANCY TOILET SOAPS.
THE subscriber has a large stock of Fancy Toilet Soaps, ever
offered to the public, at
HARRY GREEN'S,
Front St.,
Feb. 19, 1859

COLOGNE WATER by the pint, quart or gallon
Glenn's Extracts for the hairdresser, by the
ounce or pound, or in any quantity to suit purchasers
at
HARRY GREEN'S,
Front St.,
Feb. 19, 1859.

Just Received and For Sale,
200 Bushels of Flour, 50 lbs. Extra quality
Flour, 25 lbs. No. 1. Large Oil of best quality,
300 lbs. Ground Alum 24 lbs. by
E. F. APPOLD,
March 26, 1859. No. 1 and 2 Canal Basin.

JENKIN'S Celebrated Black and Green Tea,
Black, Cocoa and Chocolate, at Corner of Third
and Union streets.
Nov. 20, 1859.

GRANAM, or Bond's Boston Crackers, for
Dyspepsia, and Arrow Root Crackers, for in-
fants and children, new articles in Columbia, at
the Family Medicine Store.
April 18, 1859.

Tens.
A FRENCH sample of the celebrated Tens of Jen-
kin & Co. Philadelphia, for sale by
I. O. & H. F. BREWER,
Aug. 6, 1859 Corner of Third and Union streets.

Poetry.

Lady Franklin.

BY MISS ELIZABETH H. WHITTIER.

Fold thy hands, thy work is o'er;

Cool thy watching eyes with tears,

Let thy poor heart, unconsoled,

Rest alike from hopes and fears.

Hopes, that saw with sleepless vision,

One sad picture fading slow;

Fears that followed, vague and nameless,

Lifting back the veils of snow.

For thy brave one, for thy lost one,

Trust heart of woman, weep!

Owning still the love that granted

Unto thy beloved sleep.

Not for him that hour of terror,

When, the long sea-battle o'er,

In the storm's day, his comrades

Deserted and the Polar shore.

Spared the cruel cold and famine,

Spared the fainting beast's despair—

What but that could mercy grant him?

What but that has been thy prayer?

Dear to thee that last memorial,

From the cabin behind the sea:

Evermore the month of roses

Shall be sacred time to thee!

Sad it is the mournful yew-tree

O'er his slumbers may not wave;

Sad it is the English daisy

May not bloom on his grave.

But his tomb shall store and witness

Shape and fashion year by year—

Pile his mighty manes on

Block by block, and tier by tier.

Guardian of his gleaming portal

Shall his statue's honor be,

While thy love, a sweet memorial,

Hover o'er the winter air!

[N. Y. Independent.]

Wolfgang;

THE WRECKER'S BEACON.

CHAPTER I.

BEFORE THE GALE.

The good ship Pathfinder, of New York,

and bound to Copenhagen, had entered the

North Sea, having left the Straits of Dover

two days behind.

The commander of the ship was a young

man, not over eight-and-twenty, and his

name was Maurice Lester. He stood by the

taffrail, gazing off upon the horizon to the

eastward, and anon raising his hand

above his head to feel if there was any

wind stirring, and as often cast his eye aloft

to see his mate approached, and spoke to

him:

"What d'ye think of this, Capt'n?"

"I think we're in for a storm, sir," the

master replied. "And I tell you what it is,

Griffin, he added, after sweeping the hori-
zon with his eye, "when it comes it will be

an earnest one. None of your broad Ocean

puffs, with nothing but water to hatch wind

from; but we'll have it right fresh from

some of those places where they know how

to make things blow."

"Then you think we'll have a hard one?"

said Griffin.

"Aye," answered the captain, with almost

a shudder, "I feel it in my bones."

In the meantime, Captain Lester had been

watching the sea and sky as before, and he

fancied that the signs of the storm were

growing more and more palpable every mo-

ment. The sun was going down in a thick

bank, giving to the whole western horizon

a dull, purple-red, bloody hue, with here

and there spots of a darker tinge, like open-

ings, through the heavy cloud, looking upon

a fearful blackness behind.

"Do you see how strangely it looks off

towards the point where the sun was set-
ting."

"Aye," returned Griffin, "I have been

watching these dark places."

"And others noticed the same thing, and

spoke of it, too."

Seven o'clock came and went. Eight

o'clock came, and the first watch was set.

"Don't go below," said the captain, as

the men of the last dog-watch left their sta-
tions. "This calm can't last a great while.

You had better button down the hatches now

while there is nothing else to do; for I am

sure there will be need of having them close

before the coming of another day."

The men had no thoughts of going below,

for they could see and feel; and they were

not wholly ignorant of what was coming;

so they went to work and secured the

hatches with thick tarpaulins; and when

this was done those who had no particular

station collected about the wheel. Another

hour passed away—and another. Ten

o'clock came, and still not a breath. The

ship lay upon the water like a dead thing,

with the ropes, and blocks, and sails, rat-
tling and flopping as she was swayed to and

fro by the lazy swells of the sea.

"What does it mean?" cried Griffin, as the

boy struck five bells.

"Hark!" said the captain, almost instan-
tly. "I guess you'll soon see. Did you feel

that?—Hark—and that?"

It was a puff of wind, and a light flying

of spray; or, perhaps it was a spit of rain.

At all events, the puff was felt; and the

drops of water fell upon other cheeks than

Maurice Lester's; and other ears than his

heard the dull moaning which came over the

dark waters. So other ears heard the roar

which followed, and other bodies quivered

beneath the shock of the storm-giant when

he came in his might.

Aye—the storm had come. It came with

wind and rain, and with an angry heaving

of the sea. It came with a darkness like

the night, and with the voice of thunder—

and the gale continued to increase in fury as

the long night passed away. When the
morning came the scene was one of awful
grandeur. The wind was howling with ter-
rific fury; and the broad sea was lashed into
huge mountains, that foamed, and tumbled;
and leaped along over the bosom of the
deep, seeming every moment ready to whirl
and engulf the frail bark that struggled
within the demon grasp.

When Captain Lester had observed the
signs of the morning, he feared that the
storm would continue through the day, and
so he told his men. The sky wore a hue of
horror, and rain was now driving down,
mingling with the lashing sea. At noon it
was still worse.

At length night shut in again, and not a
sign yet of the passing away of the storm!
The frightful howling of the tempest seemed
rather to have increased than abated. The
men gathered upon the quarter-deck, cling-
ing for support to the racks and rails—for
the life-lines swayed so much that they were
afraid of them—gathered as near to the
binnacle-lamp as they could, as though even
from such feeble beams they might find
some comfort. But not a word was said.
Not all four stout, true-hearted men
had been swept away by the storm. Near
a score were left; but how many shall see
the light of another day?

At nine o'clock Captain Lester went be-
low. He took down a chart of the North
Sea, and having spread it upon the table, he
sat down to examine it. He was thus en-
gaged when Mr. Griffin came down; but he
did not look up until he had finished the
calculation.

"How is it?" the mate asked, as he saw
his commander lay down the dividers.

"I have been making a reckoning, and I

find that we have but little more sea-room

left. The course we have made since we

were, has been, as near as I can calculate,

north-west-by-west, so that we must be driv-

ing towards the coast of Northumberland.

I think we have plenty of room to stand on

until midnight; but we cannot stand on

much longer. If the gale does not abate

by that time I know not what we shall do."

The captain started up from his chair,

and would probably have walked across the

cabin, but at that moment a heavy sea

caught the ship, and gave her a pitch for-

ward, which caused him to catch his seat as

quickly as possible. As soon as the flood

had gone from the deck, and the vessel had

struggled up from the shock, he looked into

his companion's face, and said, in a voice

made tremulous by deeper emotion than he

had before manifested:

"Griffin, I have something upon my mind

more than you know; and I am anxious to

communicate it to you. I must tell it now, for

I have a strange foreboding of coming ill.

Something is to happen that will bear great

consequences to some of us. I am not cranking

—I am only reading what the Unseen has

written in my soul. However, you shall

hear my story. You have heard that my

parents were both lost at sea?"

"Yes," said the mate.

"And perhaps you know that they were

lost in this sea?"

"I have heard so, sir."

"Aye—so it was. I was a boy then—

They were on their way to Copenhagen, as

we should be now. My father commanded

the ship—she was called the *Clara Jane*.

She was named for my mother; and she was

a staunch, noble craft. I was at school then;

and when I knew that my parents

were dead I was well nigh mad with grief.

I fancied then, in my first hours of orphan-
age, that my heart would break; and, I

think such would have been the case if they

had kept me at school. But some of those

who cared for me came to see me, and it

was finally arranged that I should go to sea.

And I prospered—prospered so well that,

when I was twenty years old, they gave me

command of a ship.

"The man who owned the ship which I

first commanded was named Thornton. He

had a daughter named Carrie—one of the

sweetest, purest, and loveliest creatures that

ever graced this poor life of earth. She

was four years younger than myself; but

even when I first knew her—and she was

not then more than fourteen—she was a

man in intellect and grace, though a child

"Well," continued Lester, wiping his
eyes, "I went to Copenhagen. I waited a
month—then I heard that the American
ship, *'White Swan,'* with William Thornton
and daughter on board, had touched at Dover,
and that all were safe and well when she
left. I waited another week, and then I
crossed over to Hamburg; but I could learn
nothing there. Next I went to London, and
there I learned enough to assure me that
the ship had been lost! On the second day
after she left Dover a severe storm had
arisen, and several vessels had been reported
lost. I sent my ship home in charge of the
mate; and spent four months in searching
after the lost ones, but I could gain no trace
of them. Not even a piece of the wreck
could I find—not a mark of the ship nor