

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

"NO ENTERTAINMENT IS SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING."

\$1.50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; \$2.00 IF NOT IN ADVANCE.

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Large advertisements in proportion
All advertisements will be made in quarterly, half-yearly or yearly intervals, 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. Entrance, same as Jolly's Photograph Gallery.

THOMAS WELSH,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Columbia, Pa. Office, in Whipple's New Building, below Black's Hotel, Front Street.
His official station given to all business entrusted to his care.
November 23, 1860.

H. M. NORTH,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Columbia, Pa.
Collections promptly made in Lancaster and York Counties, May 4, 1860.

J. V. FISHER,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Columbia, Pa.
Columbia, September 6, 1860.

S. A. BOKSIN, D. D. S.
PRACTICES the Operative, Surgical and Mechanical Departments of Dentistry.
Office, Locust street, between the Franklin House and Post Office, Columbia, Pa.
May 7, 1860.

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, 1860.

We Have Just Received
DR. CUTLER'S Improved Chest Expanding Suspenders and Shoulder Braces for Gentlemen, and Patent Skin Supporters for Ladies. See the article that is wanted at this time. Come and see them at Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Hall.
April 9, 1860.

Prof. Gardner's Soap.
WE have the New England Soap for those who did not obtain it for the cure of Scrofula, or King's Evil, and will take good spots from Wooden Goods, it is therefore no humbug, for you get the worth of your money at the Family Medicine Store, Columbia, June 11, 1860.

CRAMER, or Bond's Boston Crackers, for Dyspepsia, and Arrow Root Crackers, for indigestion and other ailments, at Columbia, at the Family Medicine Store, April 10, 1860.

NEW CROP SEEDLESS RAISINS.
THE best for Pies, Paullings, &c.—a fresh supply at the Grocery Store, Corner Front and Union st. Nov. 10, 1860.

SHAKER CORN.
JUST received, a first rate lot of Shaker Corn. H. SUDMAN'S Grocery Store, corner Front and Union st. Nov. 26, 1860.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.—The want of glue is one of the great evils of the day. This glue is made of the best materials, and is of a fine white color, and will take good spots from Wooden Goods, it is therefore no humbug, for you get the worth of your money at the Family Medicine Store, Columbia, June 11, 1860.

IRON AND STEEL!
THE best quality of Iron and Steel, at the lowest prices, at the Family Medicine Store, Columbia, June 11, 1860.

ARTIST'S COLORS. A general assortment of colors in tubes. Also a variety of Artists' Colors, at the Golden Marine Drug Store. July 1, 1860.

WATER'S Compound Syrup of Tar and Wild Cherry, for Coughs, Colds, &c. For sale at the Golden Marine Drug Store, Front st. July 1, 1860.

WATER'S Compound Concentrated Extract Sarsaparilla for the cure of Scrofula, or King's Evil, and all venereal affections, a fresh article just received and for sale by R. WILLIAMS, Front st., Columbia, April 21, 1860.

FOR SALE.
200 GROSS Puffin Matches, very low for cash. J. WILLIAMS, Front st., Columbia, April 21, 1860.

DRIED FRUIT.
FOR Dried Figs—Apples, Peaches, Cherries, &c.—the best quality, at the lowest prices, at the Golden Marine Drug Store, Front st. and Union st. Grocery Store, Corner Front and Union st. Nov. 10, 1860.

Dutch Herring!
THE best kind of a good Herring can be supplied at the Golden Marine Drug Store, Front st. Nov. 10, 1860. Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust st.

WATER'S PURE OHIO CATAWBA BRANDY and PURE WINES, especially for Medicines and Sacramental purposes, at the Family Medicine Store, Columbia, June 11, 1860.

NICE RAISINS for 8 cts. per pound, are to be had only at EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust street, March 10, 1860.

GARDEN SEEDS.—Fresh Garden Seeds, warranted pure, of all kinds, just received at EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust street, March 10, 1860.

POCKET BOOKS AND PERSSES.
A LARGE lot of Fine and Common Pocket Books and Persses, at from 15 cents to two dollars each. H. SUDMAN'S Grocery Store, and News Depot, Columbia, April 14, 1860.

A FEW more of those beautiful Prints left, which will be sold cheap, at S. F. EBERLEIN'S, Columbia, Pa. April 14.

Just Received and For Sale.
1500 SACKS Ground Alum Salt, in large or small quantities, at APPOINT'S Warehouse, Canal Basin, May 5, 70.

COLD CREAM OF GLYCERINE.—For the cure of prevention in chapped hands, &c. For sale at the Golden Marine Drug Store, Front street, Columbia, Dec. 2, 1859.

Turkish Prunes!
FOR a first rate article of Prunes, you must go to S. F. EBERLEIN'S, Columbia, Pa. Nov. 10, 1860. Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust st.

GOLD PENS, GOLD PENS.
JUST received a large and fine assortment of Gold Pens, of Newell and Griswold's manufacture, at Taylor & McDonald's Book Store, Front street, above Locust, April 14.

FRESH GROCERIES.
WE continue to sell the best "Lemon Syrup," White and Brown Sugar, good Coffee and Choice Tea, to be had in Columbia at the New Corner Store, opposite Odd Fellows' Hall, and at the old stand adjoining the Bank. H. C. FONDERSMITH.

Poetry.

Irene Anadyomene.

O'er far Pacific waves the wanderer holding
His steady course before the strong monsoon,
Entranced beholds the coral isle unfolding
Its ring of emerald and its bright fagion.

At first their shadowy beams in the faint distance
The ice-tops rear; then, as the vessel glides,
The white surf gleams where the firm reef's resistance
Meets and lurches back the fiercely charging tides.

He sees o'erspread the wide sea-beach, all sparkling
With coral sand and many-tinted shells,
An empty sandwich-box, a bunch of keys, a
Birds-eye handkerchief, a sovereign, five-pence,
While high above, in tropic rankness darkling,
A cloud of verdure ever brooding dwells.

With growing wonder and delight the stranger,
While his swift sloop nears the enchanted strand,
Sees the white surf cleared with one flash of danger,
And a broad portal opening through the land.

And deftly through the verdurous gateway steering,
The strong-armed oarsmen urge their flying boat,
Till now the broad horizon disappearing,
On the still island-lake they pause and float.

The gun booms loud. With wistful eyes scanning,
They watch from their swift boat the leavening isle.
The yards are squared. Again the good ship speeding
Sees the chafed waves beneath her counter side.

Long musing o'er his scientific pages,
The curi us voyager pursues the theme,
And learns while'er the geologic ages
Have found or fancied,—building each his scheme.

This planet him boasts—the earth's red prismal morning,
When Nature's forces wrought with youthful heat,
A mighty continent o'erspread, adorning
Our planet's face, where now the surge's beat:

A land of wondrous growths, of strange creations,
Of ferns like oak, of avarious huge and dire,
Of marshes vast, their dreary habitations,
Of mountains flaming with primal fire.

At length, by some superior fiat banished,
The land sank down in one great cataclysm;
The vales, the plains, the mountains slowly vanished,
Buried and quenched in the wide sea's abyss.

'Twas then (so ran the scheme) on each lone crater
The coral builders laid their marvelous pile;
Millions on millions wrought, till age after age
Saw reared to light and air the circling isle.

This Science dreams: but from the dream unfolds
On his swift thought the subtly shadowed truth,
That all serene joy blooms on the ashes,
The lava and spent crater of lost youth.

The heart, long worn by fierce volcanic surges,
Frets its old world slowly sinking from the sight,
Till o'er the wreck a home of peace emerges,
Bright with unnumbered shapes of new delight.

Selections.

A London Night.

SCENES AT A POLICE STATION.

A policeman keeping watch and ward at the wicket gives us admission, and we proceed down a long passage into an outer room where there is a barrack bedstead, on which we observed Police-constable Clark newly relieved, asleep, snoring portentously—a little exhausted, perhaps, by nine hours' constant walking on his beat. In the right-hand corner of this room—which is a bare-room like a guard-house without the drums and muskets—is a dock, or space railed off for prisoners; opposite, a window breast high, at which an inspector always presides day and night to hear charges.

A small man, who gives his name, Mr. Spills (or for whom that name will do in this place as well as another), presents himself at the half open window to complain of a gentleman now present, who is stricken in years, bald, well-dressed, staid in countenance, respectable in appearance, and exceedingly drunk. He gazes at his accuser from behind the dock, with lack-lustre pensive, as that gentleman elaborates his grievance to the patient inspector; who, out of a tangle of digressions and innuendoes, dashed with sparkling scraps of club-room oratory, extracts—not without difficulty—the substance of the complaint, and reduces it to a charge of drunk and disorderly.

The culprit, it seems, not half an hour ago—purely by accident—found his way into Craven street, Strand. Though there are upwards of forty doors in Craven street, he would kick, and bump, and batter the complainant's doors. No other door would do. The complainant don't know why, the delinquent don't know why. No entreaty, no expostulation, no threat, could induce him to transfer his favors to any other door in the neighborhood. He was a perfect stranger to Mr. Spills; yet, when Mr. Spills presented himself at the gate of his castle in answer to the thundering summons, the prisoner insisting on finishing the evening at the domestic supper-table of the Spills family.

Finally, the prisoner emphasized his claim on Mr. Spills' hospitality by striking Mr. Spills on the mouth. This led to his being immediately handed over to the custody of a P. C.

The defendant answers the usual questions as to the name and condition, with a drowsy indifference peculiar to the muddle. But, when the Inspector asked his age, a faint ray of his spirit shines through him. What is that to the police? Have they anything to do with the census? They may look him up, fine him, put him good, work him on the tread-mill, if they like. All this is in their power; he knows the law well enough, sir; but they can't make him tell his age—and he won't—won't do it, sir!

At length, after having been mildly pressed, and cross-examined, and coaxed, he passes his fingers through the few grey hairs that fringe his bald head, and suddenly roars:—

"Well then—Five-and-twenty!"

All the policemen laugh. The prisoner—but now triumphant in his retort—checks

himself, endeavors to stand erect, and surveys them with defiance.

"Have you anything about you, you would like us to take care of?" This is the usual apology for searching a drunken prisoner; searches cannot be enforced except in cases of felony.

Before the prisoner can answer, one of the reserves eases him of his property. Had his adventures been produced in print, they could scarcely have been better described than by the following articles: a penknife, an empty sandwich-box, a bunch of keys, a birds-eye handkerchief, a sovereign, five-pence, in halfpence, a toothpick, and a pocket book. From his neck is drawn a watch-guard, cut through. No watch.

When he is sober, he will be questioned as to his loss; a description of the watch, with its maker's name and number will be extorted from him; this will be sent round to every station; and, by this time, to-morrow night, every pawnbroker in the Metropolis will be asked whether such a watch has been offered as a pledge? Most probably the watch will be recovered and restored before he has time to get tipsy again—and, he will probably lose it again.

"When shall I have to appear before the magistrate," asks the prosecutor.

"At ten o'clock to-morrow morning,"—and so ends that case.

"There is no peace for the Inspector.—During the twenty-four hours he is on duty, his window is constantly framing some new picture. For some minutes, a brown face with bright black eyes has been peering impatiently from under a quantity of tangled black hair and a straw hat, behind Mr. Spills. It now advances to the window.

"Have you got o'er a gipsy woman here, sir?"

"No gipsy woman to-night." As if one were always expected.

"Thank'ee sir," and the querist retires to repeat this new reading of "Shepherds, I have lost my love," at every other station-house, till he finds her—and bails her.

Most of the constables who have been relieved from duty by the nine o'clock men have now dropped in, and are detailing anything worthy of a report to their respective sergeants. The sergeants enter these occurrences on a printed form. Only one is presented now:—

"P. C. 07 reports that, at 51 P. M., a boy, named Philip Isaac, was knocked down, in Bow street, by a horse belonging to Mr. Parks, a Newswender. He was taken to Charing X Hospital, and sent home, slightly bruised."

The inspector has not time to file this document before an earnest-looking man comes to the window. Something has happened which evidently causes him more pain than resentment.

"I am afraid we have been robbed. My name is Parker, of the firm of Parker & Tide, Upholsters. This afternoon at 3 o'clock, our clerk handed to a young man who is our collector (he is only nineteen), about ninety-six pounds, to take to the bank. He ought to have been back in about fifteen minutes; but he hadn't come back at six o'clock. I went to the bank to see if the cash had been paid in, and it had not."

"Be good enough to describe his person and dress, sir," says the Inspector, taking out a printed form called a "Route."

These are minutely detailed and recorded. "Has he any friends or relatives in London?"

The applicant replies by describing the residence and condition of the youth's father and uncle. The Inspector orders "Ninety-two" (one of the Reserve) to go with the gentleman, "and see what he can make of it." The misguided delinquent's chance of escape will be lessened every minute. Not only will his usual haunts be visited in the course of the night by Ninety-two; but his description will be known before morning by every police-officer on duty. This Route—which is now being copied by a Reserve into a book—will be passed on, presently, to the next station. There it will again be copied; passed on to the next; copied; forwarded—and so on, until it shall have made the circuit of all the metropolitan stations. In the morning, that description will be read to the men going on duty. "Long neck, light hair, brown clothes, low-crowned hat," and so on.

A member of the E division throws a paper on the window sill, touches his hat, exclaims, "Route, sir!" and departs.

The Routes are coming in all night long. A lady has lost her purse in an omnibus.—Here is a description of the supposed thief—a woman who sat next to the lady—and here are the dates and numbers of the bank notes, inscribed on the paper with exactness. On the back is an entry of the hour at which the paper was received at, and sent away from, every station to which it has yet been. A Reserve is called in to book the memorandum; and in a quarter of an hour he is off with it to the next station on the Route. Not only are these notes read to the men at each relief, but the most important of them are inserted in the Police Gazette, the special literary organ of the Force, which is edited by one of its members.

A well dressed youth, about eighteen years of age, now leans over the window to bring himself as near to the Inspector as possible. He whispers in a broad Scotch accent—

"I am Destitute. I came up from Scotland to find one Saunders M'Alpine, and I can't find him, and I have spent all my money. I have not a farthing left. I want a night's lodging."

"Reserve!" The Inspector wastes no time in a case like this.

"Sir,"

"Go over to the relieving officer and ask him to give this young man a night to the casual ward."

"The policeman and the half-shamed suppliant go out together.

"That is a genuine tale," remarks the Inspector.

"Evidently a fortune-seeking young Scotchman," we ventured to conjecture, "who has come to London upon too slight an invitation, and with too slender a purse. He has an honest face, and won't know what to do. He may die Lord Mayor."

The Inspector is not sanguine in such cases. "Ho may," he says.

There is a great commotion in the outer office. Looking through the window, we see a stout bustling woman who announces herself as complainant, three female witnesses, and two policemen. This solemn procession moves towards the window; yet we look in vain for the prisoner. The prisoner is in truth invisible on the floor of the dock, so one of his guards is ordered to mount him on a bench. He is a handsome, dirty, curly-headed boy about the age of seven, though he says he is nine. The prosecutrix makes her charge.

"Last Sunday, sir, (if you please, sir, I keep a cigar and stationer's shop), this here little creturer breaks one of my windows, and the moment after I loses a box of paints—"

"Value?" asks the Inspector already entering the charge, after one sharp look at the child.

"Value, sir? well I'll say eightpence.—Well, sir, to-night just before shutting up, I hears another pane go smash. I looks out and I sees this same little creturer a running away. I runs after him and hands him over to the police."

The child does not exhibit the smallest sign of fear or sorrow. He does not even whimper. He tells name and address, when asked them, in a straight forward business-like manner, as if he were quite used to the whole proceeding. He is looked up; and the prosecutrix is desired to appear before the Magistrate in the morning to substantiate her charge.

"A child so young, a professional thief!"

"Ah! these are the most distressing cases we have to deal with. The number of children brought here, either as prisoners or as having been lost, is from five to six thousand per annum. Juvenile crime and its forerunner—the neglect of children by their parents—is still on the increase. That's the experience of the whole Force."

"If some place were provided at which neglected children could be made to pass their time, instead of in the market and streets—say in industrial schools provided by the nation—juvenile delinquency would very much decrease—"

"I believe, sir, (and I speak the sentiments of many experienced officers in the Force), that it would be much lessened, and that the expense of such establishments would be saved in a very short time out of the police and county rates. Let alone morality altogether."

And the Inspector resumes his writing. For a little while we are left to think of the ticking of the clock.

Our meditations are suddenly interrupted. "Here's a pretty business!" cries a pale man in a breathless hurry, at the window. "Somebody has been tampering with my door-lock!"

"How do you mean, sir?"

"Why, I live round the corner, and I had been to the play, and I left my door on the lock (it's a Chubb) and I come back, and the lock won't act. It has been tampered with. There either a, or have been, thieves in the place!"

"Reserve!"

"Sir!"

"Take another man with you, and a couple of ladders, and see to this gentleman's house."

A tall anxious little man rushes in. "Oh! you haven't seen anything of such a thing as a black and tan spaniel, have you?"

"Is it a spaniel dog we have got in the yard?" the Inspector inquires of the goaler.

"No, sir, it's a brown terrier."

"Oh! It can't be my dog then. A brown terrier! Oh! Good night, gentlemen! Thank you!"

"Good night, sir."

The Reserve just now detached with the other man and the two ladders, returns, gruff-voiced and a little disgusted.

"Well! what's up round the corner?"

"Nothing the matter with the lock, sir. I opened it with the key directly!"

We fall into a doze before the fire. Only one little rattle of a pen is springing now, for the other Inspector has put on his great-coat and gone out to make the round of his beat and look after his man. We become aware in our sleep of a scuffling on the pavement outside. It approaches, and becomes noisy and hollow on the boarded floor within. We again repair to the window.

A very ill-looking woman in the dock.—A very stupid, little gentleman, very much overcome with liquor, and with his head extremely towzled, endeavoring to make out the meaning of two immovable Policemen, and indistinctly muttering a desire to know "war it's awr abow."

"Well!" says the Inspector possessed of the case in a look.

"I was on duty, sir, in Lincoln's Inn-fields

just now," says one of the Policemen, "when I see this gent—"

Here, "this gent," with an air of great dignity, again observes, "Mirror Insperer, I reques her know war it's awr abow."

"We'll hear you presently, sir. Go on!"

"When I see this gent, in conversation again the railings with this woman. I requested him to move on, and observed his watch-guard hanging loose out of his pocket. 'You've lost your watch,' I said. Then I turned to her. 'And you've got it,' I said. 'I an't,' she said. Then she said to him, 'You know you've been in company with many others to-night, flower-girls, and a lot more.' 'I shall take you,' I said, 'anyhow.' Then I turned my lantern on her, and saw this silver watch, with the glass broke, lying behind her on the stones. Then I took her into custody, and the other constable brought the gent along."

"Gaoiler!" says the Inspector.

"Sir!"

"Keep your eye on her. Take care she don't make away with anything—and send for Mrs. Green."

The accused sits in a corner of the dock, quite composed, with her arms under her dirty shawl, and says nothing. The Inspector folds a charge sheet, and dips his pen in the ink.

"Now, sir, your name, if you please?"

"Ba—"

"That can't be your name, sir. What name does he say, Constable?"

The second Constable "seriously inclines his ear;" the gent being a short man, and second constable a tall one. "He says his name's Bat, sir." (Getting at it after a good deal of trouble.)

"Where do you live, Mr. Bat?"

"Lambor."

"And what are you?—what business are you, Mr. Bat?"

"Fisher," says Mr. Bat, again collecting dignity.

"Profession, is it? Very good, sir.—What's your profession?"

"Solicitor," returns Mr. Bat.

"Solicitor of Lambeth. Have you lost anything besides your watch, sir?"

"I am not aware—lost—any—arrickle—prorery," says Mr. Bat.

The Inspector has been looking at the watch.

"What do you value this watch at, sir?"

"Ten pound," says Mr. Bat, with unexpected promptitude.

"Hardly worth so much as that, I should think!"

"Five pound five," says Mr. Bat. "I doro how much. I'm not par-tick-ler," (this word costs Mr. Bat a tremendous effort) "about the war. It's not my war—It's a frez of my's."

"If it belongs to a friend of yours, you wouldn't like to lose it, I suppose?"

"I doro," says Mr. Bat. "I'm nor any ways par-tick-ler abow the war. It's a frez of my's," which he afterwards repeats at intervals scores of times. Always as an entirely novel idea.

Inspector writes. Brings charge-sheet to window. Reads same to Mr. Bat.

"You charge this woman, sir"—her name, age, and address having been previously taken—"with robbing you of your watch.—I won't trouble you to sign the sheet, as you are not in good writing order. You'll have to be here this morning—it's near two—at a quarter before ten."

"Never get up till bar par," says Mr. Bat, with decision.

"You'll have to be here this morning," repeats the Inspector, placidly, "at a quarter before ten. If you don't come, we shall have to send for you, and that might be unpleasant. Stay a bit. Now, look here, I have written it down. Mr. Bat to be in Bow street, quarter before ten. Or I'll even say, to make it easier to you, a quarter past. There! Quarter past ten. Now let me fold this up and put it in your pocket; and when your landlady, or whoever it is at home, finds it there she'll take care to call you."

All of which is elaborately done for Mr. Bat. A Constable who has skillfully taken a writ out of the unconscious Mr. Bat's pocket in the meantime, and has discovered from the endorsement that he has given his name and address correctly, receives instructions to put Mr. Bat in a cab and send him home.

"And, Constable," says the Inspector to the first man, musing over the watch as he speaks, "Do you go back to Lincoln's Inn-fields, and look about, and you'll find, somewhere, the little silver pin belonging to the handle. She has done it in the usual way, and twisted the pin right out."

"What mawrer is it?" says Mr. Bat, staggering back again, "T'morrow mawrer!"

"Not to-morrow morning. This morning."

"This mawrer?" says Mr. Bat. "How can it be this mawrer? War is this aur abow?"

As there is no present probability of his discovering "what is it all about," he is conveyed to his cab; and a very indignant matron with a very livid face, a trembling lip, and a violently heaving breast, presents herself.

"Which I wishes to complain immediate of Pleesemen forty-two and fifty three, and insists on the charge being took; and that I will substantiate before the magistrate to-morrow morning, and what is more will prove, and which is saying a great deal, sir!"

"You needn't be in a passion, you know,

here ma'am. Everything will be done correct."

"Which I am not in a passion, sir, and everything shall be done correct, if you please!" drawing herself up with a look designed to freeze the whole division. "I make a charge immediate," very rapidly, "against Pleesemen forty-two and fifty-three, and insists on the charge being took."

"I can't take it till I know what it is," returns the patient Inspector, leaning on the window-sill, and making no hopeless effort, as yet, to write it down. How was it, ma'am?"

"This is how it were, sir. I were standing at the door of my own 'ouse."

"Where is your house, ma'am?"

"Where is my house, sir?" with the freezing look.

"Yes, ma'am. Is it in the Strand, for instance