

# The Columbia Spy.

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**THE COLUMBIA SPY,**  
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Is The Vital Principle of the  
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OBTAINED by a peculiar process in the distillation of the tar, by which its highest medicinal properties are retained.

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Consumption has destroyed more of the human family than any other disease, and the best physicians for many years have been in quest of a cure, or remedy that would heal the lungs, but for more than two hundred years the whole medical world has been impressed that there was mysterious power and efficiency in the Pine Tree Tar to heal the lungs; therefore they have recommended the use of Tar Water, which in many cases had a good effect, but how to combine the medicinal properties so as to heal the lungs, has ever been a mystery until it was discovered by Dr. L. Q. C. WISHART, of Philadelphia, Pa., the proprietor of "Wishart's Pine Tree Cordial."

Many, not only of the people, but physicians of every school and practice, are daily asking me "What is the principle or cause of your success in the treatment of Pulmonary Consumption?" My answer is this:

The invigoration of the digestive organs—the strengthening of the debilitated system—the purification and evacuation of the blood, must expel from the system the corruption which scrofula breeds. While this is effected, the powerful alternative (change in the disease to health) properties of the Tar Cordial, its healing and renovating principle is also acting upon the irritated surfaces of the lungs and throat, penetrating to each diseased part, relieving pain, subduing inflammation, and restoring a healthy condition to the mucous folds, and the healing and the strengthening, continue to act in conjunction with Nature's constant recuperative tendency, and the patient is saved, if he has not too long delayed a resort to the means of cure.

I ask all to read the following certificates. They are from men and women of unquestionable worth and reputation:

**DR. WISHART—Dear Sir:** I had a very dreadful cough and sore throat for one year and my whole system was fast giving way, and I was prostrated on my bed with but little hope of recovering. My disease being hemorrhoidal, and attended with a short time I must have gone to my grave, but, thank God, my daughter-in-law would not let me rest until I was cured. I purchased one bottle of your Pine Tree Tar Cordial, and I commenced to use it, and in an instant I felt better and after using three bottles, I am perfectly well, and a wonder to all my friends, for they all pronounced me cured. Publish my case if you think proper.  
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**DR. WISHART'S Pine Tree Tar Cordial** is an infallible cure for Bronchitis, Bleeding of the Lungs, Sore Throat and Hoarseness, Inflammation of the Lungs.

**MR. Ward says:**

**DR. WISHART—Sir:** I had Bronchitis, Inflammation of the Lungs, and Palpitation of the Heart in their worst forms; I had been treated by several of the most eminent physicians in Philadelphia, but they could not stop the rapid course of my disease, and I had despaired of ever being restored to health. I had thought her beyond cure, and had employed the best of medical aid without any benefit. I can cheerfully recommend it to the public as a safe and sure remedy for those similarly afflicted, as I know of many other cases besides that of my daughter, that it has entirely cured long standing coughs.  
JOHN V. PARKER,  
Daugerren Artist 126 Genesee St., Utica.

**DR. WISHART—Dear Sir:** I take pleasure in informing you through this source that your Pine Tree Tar Cordial, which was recommended for my daughter by Dr. J. A. Hall, of this city, has cured her of a cough of more than five months' standing. I had thought her beyond cure, and had employed the best of medical aid without any benefit. I can cheerfully recommend it to the public as a safe and sure remedy for those similarly afflicted, as I know of many other cases besides that of my daughter, that it has entirely cured long standing coughs.  
JOHN V. PARKER,  
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The above are a few among the thousands which this great remedy has saved from an untimely grave.

We have thousands of letters from physicians and druggists who have prescribed and sold the Tar Cordial, saying that they have never used or sold a medicine which gave such universal satisfaction.

"Oh, yes, yes, that's how it was done."  
"Come along then, with me to the old mansion, and we will find all them things."  
"Most willingly, but I wish to see my mother first. If you will wait for me here, I will ride back."  
"All right, Miss."

**BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.**

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Price Fifty Cents and One Dollar per Bottle. Prepared only by the Proprietor,  
DR. L. Q. C. WISHART,  
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Sold by Druggists everywhere, at Wholesale by all Philadelphia and New York Wholesale Druggists.  
Mar. 25, 64.

## Original. For the Columbia Spy, IRENE; —OR— THE GIPSY LEADER.

A STORY OF LOVE & TREACHERY.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON,  
Author of "The Outcast Daughter," "Alice St. John," "Fannie Mowbray," "The Orphan," "The Drunkard's Daughter," &c.

CHAPTER XI.

The singular energy which characterized the whole character and proceedings of Myra, the Gipsy Queen, was never more truly exhibited than in the steps she so successfully took for the liberation of Henry Handy.

Hackets was, within an hour after his interview with Henry, in the prison respectably attired as a farmer, and waited upon one of the first lawyers of the State. A hundred dollars was given as a retaining fee, and as we have seen the prisoner was released on bail.

Myra and Hackets waited for him at the prison gates, and in another hour he was well mounted, and on his way home.

The night was dark and squally. A cold wind crept over the meadows, and the leaves were scattered to and fro. It was upon such a night, then, that Irene, with all the real courage of a heroine, commenced her expedition to find the means to save her lover. It was strange that she should apply for aid, in the outset of her career, to the very authorities who had Charles in custody, but she had seen enough of the Marshal to know that he would help her if he could, so it was to him that she first appealed.

"You want the loan of a horse, Miss Irene, to carry you home," said the Marshal, "you shall have one."

Thus, then, was it that Irene, on a quiet and fast horse that the Marshal had procured for her, started for her home, after midnight, first for the farm at which her mother was stopping, and then for Mount Hope.

Irene would have been glad if Charles could have been freed from suspicion, without the inculpation of Henry; but it would have been a rocky sensibility to pretend that she really hesitated a moment in her course. The idea had now got fair possession of her, that the personal appearance of her lover had been simulated by his brother, and if she could accomplish the evidence against her lover would fall to the ground.

And, now, as Irene rode on, the night darkened about her, and a feeling of dread, as if some great disaster was to happen, that took possession of her.

She put her horse into a gallop, and was about crossing the bridge, when a figure started up in her path, and a shrill voice cried:

"Stop, Miss, if you please."  
The horse reared, but did not plunge, so that Irene was not thrown, and she called out, at once:

"Stop for what? Who are you?"  
"Don't you know me, Miss?"  
"Oh, yes, I think I do now. You are the lad who was in the service of Mr. Charles Handy?"

"Just so, Miss, but if you don't mind I will just walk along side of your horse, and tell you something."

"What I want to say, Miss, is that Mr. Charles didn't do the murder."

"But you want proofs of that."  
"Oh, yes, yes. And if you can help me—if you know anything that can aid in that proof, my gratitude will be eternally yours, and you will be doing a good action."

"Well, I don't mind doing a good action once in a way, Miss. Now, you just listen to me. I rather think you can put you in the way of finding something at Mount Hope that will show that some body else may have murdered your father."

"At Mount Hope?"  
"Yes. You ain't afraid of ghosts, are you?"  
"No."

"Then come with me there, and I will help you all I can. What do you say now, if you were to find a wig that was so exactly the color of Mr. Charles's hair, that if any one put it on, they would look just like him, and would be easily taken for him?"

"Oh, yes, yes, that's how it was done."  
"Come along then, with me to the old mansion, and we will find all them things."  
"Most willingly, but I wish to see my mother first. If you will wait for me here, I will ride back."  
"All right, Miss."

Irene urged her speed, and was soon over the little bridge. She had scarcely however, left the boy a minute, when from the hedge side there rushed a man, who flung his arms around him, and held him with a grip of iron. It was in vain that Saul struggled to free himself from this unwelcome embrace. A cord was slipped over his head, and then down across his arms, and pulled tightly a restraining noose.

The boy was a hopeless prisoner.

Then he cried out loud for help and the moment he did so, a handkerchief was coiled up rope fashion, and placed in his mouth like the bit of a horse, and tied tightly round his head. It was only

in a faint, muffled fashion that he could now utter a word.

From the hedge and deep cavernous recesses around the spot there now slowly emerged a throng of dark figures, and noiselessly the gypsies, to the number of about forty, assembled in a dense throng close to the bridge.

Then, from the midst of some dense foliage, came Myra, the chief of the gypsies, and she stood upon the centre of the bridge, and held aloft her wand, which was to the tribe a symbol of authority. There then came another dim, reddish, light over the scene, and from the other side of some tall trees, about a half mile from the spot, there rolled over a mass of thick smoke, through which, at times, gleamed bright flames, that fell with a sickly lustre upon the swartly faces of the gipsy tribe.

All these faces were turned in the direction of the flames, and the effect was strange and picturesque, for at the same moment, by various gestures and expressions, they betrayed great satisfaction.

Then, as the flames slowly subsided, Myra spoke in a low, earnest voice, but yet one which betrayed traces of excitement.

"The work goes well, and the son of the tribe is free again. I hear his horse's tread even now. He comes! he comes!"

An ejaculation burst from every lip, and then Saul, who had managed to loose on the gag in his mouth, uttered a cry for help.

A heavy blow on the top of his head from one of the gypsies, stunned the boy, and he lay as if dead, close to Myra.

"Listen all," she said. "Listen to what will be spoken by the voice of the fates, that no human destinies in the hollow of their hand."

An intense stillness was about the spot—so intense that from a far off could be heard the confused shouts of people, and then, too, before Myra could proceed in what she had to say, the tramp of a horse in the distance became perceptible, and each moment increased in sound, so that it was evident it would soon reach that part of the road that was occupied by the gypsies.

Myra waved her wand, and uttered one word. It was an order which was instantly obeyed, for the throng of gypsies melted away in the darkness, and she was left alone on the bridge.

Nearer and nearer came the horseman, and at length was close to the bridge—Myra had her eye on him, and she saw that he was a stranger, and she knew that she was free.

"Hold, son of our tribe, hold!"  
The rider reined in his steed, and then said a harsh voice—

"Why do you stay me? I have missed her."

That voice was Henry Handy's.

"No," said Myra, "you have not missed her. She is on before, and you are on the road yet between her and Mount Hope. Dismount, Henry, I have much to say to you."

"There is no time."  
"There is time for all things."  
"But you know that the girl may be my ruin yet, and that I must intercept her."

"And then you will listen. Dismount I say."  
"Then, by all that is desperate, I will not. Let me pass."

Like the scream of some mountain eagle, came one short, sharp word from Myra, and in an instant horse and rider were surrounded by the gypsies.

"Why—why—what is this?" he said.  
"Are we not all friends? What is all this?"

The gypsies were as silent as so many spectre, but Myra spoke:

"People of the lost tribe," she said, "I speak to you of this man, who is now above the running stream, which, should he swear falsely, will carry his soul to the perdition from which there is no return. Henry! Henry! Henry!"

"What would you of me?" said Henry.  
"What madness is this, when action alone can avert my danger?"

"You must swear."  
"Swear to what? Am I not one of you? Body and soul, am I not one of you?"

"You shall be," said Myra. "Dismount at once, I have much to say to you—but the oath—the oath."  
"The oath," muttered the gypsies, who thronged around him, and the effect of this pronouncement of the word in deep chorus was striking and majestic.

"By the living water—by the sun and the moon, and by the star that holds its place in the north—by the sister star set in the due south, you swear that you will be to the tribe the hope, the refuge, the comforter in affliction—the giver of the gold that may save one or all; or you give yourself to the death that will haunt your footsteps until it has overtaken you."

"Of course I do."  
"Hold up your right hand."

He did so, and Myra touched it lightly with her hand, and then turning to the gypsies, said:

"It is enough."  
"Then she made use of the word she had before uttered, and in another moment she and Henry stood alone on the bridge."

"What is the meaning of all this?" said he. "Am I suspected by the tribe?"  
"You are."

"And for what? And you and they delay me here, while Irene Stoops is on the road, and seeking the means of my destruction. I shall miss her yet."

"No. The scouts are out. Hark! Hark!"

A piercing scream from some one about a quarter of a mile from the bridge, came upon their ears, and then another: Then

in the lapse of a couple of minutes, there came the rushing gallop of a horse towards the spot, and as it passed them, a little dark figure sprang from the back of the steed, without for an instant arresting its progress, and allowing the animal to tear onward at a mad gallop towards Columbus, the dark figure sprang upon the bridge.

"It is done. She is now a prisoner in our tribe."  
"You hear," said Myra to Henry—"She whom you dreaded, is safely disposed of."

"I do hear. And now I must go to Mount Hope."  
"But I have something to say."  
"Then say it quickly."

"You will be so great—so happy, Henry, when you are master of the estate, will you forget her who nursed your childhood? Will you forget the arms that clasped you, and the breast on which your infant head rested? Will you forget me, Henry?"

There was an uncontrollable emotion in the face of Myra as she spoke, and her hand shook as she placed it on the arm of Henry Handy.

"I know not, good mother," said he, with a slight tone of sarcasm in his manner, "why is it that you thus suddenly question me, but you know I shall not forget. Are we alone?"

"Quite alone."  
"Are to their tents again. I have got something to say to you, Henry. You know that I was your nurse in childhood—you know that by your mother's premature death you were left, with your brother Charles, to the care of a dissipated father, who scarcely ever looked upon you. I was your nurse, and second mother. It was through me you conceived the plan to win back your estate."

"Yes, I know that the plan was simple and good. I was to come down here, and while the tribe was to spread fire and desolation, I was to be a highwayman and rob for the means of buying."

"Yes, and the plan has succeeded."  
"It has. I am now owner of one half of the estate, and I have hidden in the old mansion the means of purchasing the balance."

"And the mansion?"  
"Oh, that belongs to General Scott, my uncle, who will be glad to sell it if I fancy. It is strange, Myra, but he was surprised to see me here."

"I know not—I saw him, did you not?"  
"Yes, Henry, and if my dream be true, he is there still."  
"You rave."  
"No. His time had come. More I know not, but what I say, I believe—Do you recollect, or did you ever hear, that he married about ten years ago a fair young girl?"

"What girl? I heard of such a person who died abroad?"  
"She went from the world, but I know not how. It baffles me—but I will know for your sake I will know."  
"Oh, you are very good."  
"Is that all, Henry? Oh, remember when you are great and rich, it is I and my people that made you so."  
"My mother, and I will be all that I have sworn to be to the tribe—but as to really being one of them, you and I know better than that. They believe—and the accident of my dark complexion favors the fancy—that I am one of themselves—but I am not. Let me once get possession of Mount Hope and all its rents, and you will see what—I will do."

These last words were spoken by Henry Handy in a disjointed sort of manner, which gave them a strong significance, and, but that the feelings of Myra were in a strange state of excitement, she must have noticed them. As it was, she drew nearer and nearer to him, and tears, which he never heard or seen her shed before, he now could not but believe were flowing from her eyes by the half suppressed sobs that came from her laboring breast.

"Why would this be?" he said, rather harshly. "I never knew you so weak before."  
"I am human, Henry. But go on your way, and triumph. It is written—it is written."  
"Then I shall succeed?"  
"Yes—that you shall succeed. Go to Mount Hope now, and carefully remove every vestige of your disguises; for who shall say what searches may now be made? Commit, to the flames every thing that could tell against you. Charles, too, must perish!"

"Is that written too?"  
"It is. Henry, do not feel any weakness towards him. Do you wish to save him?"  
"No!—I hate him. It is a secret to all but you, Myra. But I spoke of love—love in my fashion—to Irene more than six months ago, and she repulsed me. She loves Charles, and I hate him."  
"Let him perish then. He is not of us. Our people will hold Irene captive. All will be well. Look."

Henry followed the direction of the eyes of Myra, as she abruptly faced the old mansion of Mount Hope, and to his surprise he saw fitting from window to window, a faint light, as if carried by some one who was slowly pacing through the house.

"By heaven," he cried, "there is some enemy there already. Who can that be? Speak, Myra, can you not tell me?"  
"It may be your uncle."  
"General Scott! Ah, that would be well done, if at one blow he could open the inheritance to me. Why, it might

save me a few thousand. What does he burst with grief, for all her hopes of aiding her lover appeared to be extinguished by her capture, but she was not left to the indulgence of either hope or despair, for close to her ear, a voice whispered:

"Miss Irene is that you? Only say 'yes,' or give a little whistle, and it will be all right."  
It was with inconceivable joy that Irene recognized in the voice that of the boy Saul.

"Oh, yes, it is indeed I," she said.  
"Hush, don't say another word. That will do. Here you are."  
The difference in tone in which these three last words were uttered led Irene to know that Saul was in the tent.

"All right, Miss," he added. "I cut a little slit in the old canvass, you see, and here I am. Lord bless you, they nabbed me as well as you, and laid me down close by the bridge. They thought they had settled me, but I got one of my arms out of the rope they tied round me, and soon opened the little knife that Mr. Charles gave me, and was all right—Then I rolled slowly over and over, when they didn't notice me, and got clear away. The dogs here all knew me well, and let me come into the camp."  
"But how did you know I was here?"  
"I heard that old Myra—the queen of them, tell Mr. Henry so."  
"Henry?"  
"Yes. They had a precious long talk on the bridge yonder."  
"What is he free? Can you help me to escape, Saul, and will do it?"  
"Yes, Miss, and will do it."  
Saul in the utter darkness, succeeded soon, in releasing Irene, and she arose to her feet, perfectly free.

"Now, you follow me, Miss," added Saul, "and you will soon get away. They trust to dogs altogether, you see, and they all know me. Besides, the tribe is scattered about: 'Where will you go to, Miss?'"  
"To Mount Hope, as we intended.—Then to Columbus."  
"Very good. That's it, Miss. Now, don't you be afraid, but walk on just as if you were one of the tribe. Put something on your head, like a hood, as they do, and nobody will notice you."  
Irene then related to her mother all that had passed since she had last seen her, and ended by detailing the meeting she had had with the boy Saul, who she stated, was even then waiting her return.

It was with surprise and horror that Mrs. Stoops heard these details, and as she listened, she saw the blood in her face grow paler and paler.

"Tell me all, Irene. God will direct us."  
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