

# The Columbia Spy

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**PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL**  
Is The Vital Principle of the

Pine Tree,  
OBTAINED by a peculiar process in the distillation of the tar, by which its highest medicinal properties are retained.

Have You a Cough? Have You a Sore Throat? Have you any of the premonitory symptoms of that most fatal disease, Consumption?

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Consumption has destroyed more of the human family than any other disease, and the best physicians for many years have despaired of a cure, or a remedy that would heal the lungs, but for more than two hundred years the whole medical world has been impressed that there was a mysterious power and vitality 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 obtain the medicinal properties of the tar 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, "What is the principal cause of your success in the treatment of Pulmonary Consumption?" My answer is this:

The impregnation of the digestive organs—the strengthening of the bilious system—the purification and enrichment of the blood, must expel from the system the corrupting and septic matter which is the cause of the disease. The principal cause of the disease is the impure blood, which is the result of the impure air, and the impure food, and the impure water, and the impure atmosphere.

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**Poetry.**  
Written for the Columbia Spy.  
**Our Defenders.**  
BY EVA ALICE.

At the time when the news arrived of the bombardment of Fort Sumpter by the rebels—when every Northern heart felt the insult, that had been brought upon that glorious old flag—a noble boy of only seventeen summers, left his home on Long Island, and went promptly forth as a volunteer in his country's cause; he was in many of the hardest fought battles—nobly sustaining his humble part.

He has finished his work. His form is now reposing on the banks of the Potomac. He sleeps the patriot's sleep! This is but one of the tens of thousands of dear ones who have sacrificed their lives in defence of the Union.

Gone was life's fleeting breath!  
Beneath Virginia's ancient, stately pines  
They found our fallen hero, calm in death;  
Feeble my muse, to dull these simple lines  
For honor's sacred shrine, and for the fair  
For eulogy of patriot dead,—"er that fair brow  
That neath Potomac's shade he's sleeping now.

They need no praise who die  
For country's cause,—"no sculptor's marble tomb  
To mark the sacred spot where patriots lie,  
They live in each true heart, perennial bloom  
Bright slow'er of sweet perfume;  
We should the tear, a Nation's heart doth swell,  
We deeply feel the loss—words cannot tell.

No name on Fames bright page,  
No veteran of a score of battles, he;  
A rosy boy—a youth of tender age—  
Who left his home to fight—"for Liberty—  
"The banner of the Free!"  
With love of country, beaming in his eye,  
He fought, he bled,—"no thought it sweet  
To die.

Of such our noble dead,  
These "our defenders" of our sacred trust,  
Who left their homes to fight—"for Liberty—  
"The banner of the Free!"  
"Die we may,—"die we must,"  
But sweet the rest, where unborn millions  
Shall seek the spot where earth's true patriots sleep.

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

**A STORY OF LOVE & TREACHERY.**

CHAPTER XVI.

There was an impression on the mind of Charles Handy, as he left his farm on that, to him, most important evening, that he was not only about to encounter some danger, but that the events which were about to occur were such as would exercise a powerful influence, for good or for evil, on his future life.

Nothing had given him more gratification, apart from his love for Irene, than the idea, that after all, he would be found not to be the brother of Henry. There was so much so totally at variance in their characters, that it was only the presumed strength of the brotherly affinity that had ever reconciled Charles to the companionship he held with him. But now that the doubt was once instilled into his mind, he felt rejoiced that such might not be the case, and that he should be released from the painful reflection that he had so black a villain for so near a connection. Who then, or what, was he, if not one of the sons of the late owner of Mount Hope? Was he higher or lower in the social scale—and was Henry himself a son of that licentious man? or was he surreptitiously invested in the name?

These were the thoughts and suggestions which haunted Charles with more or less anxiety, as he made his way towards the place of meeting.

The terrible proposition that had been put by the old gipsy, Myra, to Irene, that Charles was her brother, would no doubt have sat heavily on his soul, but Irene, from the moment that she had seen reason to cast so dreadful an idea from her own mind, had resolved not to harness his will, so that that shaft, which Myra no doubt thought would rankle in their bosoms, missed its aim.

The night was an unusually dark one. The moon was about half its course, but would not rise for at least four hours, so that the heavy masses of clouds that had come up from the south-west at the close of the day, had the atmosphere all to themselves, and spread their dim shadows over the face of the earth, unrelied by any reflection from satellite, which, however, it may be apparently hidden, will still influence on the character of the night.

The distance was about a mile and a half that Charles had to go, and he was soon in the deep shadows of the tall hedge-row which marked the place of assignment.

The wind was sighing among the tops of a majestic row of poplars, close at hand, and more than once, Charles thought he felt on his cheek the first indications of a small sleet like rain coming on.

The death-like stillness of the spot was painful, for the sounds of the elements only served to make silence caused by the absence of human life, the more conspicuous, and Charles was about to strol towards the high road, when a voice from the meadow on the other side of the hedge started him by saying:

"If I mistake not, that is you Charles?"

The voice was that of Marshal Hand, and Charles at once answered in the affirmative.

"I will meet you at the corner of the lane," said the Marshal. "I cannot get through the hedge here."

A few moments, and by walking parallel with each other—the one in the lane and the other in the meadow, with the tall hedge between them—they were together.

"Marshal Hand," said Charles, "I am not only well pleased to see you, but feel specially the obligations, you have laid me under by permitting me to be your companion this night."

"The obligation is all the other way," replied Hand, "for I wanted some one with me, who from personal interest in what was going on, would do more than a mere policeman, and besides I feel that I owe you reparation for my suspicious of you."

"Appearances were against me, Marshal," said Charles, "but you see, that you must crawl through this narrow hole. It is not long, and when you will be in one of the great caves."

"But," said Marshal Hand, "this place is the very genius of darkness. What narrow hole do you mean?"

Crack went a match, and Saul held up the light so obtained, and for the half minute that it lasted they saw the place, they were in, which was a heap of bones, of some animals possibly now no longer inhabitants of that portion of the globe, and, immediately in front of them was a yawning, black opening that Saul pointed to saying:

"That's the way."

"Not very inviting," said Marshal Hand.

Out went the match.

"Come on," said Saul.

It was evident, from the odd, muffled sound of this voice, that he had commenced his progress through the opening in the rock, so they had no choice but to follow him at once, or to give up the enterprise, which, as they had no idea of doing, they never once thought of.

Marshal Hand, closely followed by Charles and Saul, emerged from the narrow passage, lying as it did, some hundred and fifty feet beneath the rocky mass that formed the side of the pass, was short in length, for the atmosphere within it was thin, and sickly, and stagnant.

It was a great relief, when Saul, in one of his low whispers, which were distinct and yet could not have been heard by the others, said:

"All right, here we are."

A gush of cool, pleasant air now blew in the faces of our friends, and they found that they were clear of the narrow passage. It was but for a moment that they could allow their thoughts to dwell on the place they were in, or on the place they were going to, as they overal the well-known fact, that they had just escaped from the clutches of the law.

"By no means. It was his affection for you that made him listen to my proposal. But here he comes."

"Then lead on."

Saul scrambled through a gap in the hedge, and the two followed. In silence they crept along under the deep shadows of the hedge-row, which effectually concealed them from observation.

"Marshal," said Charles, "will you pause a moment while I tell you what I should have done long ago, and that is, the body of Mr. Stoops has been stolen."

"Ah!"

"Yes, it has most mysteriously disappeared, no one knows where, and my impression is, that the agents of Henry have carried it away to avoid arrest."

"Hush!" said Saul, "you are too near now to think of speaking. Stoop low down, and follow me."

They had reached a piece of ground that seemed to be very much torn and broken up, and a few wild looking trees, growing in all sorts of slant positions, cast deep shadows over it. Deep hollows were in this place, in which rank grass grew unheeded, except now and then by wandering sheep or goats kept by the district, and here and there, one of the huge, misshapen rocks, that ages since had been upheaved of that spot, obstructed the way, entirely, and had to be carefully walked round in the kind of hollow it had made for itself. Then there was rather perilous, and in some cases, fraught with disagreeables in the shape of long clinging branches of the bramble being armed with innumerable spikes.

"Stop," whispered Saul.

They both paused, and against the black sky they could just see rising up before them, a little blacker, this irregular shaped mass of rocks and sand hill, with trees and bushes, that formed a portion of the disturbed strata of the debris.

Saul then spoke in so low and light a whisper that it was only by bending their heads very low indeed that they could hear him.

"There's a sort of a rift in the hill side here,—I found it out seeing a fox go in, and then, I found that it led ever so far away to the trees; so I stopped it up with some stones, and some brambles and grass, and so on, till no one who didn't know where to look for it, could find it. But, as I do know, why, here it is."

"Who's there?" said a deep, guttural kind of voice from a considerable height above the heads of our little party, "who's there? Is it you, Beuben? Speak."

Charles and Marshal Hand were both profoundly still, and then they heard a low, half whispering, hoarse voice, close to them, which was so exactly what was made by a brood of young owls, that they could neither of them, if they had not

had good reason to believe that it was an imitation by Saul; have thought the sounds other than natural.

"Owls," said the voice from above.—"Ah, I saw them there."

"So did I," whispered Saul, in the ear of Charles. "That is a gip—"

"All was still now, and whatever other sounds might have reached the ears of the gipsy, who was evidently on guard above, were soon effectually beaten down, and drowned by a thick perpendicular rain that began to fall, and was exceedingly grateful and refreshing to the senses.

"Now," added Saul, "follow me and stoop low."

Another moment and they were creeping after the boy through the fissure of the rocks he had spoken of, and, then, after proceeding for a short distance in a stooping posture, he spoke again:

"I can't be helped," he said, "but you must crawl through this narrow hole. It is not long, and when you will be in one of the great caves."

"But," said Marshal Hand, "this place is the very genius of darkness. What narrow hole do you mean?"

Crack went a match, and Saul held up the light so obtained, and for the half minute that it lasted they saw the place, they were in, which was a heap of bones, of some animals possibly now no longer inhabitants of that portion of the globe, and, immediately in front of them was a yawning, black opening that Saul pointed to saying:

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