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their customers and those that are buying  
goods, that they are now opening direct from  
the manufacturers, their FALL and WINTER  
stock, in all varieties, extent and cheapness, will  
afford an assortment in this city, comprising all  
the new styles of goods, purchased since the very  
recent decline in the eastern markets, which will  
enable them to offer extra inducements to purchas-  
ers.  
October 10, 1846.

## THE LOST ONE.

Written for the Free Observer.  
BY ARCHTYPAL.

Ah, why dost thou weep thou desolate one,  
Hast thou not'er thought on the sorrow  
That coils round the heart, when unloved one  
Leaves us to despair for the morrow,  
Alas! thou hast not, thy bosom's deep we  
But wakes up thy shame and regret,  
And long shall the tears of thy sorrow thus flow,  
Ere a cold hearted world will forget.

Couldst thou but wash out thy guilt with those  
tears,  
And call back thy virtue again,  
And be what thou wast in happier years,  
Then, then were thy weeping not vain;  
But ah, thou art weak—despair gathers round,  
Enshrouding thy vision of bliss,  
And the chain of sin in which thou art bound,  
Will bind thee to woes worse than this.

Oh look at the future—how dark, how drear—  
How deep the gloom as you near it,  
Alas! what canst thou expect to meet there—  
Oh cannot thy mind and eye bear it?  
Flies, flies away—away Heaven, e'en now,  
To call back thy love once again,  
And may Heaven in pity teach thee how  
To repent of thy guilt, and refrain.

How sweet to behold thee once more as thou wert,  
Like Mary, all clean of thy sin—  
How peaceful and calm thy now throbbing heart—  
How tranquil thy bosom within!  
Thou's sweetest bliss in vision never can taste—  
Thou's joy and delight in life's weary waste,  
Which cannot be felt but in life's weary waste,  
By those who from sin are free.

## THE OATH OF MARION. A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

[Continued.]

CHAPTER III.

Another scene was acting in hot haste—Byron.  
The war meanwhile went on with increased  
ferocity. The tide of battle, which at  
first ran in Marion's favor, had now turned,  
and his enemies were every where in the  
ascendant. The army of Greene was in North  
Carolina, occupied in watching Cornwallis.  
Lord Rawdon held Camden with a strong  
force. All the other important posts were in  
the hands of the British. Marion, for the  
first time disheartened, talked of retiring  
behind the mountains. Armed bodies of Tor-  
ies, in the mean time traversed the country,  
plundering at will, and hanging without  
the least form of trial, those or their unfortu-  
nate prisoners they had found in arms.

Mr. Mowbray had long contemplated ris-  
ing in favor of his country again, and no  
time seemed to him so proper as the present,  
when all others were becoming disheartened.  
His daughter he knew to be in safety with  
her aunt, who had always maintained a strict  
neutrality; so there was nothing to withhold  
him longer from his purpose. He had ac-  
cordingly secretly exerted himself to raise a  
troop among the young men of his neighbor-  
hood, and his recruiting had been attended  
with such success, that their rising only  
waited the removal of a large body of armed  
Torians, who had lately infested the vicinity.  
On the first signal from Mr. Mowbray, they  
were to rendezvous at the Hall.

Mowbray Hall was one of those fine old  
mansions, a few of which linger in South  
Carolina, fast fading monuments of the de-  
caying splendors of her old provincial nobil-  
ity. The building stood at the head of a  
large avenue of trees, and was a large  
double house, with an immense hall in the  
center. The out-houses had suffered con-  
siderably since the war began, and many of  
the fields lay bare and uncultivated; but the  
mansion itself was still in a remarkably fine  
state of preservation, and the architectural  
beauty of the country.

It was a fine clear morning when Mr. Mow-  
bray stood on the steps of his house, to wel-  
come the recruits, who, in obedience to his  
long expected signal, were on that day to re-  
pair to the rendezvous. His feelings, as a  
one stout yeoman after another rode up, were  
those of exultation, dashed a little perhaps  
with regret for having ever despaired of his  
country.

"How fortunate that Capt. Ball, with his  
Torians, has moved up the river," said his lieuten-  
ant, who stood beside him. "We shall  
have time to discipline our men, and rally a  
great number to our rank. Our twenty tall  
fellows, though brave enough, could scarcely  
make head against his hundred troopers—  
We have a good week before us."

"Very true; and we have assistance of near-  
ly thirty more, provided we display our  
banner. Three days of quiet is all I ask. Then  
I hope we shall be able to give a good account  
of ourselves, even if Ball's tories return,"  
said Mr. Mowbray.

"If we are gone when he comes back, my  
dear sir, he will wreak his vengeance, I fear,  
on our homes," said the other with something  
of a sigh.

"I hope you don't think of drawing back,"  
replied Mr. Mowbray. "In this case, a man  
must be willing to sacrifice father and mother,  
house and land, good name, and all else he  
holds dear in the world. God help us!"  
"I am with you till death," said the lieuten-  
ant, thinking at that moment how much  
more his superior had to lose than himself;  
and affected by such heroic and self-sacrific-  
ing patriotism.

of youths appeared at the head of the avenue.  
The approaching horseman now had reach-  
ed the lawn.

"We are betrayed," he cried, almost ex-  
hausted. "Ball's tories are behind, and have  
chased me for two miles. To arms! to arms!"

The time was too short to allow of barrad-  
ing the house; but the great hall was  
speedily turned into a fortification. The  
doors at either end were closed, barred and  
further defended by chairs and tables piled  
against them; while the entrances into the  
parlor were closed effectually in the same  
way. The great window at the head of the  
stair-case, and the one at the other extremity  
of the upper hall were guarded by a proper  
force. These dispositions had scarcely been  
completed when the Torians galloped up to  
the lawn, on which they dismounted with  
loud shouts, and began instant preparation for  
the attack.

When Mr. Mowbray's scanty troop was  
mustered, it was found to contain but ten, ex-  
clusive of himself for nearly half of the ex-  
pected recruits had not yet had time to ar-  
rive. It was evident that there had been  
treachery somewhere among them; for none  
but those who had enlisted knew of this ren-  
dezvous; and the sudden disappearance of  
the enemy two days before, it was now ap-  
parent, had been a feint. However, nothing  
remained but to sell their lives as dearly as  
possible.

Mr. Mowbray walked around among his  
men, and himself, saw that every thing was  
ready. He exhorted them, in a few words,  
to do their duty manfully. His short har-  
angue was brought to a speedy conclusion,  
by a loud cheer on the part of the assailants,  
and by a shower of bullets aimed at the hall  
window, as they advanced to the attack.

"Fire coolly, and waste no shot!" he said  
sternly, himself handling a musket.

Four men fell at that first discharge, and  
mad with rage and shame, the assailants  
struggled to climb up the pilasters of the hall  
door; but they were beaten thence by the  
butts of the defenders' muskets. The men,  
however, who achieved this, were severely  
wounded by the rifles of the Torians, who,  
keeping watch, aimed wherever a head ap-  
peared. An effort was now made to break in  
the hall door. An axe was brought, and,  
after several blows, one of the heavy pan-  
els gave way. But the moment the wood fell  
crashing in, a volley poured through the ap-  
erture drove back the assailants who, thus  
driven to bay, as it were, held a consultation.

The little garrison was now mustered.—  
One of its members had been shot dead at  
the great hall window, and several were  
wounded. The hurts were badged as well as possible,  
and the stock of ammunition was distributed  
more equally. Their slight successes had in-  
spired the men; they began now to talk  
of foiling the enemy; and when notice was  
again given of his approach, they repaired to  
their posts with alacrity and exultation.

The Torians now seemed to have resolved  
on trying a combined attack on all parts of  
the house. One party advanced toward the  
hall door in front—another, made the circuit  
of the mansion to assail the one in the rear—and  
a third remained at one angle, as if con-  
templating an assault on the side, when the  
rest should be fully engaged. Mr. Mowbray's  
heart forewarned him of the result when he  
saw these preparations.

"They are breaking into the parlors!" ex-  
claimed one of the men, rushing up the stair-  
case, at the very instant that a new volley  
was discharged on the house from the assail-  
ants.

Mr. Mowbray listened, and heard the dull  
crash of an axe, followed by the breaking of  
glass. The parlor shutters had merely been  
barred, and the parlors once gained, it was  
only necessary to break down the doors lead-  
ing to the entry, which were comparatively  
weak and slightly barricaded. To desert the  
hall upstairs, would be to reduce the torians  
in front and rear from their cover, and throw  
open an entrance to them by the way they  
had first essayed. It became necessary,  
therefore, to divide his already small force,  
and leaving a few to maintain the old po-  
sitions, defend the threatened door with two  
or three trusty arms.

"We must see our lives dearly," he said,  
as he took his station behind the door, post-  
ing a man on each side.

The enemy was now heard leaping into the  
parlor, and simultaneously a general attack  
began on all sides, the bullets rattled against  
the wall; shouts and cries of encouragement  
rose on both sides. From the quick firing  
overhead, Mr. Mowbray knew that his men  
in that quarter were actively engaged. The  
axe was now heard against the parlor door  
before him, and the frail wood quivered under  
every blow. Another blow and the panel  
gave way. Instantly the musket of Mr.  
Mowbray was aimed through the aperture  
at the man who wielded the axe, who fell  
dead at the explosion. But another promptly  
seized the instrument, and, posting himself  
dearly such vigorous strokes, that the door  
speedily fell in. As the planks crashed to  
the floor, there was a general rush on the  
part of the Torians in the parlor toward the  
aperture.

"Meet them bravely!" shouted Mr. Mow-  
bray. "Strike home, and we drive them  
back!"  
He fired a pistol as he spoke, at the fore-  
most assailant, but the Tory knocked up the  
weapon, and the ball lodged in the ceiling.  
"Hurrah! we have them now!" shouted  
this man, who was their leader. Revenged  
your comrades."

"Stand fast," cried Mr. Mowbray, the lion  
of his nature aroused.  
For a few seconds the melee was terrific.—  
Now that the foe had effected an entrance,  
the defence of the other posts was no longer

necessary, and the followers of Mr. Mow-  
bray crowded to his assistance. On the other  
hand, the Torians poured in the parlor,  
and thence struggled to make their way into  
the hall. Inch by inch they pressed their  
way overpowered numbers, and inch by  
inch, with desperate but unflinching courage,  
the Whigs gave ground. The clash of  
swords, the explosion of pistols, the shouts of  
either party, were mingled in wild disorder  
with the oaths and shrieks of the wounded  
and dying. Swaying to and fro, now one  
party, now the other giving ground, the com-  
bat raged with increasing fury. But num-  
bers at last prevailed. When most of his  
followers had fallen, Mr. Mowbray, however,  
still remained, wounded yet erect, struggling  
like a noble stag at bay.

"Surrender and we give quarter!" shouted  
the Tory leader, who, throughout the conflict,  
had seemed desirous rather of taking him  
prisoner than slaying him.

Mr. Mowbray thought of his child, and  
faltering; but remembering that the enemy  
never showed clemency, he said, striking at  
his adversary, "Never, so help me God!"  
But that moment of indecision sealed his  
fate. The Tory leader made a sign to his fol-  
lowers, two of whom rushed in on the old  
man; and, as he spoke, his sword was knock-  
ed from his hand, and himself overthrown and  
bound.

Two days after, he was led in triumph  
into the streets of Georgetown, now was it con-  
cealed from him that his life had been spared  
only that he might expiate his rebellion on  
the scaffold.

His captor immediately repaired to Major  
Lindsay's quarters, where he remained for  
nearly an hour. When left alone, Major  
Lindsay exclaimed:  
"My information was true, then; he has  
been caught with arms in his hands. So far  
all goes well. That proud beauty is now  
mine, for she will marry me to save her  
father's life."

CHAPTER IV.

Her a good word.  
—Kiss 'em for work.—Kiss 'em for work.  
The news of so important an event as the  
capture of Mr. Mowbray was not long in  
traveling to Mrs. Blakeley's. One morning  
as she and her niece sat at work together,  
the butler rushed into the room betraying  
a considerable agitation. We have already al-  
luded to his pomposity and affectation of  
high sounding phrases, another foible, the de-  
sire to play an important part sometimes,  
cut the knot.

"I've just heard such news, Missus Blake-  
ley," he exclaimed breathlessly, wiping the  
perspiration from his face. "It's completely  
astonished me. I so run all day from  
the head of the avenue, where I heard it  
from Jim Gordon, who listed with de British, and is  
now going home on a furlow; a berry re-  
spectable person he is for a Tory and a com-  
mission white man. In his new uniform he  
looks almost like an officer, I assure you!"

Here the old man paused, overcome by the  
rapidity of his utterance. Both Mrs. Blakeley  
and her niece understood his peculiarities too  
well to interrupt him, but they looked up  
smiling.

"Such news!" he began. "I hope young  
missus won't faint! Be sure, such things  
must recur; but to think it should happen to  
Mr. Mowbray—Lord! save us!"

Kate at the mention of her father's name  
turned deadly pale, and could no longer en-  
dure the speaker's profanity.

"What is the matter with my father?" she  
gasped, "Is he dead?"  
"Oh, no missus—only taken by the Torians.  
But dey say he is to be hung."

The sight of Kate's ghastly face stopped  
the officious announcement—but it was too  
late; with a shriek she fell to the floor. At  
this spectacle, the old slave, struck with ro-  
mance, cried, wringing his hands,  
"I have killed her. Oh, Lord!—oh, Lord!  
will she ever survive again?"

"You have only made her swoon by your  
hasty announcement of this terrible news,"  
said Mrs. Blakeley, sternly, "Run and send  
her maid."

It was long before Kate was restored to  
consciousness. Meantime, Mrs. Blakeley  
learned from old Jacob all he had to impart.  
Of her brother's ultimate fate she could  
scarcely entertain a doubt. She well knew  
the character of that bitter warfare. The or-  
ders of Lord Rawdon, the then superior offi-  
cer of the royal army in South Carolina, had  
just been repeated, that all who had once  
signed the protection, yet subsequently been  
captured in arms against the King, should be  
summarily executed. The sentence of Mr.  
Mowbray, according to old Jacob's report,  
was always issued. Mrs. Blakeley was  
scarcely less shocked than her niece, but  
her fortitude was required to sustain Kate,  
and she struggled to appear composed.

"Let us go to Col. Watson at once," were  
almost the first words of Kate on recovering  
her senses. "Surely, he will not refuse us.  
He was but lately your guest—how can he  
then deny your prayer."  
"Alas! my child," replied her aunt, with  
tears in her eyes, "war converts men into  
fiends, and drives up all the fiercest feelings  
of the soul; but especially in a civil war like  
this, no such thing as friendship is acknowl-  
edged. Have you forgotten the fate of Gabriel  
Marion, the neighbor of the general—youth-  
ful, beautiful, unoffending—the pride of that  
old man's heart? He was taken in a skirmish  
and, as soon as recognized, told to make ready  
for death. His prayers for a respite—his  
paper to write to his uncle—for time to make  
his peace with God—were all alike denied  
him." She shuddered as she continued—  
"They made him kneel on the highway and  
then basely murdered him."  
"But they will not, they cannot murder my  
father thus. The men who did that foul  
deed were Tory outcasts. Col. Watson has  
a kind heart; he will spare my father's life."

And Kate, clasping her hands, addressed her  
aunt supplicatingly, as if on the words she  
might speak, hinge her parent's existence.

Mrs. Blakeley could not reply for some  
time for weeping. Twice she essayed to  
speak; twice tears choked her utterance. At  
last, she shook her head mournfully.  
"Say not so—you do not mean it," cried  
Kate eagerly.

"Alas! alas! my darling," sobbed Mrs.  
Blakeley, clasping Kate in her arms, "I  
would as willingly hope as you; but there is  
no hope. Was not solicitation, influence,  
promise, every thing exerted to save Col.  
Hayne; but to no purpose. They are inex-  
orable. Did not the general say, in refusing  
a pardon, that if he were his own brother,  
he could do no more."

At these words, the full truth of her father's  
situation seemed for the first time to  
break on Kate, who had hitherto hoped that  
aid from some quarter, her own prayers, or  
other influence might save his life. During  
the time Mrs. Blakeley was speaking the un-  
fortunate girl, gazed with stony eyes upon her  
every feature rigid, her arms motionless and  
stagnant, hanging by her side, and her head slight-  
ly advanced, with half parted lips, listening  
eagerly. Even when the speaker ceased, only  
a vague sense of what she said, seemed to  
rest on Kate, and she murmured vacantly,  
"No hope! none, did you say?"

Mrs. Blakeley shook her head mournfully.  
Her own heart was swelled to bursting; that  
stony look, those rapid lips, made her tremble  
for the reason of her niece.

"No hope!" whispered Kate, in those thril-  
ling tones, that are more eloquent than all  
the accents of despair. "Oh just Heaven!"  
she exclaimed, suddenly elevating her voice;  
and she raised her outstretched hands on  
high, "swilt thou see this foul injustice?"  
But here the pitch of horror to which the  
unfortunate girl had been wound up, proved  
too much for a frame already weakened by  
proceeding agitation, and she suddenly fell  
back, rigid, and paralyzed, in another fainting  
fit.

All this day, and part of the night, Mrs.  
Blakeley watched over her niece. Towards  
midnight the sufferer sank into a slumber.  
On awakening in the morning, and her har-  
garded, she seemed only the shadow of her for-  
mer self; but she had gained composure  
though in the quivering lip, and the eye that  
filled unconsciously with tears, might have  
been read the agony of a breaking heart.

But though Mrs. Blakeley did not allow her  
niece's pardon, she nevertheless resolved to  
do every thing that could be done to induce  
Col. Watson to save Mr. Mowbray's life, or  
at least to grant a respite until headquarters  
could be heard from. Accordingly she spent  
the hours of the night, after Kate—supplied  
alike by exhaustion and narcotics, had sunk  
into slumber, in writing to Col. Watson. She  
also penned a hasty epistle to Major  
Lindsay, beseeching his interposition; for  
though Mrs. Blakeley was well aware of his  
pretensions to the hand of her niece, she  
thought this no time for morbid delicacy.—  
These epistles being indited and confided to  
the hand of a trusty servant with orders to  
spare neither whip nor spur until he reached  
Col. Watson's quarters, Mrs. Blakeley, to-  
wards morning, sought her couch, almost as  
much exhausted, both physically and mental-  
ly, as her unfortunate niece.

The morning broke in that once happy  
mansion, as on a house of death. The shut-  
ters were half closed, as if to exclude the  
light, and the servants stole noiselessly to and  
fro, speaking in whispers scarcely above  
their breath. The morning meal remained  
almost untouched. Kate could eat nothing,  
and often set down her tea cup, while her eyes  
filled with tears. Mrs. Blakeley, spite of all  
her self-control, was nervous and trembling.  
The old butler, who remained in the room,  
often turned his back, and brushed the honest  
tears from his eyes; for, though unwilling to  
betray his emotion, he was unable to prevent  
it. Even Mrs. Blakeley's pet gray-hound  
seemed to know and participate in the grief;  
instead of rushing up to his mistress's bosom  
tenderly, when she came down stairs, as had  
been his wont, he walked slowly and sadly  
toward her, looking up appealingly into her  
face, as if assuring her of his sympathy.—  
The same dull pantomime was gone through  
with when Kate entered, and made her lip  
quiver.

Mrs. Blakeley had informed her niece of  
what she had done and said, that nothing now  
remained but to wait an answer to her let-  
ters. Kate, however, begged that she might  
be allowed to go to Col. Watson's head-  
quarters, to see her father; and though Mrs.  
Blakeley strove to dissuade her from this pur-  
pose, believing that the interview would only  
harrow up unnecessarily the feelings of both,  
filial love prevailed, and Kate extorted a  
lingering consent that they should set forth  
as soon as the heavy, lumbering carriage could  
be prepared.

It was during this delay that the galloping  
of a horse arrested her ear, and Major Lind-  
say was seen to alight on the lawn. During  
the moment that elapsed before his announce-  
ment, Kate had time to indulge in a thousand  
speculations. Hope whispered to her that  
Major Lindsay had procured the pardon of her  
father, or else come to announce a reprieve.  
Breathless and trembling, she did not wait  
for his entrance, but hurried to the door of  
the parlor. Mrs. Blakeley was almost equally  
agitated. Her first impulse was, that Major  
Lindsay had received her note, and hurried at  
once to their aid; but a moment's reflection  
satisfied her that time enough for this had  
not elapsed. She concluded, then, that he  
had hastened, on his own suggestion, to com-  
fort them; and she advanced to meet him as  
eagerly as Kate.

Major Lindsay met them at the door. He  
started back at the sight of Kate's face, for  
he never could have believed it possible  
that human agony could be so forcibly de-  
picted on the countenance; but, recovering  
himself, he advanced eagerly, and clasping  
the hand of each lady in his own, looked from  
one to the other with a smile, not gay, yet en-  
couraging.  
"You bring us good news, I know," said  
Kate, turning deadly pale, and then flushing to  
the forehead.  
"I hope so," said he, with marked empha-  
sis. "God grant it!"  
"God grant it, indeed," faltered Mrs.  
Blakeley, in reply, the blood going back cold-  
ly on her heart at these equivocal words.  
Kate, however, did not notice this; hope  
blinded her eyes willingly, and she eagerly  
answered,  
"I knew you would bring us words of  
cheer. He is free—he is on his way hither;  
he will be here soon. Is it not so?"—and she  
looked beautifully in earnest, as she lifted her  
eyes eagerly to Major Lindsay's face; that he  
viewed inwardly no obstacle should prevent  
him from winning so charming a bride.  
"Not exactly that," he replied, with some  
hesitation. "Mr. Mowbray is not free yet—  
but I hope, nay, I may promise, that he is in  
no danger—that is provided," he stopped, em-  
barrassed.  
Mrs. Blakeley looked searchingly at the  
speaker, yet her heart would not allow her to  
entertain the suspicion that had flashed  
across her, and she discarded it indignantly.  
Kate lurked suddenly from her pinnacle of  
hope, trembled and clung speechlessly to her  
aunt's arm.  
Major Lindsay's embarrassment continued.  
He looked imploringly at Mrs. Blakeley, as if  
he half expected her to come to his aid. But  
Mrs. Blakeley was as agitated as Kate. She  
struggled to subdue her emotion, saying ear-  
nestly,  
"Do not torture us by suspense, I implore  
you, Major Lindsay. If anything is expected  
of us, fear not to tell us at once, we will  
strip ourselves to the uttermost farthing, if a  
heavy fine can save my brother's life."  
Major Lindsay, thus thrown on his own re-  
sources, hesitated and stammered, but found  
words at length to say:  
"Do not be alarmed, ladies. I repeat it,  
there is nothing to fear. But I come rather  
as an ambassador, than as a herald of joy."  
In other words, I have certain matters to men-  
tion, which are preliminary. I regret to say to  
the pardon of Mr. Mowbray. My message,  
too, is exclusively to Miss Watson, and I fear  
it can be delivered to her alone. But, my  
well."  
"I will leave you with this dear girl at  
once," said Mrs. Blakeley, imprinting a kiss  
on Kate's brow. "I need not scarcely say  
how deeply she has been agitated, and beg  
you to spare her as much as possible."  
"I will do it," said Major Lindsay, earnest-  
ly, his eyes compassionately bent on Kate;  
and Mrs. Blakeley, notwithstanding her sus-  
picions, could not doubt his sincerity.  
Kate trembled with a strong foreboding  
feeling, as she saw the door close on her aunt,  
and yet what was there of alarm in this ap-  
proaching interview? Were not the words  
and looks of Major Lindsay kind and encour-  
aging? Yet still Kate trembled to find her-  
self alone with him.

But with Col. Campbell the case is different.  
He is not only a stranger to you all, but he is  
nearly an entire stranger to myself. There  
does not exist between us those terms of inti-  
macy that, in the case of Col. Watson, would  
have justified me in asking for the release of  
your father as a personal favor.

Here Major Lindsay stopped, as if expecting  
Kate to answer; but she only bowed. It was  
evident, also from her look of continued sur-  
prise, that she could not yet make out the  
speaker's purpose.

"In the second place," continued Major  
Lindsay, "there is nothing in this case to dis-  
tinguish it