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THE FLOWER SPIRIT. BY CHARLES SWAIN.

When earth was in its golden prime, Ere grief or gloom had marr'd its bue And, Paradise unknown to crime, Beneath the love of angels grew; Each flower was then a spirit's home, Each tree a living shrine of song; And, ah! that ever hearts could roam,

Could quit for sin that scraph's throng But, there the Spirit lingers yet, Though dimness o'er our vision fall; And flowers, that seem with dew-drops wet, Weep aagel tears for human thrall-

and sentiments and feelings move The soul, like oracles divine: All hearts that ever bowed to love. First found it by the Plower's sweet shrine.

voiceless cloquence and power-Language that bath no life in bound-Btill haunts, like Truth, the Spirit Flower, And hallows even Borrow's ground. The wanderer gives it memory's tear. Whilst home seems pictured on its leaf; And hopes, and hearts, and voices dear,

Come o'er him-beautiful and hrief. 'Tis not the bloom -though wild or rare-It is the spirit power within Which melts and moves our souls to share

The Paradise we here might win. For Ilcaven itself around us has. Not far, nor yet our reach lwyond, And we are watched by angel eyes, With hope and faith still fond! I will believe a spirit dwells

Within the flower-least change of all

That of the passed immortals tells The glorious meeds before man's fall! Yet still'-though I may never see The mystic graed within it shine. Its essence is sublightly, Its feeling all divine

THE LADY'S LEAP A LEGEND OF THE WARS OF THE ROSES

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

Even at this day, one of the wildest and most purely astoral districts in all England is that region of the West Riding of Yorkshire which lies between Lancashire on the south and west and a part of Westmoreland on the north; and which is divided on the east, from the mass by the waters of the great northern river Ure, destined, after twice changing he name, and swallowing up tributaries mightier than itself, to full into the North Seases the Husuler. 5 To this day, in the whole of that large tract/there is no large town ; nothing, indeed, that we should dignify, in the United States, by the title of a con- a happy heart inspiring it. siderable village.

contains' some of the loftiest hills, as ingleborough, looking yet more youthful than she was, from the extreme consultation that ensued on her awakening. licet rivers, the Nic, the Wharfe, the Eyre, and many a it is a land of hills and da les, or, as they are termed in the north country dialect, the fells and the ghylle. The population sparse, simple, hospitable, and contented, are cattered, through the narrow vales which intersect the huge round-topped heathery sidges, in hamlets small, and dismay. indeed, but picturesque and happy, earning enough to forms the bottom of the ghylls, and pasturing their flocks and herds, of moorland sheep and kyloes, upon the heathclad hills, on which each farm possesses a free common-

ng the fatal strife of the kindred houses of York and Lancaster, which constitute the cruelist and bloodjest page of Britain's history, the Ghylleland was a pure pastoral, purely feudal region.

The great Earl of Warwick, from his castle of Middicham, a little way to the eastward on the waters of the Ure, the Prior of Bolton Abbey on the Wharfe, and the Egremonts of Barden Tower, were all the great propriators throughout that rugged country; and so lighly did the feudal rule of the good monks and popular nobles press on their vassals, that they might be called the frees! population in all England; a few simple quit-rents of he produce of their farms, a few days of man-service when their lords waged war on the wild beasts, which were then plentiful in the forest, or on one other in the field of civil strife, constituted the whole of their duties : and these, in those dark and bloody days, were looked upon almost as privileges. Every dalesman was in those days an archer, and, as such, a hanteman and a soldier : and, to have been debarred from following his lord's hannds on the fell, his lord's banner on the field, he would have looked upon not as a privatege, but as a panalty and a diegrace.

The bloody field of Towice had been fought about ten terror, lamentation, and despair. Some forty thousand men had fallen, in their harness, on that field of " gentle was more rarely to be seen for half a century in England, this these five hours." as the old saving ran, than a wolf or a wild boar.

Nor had the Ghyllamen escaped their strare of the the desolation, which smote jet more heavily the towers | so create associon."

of their foudal liege lords. That country, like the rest of England, had been divided in some sort against itself; for the men of the eastern fells had followed the Bear and Ragged staff of Warwick, the great king-maker, to bloody triumph; the westlanders had marched to horrible defeat for the ill-fated cause of Luncaster, under the Prior of Bolton's builiffe and the Lady of Barden's seneschal

The days of chivalry were passed; and the spirit of chivalry had died out, choked by the fiereer fire of intestine warfare. Edward, the Bargher King, as his andmies were wont to call him, although a leader in the field | feelings. and a soldier in the moles, had little of the cavalier, less of the gentle knight, in his iron composition. None knew more stoutly how to fight, nor kingly how to conquer .-None knew more bloodily, more brutally, how to gather in the fruits of victory. No veneration of old age, no pity of green youth, no tenderness for sex, no respect for valor, ever ence moved his heart of steel to remit the bleeds sentence of ve victis. Te be a captive enemy was to be butchered summerily upon the field, or reserved yet more

pitilessly for the scaffold. Ne wonder, then, if between mourning for their dead and trembling for their living, the fugitive Lancastrians shuddered in their wild ghylls at every blast of wind that whisteled through their mountain gerges, magnified by their feers into the fatal clanger of the Yerkist trumpet.

The vassale, it is true, were suffered, unless taken under arms red-handed, to escape the penalty of their faith to their fendel lords; since levalty of that nature both him?" sides alike desired to promote, and neither dared in policy to punish. The cettage, therefore, oftentimes afforded to the lowly peasant that shelter which that abbey

and dell lamplight of her mournful hall; now striving to "You said he never whispered it," replied the lady, An instant, and she was in his arms-another, and she tuma wind, as it reared and wailed about the turreb; to -his eyes. Oh, mother, do not! You must ability of a weman's fear for whom she leves the best, the incessant pelting of the storm apon the roofs; to the know what I mean." war crice and the trampets, the pattering arrow flights on mail shirt and steel hemlet, the cries and curses of the

had been laid in hely earth, within the abbey precincts, to me at once; and bid Gooffrey, the warder, take arms, God's grace alone; which sent the storme last night, it the lower gien. Herself she had seen their dust con- with two of his best men, and walt my call in the autosigned to dust, their ashes unto ashes; herself she had room." given tears to their dead from those stern eyes, which refused to weep when her own lord fell under shield, so and to gain time to recollect her senses, bounded from the phrase ran, full knightly; herself she had consoled the hall; and, giving the lady's orders to the warder, their widows with her sympathy, and salved their wounds harried up to her tarret chamber, and sent the girl down be there before you with six score of stoot spears of Lanwith gold; and now she sat alone, as I have said, discone to her mother's presence. Then, falling on her knees solate, almost despairing, in the gloom of her widowed by her own bedside, she thanked, from the depths of her

her own losses, her own corrows, her own safety; save ing tour-drops, half of joy, half of sorrow, for protection as her people, decimated by the sword of York, were to her loved Amelot. sorrowing; save as her trustlest knights were hauted by The interview between the dreaded lady and the girl, the hounds of Warwick; save as her king was again an Marian, was but brief; for, terrified already and self-conexile afar from the land of his fathers; save as her own scious, she could no more endure the lady's piercing eye and lovely daughter was imperiled by her loyalty. For, and calm, hard, cutting questions than the patridge can thoughther vessals had returned, the gray-haired senes - the talons and the beak of the keen goshawk. Within shal who led them to the field, and who had fought be- ton minutes from entering the hall, the lady's voice was side her hasband's rein in Guienne and Poitou, was vet heard, "Without there!" And, at the word, all steel a fagitive, wounded and weak, as tidings had already from helm to shoe, with bill and bow and broadsword, reached her, not daring to return to his own home, whither most certainly he should be hunted-for the good knight who bore her banner. Sir Amelot de Manherer, upon a strip of parchment, and the girl prestrate at ber was in like plight, and only hade her trust that hander to feet, in any agony of jears and terror, his keeping, for it was bound about his breast, till bright. "Here, Jansen," said the ledy, as er days should come, and it should fly again for Egre- writing, " bear me this scroll forthwith to the sub-prior mon and Lancaster—for she had one fair daughter, the of Bolton; and, hark you, put this wench spon a palfrey, flower of all the dales; and even now alse shuddered, as and carry her down with you to the Abbey. There leave she thought how the bloody and licentious Edward might her in keeping of the Father Janitor. That done, as all wroak his vengeance on herself, upon that is nocent and | the sub-prior's orders. Perform them, be they what they levely child. She shuddered, but she shrank not for one may, and that with all due dilligence. Tush, wench !! instant from her foulty; nor hesitated, even in her ippo- she added; "teurs are vain, and supplication. You cent beart, from battling yet again for Lancaster, as soon should have thought of these things ere you thought to as Henry's banner should be spread again to British deal in treason. Lose so time, Janson: honor and life . breezes .

While thus she sat, her tall and stately figure clad in her snow white locks straying disheveled over her neck populate portions of the fine country to which it belongs, and joyous step came bounding down the stone terret melanchely meditation stairway, and paused for a moment at the door, .s if in doubt whether it might enter.

threshold with a step so lightsome, as told sure tidings of the door of her daughter's chamber.

ful smile played over her pallid features as she looked also ! not unmixed with future perfl.

row verge of soft green meadew land, which everywhere you find, in these dark and dresdful days, to light up that and resumed her seat in the great hall, where of late your lip? But, youth! youth! It is still the part of youth hope, as it is of age, and age, to despair." "Nay, mother dear," said the girl, in a whisper, when

she stood close behind the lady's footstool, having closed the door carefully behind her; "but there is cause of joy by, looking to us, as well he may, for succor."

"Who has returned? Whom do you mean, Eleanor?" "Whom do I mean, mother?" she exclaimed, her thock paling for the moment with the intensity of her feeling. "Whom should I mean but Amelot?"

"Sir Amelot de Manhower!" replied the lady. had not thought of this. He should not have come .-What shall we do to save him? There is a Yorkist force even now at Settle." Thus far she had spoken musingly, as if in thoughtful commune with herself; but now her eye brightened, and she inquired quickly, "But how can you know this? Where is Sir Amelot? Is he with- and then upon them, and cry . Egrement for Lancaster, in the tower? Why came he not with his report to me, and give no quarter !"" instead of forcing you into this peril?"

"No, dearest mother," replied the girl, eagerly; "my maiden, Marian, brought me the tidings up. She was down in the gien at exceet, ere the storm came on; and seeing her, he crawled out from his hiding place, and bade her bring yes tidings that he was hidden in the cavern mades the first fall, and that no man could take him there, for that he only knows its secret. But he days, and the whole north of England was filled with lacks food and wine, and the means of procuring light. which he prays you to send him. " And why brought she not the news to me? Why did

blood," after whice a baron of the old Norman blood she tarry se long on the way? She must have known down the castle stair; and the delocate and gentle Elean-"She dired not leave the supper-board hour for retiring; and dared not seek your presence.

slaughter; nor where their humble homes exempt from with whom she has no daty to perform, lest she should "If that were but the reason !" said the lady, relapsing into thought. " But that bey, that page, Damian ! doubt her-I doubt her much, Eleanor. Why should

> " Mother !" exclaimed the agitated girl, with the conscious blood flushing crimson to her brow, her cheeks, without a word of question. Only, as she rode out, he her neck. "No one-no one knows that, I don't-I said, quietlydon't know, mother! What mean you mother mine ?" And she barst into a flood of tears, and sank into a chair. overpowed and exhausted by the mere force of her own

The lady walked up slowly to ber fair child's side and laying both her withered hands in attitude of benediction on that fair, sunny head-

"Be comforted, my own sweet child. Weep net: but little can vor greese of what a mother knows or knows ids; and here, most hideous spot of all, peut in between igt, whose best child's happiness is staked. Eleanor, I have known, have seen all this a year and over."

"You have seen -- have known all, mother!" cried she with mascent hope. "Then you do not-you do-! meau-pot disapprove? You, ah! you parden me?" "If I had disapproved, I had interposed to prevent .-For the rest, Eleanor, I trust-have I neght to parden ?" " [de love bim, mether."

" And he knows it ?" "He might hope, might perhaps fancy-but I-1 ...Oh, mother, you do not dream that I ever told

" Nor he you, Eleanor ?"

I had not loved him." "Then you have loved, yourself unleved. It is so Eleaner ?"

the Lady of Barden Tower sat lonely by the dim embers | claimed, indignantly, sad again the effected.

draw consolation from the pages of her illuminated mis- half suppressing a smile. "How then can you know it?" had torn herself from that short embrace; and with all sal, now listening gloomily to the fierce gusts of the an- "Never in words, mother; but his manner—his voice the elequence of young permitted love, with all the vol-

reats from the hills, it chafed and howled among the eyes told you what he dreamed of, and yours replied as wiedom of her mother's plans, enforcing her own sweet rocks, which pont up its maddened waters in the dala be- plainly. But now to the point; does Marian know, or injunctions. lew. Almost she functed now that she could hear the suspect aught, think you, of these-these love passages? "I am certain-no, se certain as that I live,"

"Send her to me at once. I mistrust her sorely. desperate and the dying, in the voices of the winter tem- There have been passages, I know, between her and the or true lover. Marian, my wretched girl, has betrayed page Damian; and he sought leave of me, as the cur- you to her lever Damian; and he set off last night for Her tenants had returned home unmolected; their dead | few rang, to go down to the Abbet's forester. Send her

guilcless heart, the Giver of all good for the blessings he Not she feared nothing, thought of nothing touching had that night granted her, and prayed, among fast flow-

They found the lady, impassive as her wont, writing

"Hore, Janson," said the lady, as she finished her depend upon your dilligence and fealty."

The sturdy hendhman bowed, and, leading the unhaphe darkest weeds, bending above the pictured missal, py girl away, half carried in the arms of his followersfor, ignorant what fate awaited her, she was now all but and shoulders, her dark eyes fixed on vacancy, a light fainting—he left the proud, impassive lady to her own

They were not long, however; for, lighting a taper from her lamp, she opened a private decreay at the far-But the lady heard not, headed not, till a fluttering hand ther end of the hall, and, ascending a narrow staircase to turned the ponderous lock, and the fleet foot crossed the an upper stery, som stood, unseen and unsuspected, at

Already had that fair young being fallen into the light It was as boautiful a girl as aver cheered a widswed and happy sleep of innocence and peace; but need was It abounds, however, in the most splendid scenery; it mother's solitude, not past her eighteenth summer, and that she should be aroused; and long and axious was the

pression of exquisite faired und the transfer and the art from points were already peaking up the deep glen from points heary lowers are mith a heart to be heart for the beautiful to ed up her arufe eyes. The Lady of Barden raised her and a parting memento to be astir with the late blessing. eyes and fixed them foully on her child, and a moura- him, the mother left her child to dream of future blim,

upon her, joyous still and tadient in the midst of peril | Perhaps even then she had not left her, but that a hoarse) resounding challenge from the gate tower, "Ever gay, ever jorous, Eleanor," she said-with a warned her that probably her emissaries had returnsupply their few and trivial wants by cultivating the ner- half repreaching gesture of the head; " and what can | ed; and, in truth, she had scarce retrimmed her lamp, merry beacon in your eye; to kindle that gay smile upon she had held vigils of till well nigh morning, before an sequire reversutly entered to say that the warden craved a hearing of the lady.

The man had little to relate, hawever. The sub prior, he said, had sent the bailiff for the forester, and had questioned him for some time in private, when, with the now; yes great cause of joy; for he has returned, and simple word that ." it was too late !" he had dismissed safely, too, or, at least, not badly wounded, and is hard them. The girl, Marjan, he had heard, was sommitted to the penitentiary cell.

"You have done well, Jansen," answered the lady .self to-night, with half the garrison in arms; suffer no a point of time before. one to enter in or go out before noon to-morrow, saving the Lady Eleanor, who will go forth mounted at dayarrow to his heart. For the rest, if any band of marauding Yorkists show themselves on our side the' Wharfe, ring bancloche and fire beacon till the country is aroused,

The man bowed low, and was retiring allently, when a sign checked him. " How goes the night, Janson? and how premises the

"The storm has rolled away to the east, lady; the meen is up. It will be fair mgra the merrow." She waved him his dismissel; and, with'n half an

hour, except the warder at the gate-bosse, and the sentinch along the walls, there was not an eye open within the walls of Barden Tewer.

Long ere the sun was up, hewever, a light foot glided nor passed down into the castle hall, arrayed in plumed cap and riding skirt, with a short mantle over it, which, had its folds been disturbed, might have revealed this ze so incongruous to a young lady's morning rainble so a light basket girded round her slender waist on the one

side, and commerbalanced by a stone flagon on the other. No envious eye, however, fell upon ber; no eye at all, indeed, save the trusty warden's, whe, forewarmed she have told you? Does she know that you love him, of her early coming forth, awaited her himself, with her palfrey saddled, at the castle gate, himself assisted her to the selle, and, opening a postern gate, let her forth.

"If there be need, remember, lady, this poetern will be held in hand."-

Bowing her head in answer, she gave her horse the rein, and cantered down into the deep an awful chasm through which the Wharle was raging, between black walls of rock crusted with blacker forests, here tumbling, a hundred , ards in width, over sheer ! dges in white cataracta; here roaring, wider yet, over dread boiling rapthe slippery ledges which spray constantly o'erflowed, a broad and pewerful torrent jammed into a pass of searce ten feet in width, arrowy, louder than r surf-best shore, starting to her feet, and gazing into her mother's eyes unfathomable. "The Strid," that pass is called, in the tongue of the Nerthmen, because a man, if he have heart enough may stride across it; for there the Boy or Egremont, the son of her who answered "Endless weeping," died miserably, nor was ever found again, pulled back by his reluctant greyhound, after his own fleet foot had crossed the chasts.

But not of that she thought; her heart was beating only rays gilt the silver feam, a human term stepped out treat he seed the silver feat plants by the more than the highest he beseath the arch of spray, and steed before her ayes, Sir few of our young men know anything of the value of the far working in their fellowers receive the highest he far working in their fellowers receive the highest he far working in their fellowers receive the highest he far working in their fellowers receive the highest he far working in the relation of the the relation o

was posting out her tidings, insisting on his silence, rewild raving of the tortured Wharfe, as flooded by the tor- "Perfectly, dearest. His manner, his voice, and his counting her mother's kindness, impressing on him the

"There, there! Not a word more," she cried. "You have told me your secret of escape; new I have to speak only, and you only to obey, if you are either good knight Settle, to bring the soldiers down upon you. It is by that they are not here already! Make your way then at once, like the mole undergreand, to Malham cover Eleanor, not unwilling to escape farther questioning, lie hidden there till night; and, travelling by night only, hiding from dawn till twilight, make your way through the fells to Carlisle. Enter that city boldly, for we shall caster. The warden of the Marches is for us. There is no force to check us, for an hour, to the northward .-There will we all take ship for Flanders, and tarry there m peace till better days return for hapless England .-Here be provisions, wine, lights and money. Say, liege-

man, will you do my bidding?" "I were a traitor else,"

"And instantly? Our horses are already saddling! The Lady of Barden Tower will take horse ere sunset!" "For Carlisle and Flanders?" "What? Do you doubt me? For Carlisle and Flan-

"And, Eleanor, when we be safe in Flanders?" "Then, Amelot, you must ask-" "Whom?"

"Whom-if you are obedient-but your Eleanor?" "I am obedieut." One more brief embrace, and he raised her light burthen to her saddle; and, /eager to prove his obedience and good faith, disappeared behind the cataract, and plunged fearlessly into the abyeses of those limestone caverns, which, undermining all that region, conduits of subterranean rivers, would lead him, miles away, to the

cove of Malham. Had he remained one minute longer, he had lingered satil it was too late-for had he dreamed the peril she had yet to run, he had died before he had turned on his teel, or he had not deserved to win her.

She had just reached the Strid, when the bancloche secent to the castle, she saw a bend of archery and pears littering un the pass, led by the tratter Damlan. vation on which she stood, concealed her from them for

beauty-herself and him also! There was no passage up the glen; on this side ne rencealment. The thought flashed on her like the electric fluid. Across "the Strid" is honor-Lie-love! That was a brave thought for a brave man's mind .-

perished in those black whirling waters? She paused not to think twice. With a bright eye, braver to God, and turned nor norse's need, raced with at the dread pass, and with a light curb and well-plied

lash, charged him right at it. the black slippery focks right onward.

His hoofe were on the very brink, when he per have sheered or paused-when sheer or pause had been that a mind thus tortured was swept beyond the bounds instant death-but it was aff too late; for with a steady of concsionsness?" bridle hand, she rose him at it, and brought down the In this condition of mind, while travellog alone on the

the thong left a bloody score. .He sprang-his feet clanged twice upon the rocks, answered: drowned by the roar of the river, and the clash of the "But you have more to do. Keep watch and ward your beights, stood upon the plateau, where they stood not have remembered anything, if the weight of the child.

break. If the page Damian show himself before the the peril which now first she apprehended, had scaled white that met my eyes. The child itself seemed like a gates, bend your own trusty bow and send a clothyard the opposing bank and won the open moorland, down feather, and appeared to float away from me unconscifrom the keep of Bacden, with bill, and bow, and bugle- ously. It did not seem to fall, but to rise, and I thought blast and battle cry, poured in treble force the vassals of I could see it for some moments afterwards!" her house.

"Lancaster, Egremont for Lancaster! and give no down like sheep, tintil not one remained to tell the tale have given it away while in the full consciousness of my of borrer.

Damian alone they took alive; and him, in the rage ed in safety.

-no car again beard of him.

began. Carlisle, Flanders, were gained in safety; and a libel upon the State which sanctions such perversion when, in the good town of Antwers, Amelot asked his of justice as a blot upon bumanity. The House of B. Eleanor, she said not nay! to Amelot. Some years they lived in eale, but meither

nhenored; for those were days in which the steat hand and true beart gained the wealth and fame which now fall to the lot of pedler, craft, and greed.

crowa on bloody Boswerth, Bir Amelot de Manhower steed beside him, and, ore he sat on his throne at Westminster, fair Eleavor sat, happy wife, and happy misetrees, is the halls of Burden.

Nor, though the keep is now one rifted tower, the abbey but a roofless pile, have the country folk forgotten the tale which gained the fearful "Strid" its more romantic name, "The Lady's Leap."-Lady's Book.

saw a tear gathering in the eye of an old man, as he snoke of the next and the present-of the time when he burned pine knoté upon the rude home hearth for light to obtain a scanty ducation, and then compared the ten thousand privinges which are now scattered breadcast around every door. Oh, said he, in tremslouk tones, the once reproved quite sharply by her friend for giving manney to a stranger, who seemed to be very poor, when he the young men of this day, do not appreciate the light asked charity in the streets of Boston, "Suppose he spent of the age they live in. The words of the old man made us sad, while at the time, we felt mortified that so many with true love, and the high hope how she should save of our young men fail to improve the advantages within her lover. Two externets she had passed by, and then their reach. They are even continually muttering about the money for bread! Why suppose anything that is their reach. They are even continually muttering about any one, when you are at liberty to suppose the perclose "Strid;" and now the farthest, the first fall, their lot, and pushing for positions where they can win what is good and noble?" That old lady had the true "Had he but whispered it without your sanction, then of the gien thundered down white before her, as the the reward without the sweetening, purifying, ennobling driven sacw, a terrible stapendous cataract. The sun sacrifice of toil. The mist-cloud enjoyments of a day

JESSIE CARROL.

BY ALICE CARET. Down the heath and o'er the moorland Blows the wild gust high and higher, Suddenly the maiden panese Spinning at the cabin fire, And out from her taper fingers Falls away the flaxen thread. Ås some neighbor entering, whispers "Jessie Carrol lieth 'dead," Then pressing close her forehead

Te the window-pane, she sees Two stout men together digging Underneath the church-yard trees: And she asks in kindeet accents, "Was she happy when she died?" Sobbing all the while to see them-Void the heavy earth aside; Or, upon their mattocks leaning.

Through their fingers numb to blow. For the wintry air is chilly, And the grave-mounds white with snow, And the neighbor answers softly, , "Do not, dear one, do not ery; At the break of day she asked us . If we thought that she must die;

And when I had told her sadly, That I feared it would be so. Sighed she, saying 'Twill be weary Digging in the church yard anow!" .. Earth," I said, "was very dreary-That its paths at best were rough;" And she whispered, she was ready,

That her life was long anough. So she lay serene and silent. Till the wind, that wildly drove, Soothing her from mortal serrow, Like the lullaby of Love."

Poor Kate.

A young female of the name of Kate Virginia Poole is now confined for life in the State Prison of New Hamp. shire, on the charge of infanticide She is a native of Scotland, and has no relative but one in this country. Her case is a bad one, and more deserving of pity than of the law's stern ponalty, if the following statement from the New Hamphire Statesman be correct. Says a writer of that paper:

"Her downfall was effected under circumstances of of Barden Tower pooled forth its battle summous, and, atrocity that ery most londly for rengeance on its guilty casting her eyes down the garge between herself and the wounds received in defending herself from her diabolical digitation; and her rain was only accomplished when she A wooded corner of the rock below, and the steep ele- was dregged to insensibility! With the innecent evidence in her arms, she was excluded from the house of the moment. Another minute, and she would be in the the only relative she had in America, and, bearing it hands of those who spared not sex, nor age, least of all away with her, she sought in a manufacturing city, shelter for herself and babe, while she could with the labor of her hands find honorable support. This was anything but the course which would have been pursued by one conscious of guilt. In a city of strangers-e mother but not a wife-what could be expected? All doors ware closed against heat Ohe and her child, but a mother's heart revolted agains it. Product of shame though it was, and born to infamy though it might be, she clang to it as all that was dear to her in closed to her in one city, she had to another. night when she left. Heart-broken-only bound to life by the ties which bound her as a mother—she would un-Fiery and fresh, he reared bolt upright as he felt the derother circumstances, have sought the welcome refuge lash; and, ignorant of what lay in his path, charged over of suicide. With these feelings called into a most, harrowing exercise by the loneliness and misery of her sitnation-looking at the babe that slambered on her breast the hideous whirl of the black torrent; then he would with the brand of infamy born on its brow-is it a wonder

lash on his croups with such a will of that slight arm that railroad, she lifted her child and threw it out of the cars. On being subsequently questioned about the affair, she

"I do not recollect anything distinctly after I entered bancloche, and he and his fair rider were in shelter of the the cars. The lights, the crowd, and the motion of the deep woodland, just as the band of Yorkists, scaling the cars, seemed to confuse me. I do not think I should which alambered on my lap, had not reminded me of its Ill went it with that band of Yorkigts; worse with the existence and my own situation. At last a cloud seemed traitor Damian. For, ere the gentle Eleaner, faint with to thicken about me, and everything seemed to look

On being asked the question, "Do you think you had for your child the ordinary feelings and natural love of a mother?" She looked her interrogator full in his face, Within ten minutes it was ever; pent is that gorge with eyes gushing with team at the question, said, "Sir, where they could neither fight nor fig. they were cut I would gladly here laid down my life for ill I could condition, but I resolved to work myself into the grave before my child should have been separated from me.and vengeance of the moment, for they believed tham. Do you think, sir, I would part with that without which selves too late to save their mistress, they flung head- life would have been an intelerable burden?" Then she long into the awful chasm o'er which she had just past added, with desper emotion ... Thank Heaven, it was asleep the last I remember of it, and I think it naiver One wild try-and me human eve again beheld him swoke to upbraid me with a single cry!"

To our mind, there never was a clearer case of me But, ere the executioners, returned in gery triumph hallscination, at the time the alleged crime of infer bene, borns like the ward to her good steed, she had descended to the abbey brings, rectassed the brineful the law have descended the unfortunate Kate to a felow was alread, weeping on her mother's bosoms, while her despoiler—the dibolical author of the law have despoiler—the law have de But her trials were all ended, and thence her joys justica!" Her conviction, under such circumstance fuge or friendly Asylum should have received the vict not the Penitentiary!

A SHORT STORY WITH A MORAL.-A young Yanke had formed an attachment for a daughter of a rich farmer, and after agreeing with the bonnie lamie, wei But when the Count of Richmond wen England's to the old farmer to ask consent and, during the cere meny-which was an awkward one with Jonathan-h whittled away at a stick. The old man watched th meyement of the knife, and at the same time continued to talk on the prospects of his future son-in-law, as h supposed, until the stick had dwindled down to namehi He then spoke as follows:

"You have fine property; you have steady habits good enough looking; but you can't have my daughter. Had you made something, no matter what, of the stick you have whittled away, you could have had her: nail s. you cannot, your property will go as the stick did. little by little, until all is gone, and your family is reduced to want. I have rend your true character; you have my

the money for ram?" said the consorious and suspicious friend. The quick and noble answer wat, "if you must "suppose" at all, why not suppose that he will spend the money for bread! Why suppose anything that is

Section appears to be the main principle of human gleamed out just as she reached its foot; as his first are sagerly sought after to the exclusion of neglect of life. Babes practice it a large portion of their time; boys rays gilt the nilver foam, a human form stepped out from the more honorable, intellectual and mefal. In truth, and girls cansume incredible quantities of candy and anfar plums by its steams; and men who are most skillful