

and gentle Eleanor 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 things so incongruous to a young lady's morning raiment as a light basket girdle round her slender waist on the one side, and counterbalanced by a stone sash on the other.

No envious eye, however, fell upon her; no eye at all, indeed, save the trusty warden's, who, forewarned 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, without a word of question. Only as she rode out, he said, quietly—

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

Bowing her head in answer, she gave her horse the rein, and entered down into the deep and awful chasm through which the Wharfe was raging, between black walls of rock crusted with blacker forests, here tumbling a hundred yards in width, over sheer ledges in white cataracts, here roaring, wider yet, over dread boiling rapids; and here, most hideous spot of all, pent in between the slippery ledges which its spray constantly overflowed, a broad and powerful torrent jammed into a pass of scarce ten feet in width, arrowy, louder than a surf beat shore, unsathomable. "The Strid," that pass is called, in the tongue of the Northmen, because a man, if he have heart enough, may stride across it; "the Strid," a spot fatal to her race, who now galloped fearlessly along the slippery rocks beside it; for there the Boy of 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 chasm.

But not of that she thought; her heart was beating only with true love, and the high hope how she should save her lover. Two cataracts she had passed by, and then the perilous "Strid;" and now the farthest, the first fall, of the glen thundered down white before her, as the driven snow, a terrible stupendous cataract. The sun gleamed out just as she reached its foot; and as his first rays gilt the silver foam, a human form stepped out from beneath the arch of spray, and stood before her eyes, Sir Amelot de Manbower, is yet in safety.

An instant, and she was in his arms—another, and she had torn herself from that short embrace; and with all the eloquence of young permitted love, with all the volubility of a woman's fear for whom she loves the best, was pouring out her tidings, insisting on his silence, recounting her mother's kindness, impressing on him the wisdom of her mother's plans, enforcing her own sweet injunctions.

"There, there! Not a word more," she cried. "You have told me your secret of escape; now I have to speak only, and you only to obey, if you are either good knight or a true lover. Marian, my wretched girl, has betrayed you to her lover Damian, and he set of last night for Settle, to bring the soldiers down upon you. It is by God's grace alone, which sent the storm last night, that they are not here already! Make your way then at once, like the mole underground, to Malham Cove, 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 be there before you with six score of stout spears of Lancaster. 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 in peace till better days return for hapless England. Here be provisions, wine, and lights and money. Say, legman 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 for Flanders!"

"What! Do you doubt me? For Carlisle and Flanders?"

"And Eleanor, when we be ease in Flanders?"

"Then, Amelot, you must ask—"

"Whom?"

"Whom—if you are obedient—but your Eleanor?"

"I am obedient."

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 abysses of those limestone caverns, which undermining all that region, of conduits of subterranean rivers, would lead him, miles away to the sea.

Had he remained one minute longer, he had lingered until it was too late—or had she dreamed the peril she had yet to run, he had died before he had turned on his heel, or he had not deserved to win her.

She had just reached the Strid, when the ban-cloche of Barden Tower pealed forth its battle summons, and, casting her eyes down the gorge between herself and the ascent to the castle, she saw a band of archery and spears hurrying up the pass, led by the traitor Damian.

A wooded corner of the rock below, and the steep elevation on which she stood, concealed her from them for the moment. Another minute, and she would be in the hands of those who spared no sex, nor age, least of all, beauty—herself and him also!

There was no passage up the glen; on this side no concealment. The thought flashed on her like the electric fluid. Across "the Strid" is honor—life—love!

That was a brave thought! A brave man's mind. What then for a frail girl's—a girl's whose ancestor had perished in those black whirling waters!

She paused not to think twice. With a bright eye, but cheek and lip white as ashes, whispering one soft prayer to God, she turned her horse's head faced him to the dread pass, and with light curb and well plied lash, charged him right at it.

Fiery and fresh, he reared bolt upright as he felt the lash, and, ignorant of what lay in his path, charged over the black slippery rocks right onward.

His hoofs were on the very brink, when he perceived the hideous whirl of the black torrent; then he would have sheered or paused—when shier or pause had been instant death—but it was all too late; for with a steady bride hand, she rode him at it, and brought down the lash on his croup with such a will of that slight arm that the thong left a bloody score.

He sprang—his feet clanged twice upon the rocks, drowned by the roar of the river, and the clash of the ban-cloche, and he and his fair rider were in the shelter of the deep woodland, just as the band of Yorkists, scaling the heights, stood upon the plateau, where they stood not a point of time before.

All went in with that band of Yorkists; worse with the traitor Damian. For, ere the gentle Eleanor, faint with the peril which now first she apprehended, had scaled the opposing bank and won the open moorland, down from the keep of Bardsapp, with bill, and bow, and bugle blast and battle cry, poured in treble force the vassals of her house.

"Lancaster, Egremont for Lancaster! and give no quarter!"

Within ten minutes it was over; pent in that where they could neither fight nor fly, they were cut down like sheep until not one remained to tell the tale of horror.

Damian alone they took alive; and him, in the rage and vengeance of the moment, for they believed themselves too late to save their mistress, they flung headlong into the awful chasm, over which she had just passed in safety.

One wild cry—and no human eye again beheld him—no human ear again heard of him.

But, ere the executioners returned in glory triumph home, borne like the wind by her good steel, she had descended to the abbey bridge, recrossing the fruitful Wharfe, and was already weeping on her mother's bosom.

But her trials all were ended, and thence her joys began. Carlisle, Flanders, were gained in safety; and when, in the great town of Antwerp, Amelot asked his Eleanor, she said not nay! to Amelot.

Some years they lived in peace; and ere the most hard and true heart gained the wealth and fame which now fall to the lot of pal-dier craft and greed.

But when the Count of Richmond won England's crown on bloody Bosworth, Sir Amelot de Manbower stood beside him, and ere he sat on his throne at Westminster, fair Eleanor sat, happy wife, and happy mistress in the halls of Barden.

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

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THE PROGRESS OF OUR CITY.

A considerable part of our available space is this week, in obedience to the request of our correspondent Falconer, devoted to a subject in which in common with many of our citizens we take the warmest interest. It is well, when the tide of emigration is making daily accessions to our numerical strength, that part at least of that increase should be of a highly intellectual stamp, and in this view we hail with the greatest enthusiasm the appearance amongst us of a gentleman so well fitted by natural gifts, and by close, persevering, and successful study, to aid us in our onward march, and cheer our flagging spirits when we lag behind. It is not only as a Professor of Theology that we hail the arrival of Dr. Taylor, he is alike the eminent Astronomer, and the profound Geologist. In each of these departments he will find an ample and highly interesting field, amongst us, and we humbly trust that the directors of our Mechanic's Institution, and the scientific gentlemen who compose our Canadian Institute, will keep a watchful eye upon the Dr. so that his talents may not lie hid, now that he has come to occupy a new sphere. One thing is evident, the antecedents of the Dr. show that he will require to be drawn out, and, knowing his retiring disposition, if we avail not ourselves of his eminent talents, in every possible way, we will have ourselves to blame. The biographical