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## Poetry.

### THE IVY AND THE THYME.

I've read—I know not where or when, or if in prose or rhyme—  
A dialogue that passed between the Ivy and the Thyme  
The Ivy, bowing haughtily, like one of high degree,  
Began: "God help thee, little one, how much I pity thee!  
For, though the sweetest of the herbs that scent the air  
around,  
Thou art a dwarf in stature, scarce a span above the ground."  
"I own my insignificance," the humble Thyme replied;  
"But still, my stately friend, I think thy pity misapplied.  
I rather ought to pity thee, for I, however small,  
Am not indebted to my growth, like thee, unto a wall—  
Whilst thou, if severed from the stones to which thy fibres  
grow,  
Wouldest trail and grovel on the ground,—the lowest of the low."  
Thus many a schollast, contrives, to climb the steep of fame,  
By linking to some lofty work his else unnoticed name,  
For, though his scholaria may delude the text o'er which they  
crawl,  
They grow incorporate with it, like Ivy with the wall.

### BLUESBILLS.

Where sedges are fresh with the play of the waters  
That pause to toy with some favorite flower,  
April's darlings, her blue-eyed daughters,  
We cluster and bloom in each glancing shower.  
The gnats hum round us in happy glee,  
The children bring us lightsome mirth,  
Our azure tents in the grass we see;  
They seem to have watched our sunny birth!  
And near us the war valley lilies blow,  
Whose sighs are sweeter the south-wind may,  
Than ever the lips of bright blossoms know,  
Ah! has he forgotten the roses rich days?

### COWSLIPS.

We are the playmates of jocund May,  
The light of whose laughing face  
Falls blushing over the fields to-day,  
And blesses our fairy race,  
But our knees of loosened gold are bowed  
Under her burning glance,  
While round us the cuckoo flowerets crowd,  
The quaker grasses dance  
Would they were here, the hours that darken,  
Gales that are coolest, aches that weep,  
Under our bells did glow-worms sparkle,  
Soon were our heavy heads asleep!

## Literature.

### 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 pastoral 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 more populous portions of the fine country to which it belongs, by the water of the great northern river Ure, destined, after twice changing its name, and swallowing up tributaries mightier than itself, to fall into the North Sea as the Humber. 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 considerable village.

It abounds, however, in the most splendid scenery; it contains some of the loftiest hills, as Ingleborough, Wharfedale, and Painsant,

and is watered by the loveliest rivers, the Nid, the Wharfe, the Eyre, and many a tributary torrent, in all the sea-girt island. Emphatically, it is a land of hills and dales, or, as they are termed in the north country dialect, the fells and the ghylls. The population sparse, simple, hospitable, and contented, are scattered, through the narrow vales which intersect the huge round topped heathery ridges, in hamlets small, indeed, but picturesque and happy, earning enough to supply their few and trivial wants by cultivating the narrow vergo of soft green meadow land, which everywhere forms the bottom of the ghyll, and pasturing their flocks and herds, of moorland sheep and kyloes, upon the heath clad hills, on which each farm possesses a free commonage.

In the time, however of the wars of the Roses, during the fatal strife of the kindred houses of York and Lancaster, which constitute the cruellest and bloodiest page of Britain's history, the Ghylls-land was a purely pastoral, a purely feudal region.

The great Earl of Warwick, from his Castle of Middleham, 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 proprietors throughout that rugged country; and so lightly did the feudal rule of the good monks and popular nobles press on their vassals, that they might be called the freest population in all England; a few simple quit-rents of the 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 another 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 dale's-man was in those days an archer, and, as such, a huntsman and a soldier; and, to have been debarred from following his lord's hounds on the fell, or his lord's banner on the field, he would have looked upon not as a privilege, but as a penalty and a disgrace.

The bloody field of Towton had been fought about ten days, and the whole north of England was filled with terror, lamentation, and despair. Some forty thousand men had fallen in their harness, on that great field of "gentle blood," after which a baron of old Norman blood was more rarely to be seen for half a century in England as the old saying ran, than a wolf or a wild boar.

Nor had the Ghylls-men escaped their share of the slaughter: nor were their humble homes exempt from the desolation, which smote yet more heavily the towers of their feudal 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 westerners had marched to horrible defeat for the ill-fated cause of Lancaster, under the Prior of Bolton's bailiffs and the Lady of Barden's seneschal.

The days of chivalry were passed; the spirit of chivalry had died out, choked by the fiercer fire of intestine warfare. Edward, the Burglar King, as he is called, was wont to call him, although a leader in the field and a soldier in the melee, had little of the cavalier, less of the gentle knight, in his iron composition. None knew more stoutly how to fight, more kingly how to conquer. None knew more bloodily, more brutally, how to gather in the fruits of victory. No veneration for old age, no pity of green youth, no tenderness for sex, no respect for valor, ever once moved his heart of steel to remit the bloody sentence of his vicils. To be a captive enemy was to be butchered summarily upon the field, or reserved yet more pitilessly for the scaffold.

No 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 whistled through their mountain gorges, magnified by their fears into the fatal clangor of the Yorkist trumpet.

The vassals, it is true, were suffered unless taken under arms red handed, to escape the penalty of their faith to their feudal lords; since loyalty of that nature both sides alike desired to promote, and neither dared in policy to punish. The cottage, therefore, oftentimes afforded to the lowly peasant that shelter which the abbey could not yield to its reverend prior, nor the Norman castle to its haughty noble.

It was the tenth night after that terrible defeat, and the Lady of Barden Tower sat lonely by the dim embers and dull lamplight of her mournful hall; now striving to draw consolation from the pages of her illuminated missal, now listening gloomily to the fierce gusts of the autumn wind, as it roared and wailed about her turrets; to the incessant pelting of the storm upon the roofs; to the wild raving of the tortured Wharfe, as, flooded by the torrents from the hills, it chafed and howled among the rocks, which pent up its maddened waters in the dale below. Almost she fancied now that she could hear the war cries and the trumpets, the pattering arrow flight on mail shirt and steel helmet, the cries and curses of the desperate and the dying, in the voices of the winter tempest.

Her tenants had returned home unmolested; their dead had been laid in holy earth, within the abbey precincts, in the lower glen. Herself, she had seen their dust consigned to dust, their ashes unto ashes; herself, she had given tears to their dead from those stern eyes, which refused to weep when her own lord fell under shield, as the phrase ran, full knightly; herself, she had consoled their widows with her sympathy, and a dived their wounds with gold; and now she sat alone, as I have said, disconsolate, almost despairing, in the gloom of her widowed hall.

Yet she feared nothing, thought of nothing touching her own losses, her own sorrow, her own safety; save as her people, decimated by the sword of York, was sorrowing; save as her trustiest knights were hunted by the