

VARIOUS

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GUY'S CLIFF



"A home of pleasure, a place meet for the Muses."—
Leland.

Warwick—what olden glories and tales of other times are associated with this county. How many of its sites are connected with high-minded men and great and glorious actions. To the antiquary, the poet, and the philosopher, every foot is hallowed ground; and even the cold calculations of the commercial speculator treat with regard a county whose manufactures add to the stock of national wealth and importance. How many stories of love, war, and chivalry are told of its halls, castles, and monasteries, their lords and ladies and maidens of high birth.

Kenilworth and Stratford—Leicester, Shakspeare and Warwick—like long trails of light, all flit before us in this retrospective dream of the days of "merry England."

Guy's Cliff is situated about one mile and a half north-east of Warwick. Here the river Avon winds through fertile meadows, and on its western bank, a combination of rock and wood, singularly picturesque, invited at an early period the reveries of superstitious seclusion and poetical fancy. It is supposed that here was an oratory, and a cell for the hermit, in Saxon times; and it is certain that a hermit dwelt in this lovely recess in the reigns of Edward III. and Henry IV. This is the spot to which the renowned *Guy*, Earl of Warwick, is said to have retired after his duel with the Danish Colbrond;¹ and here his neglected countess, the fair Felicia, is reported to have interred his remains. It appears that Henry V. visited Guy's Cliff, and was so charmed with its natural beauties, and, probably, so much interested by the wild legend connected with the place, that he determined to found a chantry for two priests here. But war and an early death prevented the performance of this, among many other pious and benevolent intentions ascribed to the heroic Henry. Such a chantry was, however, founded in the first year of Henry VI. by Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick; but the chapel and some contiguous buildings were not completed till after the earl's decease. In this delightful retreat lived John Rous, the antiquary, as a chantry priest.

¹ See MIRROR, vol xiii. p. 114.

About the middle of the eighteenth century, this estate passed to a private gentleman, who built a handsome mansion here. But the chief attractions are the natural beauties of the grounds—as the rock, on which the house and chapel are built. Here is shown a cave, devoutly believed by neighbouring peasants to be that which Guy "hewed with his own hands," and in which he lived

Like a Palmer poore.

The chapel founded by Richard Beauchamp was a plain, substantial edifice. The founder caused to be carved from the solid rock on which this chapel abuts, a rude statue of the famous Earl Guy, about eight feet in height. It would appear, from a print in Dugdale's Warwickshire, that this figure was well preserved in the seventeenth century.

ANCIENT CROSSES IN ENGLAND

(For the Mirror.)

"She doth stray about
By holy *crosses*, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours."

Shakspeare.

In former times, an idea of peculiar sanctity was annexed to crosses. They not only marked civil and ecclesiastical limits, but probably served for stations, when the bounds were visited in processions. It was a common practice for mendicants to place themselves near some of these crosses, and ask alms; whence the ancient proverb, "He begs like a cripple at a cross." Cornwall abounds with stone crosses. In churchyards, by the side of roads, and on the open downs, they remain solitary and neglected. In almost every town that had an abbey, or any other religious foundation, there was one of these structures. The monks frequently harangued the populace from these crosses. Many of them still remain, exhibiting beautiful specimens of architecture and sculpture. The most memorable and interesting objects of this kind were those which King Edward I. erected at

the different stages where the corpse of Queen Eleanor rested, in its progress from Nottinghamshire to London. Mr. Gough tells us, that there were originally fifteen of these elegant structures; but only three are now remaining, which, by their peculiar beauty, as specimens of architecture and productions of art, serve to excite regret at the destruction of the others. The first of the three above-mentioned, is the cross at Geddington, about three miles from Kettering, in Northamptonshire. The second is the Queen's Cross, near Northampton. The third is the cross at Waltham, in Hertfordshire. For a further account of these crosses, see Mr. Britton's "Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain."

P. T. W.

TO R.H., ON HER DEPARTURE FOR LONDON

(For the Mirror.)

"Alas for me! false hearts I've found, where I had deem'd
them true,
And stricken hopes lie all around where'er I turn my view;
Yet it may be, when far remov'd, the voice of memory
May yet remind thee how we lov'd, with its reproving sigh."

Anonymous.

Farewell! farewell! a sad farewell!
'Tis fate's decree that we should part;
Forebodings strange my bosom tell,
That others now will pain thy heart:
If so, calm as the waveless deep,
Whereby the passing gust has blown,
Unmark'd, the eye will turn to weep
O'er days that have so swiftly flown,
Remember me—remember me,
My latest thought will be for thee.

The tale which to *thee* I've confest
Another ne'er shall hear again;
Nor love, that link'd me with the blest,
Be darken'd with an earthly chain.
No, as the scroll above the dead,
The dreams of parted joys will last;
There is a bliss now love has fled,
To trace this record of the past.
Then, oh! mid all remember me—
My latest thought will be for thee.

Life hath been as a cloudy day,
Yet still it hath not *all* been gloom,
For many a wild and broken ray
Hath cheer'd awhile my spirit's doom;
As flow'rets on a river's rim,
Whose shadows deck each passing wave,
Thought lingers on, perturb'd and dim,
Or sunbeam resting on a grave.
Remember me—remember me—
My latest thought will be for thee.

Where'er my feet may wander now,
No more awakes the slightest care;
It matters not—for still wilt thou
Be present 'mid my heart's despair.
So springs and blooms, in lonely state,
Some flow'ret on a roofless cot,
And decks with smiles, though desolate,

The gloomy stillness of the spot.
Remember me—remember me—
My latest thought will be for thee.

Though calm the eye, and still the tongue,
It needs not that the cheek be pale
To prove the heart by feelings wrung,
And brooding o'er a hopeless tale;
For calm is oft the ocean's breast,
Though 'neath its deep blue waters lie
A thousand wrecks—so sorrows rest
In still and silent misery.
Remember me—remember me—
My latest thought will be for thee.

H. P.

THE COURSE OF LOVE

(For the Mirror.)

Go, trace the forest maze,
Or Cretan lab'rinth solve,
On Nature's myst'ries gaze,
Or Gordian knot resolve.

Tell whence the magnet's force,
The central motive scan,
Lay bare Nile's hidden source,
Earth's vast circumference span.

Results from such detail
Skill superhuman prove:
Yet powers like these would fail
To tell the course of love.

Direct the impulse fierce
Of ocean's watery sway;
When wint'ry tempests pierce,
Bind Boreas to obey.

Go, mould the fleeting cloud,

The lucid dew-drop mix,
The solar radiance shroud,
The trembling moonbeam fix.

Then bid the wand'ring star
Within the zodiac move;
'Twere task more hard by far
To guide the course of love.

Stop the meridian flight
Of Jove's proud plummy race;
Arrest the fiercest fight
When foe-men battle face.

Forbid the earth to turn.
Forbid the tides to flow,
Forbid the sun to burn,
Forbid the winds to blow.

Bid the fix'd orb of day.
Beyond his sphere to move,
Or cease th' attempt, I pray,
To stop the course of love.

T. F.

I'LL BE AT YOUR BALL

(For the Mirror.)

Ah! ce n'est pas moi qui romprait la première l'union sacrée de nos cœurs; vous le savez bien que ce n'est pas moi, et je rougirais presque, d'assurer ce qui n'est que trop certain.—*Corinne, par Madame De Stael.*

I'll be at your ball—dear Eliza,
Could you doubt of my wish to be there,
When ask'd by the maiden I prize a-
Bove all maidens, though e'er so fair?
Busy fancy brings back in my dreams
The walks, still enchanting, we took,
When the zephyrs scarce ruffled the streams,
No sound heard, save the murm'ring brook;
The stars we together have watched—
What pleasure these thoughts do recall!
Believe that your truly attached,
Dear Eliza, will be at your ball.

Can study those feelings estrange,
Of affection so ardent and true?
Or absence or time ever change

A heart so devoted to you?
My voice may have altered its tone,
My brow may be furrow'd by care,
But, oh, dearest girl, there are none
Possess of my heart the least share.
You say that my hair is neglected,
That my dress don't become me at all;
Can you feel surprised I'm dejected,
Since I parted from you at your ball?

I listlessly turn o'er the pages.
So fraught with amusement before
Tasso, Dante, and even the sages,
Once pleasing, are pleasing no more.
When I walk on the banks of the Mole,
Or recline 'neath our favourite tree,
As the needle is true to the pole,
So my thoughts still centre in thee.
Old Time moves so slow, he appears,
"With age quite decrepit," to crawl;
And days seem now lengthen'd to years,
Before we shall meet—at your ball.

Daft Jamie.

RETROSPECTIVE GLEANINGS

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Having occasionally (during my lucubrations) marked out sundry choice excerpts, quips, and quiddities, from a variety of authors, I shall, with your permission, submit to the reader an occasional chapter, with a few original remarks, &c., which I hope will prove agreeable.

Jacobus.

POSTURE MASTERS

It is now a-days extremely common to style the tumble-down-dick exploits or posture masters, balancers, conjurers, &c. an art. To ridicule such an abuse of the term by applying it to mere adroitness, skill in trifles, and labour-in-vain performances, Quintilian gives us this merry instance—"Qualis illius fuit, qui grana ciceris ex spatio distante missa, in acum continue, et sine frustratione inserebat; quem cum spectasset Alexander, donasse eum dicitur leguminis modio—quod quidem praemium fuit illo opere dignissimum." Translation—Of this kind of art, was his, who, standing at a certain distance, could continually, without missing, stick a small pea upon the point of a needle; which when Alexander had witnessed, he ordered him a bushel of that grain for his trouble, a reward quite adequate to such an exploit. We have a similar story related, I think, of Charles II.: a posture master climbed up Grantham steeple, and then stood on his head upon the weathercock. The facetious monarch, after witnessing his ascent, told him he might forthwith have a patent that none should do the like but himself.

TO MAKE BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

**Published by request of the
gentlemen of both Universities**

First—Take of beef, or mutton, or lamb, or veal, or any other meat, two pounds and a half, or any other quantity; be sure to keep it in salt till the saline particles have locked up all the animal juices, and rendered the fibres hard of digestion; then boil it over a turf or peat fire, in a brass kettle, covered with a copper lid, until it is over much done.

Second—Take a large turned cabbage, and boil it in a bell metal pot until it is done enough, or (if you think proper) too much.

Thirdly—Slice the meat, and souse that and the cabbage both in a frying pan together, and let them bubble and squeak over a charcoal fire for half an hour, three minutes, and two seconds.

Lastly—Devour the whole, which will not weigh more than *four* pounds, for a quantum sufficit; drink six pints of good, fat ale; sit, smoke, sleep, snore, and forget your book.

ADVERTISEMENT

In defence of the two Universities

We can assure the public that the malicious report of the Greek language being expelled from the abovenamed seats of Minerva, is entirely without foundation; there being, at this moment, many thousand volumes written in that tongue, actually extant, and quite unmolested in the several libraries.

HONEST PREJUDICES,

Or bona fide extracts from celebrated authors

Before the conquest of this country by the Normans, the land in Norfolk was so light and fine, that the farmers usually plowed with two rabbits and a case knife!—*Jones's Wonderful Changes*, p. 86.—Weep at this ye who are now racking your inventive powers for improvements in agricultural implements. See what your forefathers could accomplish by means the simplest.—*Risum teneatis?*

There are many stories told of the craft of the fox to compass his prey, of which Ol. Magnus hath many: such as feigning the bark of a dog to catch prey near the houses; feigning himself dead to catch such animals as come to feed upon him; laying his tail upon a wasp's nest and then rubbing it hard against a tree, thus catching the wasps so killed; ridding himself of fleas by gradually going into the water with a lock of wool in his mouth, and so driving the fleas up into it and then leaving it in the water; by catching crab fish with his tail, which he saith he himself was a witness of.—*Derham's Physico-Theology*, book iv. chap. 11., and *Ol. Mag. Hist.* lib. xviii. cap. 39, 40.—Peruse this ye incredulous lecturers of Baron Munch-Hausen, and Colonel Nimrod. Talk no more of the fertile genius of our Yankee brethren, but candidly

admit ye are blameworthy for withholding credence to matters which rather border on the marvellous.

Had man been a dwarf he could not have been a rational creature; for he must then have had a jolt head, so there would not have been body and blood enough to supply his brain with spirits, or he must have had a small head answerable to his body, and so there would not have been brain enough for his business.—*Grew's Cosmol. Sacr.* book i. chap. v.

Had the calf of the leg been providentially and prominently placed *before*, instead of being preposterously and prejudicially placed *behind*, it had been evidently better; forasmuch as the human shin-bone could not then have been so easily broken,—*Dr. Moreton's Beauty of the Human Structure*, page 62.—What a pity it is that these two learned and self-sufficient authors, were not consulted in the formation of their own persons: doubtless they could have suggested many improvements, and would have felt all the advantages with due effect—probably they might have liked their heads to screw on and off like Saint Denis, of France, who frequently carried his under his arm.

The City of London is the largest city in the world, and the people of London the wisest—*Wilson's Candid Traveller*, page 42.—Mark this, ye who are levelling your *leaden* wit at the worthy aldermen and cits of this "large" and "wise" metropolis.

At the famous battle of Crescy, gained by Edward III., notwithstanding a vast carnage of the French, and an infinite number of prisoners, the English lost only one 'squire, three

knights, and a few of inferior rank.—*History of England, by Goldsmith.*

At the battle of Agincourt, gained by Henry V. the French lost ten thousand men, and fourteen thousand prisoners; the English (although enfeebled by disease, destitute of provisions, and harassed by fatigue) lost only forty men in all—Ibid.—Hear these facts of ancient prowess, ye heroes of modern times; who among ye ever gained such signal advantages with losses so insignificant?—In good truth, I must admit, that even I was once inclined to cry out with Mr. Burchell, "fudge;" but the following morceaux have explained to me the (otherwise) mysterious relation:—

One Englishman can beat five Frenchmen.—*Williamson's Serious Propositions*, page 78.—One English man-of-war, will beat a Dutch fleet—*Nebolt's Naval Expeditions*, chap. iv. section 9.—Indeed! what a scandalous shame it is then to call Admiral Blake a naval hero; surely he could have been but a mere botch to make such a tough job of cutting up Van Tromp, the Dutch commander.

Though I have examined what all other authors have written on this affair with great impartiality, yet I cannot conceive that any of them have the least merit; nor do I find one man that has treated this subject sensibly, besides myself.—*Smithson's Amiableness of Candour and Diffidence*, page 8.—What modesty! what candour! amiable critic! doubtless your ingenuous style has obtained you a place on the shelves of the

literati; and like Ovid and Horace you have secured as well as assigned yourself an immortality.

SELECT BIOGRAPHY

MEMOIR OF BOLIVAR

The conspicuous part which Bolivar has acted throughout the revolution in Colombia, and at the close of that in Peru, renders it imperative on us to give some account of a character, identified with so many great and extraordinary events.

Simon Bolivar was born at Caracas on the 25th of July, 1783. He lost his parents at an early age; and, in his sixteenth year, was sent to Europe to finish his education. He made the tour of France and Italy. Having married at Madrid, he embarked for Venezuela, where his wife died a few months after her arrival. Bolivar went a second time to Europe, and was present at the coronation of Napoleon. He returned to Caracas in company with Emparan, appointed captain-general of Venezuela by the central junta at Seville. Soon after the raising of the standard of independence (19th April, 1810) in that country, he was sent to solicit the protection of Great Britain. He was well received by the Marquess Wellesley, then secretary for Foreign Affairs. The British government offered its mediation between Spain and her colonies, but the offer was rejected by the court of Madrid. Bolivar returned to his own country, accompanied by General Miranda, who was placed in command of the Venezuelan troops.

But the revolutionary government was too feebly organized to give efficiency to the military force. Divisions arose, and the cause of independence was on the retrograde, when the dreadful earthquake of 1812, and the subsequent invasion by the Spanish force under General Monteverde, for the time, precluded all possibility of success.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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