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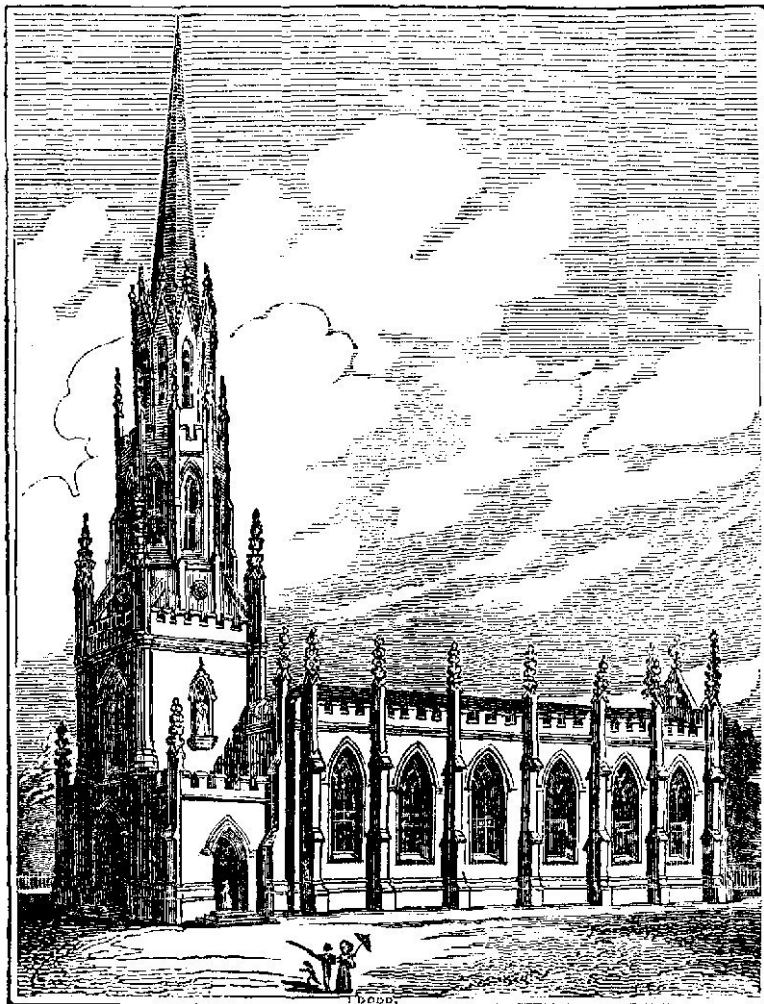
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*The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction / Volume 17, No. 472,
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CHRIST CHURCH, DONCASTER



CHRIST CHURCH, DONCASTER.

(From the Gentleman's Magazine.)

The town of Doncaster has been long celebrated for its beauty and cleanliness, for its striking approach from the south, its magnificent Grand Stand, and celebrated Race Course, its public buildings, its venerable Gothic Church, and stately tower; and latterly, by the erection of a beautiful Gothic Church, with an elegant spire, giving an additional feature to the town from every approach.

This new Church was founded and endowed by a benevolent individual of the name of Jarrett, whose ancestors had for a number of years been connected with the town of Doncaster. A monument in the old church states that a brother of the founder was an alderman of this borough. John Jarrett, Esq. the founder of Christ Church, was in early life a manufacturer at Bradford; subsequently, during the war, he became a partner in the extensive ironworks carried on at Low Moor, near Bradford, under the firm of Jarrett, Danson, and Hardy, where he acquired a very large fortune. Retiring from business some years ago, he returned to his native town, to enjoy the fruits of his honest industry; and during a period of several years, he, by acts of kindness and benevolence, acquired the respect and esteem of his fellow-townsmen. It pleased the Great Disposer of events to terminate his life before the completion of this his last pious work. The first stone of the church was laid on the 9th of

October, 1827; and the founder died on the 15th of January, 1828, at the age of eighty-three. The sums he gave were, 10,000*l.* for the building, and 3,000*l.* for the endowment.

The site of the church, at the point where the Thorne road branches from the great North road, is particularly fine and open, occupying about two and a half acres of ground, surrounded by wide and spacious public roads. The style of architecture adopted is that which prevailed in the fourteenth century. The stone used is from the celebrated quarries of Roche Abbey.

The plan of the church comprises a tower, nave, two side-aisles, and a chancel; the latter, together with two vestries, forms a semi-octagonal projection, which gives the east end a multangular and unusual appearance. There are six windows to each aisle, and a seventh at the north-east and south-east vestries. Each of these is divided horizontally by two cross-mullions, and thereby formed into twelve lights; the centre three are square quatrefoils; and the tracery at the head forms three other quatrefoils. The east window is of six principal lights, and the upper part spread out in tracery.

The principal entrance is through a spacious octangular porch, the whole size of the tower, which is groined in imitation of stone. The entrance to the galleries and side-aisles is by the doors on the north and south sides of the church.

The size of the church from the tower to the chancel, in the interior, is ninety-four feet long, and fifty-two wide, with galleries at the south and north sides and west end. The

accommodation is for one thousand persons, of which three hundred seats are free and unappropriated. The ceiling above the nave is divided into square compartments, by bold ornamented beams, with bosses at the intersection, which are painted in imitation of oak. The side-aisles are groined in imitation of stone, having bosses at the intersection of the ribs, with corbels for the ribs to rise from.

The pulpit, reading, and clerk's desks accord in style with the building, and are placed in the centre of the middle aisle, which is ten feet wide. A handsome stone font is placed in front of the west entrance.

We cannot conclude this account without expressing our admiration of this beautiful specimen of modern architecture, which, although not free from defects, possesses architectural merit in a very high degree. The uniform correctness of style in the detail, the beautiful and finely-proportioned spire, the chaste and elegant tracery of the windows, the light ornamental buttresses and pinnacles, all combine to give a character to the building pleasing and satisfactory, and reflect great credit on the architects, Messrs. Woodhead and Hurst, of Doncaster.

The building was consecrated by his Grace the Archbishop of York, on the 10th of September, 1829; and the church opened for divine service on the 1st of November following.

The Rev. Henry Branson is appointed the first minister to this church; and the friends of the establishment will hear with satisfaction that, since the opening, the number of worshippers

has increased by those who formerly attended the dissenting meeting-houses in the town and neighbourhood.

A subscription has been raised for an organ, which is now building by Gray, of London.

MAGNA CHARTA ISLAND

(To the Editor.)

An early and constant subscriber to the *Mirror* is very much pleased with the view of *Magna Charta Island*, in No. 467; but there is something more attached to this spot than the Editor seems aware of.

About half a mile from *Magna Charta Island*, on the right bank of the river, in the parish of Wyrardisbury, is a farm house, for many years past in the occupation of a family of the name of "Groome," as tenants to the late Alderman Gill, holding an estate in the aforesaid parish. This farm house was a residence of *King John*, whose arms are beautifully, painted, or emblazoned, on stained glass in the windows of the house.

In the kitchen of this farm-house is, or has been, a table of antique manufacture, upon which the identical *Magna Charta* was signed, and upon which the writer hereof has written and sealed many a letter, and partaken of many a glass of home-brewed ale, and bread and cheese equally homely—that is, *genuine*. This table is considered as an *heir loom* in the family of Mr. Gill, and if removed at all, has been removed to the manor-house.

It is an erroneous idea that *Magna Charta* was signed on

Runnymede: it was signed on *Magna Charta Island*, which goes a great way to prove the identity of the table. If reference is made to the signing of treaties generally, as well in ancient as in modern times, it will appear that they have been signed at a distance from the scene of action; each party (particularly in feudal times) being attended by an equal number of adherents, to prevent surprise or stratagem.

The writer hereof has caught many a trout and perch off the banks opposite to the island, and has passed many a contemplative hour on the events of former ages, which have rendered the spot particularly interesting.

Gray's Walk, Lambeth.

L.

*** If the writer is not mistaken, *Magna Charta Island* is an appurtenant to the manor of Wyrardisbury, and adjoins an estate called *Ankerwicke*, upon the grounds of which are the remains of an ancient monastery, or priory.

THE WATER KING'S BRIDE

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER

(For the Mirror.)

Light o'er the water the sun's ray glanc'd,
While the youths and maidens of Tubingen danc'd.
A stranger youth of noble mien,
Proffered his hand to the village queen.
"Youth, say why is thine hand so white?
The water knows not the daybeams light;
Youth, oh why is so cold thine arm,
Can it in Neckar's flood be warm?"
He led her away from the lime-tree's shade;
"Return my daughter," her mother said.
He led her on to the stream so clear,
"Oh youth let me go, for I tremble with fear."
He danc'd till they reach'd the Neckar's bank,
One shriek, one plunge, in the wave they sank.
"Farewell, farewell, to thee, Tubingen's pride,
Maiden, thou art the Water King's Bride."

H.

WOMAN

(For the Mirror.)

The following curious compliment to the fair sex is extracted from an old play, entitled "Cupid's Whirligig:"—

"Who would abuse your sex that knows it? O Woman! were we not born of you?—should we not then honour you? Nursed by you, and not regard you? Made for you, and not seek you! And since we were made before you, should we not live and admire you as the last and most perfect work of Nature? *Man was made when Nature was but an apprentice; but Woman when she was a skilful mistress of her art.* By your love we live in double breath, even in our offspring after death. Are not all vices masculine, and virtues feminine? Are not the muses the loves of the learned? Do not all noble spirits follow the graces because they are women? There is but one phoenix, and she is a female. Was not the princess and foundress of good arts, Minerva, born of the brain of highest Jove, a woman? Has not woman the face of love, the tongue of persuasion, and the body of delight? O divine, perfectioned woman! If to be of thy sex is so excellent, what is it then to be a woman enriched by nature, made excellent by education, noble by birth, chaste by virtue, adorned by beauty!—a fair woman, which is the ornament of heaven, the grace of

earth, the joy of life, and the delight of all sense, even the very *summum bonum* of man's existence."

Burns must have had somewhat of the same idea as that which I have underlined, when he wrote—

"Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses O!"

JAC-CO.

THE VICTORY OF THE CID

(For the Mirror.)

The subject of the following lines is mentioned in the traditional histories of Spain: that on one occasion, to insure victory in a nocturnal attack on the Moslem camp, the body of the Cid was taken from the tomb, and carried in complete armour to the field of battle.

Not a voice was heard at our hour of need,
When we plac'd the corse on his barbed steed,
Save one, that the blessing gave.
Not a light beam'd on the charnel porch
Save the glare which flash'd from the warrior's torch,
O'er the death-pale face of the brave.

We press'd the helm on his ghastly head,
We bound a sword to the hand of the dead,
When the Cid went forth to fight.
Oh where was Castile's battle cry,
The shout of St. James and victory,
And the Christians stalwart might?

The winds swept by with mournful blast,

And sigh'd through the plumes of the dead as he past,
Through troublous skies the clouds flitted fast,
And the moon her pale beam faintly cast,
Where the red cross banner stream'd,
But each breeze bore the shouts of the Moslem throng,
Each sigh was echoed by Paynim song;
Where the silvery crescent beam'd.

Undrawn was the rein, and his own good sword
Ungrasp'd by the nerveless hand of its lord;
His steed pac'd on with solemn tread,
'Neath the listless weight of the mighty deed.
But each warrior's heart beat high,
As he mark'd the beacon's wavering flash,
And heard the Moorish cymbal clash,
For he knew that the Cid was nigh.

We bore him back to his silent bed,
When his plumes with Paynim blood were red,
And the mass was sung, and the prayer was said
For the conqueror from the grave.
We wrapp'd him again in his funeral vest,
We placed his sword on the clay cold breast,
And o'er the place of the hero's rest,
Bade Castile's banner wave.

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY

THE AEOLOPHON, A NEWLY- INVENTED INSTRUMENT

When Lord Stanhope first launched his model-boat on the Serpentine, no one expected to see the time when steam and paddles should suffice to carry "a tall ship" across the broad Atlantic. As little did we, when we were first amused by that very pretty musical toy, the German Eolina, anticipate, that within three years we should hear such an instrument as the one we are about to describe. In shape, size, and compass, the AEOLOPHON is the counterpart of a babinet piano-forte, having six octaves of keys extending from FF to F; and its sounds are produced by a series of metallic springs, set in vibration by the action of the air produced from a bellows. It has three pedals—one for filling the wind-chest, and the others regulating the swell. The tone of this instrument, particularly in the middle and lower parts of its compass, is among the most beautiful we have ever heard, and much superior, both in body and quality, to that of any chamber organ of equal size; added to which, the Aeolophon has the inestimable advantage of never varying its pitch, or getting out of tune.

From the nature of this instrument, it will be readily conceived that its best effects are displayed in slow movements, and the sustaining and swelling long notes; but, to our surprise as well as pleasure, we found that a running passage, even of semitones, could be executed upon it, if not with all the distinctness of a Drouet or a Nicholson, with as much clearness as on any organ. As an accompaniment to the piano-forte, it will be found an admirable substitute for the flute, clarinet, oboe, bassoon, or even violoncello; but perhaps its widest range of usefulness will be discovered in small orchestras, where the set of wind instruments is incomplete—the effects of any, or even all of which, may be supplied by one or two performers on the Aeolophon reading from the score, or even from separate parts.

It is now about a year since that a patent was obtained for the springs, and this peculiar mode of applying them, by Messrs. Day and Co.; immediately upon hearing the effect of which, Mr. Chappell, of Bond-street, entered into an engagement with the patentees for the agency of their patent, and the manufacture of instruments under it.

On the 27th of November last Mr. Chappell was honoured with a command to exhibit the powers of this new instrument before their Majesties, his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, and a small circle of nobility, at St. James's Palace; when it gave so much satisfaction, that some of the pieces played upon it were repeated by command, and the whole performance lasted from nine o'clock till past eleven, when the royal party retired.

(We quote the preceding from *The Harmonicon*, a Journal of Music and Musical Literature, of high promise. Its recommendation of *The Aeolophon* may be allowed to rest upon the character of the Journal for critical acumen.)

THE SKETCH-BOOK

COACH COMPANY

(For the Mirror.)

Returning (said my friend Mrs. S.) once upon a time, some fifty miles from a country visit, a few difficulties regarding my conveyance to town were at length decided by my taking a seat in the — Telegraph. A respectable-looking, middle-aged woman, in widow's mourning, was, I found, to be my companion for the whole way, whose urbanity and loquacity, combined, soon afforded me the important information that she was travelling over England, in order to take the advice of several of the faculty touching the case of "a poor cripple—a *gentleman*—a relation of hers." A *gentleman*! But scarcely had I taken another survey of the honest dame, in order to assure myself that she at least was not a member of the aristocracy of Great Britain, and thereby to instruct my judgment as to the actual rank of him whom she designated by so proud a title, when I was favoured with a long history of "the *lady* who lost her shawl, which *I* found—and she has *visited* me ever since." A *lady*!—and a lady, good, agreeable,

and condescending, no doubt; but—the query occurred to my mind involuntarily—what kind of *lady* must she be who would "come oft'n to take a cup o' tea, or a sup o' sommat better, wi' me, in my poor little place?"

I confess, this voluntary information, not less than the tone and language in which it was delivered, prejudiced me so little in favour of my companion, that I took up pencil and paper, and was shortly wrapped in the most agreeable reverie. Briefly, I was in the exquisite *Land of Faerie*: I beheld the beautiful little people; their tiny feet twinkled in the dance; their small arms waved lightly and gently; and their perfect forms were miniature models of all loveliness and grace;—the rosy blush of affection tinted the delicate cheeks of the fair; their eyes gleamed, like the minute gems which cluster around the ice-plant;—and lo! a pair, as far different from these as is darkness from light, now peered into my face, and a voice, very unlike the blissful tones of the gay music of Faëry Land, exclaimed,

"Um 'fear'd you ar'n't well, mum, hey?"

"Thank you, I am perfectly well."

"Are you indeed? why you set up your eyes, and looked as pale and *peekin* like, as if you'd seen a *sperrit*."

"Did I? perhaps I was thinking; and naturally I am very pale."

"Oh well—um glad 'tis no *wuss*; but setting there as you do, with your back to the *osses*, 'tis the most foolishest thing in the *wuld*, for a sickly-like-looking cretur, as I may say yourself, to think on—*du* come o' this side."

I declined the good woman's proposition, alleging that riding backwards I always found the best preventive of illness from the motion of the vehicle.

"Now really," I exclaimed she, almost aghast with astonishment, "that is curious! But um fear'd you're faint, though you won't tell me so. Here," handing to me a large basket, well stored, I perceived, with provender, "take a *happle*, or a bun, or a *sandwage*, or a bit o' gingerbread—and a fine thing too it is for the stomach—or a pear, or a puff, or a *chiscake*;—*I* always take a cup of chocolate, and a slice of rich plum-cake, every morning after breakfast: 'tis peticklar wholesome, a *gentleman* of my acquaintance says; and this I know, I should be dead in no time if I didn't—so *du* take something."

I could not be so ill-natured as to reject all the offers made me by this benevolent, but uncouth *gentlewoman*

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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