VARIOUS

THE MIRROR OF LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION. VOLUME 20, NO. 581, DECEMBER 15, 1832

Various

The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction. Volume 20, No. 581, December 15, 1832

Various

The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction. Volume 20, No. 581, December 15, 1832 / Various — «Public Domain»,

Содержание

Various
The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction / Volume 20, No. 581, December 15, 1832

CHAPEL ON THE BRIDGE, WAKEFIELD

Chapels on bridges are not so unfrequent in architectural history as the rarity of their remains would indicate. Among the early records of bridge-building we read that "the Romans built many bridges in the provinces; viz. in France, Spain, Germany, Britain, &c. some of which had arches or towers on them."[1] Plutarch derives the word *Pontifex*, (high priest,) from sacrifices made upon bridges, a ceremony of the highest antiquity. The priests are said to have been commissioned to keep the bridges in repair, as an indispensable part of their office. This we may conclude to have given rise to the annexation of chapels to almost all our bridges of note; and the offerings were of course for repairs: so that priests are considered to have been the olden surveyors of bridges, and chapels on them to have been displaced by the more secular establishment of toll-houses.[2]

The bridge, upon which stands the above chapel, crosses the Calder, at the south-east entrance into Wakefield, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. It was built in the reign of Edward III. and is a fine specimen of the masonry of that age. In the centre projecting from the eastern side, and resting partly on the sterlings, is the chapel, built in the richest style of Gothic architecture. It is about ten yards in length, and about eight in breadth. The east window, overhanging the river, is adorned with various and beautiful tracery, and the parapets are perforated. The windows on the north and south sides are equally rich. But the west front facing the passage over the bridge, (as shown in the Engraving,) exceeds all the rest in profusion of ornament; being divided by buttresses into compartments, forming recesses, with lofty pediments and pointed arches; whilst above is an entablature bearing five basso-relievos, the whole being crowned with battlements. The buttresses, finials, tracery, &c. form an assemblage of Gothic embellishments, which, for richness and delicacy can scarcely be equalled. This chapel was built by Edward IV. in memory of his father, Richard, Duke of York, and those of his party who fell in the battle of Wakefield.[3] It appears, however, that a chapel had been built on this bridge by Edward III., and dedicated to St. Mary; but it was undoubtedly rebuilt and embellished by Edward IV. who, on this account, may be regarded as the founder of the present structure.

The beautiful embellishments have received considerable injury; and, about twenty years since this superb relic of ecclesiastical architecture was used as a warehouse. As architectural renovation

---

[1] Britton, Arch. Dict. art. Bridge. On the decline of the Roman Empire, travelling became dangerous, and robberies and murders were frequently committed. To check this system, and protect travellers, several religious persons associated in fraternities, and formed an order called the "Brothers of the Bridge." Their object was to build bridges, establish ferries, and receive and protect travellers in hospitals, raised near the passes over rivers. In like manner we account for the erection of many bridges in England. According to Stow, the monks of St. Mary Overie's were the first builders of London Bridge: and Peter of Colechurch, who founded the first *stone* bridge, also built a chapel on the eastern central pier, in which the architect was afterwards interred: his remains, as we first communicated to the public, were found as aforesaid during the recent removal of the old bridge; and "the lower jaw and three other bones of Peter of Colechurch" were sold by auction a few days since.

[2] At the old bridge at Droitwich, the high road passed through the midst of the chapel, the reading-desk and pulpit being on one side, and the congregation on the other. Other public buildings were not uncommon on bridges. In 1553 an alderman of Stamford built the Town Hall upon the bridge there; and on an old bridge at Bradford, Wills, there is a sort of dungeon, or prison raised on one of the piers.

[3] Camden. Tindal's Notes on Rapin.

is becoming somewhat the taste of the day, it is to be hoped that the restoration of the chapel at Wakefield will not be overlooked.

THE BROTHER OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH

(To the Editor.)

As I was personally acquainted with Charles Goldsmith, the younger brother of Oliver, the Poet, I am enabled to furnish a few particulars in addition to those of *Philo*, contained in No. 573 of *The Mirror*. Charles, on his coming to this country, from the West Indies, had with him two daughters, and one son named Henry; all under 14 years of age. He purchased two houses in the Polygon, Somers Town, in one of which he resided: here, the elder of his girls died; I attended her funeral; she was buried in the churchyard of St. Pancras, near the grave of Mary Wolstonecroft Godwin. Henry was my fellow pupil; but not liking the profession of engraving, after a short trial, he returned to the West Indies. At the peace of Amiens, Charles Goldsmith sold his houses, and, with his wife and daughter, and a son born in England, christened Oliver, he went to reside in France, where his daughter married. In consequence of the orders of Buonaparte for detaining British subjects, Charles again returned home by way of Holland, much reduced in circumstances, and died, about 25 years since at humble lodgings in Ossulston Street. Somers Town. After his death, his wife, who was a native of the West Indies, and her son Oliver, returned thither. Charles Goldsmith had in his possession a copy, from Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of his brother; and I can vouch his resemblance to the picture was most striking. Charles, like the poet, was a performer on the German flute, and, to use his own words, found it in the hour of adversity his best friend. He only once, I have heard him say, saw Oliver in England, which was during his prosperity.

R. ROFFE

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE COLONEL MOLESWORTH PHILLIPS

(From a Correspondent.)

Colonel Phillips was the last surviving person who accompanied Captain Cook in his last voyage of discovery to ascertain the practicability of a passage between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, along the northern coast of America. I was an inmate of his residence in Lambeth in the summer of 1828, for some few weeks, and during that period received many commissioned attentions, for he ever avoided meeting or seeing strangers. He was invariably his own cook; slept but little, and seldom retired regularly to bed, but rested on a sofa, or chairs, as accident might dictate. His employment chiefly consisted in turning fanciful devices at his lathe, but he seldom completed his designs: however, I saw the model of a mausoleum dedicated to Napoleon, which evinced much taste and ingenuity. His workshop at once intimated that its occupant was not abundantly gifted with the organ of order. Plates, dishes, knives, forks, candlesticks, coats, hats, books, and mathematical instruments, lay in one confused mass, each enveloped with its portion of dust. To attempt any thing like arrangement, was at once sacrilege in the estimation of the Colonel. To summon his attendant he usually approached the stairs, and rang a small hand bell, accompanying it with his deep-toned voice with the words: "Ahoy! ahoy! all hands ahoy!" His liquors, and tankards of ale he always drew up from the window of his room, to avoid intrusion, and in returning the empty pewters he would frequently take too sure an aim at the potboy's head. Then came a concert of "curses" and every association but amity. The close of the scene was generally modified with something in the shape of a shilling, and the parties separated, mutually satisfied. Colonel Phillips, during his residence in Ireland, was possessed of considerable property, but from what circumstance he suffered a reverse of fortune I am not informed; indeed, so unwilling was he to connect himself with bygone days that it was impossible to gather from him a clue to the active services he had given to the world.

Thus lived Colonel Molesworth Phillips, glorying in most of the eccentricities of human nature. It is astonishing, considering the active part he took in society, that he should, towards the close of life, have secluded himself so entirely from the world, and those with whom he must have from circumstances have been associated. Colonel Phillips might probably have survived some years longer, had he not fallen a victim to cholera.

APOLOGUES.—(FROM THE GERMAN.)

THE VINE

On the day of the Creation, the trees exultingly extolled themselves one towards another, every one about itself. "The Lord, by whom I was planted," said the lofty Cedar, "has united in me firmness, fragrance, duration, and strength." "Jehovah's affection has rendered me blessed," said the widely-spreading Palm-tree; "in me has He conjoined utility and beauteousness." "Like a bridegroom among the youths," said the Apple-tree, "I parade among the trees of Paradise." "Like the rose among the thorns," said the Myrtle, "I stand among my sisterhood, the lowly shrubs." So all extolled themselves, the Olive, the Fig, and the Pine. The Vine alone was silent, and drooped to the ground. "To me," said he to himself, "appears everything to be denied—trunk, branches, blossoms, and fruit; but such as I am, I will yet hope and wait." He then sank down, and his tendrils wept. He had not long waited and wept, before the friendly man, the godhead of the earth, stepped up to him. He saw that a feeble plant, the sport of the breezes, had sunk, and required help; he compassionately raised him up, and twined the tender tree to his bower. More gladly now the breezes played with his tendrils; the glow of the sun penetrated their hard, greenish buds, preparing in them the sweet juice, the drink for gods and men. Adorned with rich clusters, the Vine soon bowed himself down to his master, and he tasted the enlivening juice, and named him his friend. The proud trees now envied the feeble shoot, for many of them already stood without fruit; but he was glad of his slender form and of his steadfast hope. The juice, therefore, even now gladdens the heart of man, and lifts upwards the courage of the dejected, and refreshes the afflicted. Despair not, forsaken one, and abide enduring. In the unsightly cane springs the sweetest juice, and the feeble tendril brings forth inspiration and rapture.

TEARS

As Hillel and his disciple Sadi wandered, on a moon and starlight night, among the gardens of the Mount of Olives, "See," said Sadi, "the man yonder, in the ray of the moon; what does he there?"—"It is Zadok," answered Hillel, "he sits at the grave of his son and weeps."—"Cannot he moderate his mourning?" said the youth, "for the people term him the just and wise."—"Shall he therefore," answered Hillel, "not experience pain?"—"But," asked Sadi, "what preference then has the wise man before the fool?" Then answered the teacher, "See, the bitter tear of his eye sinks to the earth, but his countenance is turned up to heaven."

W.G.C

THE SKETCH-BOOK

THE OLD SOLDIER

I have often occasion to pass through a village on the St. Alban's road, at one end of which there is so tidy and convenient a public-house, that I always give my horse his bait there, if I happen to be travelling in my gig. I had frequently observed an old soldier, who having lost an eye, a leg, and an arm in the service of his country, had pretty well earned the privilege of idling away the rest of his life in a manner particularly congenial with the habits of one of his calling. He would sit on a bench, outside the door of this inn, with a pipe in his mouth, and a can of beer by his side; and thus he would pass all the fine months of the year. In winter, he merely changed his seat. He was constant to his pipe and his can; he took both with him to the warm chimney-corner: and thus he enjoyed his out-pension. During the hour of baiting, I have often talked with this old man. He had served last in the early part of the war on the Peninsula. He was loquacious enough on other subjects; but if one questioned him concerning these last military services, he became on the instant morose and uncommunicative, and one could not but perceive, that the topic was disagreeable and painful to him.

What most interested me about this man was his love for young children. He was generally surrounded by a parcel of curly-headed urchins; and often have I seen the mistress of the little inn consign her infant to the protection of his one arm, when, by an arrival, she has been called upon to attend to the business of the house. The old fellow never appeared so contented as when thus employed. His pipe was laid aside, his beer forgotten, and he would only think of amusing and caressing his charge, or of lulling it to sleep. The bigger children would cluster round him, clamber over him, empty his pipe, upset his can, take all sorts of liberties with him, yet never meet with a rebuke. At times, however, he would appear lost in uneasy thought; gazing with earnestness upon the features of the sleeping infant, while tears would course each other down his cheeks.

As I drove one morning up to the door of the inn, and passed the bench on which the old soldier was, as usual, sitting, with his little flock of children playing round him, one of them, a very young one, suddenly backed into the road, and in another moment more would have been crushed: but the old man sprang forward; with a vigorous and wonderful effort he seized the child with his only arm, and threw it several feet out of the way of danger; he fell with the exertion, and was among my horse's feet. In suddenly drawing up, I had unwittingly done my very worst by the poor fellow; for I had caused the animal to trample upon him a second time, and a wheel had likewise passed over his body.

He was taken up insensible. We carried him to a bed, and after a little time he recovered his recollection. But he was so severely injured, that we feared every moment would be his last.

The first words he uttered were, "The child! the child!" We assured him that the child was safe; but he would not believe us, and it became necessary to send into the village to search for the little creature, who had been hurried home with the others upon the confusion that the accident had occasioned. He continued to call for the child, and was in the greatest distress of mind till we had found it, and had taken it to him as he lay. His delight at seeing it alive and unhurt was intense; he wept, he laughed, he hugged it to his bosom, and it was not till he grew very faint and weary that he would suffer us to remove it.

A surgeon arrived; and pronounced that the poor man was so much hurt, inwardly as well as outwardly, that nothing could be done to save him; and desired us merely to give him cordials or cooling drink, as he should appear to wish for either. He lingered for a few days.

I had been the cause, although innocently, of the poor fellow's death: of course I took care that all was done that could alleviate his sufferings; and, as long as he lasted, I went everyday to pass a few hours by his bed-side. The rescued child, too, was brought to him each day by his own desire. From

the moment he had first ascertained that it was unhurt, he had been calm and contented. He knew he was dying, but he could part with life without regret; and the cloud which I had so often observed upon his weather-beaten countenance before the accident never after returned.

The day before he died, as I was watching alone by his side, he asked me for a cordial. Soon after he had swallowed it, he laid his hand upon my arm, and said,—"Sir, if you will not think it too great a trouble to listen to an old man's talk, I think it will ease my mind to say a few words to you."

He was of course encouraged to proceed.

"I die contented," he continued; "happier than I have for some years lived. I have had a load upon my heart, which is not quite removed, but it is a great deal lightened. I have been the means, under Providence, of saving a young child's life. If I have strength to tell you what I wish, sir, you will understand the joy that blessed thought has brought to my heart."

I gave him another cordial, and he spoke as follows:—

"It was in a stirring time of the Duke of Wellington's wars, after the French had retreated through Portugal, and Badajos had fallen, and we had driven them fairly over the Spanish frontier, the light division was ordered on a few of their long leagues further, to occupy a line of posts among the mountains which rise over the northern hanks of the Guadiana. A few companies of our regiment advanced to occupy a village which the French had just abandoned.

"We had had a brisk march over a scorched and rugged country, which had already been ransacked of all that could have supplied us with fresh provisions; it was many days since we had heard the creak of a commissary's wagon, and we had been on very short commons. There was no reason to expect much in the village we were now ordered to. The French, who had just marched out, would, of course, have helped themselves to whatever was portable, and must have previously pretty well drained the place. We made a search, however, judging that, possibly, something might have been concealed from them by the peasants; and we actually soon discovered several houses where skins of wine had been secreted. A soldier, sir, I take it, after hot service or fatigue, seldom thinks of much beyond the comfort of drinking to excess; and I freely own that our small party soon caused a sad scene of confusion.

"Every house and hovel was searched, and many a poor fellow, who had contrived to hide his last skin of wine from his enemies, was obliged to abandon it to his allies. You might see the poor natives on all sides running away; some with a morsel of food, others with a skin of wine in their arms, and followed by the menaces and staggering steps of the weary and half-drunken soldiers.

"'Vino! vino!' was the cry in every part of the village. An English soldier, sir, may be for months together in a foreign land, and have a pride in not knowing how to ask for anything hut liquor. I was no better than the rest.

"'Vino! quiero vino!' said I, to a poor half-starved and ragged native, who was stealing off, and hiding something under his torn cloak;—'Vino! you beggarly scoundrel! give me vino!' said I.

"'Vino no tengo!' he cried, as he broke from my grasp, and ran quickly and fearfully away.

"I was not very drunk—I had not had above half my quantity—and I pursued him up a street. But he was the fleeter; and I should have lost him, had I not made a sudden turn, and come right upon him in a forsaken alley, where I suppose the poor thing dwelt. I seized him by the collar. He was small and spare, and he trembled under my gripe; but still he held his own, and only wrapped his cloak the closer round his property.

"'Vino! quiero vino!' said I again; 'give me vino!'

"'Nada, nada tengo!' he repeated.

"I had already drawn my bayonet.—I am ashamed, sir, to say, that we used to do that to terrify the poor wretches, and make them the sooner give us their liquor.—As I held him by the collar with one hand, I pointed the bayonet at his breast with the other, and I again cried, 'Vino!'

"'Vino no tengo—nino, nino es!'—and he spoke the words with such a look of truth and earnestness, that, had I not fancied I could trace through the folds of his cloak the very shape of a small wine skin, I should have believed him.

"'Lying rascal!' said I, 'so you won't give me the liquor? then the dry earth shall drink it!' and I struck the point of my bayonet deep into that which he was still hugging to his breast.

"Oh, sir! it was not wine that trickled down—it was blood, warm blood!—and a piteous wail went like a chill across my heart!—The poor Spaniard opened his cloak—he pointed to his wounded child—and his wild eye asked me plainer than words could have done,—'Monster! are you satisfied!'

"I was sobered in a moment. I fell upon my knees beside the infant, and I tried to staunch the blood. Yes, the poor fellow understood the truth: he saw, and he accepted my anguish—and we joined our efforts to save the little victim.—Oh! it was too late!

"The little boy had fastened his small clammy hands round a finger of each of us. He looked at us alternately; and seemed to ask, alike from his father and his murderer, that help which it was beyond the power of one of earth to give. The changes in the poor child's countenance showed that it had few minutes to live. Sometimes it lay so still I thought the last pang was over; when a slight convulsion would agitate its frame, and a momentary pressure of its little hands, would give the gasping father a short vain ray of hope.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.