

# VARIOUS

THE MIRROR OF  
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**Various**  
**The Mirror of Literature,**  
**Amusement, and**  
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**No. 539, March 24, 1832**

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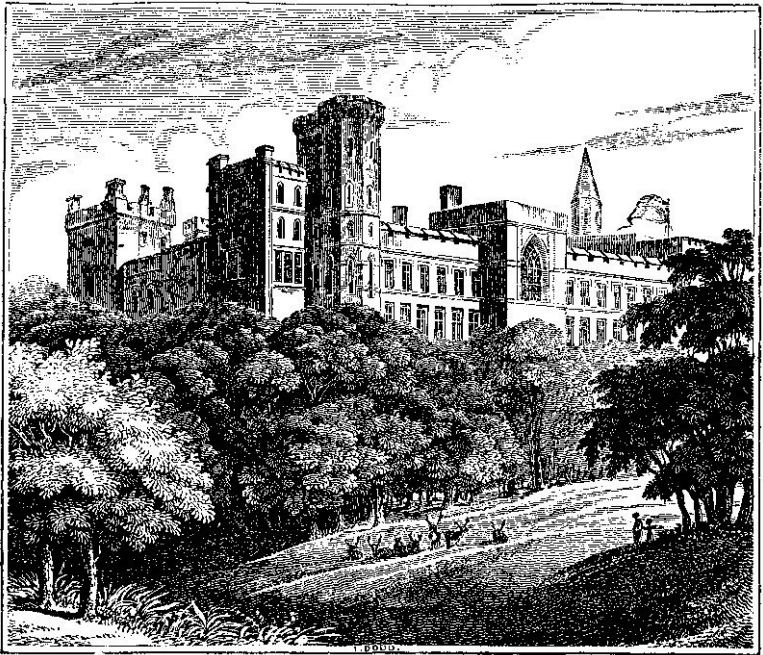
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March 24, 1832:*

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**WINDSOR CASTLE, (N.E.)**



Our sketchy tour of Windsor Castle has hitherto been told in visits far between, perhaps, if not few, for the interesting character of the whole fabric. <sup>1</sup>

The present Cut includes the North-east view, a picturesque

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<sup>1</sup> For Views of Windsor Castle, with the late renovations, see the following Numbers of the *Mirror*: No. 292, George the Fourth's Gateway, South and East Sides. Long Gallery. No. 437, Bedchamber in which George IV. died. No. 444, Private Dining Room. No. 486, George IV. Gateway, from the interior of the Quadrangle. No. 488, St. George's Chapel.

if not important point. The reader will remember, if he has not enjoyed, the splendid terrace on the north; this is now continued on the eastern side. The fine tower at the eastern end of the north terrace, (at the angle,) is *Brunswick Tower*, with a projecting bastion in its front containing the apparatus for heating the orangery, with rooms for the attendants; it is octagon shaped, and has a most commanding appearance, the height being 120 feet above the level of the terrace.

A staircase turret communicates with the apartments, the principal one being appropriated as a private dining-room by the late King, while the larger apartments on the east front were reserved for splendid entertainments. In a central position between the state dining-room and St. George's Hall is a music saloon, in which is placed a fine-toned organ. A communication has been effected between Brunswick Tower and the state apartments by a corridor terminating at the King's Guard Chamber, where a new tower, named after George the Third, has been erected: the principal window is extremely large, and divided by Gothic tracery into several compartments, producing a noble and cathedral-like appearance.

Beneath the Castle, in the Engraving, are seen the wooded slopes of the Little Park, the "green retreats" of Pope, where

——Waving groves a checker'd scene display  
And part admit, and part exclude the day.

\*\*\* The friendly suggestion of our Correspondent, G.C. (Windsor Castle) shall be considered.

# THE MARCH OF MIND

(To the Editor.)

It is generally supposed that the extensive search after, and diffusion of, knowledge, is in a great measure peculiar to these present times. It seems therefore to me a very curious thing to find a learned man and an accomplished courtier protesting against book-learning as an evil, so far back as the year 1646, and a curious thing he himself appears to have thought it, introducing his opinion as a "paradox" until he explains. In this explanation we find the same opinion that is now strenuously insisted on by Mr. Cobbett, namely, that a man who properly understands his own business or employment, though he have nothing of literature, is by no means to be accounted ignorant.

The letters of James Howell, Esq. are well known as fluent examples of the best style of writing of his day, and as repositories of many curious facts and intelligent remarks. The following letter appears to be addressed to Lord Dorchester—

"My Lord,—The subject of this letter may, peradventure, seem a paradox to some, but not, I know, to your Lordship, when you are pleased to weigh well the reasons. Learning is a thing that hath been much cried up, and coveted in all ages, especially in this last century of years, by people of all sorts,

though never so mean and mechanical; every man strains his fortune to keep his children at school; the cobbler will clout it till midnight, the porter will carry burdens till his bones crack again, the ploughman will pinch both back and belly to give his son *learning*, and I find that this ambition reigns no where so much as in this island. But, under favour, this word, *learning*, is taken in a narrower sense among us than among other nations: we seem to restrain it only to the *book*, whereas, indeed, any artisan whatsoever (if he knew the secret and mystery of his trade) may be called a learned man: a good mason; a good shoemaker, that can manage St. Crispin's lance handsomely; a skilful yeoman; a good ship-wright, &c. may be all called learned men, and indeed the usefullest sort of learned men.

"The extravagant humour of our country is not to be altogether commended—that all men should aspire to book-learning; there is not a simpler animal, and a more superfluous member of a state than a mere scholar, a self-pleasing student. Archimedes, though an excellent engineer, when Syracuse was lost, was found in his study, intoxicated with speculations; and another great, learned philosopher, like a fool or frantic, when being in a bath, he leaped out naked among the people, and cried, 'I have found it, I have found it,' having hit then upon an extraordinary conclusion in geometry. There is a famous tale of Thomas Aquinas, the angelical doctor, and of Bonaventure, the seraphical doctor, of whom Alexander Hales, our countryman, reports, that these great clerks were invited to dinner by the French King, on purpose

to observe their humours, and being brought to the room where the table was laid, the first fell to eating of bread as hard as he could drive, at last, breaking out of a brown study, he cried out '*Conclusum est contra Manichaeos;*' the other fell a gazing upon the Queen, and the King asking him how he liked her, he answered, 'Oh, sir, if an earthly Queen be so beautiful, what shall we think of the Queen of Heaven?' The latter was the better courtier of the two.

"My Lord, I know none in this age more capable to sit in the chair, and censure what is true learning, and what *not*, than yourself; therefore, in speaking of this subject to your Lordship, I fear to have committed the same error as Phormio did, in discoursing of war before Hannibal.

"My Lord, your most humble, &c.

"JAMES HOWELL."

# ILLUMINATED PSALTER

**(For the Mirror.)**

There is an illuminated Psalter preserved amongst the MSS. in the British Museum, 2. A. 16., written by John Mallard, Chaplain to Henry VIII., wherein are several notes in that king's hand writing, some in pencil prefixed to Psalm liii. ("*Dixit incipiens.*") According to a very ancient custom are the figures of King David and a fool, in this instance evidently the portraits of Henry and his jester, Will Somers.

S. K.

# ANCIENT VALENTINES

(For the Mirror.)

The earliest poetical Valentines remaining, are those preserved in the works of Charles Duke of Orleans, father to Louis XII. of France. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Agincourt, and remained in England twenty-five years, and called his mistress his *Valentine*. In the royal library of MSS. now in the British Museum, there is a magnificent volume containing his writings whilst in England; it belonged to Henry VIII. for whom it was copied from older MSS. It is illuminated: one painting represents the duke in the White Tower, at a writing table. This MSS. also contain some of the compositions of Eloisa.

S.K.

# THE COSMOPOLITE

## SUPERSTITIONS, FABLES, &c. RELATIVE TO ANIMALS

*(Continued from page 171.)*

The fore-foot of a *Hare* worn constantly in the pocket, is esteemed by certain worthy old dames as a sure preventive of rheumatic disorders.

The *Lynx* was believed by the ancients, from the acuteness of its sight, to have the power of seeing through stone walls; and amongst other absurdities then gravely maintained were these: that the *Elephant* had no joints, and being unable to lie down, was obliged to sleep leaning against a tree; that *Deer* lived several hundred years; that the *Badger* had the legs of one side shorter than those of the other; that the *Chameleon* lived entirely on air, and the *Salamander* in fire; whilst the sphynx, satyr, unicorn, centaur, hypogriff, hydra, dragon, griffin, cockatrice, &c. &c. &c. were either the creations of fancy, or fabled accounts of creatures of whose real form, origin, nature, and qualities, but the most imperfect knowledge was afloat.

The flesh of the *Rhinoceros*, and almost every part of its body, is reckoned by the ignorant natives of countries where it is found, an antidote against poison.

That the *Jackal* is the "Lion's Provider," entirely, is an erroneous idea; but it is true that the terrific cry of this animal when in chase, rouses the lion, whose ear is dull, and enables him to join in the pursuit of prey. Many stories are told respecting the generosity of the *Lion*, and it was once confidently believed that no stress of hunger would induce him to devour a virgin, though his imperial appetite might satiate itself on men and matrons. The title of King of the Beasts, given at a period when strength and ferocity were deemed the prime qualities of man—is now more justly considered to belong to the mild, majestic, and almost rational elephant. The *White Elephant* is a sacred animal with the Siamese, and the cow with the Bramins and Hindoos.

The *Bear* was believed never to devour a man whom it found dead; and it was imagined to lick its cubs into proper shape: hence the expression "unlicked cub," applied to a raw, awkward, unpolished youth. The saliva of the *Lama*, which when angry it ejects, has been erroneously supposed to possess a corrosive quality.

The hoof of the *Moose-deer* was formerly in great repute for curing epilepsies, but has now justly fallen into neglect. The Laplander, commencing his journey, whispers into the ear of his *Rein-deer*, believing these animals understand and will obey his oral directions. The *Elk* is accounted by the Indians an animal

of good omen, and often to dream of him indicates a long life. They imagine also the existence of a gigantic elk, which walks without difficulty in eight feet of snow, has an arm growing from its shoulder which it uses as we do, is invulnerable to all weapons, is king of the elks and attended by a numerous herd of courtiers. The fur of the *Glutton* is so valued by the Kamschatdales that they say celestial beings are clad in no other.

It was long a popular error that the *Porcupine*, when irritated, discharged its quills at its adversary; that these quills were poisonous, and rendered wounds inflicted by them difficult to cure: a better acquaintance with the natural history of this harmless animal has now exploded these fables. Our British porcupine, the innocuous *Hedgehog*, has long been the object of unceasing persecution, from the popular belief that it bites and sucks the udders of cows, an absurdity sufficiently contradicted by the smallness of its mouth. In like manner, the *Goat-sucker* is a persecuted bird, since, as its name implies, it has been thought to suck the teats of goats and other animals; whereas the form of its bill entirely precludes such an act, and it is an inoffensive bird, living upon insects. The superstition has probably originated from its being often found in warm climates under cattle, capturing the insects that torment them. It is supposed, in some places, that the *Shrew-mouse* is of so baneful and deleterious a nature that whenever it creeps over a beast, cow, sheep, or horse (in particular), the animal is afflicted with cruel anguish, and threatened with a loss of the use of its limb.

A shrew-ash was the remedy for this misfortune, viz. an ash whose twigs or branches gently applied to the affected members relieved the pain: our provident forefathers, anticipating such an accident to their cattle, always kept a shrew-ash at hand, which, once medicated, retained its virtue for ever: it was thus prepared. into the body of an ash a deep hole was bored with an auger, and a poor devoted shrew-mouse being thrust into it, the orifice was plugged up, probably with quaint incantations now forgotten.

The *Toad*, owing to its hideous, disgusting appearance, has been the subject of many superstitions: it is commonly thought to spit venom, whilst, as yet, the question is unsettled, whether or not it be poisonous in any respect; some affirm that a viscous humour of poisonous quality exudes from the skin, like perspiration; whilst others pretend that cancers may be cured by the application of living toads to them; and a man has been known to swallow one of these abominations for a wager, taking care, however, to follow this horrid meal by an immediate and copious draught of oil. But the very glance of the toad has been supposed fatal; of its entrails fancied poisonous potions have been concocted; and for magical purposes it was believed extremely efficacious; a precious stone was asserted to be found in its head, invaluable in medicine and magic. In Carthagera and Portobello (America) these creatures swarm to such a degree in wet weather that many of the inhabitants believe every drop of rain to be converted into a toad. It is said of the Pipa, or Surinam toad, a hideous, but probably harmless, animal, that

very malignant effects are experienced from it when calcined.

The *Crocodile* is feigned to weep and groan like a human being in pain and distress, in order to excite the sympathy of man, and thus allure him into his tremendous jaws.

The *Lizard*, though now declared by naturalists to be perfectly harmless, was long considered poisonous by the ignorant; and in Sweden and Kamschatka, the green lizard is the subject of strange superstitions, and regarded with horror. Newts, efts, swifts, snakes, and blind-worms are, in popular credence, all venomous; and that the *Ear-wig* most justly derives its name from entering people's ears, and either causing deafness, or, by penetrating to the brain, death itself, is with many considered an indisputable fact. The Irish have a large beetle of which strange tales are believed; they term it the *Coffin-cutter*, and it has some connexion with the grave and purgatory, not now, unfortunately, to be recalled to our memory.

It is, in Germany, a popular belief, that the *Stag-beetle* (perhaps the same insect) carries burning coals into houses by means of its jaws, and that it has thus occasioned many dreadful fires. (How convenient would *Swing* find such a superstition in England!) The *Death-watch* superstition is too well known to need particular notice in this paper. It is singular that the *House-cricket* should by some persons be considered an unlucky, by others a lucky, inmate of the mansion: those who hold the latter opinion consider its destruction the means of bringing misfortune on their habitations. "In Dumfries-shire," says Sir

William Jardine, "it is a common superstition that if crickets forsake a house which they have long inhabited, some evil will befall the family; generally the death of some member is portended. In like manner the presence or return of this cheerful little insect is lucky, and portends some good to the family."

*(To be continued.)*

# NOTES OF A READER

## DOMESTIC LIFE IN AMERICA

### *Servants.*

The following sketch of what the Americans feel on this point, from Mrs. Trollope's *Domestic Manners of the Americans*, is clever and amusing:—

"The greatest difficulty in organizing a family establishment in Ohio is getting servants, or, as it is there called, 'getting help,' for it is more than petty treason to the republic to call a free citizen a *servant*. The whole class of young women, whose bread depends upon their labour, are taught to believe that the most abject poverty is preferable to domestic service. Hundreds of half-naked girls work in the paper-mills, or in any other manufactory, for less than half the wages they would receive in service: but they think their equality is compromised by the latter, and nothing but the wish to obtain some particular article of finery will ever induce them to submit to it. A kind friend, however, exerted herself so effectually for me, that a tall stately lass soon presented herself, saying, 'I be come to help you.' The intelligence was very agreeable, and I welcomed her in the most gracious manner possible, and asked what I should give her by the year. 'Oh Gimini!' exclaimed the damsel, with a loud laugh,

'you be a downright Englisher, sure enough. I should like to see a young lady engage by the year in America! I hope I shall get a husband before many months, or I expect I shall be an outright old maid, for I be most seventeen already; besides, mayhap I may want to go to school. You must just give me a dollar and a half a week; and mother's slave, Phillis, must come over once a week, I expect, from t'other side the water, to help me clean.' I agreed to the bargain, of course, with all dutiful submission; and seeing she was preparing to set to work in a yellow dress parsemé with red roses, I gently hinted, that I thought it was a pity to spoil so fine a gown, and that she had better change it. "'Tis just my best and worst,' she answered, 'for I've got no other.' And in truth I found that this young lady had left the paternal mansion with no more clothes of any kind than what she had on. I immediately gave her money to purchase what was necessary for cleanliness and decency, and set to work with my daughters to make her a gown. She grinned applause when our labour was completed, but never uttered the slightest expression of gratitude for that or for anything else we could do for her. She was constantly asking us to lend her different articles of dress, and when we declined it, she said, 'Well, I never seed such grumpy folks as you be; there is several young ladies of my acquaintance what goes to live out now and then with the old women about the town, and they and their gurls always lends them what they asks for; I guess, you English thinks we should poison your things, just as bad as if we was negurs.' And here I beg to assure the reader, that whenever I

give conversations, they were not made *à loisir*, but were written down immediately after they occurred, with all the verbal fidelity my memory permitted."

"This young lady left me at the end of two months, because I refused to lend her money enough to buy a silk dress to go to a ball, saying, 'Then it is not worth my while to stay any longer.' I cannot imagine it possible that such a state of things can be desirable or beneficial to any of the parties concerned. I might occupy a hundred pages on the subject, and yet fail to give an adequate idea of the sore, angry, ever-wakeful pride that seemed to torment these poor wretches. In many of them it was so excessive, that all feeling of displeasure, or even of ridicule, was lost in pity. One of these was a pretty girl, whose natural disposition must have been gentle and kind; but her good feelings were soured, and her gentleness turned into morbid sensitiveness, by having heard a thousand and a thousand times that she was as good as any other lady, that all men were equal, and women too, and that it was a sin and a shame for a free-born American to be treated like a servant. When she found she was to dine in the kitchen, she turned up her pretty lip, and said, 'I guess that's 'cause you don't think I'm good enough to eat with you. You'll find that won't do here.' I found afterwards that she rarely ate any dinner at all, and generally passed the time in tears. I did everything in my power to conciliate and make her happy, but I am sure she hated me. I gave her very high wages, and she stayed till she had obtained several expensive articles of dress, and then,

*un beau matin*

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