

VARIOUS

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Various

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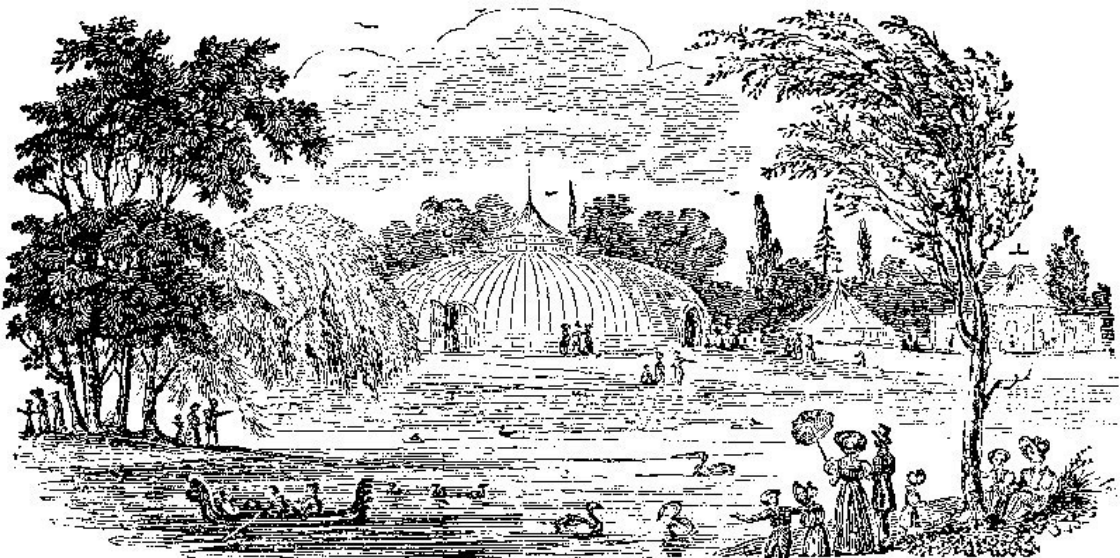
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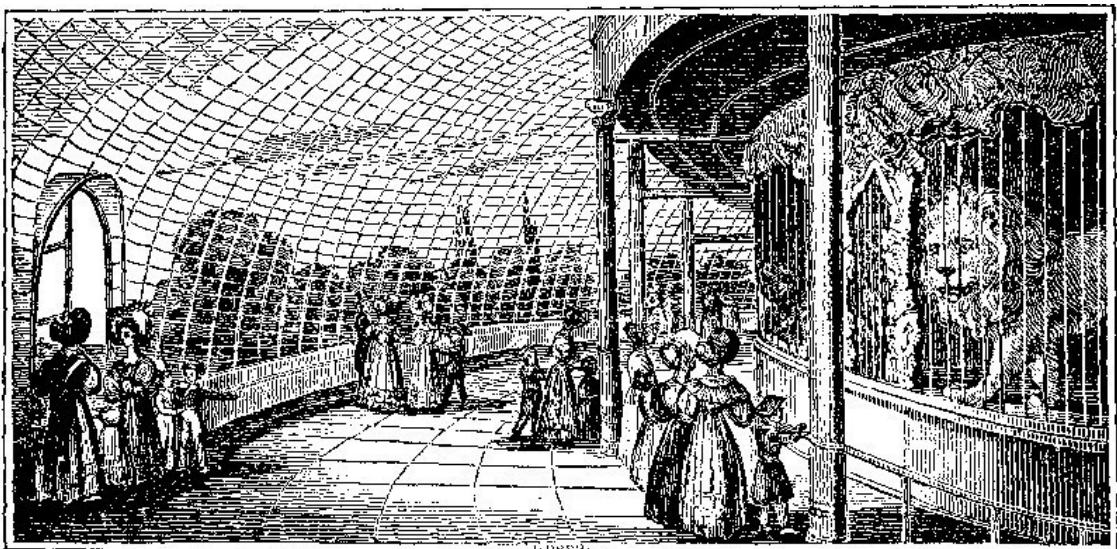
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SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS



CIRCULAR BUILDING FOR LIONS, TIGERS, &c.



INTERIOR OF CIRCULAR BUILDING.



ROCKWORK FOR BEAVERS, &c.

SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS

[Although the reader will scarcely fail to recognise the typographical amendments contemplated in the Preface to our last volume, we may be allowed to point attention to the most important change. To give our souls "elbow-room," we have widened our columns so as to add upwards of two pages throughout each sheet of our future volumes: that is sixteen pages of the size of the present will be found to contain as much as eighteen pages the size of those in our last volume. But the page has not been widened like the citizen's back—at the expense of the corporation—or of the public. The whole of the type is new, having been cast, as the prospectus says, expressly for this work; its face is as brilliant as our hopes, and so, now, with the reader's permission, Flow on thou shining river.]

We commenced our last volume with three Vignette Views in the Surrey Zoological Gardens. The season was then cold and ungenial, the trees leafless; in short, it was about mid-winter, but the magic pencil of our artist invested his scenes with all the pride of summer. Upon the present occasion, our Engravings need not the aid of his creative fancy. The Gardens are now

made glorious by the summer sun

—the weather and the public are all propitious, and hundreds of gaily dressed folks are flocking to inspect the zoological and botanical curiosities of the place.

During the six months since our last visit, Mr. Cross has been indefatigable. The grounds have been laid out under the superintendance of Mr. Henry Phillips, the author of *Sylva Florifera*, and it is almost impossible to give the reader an idea of their beauty and variety. The avenues to the various buildings are planted with forest-trees, and each tree and new plant has its name affixed on a tally; a botanical garden, on a small scale, is, moreover talked of.

But we are forgetting the zoological tenants. The visiter enters by a broad walk, beside which Parrots, Maccaws, and Cockatoos are uncaged on perches; so that we may almost say with Montgomery:—

The blossoms swung like blossoms on the trees.

To the right is a semicircular glazed house containing many beautiful foreign birds, and two Boas, which, from their torpidity, appear nearly as harmless as their shaggy namesakes that encircle many a fair neck. The movable aviaries are too numerous to describe; but we must notice, in one of them, a fine pair of Great Crowned Pigeons from New Guinea; their front colour is a bright slate, as is that of their crests of fine silky feathers. We next pass the circular Confectionary room, and reach the curvilinear glazed building of 300 feet in diameter. (*See the Cut.*) This has been planned by Mr. Henry Phillips; of the execution we spoke in *The Mirror*, No. 528. There are four entrances to this well-contrived building. Immediately within the wall, and all throughout the circle, is a channel of water containing gold and silver fish; from the margin of which plants are to be trained up within the glass. Next is a circular range of seats, then a broad walk, and in the centre of the building are placed the cages of carnivorous quadrupeds, as Lions, Tigers, Leopards, Hyaenas, &c. The Lions are especially worth notice: they are African and Asiatic, and the contrast between a pair from the country of the Persian Gulf with their African neighbours, is very striking. A sleek Lynx from Persia, with its exquisite tufted ears, and a docile Puma, will receive the distant caresses of visitors. The

fronts of the cages are ornamented with painted rock-work, and our artist has endeavoured to convey an idea of the lordly Lion in his embellished dwelling. The whole building is admirably ventilated.

Another addition is an octagonal walled enclosure, the entrances to which are surmounted by pairs of magnificent horns. Here are cages for large birds, as the Ostrich, Emu, and Cassowary; and foreign *pecora*, as the Llama and Camel, and a pair of Gnus of great beauty.

Next is an enclosure containing two pair of fine Pelicans, and the solitary kennels of an Alpine and Cuban Dog: the Armadillo house, with a pair of eight-banded inmates: near the latter a sty or cage is preparing for Porcupines. At this extremity of the grounds, is the Deer paddock, with about forty specimens, among which the Axis or spotted varieties are very beautiful. We now reach a picturesque group of rock-work, (*See the third Cut*), the lower part of which is intended for Beavers, the upper craigs being at present occupied by Vultures and Eagles. The rock-work consists chiefly of granite, with a few masses of the rock of Gibraltar.

Of the lake, hermitage, and boathouse we have already spoken. The long, or rather semicircular, glazed building is now finished for the Monkeys, as is an adjoining house for large birds of prey: here we should notice a fine Ruppell Vulture, from Senegal, (named after Major Ruppell, the celebrated traveller in Africa,) a chanting Falcon from Brazil, and a white Hawk, from New Holland, the latter especially rare in this country.

Among the improvements we ought not to omit the affixing of the scientific and popular names to the abodes of the respective animals. This is one of the beneficial results of the honorary aid of Messrs. Swainson and Gray, the distinguished zoologists.

By the way, there has been in these grounds a Fancy Fair with the laudable object of aiding the funds for the repair of the Ladye Chapel of St. Saviour's Southwark. We anxiously hope the *faire ladyes* were successful in their appeal to the fancy of their visitors.

THE LATE MR. COLTON

(To the Editor.)

Having observed in several papers and periodicals, (amongst which is *The Mirror*, No. 553,) sketches of "the late Mr. Colton," and none of these tending, in my opinion, to convey a correct idea of the character of this extraordinary man; allow me to offer you a slight sketch of the latter period of his life.

I am aware I shall be met by many with the squeamish proverb, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*; though I am not disposed at this moment to enter on a discussion of the merits of this received axiom. Shakspeare tells us "The evil that men do, lives after them."

Mr. Colton, or as he was vulgarly called, Parson Colton, arrived in Paris in the year 1825 or 1826, from America, to which country he sailed from England shortly previous to the murder of Weare. He was at that time in possession of very little money; this small stock he increased by borrowing upon the security of some valuable jewellery which he took out from his creditors in this country. With this sum he commenced his career as player at the public gaming-tables in Paris, more particularly that at 154 in the Palais Royal. The system upon which he played was at once bold and original, and attended with great success. I have good authority (his own) for stating, he was at one period a winner of upwards of £10,000. He subsequently lost nearly half this sum, and he expended the remainder in paintings by the ancient masters, of which, in the year 1828, he had a splendid collection. These pictures he intended for the English market; but in the latter part of the same year, he became unfortunate at the gambling tables, and they were parted with by degress, the proceeds lost, and their late owner, in a short time, reduced to beggary, or nearly so. His last literary labour, if it is worthy of the name, was a history of the Three Days of July, published by Galignani.

In person, Mr. Colton was ungainly; he stooped much, his gait was slovenly, and his dress mean and dirty; the reason he assigned for not removing the dirt that accumulated on the lower part of his trousers and upon his boots, was that none but shoeblacks looked below the knee in so dirty a city as Paris. As if fond of contradiction, he wore at the same time a ridiculous superfluity of jewellery; his unwashed hands were adorned with rings, and his shirt, which probably had not visited his *blanchisseuse* for a fortnight, was garnished with numerous brooches and pins of considerable value. A heavy gold chain secured his watch in his waistcoat pocket, and he carried two massive gold boxes, one for snuff, though he took none himself, and the other for tobacco. His face was pale and emaciated, the cheek bones being remarkably prominent; his left arm was considerably contracted, as he was fond of saying, from a pistol wound received in a duel. His habits were low; when not at the gaming house, he was to be found in one of the lower English houses, smoking and drinking, entertaining his pot companions, and acting what is vulgarly called, the "king of the company." He possessed a fund of anecdote and wit, and had his manners been more polished, and his character less exceptionable, his society would doubtless have been much courted.

His lodgings, which were in the Palais Royal, above the Café Phoenix, were particularly filthy; his bedroom, into which all visitors were shown, was truly disgusting; though he had at the same time two sitting-rooms, handsomely furnished, which were constantly locked, and into which he himself perhaps did not enter once in a month. An anecdote, which he related to me, will tend to illustrate his character and style of living. A pair of his pantaloons became much worn in the pockets, and he took them to a tailor to be repaired. They were brought home when he was absent, and left below with the porter, who gave them to him on his return. The following morning the *tailleur* called while Colton was still in bed, for the cash; he was shown into the bedroom by the miserable little urchin who attended daily to light the fire, &c., and demanded in payment twenty *sous*; this was resisted

on the part of Colton as exorbitant, and the *tailleur*, vexed at having parted with his work before payment, seized a pair that were at the bedside, (imagining them the same that he had stitched,) and was about to quit the room with them as security, when the reverend gentleman, drawing a pistol from under his pillow, and presenting it at the terrified mender of garments, swore he would favour him with the contents unless the pantaloons were replaced: this was of course complied with, and our indignant *tailleur* immediately proceeded to *Monsieur le Commissaire*, who dispatched messengers to require the attendance of the party who had thus threatened the life of a Citizen of Paris. Colton then explained that the pantaloons of which the plaintiff had taken possession, were those he had worn on the preceding day, and contained cash that he had brought from the gaming-house to the amount of nearly £2,000. He was of course discharged on payment of the twenty *sous* to the tailor.

Although generally considered mean, I have much pleasure in stating that I have known him perform many acts of charity, frequently giving a dinner to some one of his reduced countrymen, (of whom there are too many in Paris,) and occasionally assisting them with small sums of money. It has been stated that the dread of an operation which became necessary for a complaint under which he laboured, was the cause of his suicide; this I much doubt, since I have never met with a man of greater fortitude and stronger nerve. I am rather disposed to think that the depressed state of his finances, severing the only hold he had on his dissolute associates, and the attention paid too often to wealth, though accompanied by vice, having disappeared, he found himself penniless and despised; he was without religious consolation; his health declined, his spirits were broken; he was, and felt himself, alone in the world, without friends and without commiseration, and in a moment of desperation he put a period to his reckless existence.

Your correspondent, *Enort*, has certainly viewed the sunny side of his character; and that too I am disposed to think, with a burning glass. I have passed many hours in his society, pleased with his wit and epigrammatic sallies, but strive in vain to call to my recollection "the spontaneous flow of his Latin, his quotations from the ancient and modern poets, and his masterly and eloquent development of every subject that his acute intellect chose to dilate upon." His conversation was ever *egotistical* in the extreme: the bold assertion that his *Lacon* was the most clever work in the English language, was ever on his lips, and I regret to add, obscenity and irreligion too often supplied the place of wit or rational converse.

Palace Row, New Road.

W.W.

KING KENULPH'S DAUGHTER

This is little better than a versified *fact*. The outline may be found in Sir Robert Atkyns' *History of Gloucestershire*, p. 435.

King Kenulph he died, as kings have died,
The will of the Lord be done;
And he left to the care of his daughter fair,
Queen Quendred, an infant son.
The daughter gazed at her brother king,
Her eye had an evil mote;
And then she played with his yellow hair,
And patted his infant throat;
And then she muster'd a bloody mind,
And whisper'd a favour'd slut,
While patting the infant monarch's throat,
It would not be much to cut.
The favour'd gipsy noted the hint,
And she thought it not amiss,
She hied to the infant's governor,
And gave him a loving kiss.
The kiss of woman's a wond'rous juice,
That poisoneth pious minds,
It worketh more than the wrath of hell,
And the eye of justice blinds.
So they cut the infant monarch's throat,
They buried him in the wood,
The Mistress Quendred liv'd as a queen,
And they thought the deed was good.
Now mark, how ill is a crime conceal'd,
Bad deeds will never accord,
The murder never beheld at home,
Was to light elsewhere restor'd,
They wash'd their hands in the monarch's blood,
And the world roll'd on the same,
Till swift to the holy shrine at Rome,
A fluttering dove there came.
A dove, a peaceful, timorous bird,
That carried a parchment scroll,
And in letters of gold, the crime it told,
That blasted a sister's soul.
That fluttering dove flew round the shrine,
Where the Pope by chance was led,
And he let the scribbled parchment fall
On his holiness' bald head.
Now the Pope was very sore perplex'd,
At the words the dove had scrawl'd,
For he could not read the pig-squeak tongue,

Which is now old English call'd.
He questioned the French ambassador,
The news of that scroll to speak.
Who bowing observed, "it was not *French*,
He never had learn'd the *Greek*."
He ask'd a monk from *Byzantium*,
A monk as fat as a tench,
He merely remark'd "it was not *Greek*,
He never had learn'd the *French*."
He question'd the grave Lord Cardinal,
He ordered the monks to pray'rs,
The monks ne'er knew what language it was,
When they saw it was not theirs.
But there chanced to be an Englishman,
At Rome, on a trading hope,
The tale of blood and the letters gold,
He read to the holy Pope.
'Twas how King Kenulph an infant son,
Bequeath'd to his daughter's care,
And how the daughter slaughtered the son,
It clearly mention'd where.
Then the Pope cried, "Heaven's will be done,"
And a loud Hosanna sung,
The incense fumed to the lofty dome.
Like ray-beam drapery hung.
And they canoniz'd the holy dove,
Like the soul of a martyr dead,
The deed is still in the calendar,
In capital letters red.
Now when to Britain the tidings came
Of her island's perish'd hope,
The monks took hatchets to *Winchcomb Wood*,
And they glorified the Pope.
And after many a night of toil,
They struck at the infant's bone,
Beneath a tree, where an awful owl
Was screeching a midnight groan.
They bore the bones by the moonlight ray,
To the convent's holy shrine,
And from the psaltry sang a psalm,
The psalm one hundred and nine.
The queen, she hearken'd the pious tones,
As they pass'd the palace by,
It seem'd the saints and the morning stars
Were chorussing in the sky.
But when she hearken'd the deed was known,
And her coming hour of strife,
And how they had found the royal bones
From which she had taken the life,

She got King David's psalter book,
And turn'd to the psalm they sung,
And began to read it contrariwise,
Though it blister'd on her tongue.
And she mock'd the monkish melody,
With a heart like boiling pitch,
And the clouds went shudd'ring as they heard
Like a broom beneath a witch.
When she had gotten to verse the twelfth,
'Twas the twelfth verse from the end,
Her breast upheav'd a horrible groan,
And she gave the psalm a rend.
The lofty turret quiver'd with fear,
The floor of the chapel shook,
Her eyeballs fell from her burning brow,
And blooded the psalter book.
And thrice she groan'd and thrice she sigh'd,
And thrice she bowed her head.
And a heavy fall and a light'ning flash
Was the knell of a sinner dead.
And forth from her eyeless sockets flew
A furious flame around,
And blood stream'd out of her spiriting mouth,
Like water upon the ground.
The magpie chatter'd above the corpse,
The owl sang funeral lay,
The twisting worm pass'd over her face,
And it writhed and turn'd away.
The jackdaws caw'd at the body dead,
Expos'd on the churchyard stones,
They wagg'd their tails in scorn of her flesh,
And turn'd up their bills at her bones.
The convent mastiff trotting along,
Sniff'd hard at the mortal leaven,
Then bristled his hair at her brimstone smell,
And howl'd out his fears to heaven.
Then the jackdaw screech'd his joy,
That he spurn'd the royal feast,
And keen'd all night to the grievous owl,
And the howling mastiff beast.
Loud on that night was the thunder crash,
Sad was the voice of the wind,
Swift was the glare of the lightning flash,
And the whizz it left behind.
At morn when the pious brothers came
To give the body to ground,
The skull, the feet, and palms of her hands
Were all that they ever found.
Then the holy monks with ominous shake

Of the head, looked wond'rous sly,
While the breeze that waded their whiten'd locks,
Bore a pray'r for her soul on high.

P.S.

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY

VAN DIEMEN'S LAND

[There is a touching interest in the following narrative of the surrender of certain tribes of the aborigines of Van Diemen's Land to the British authorities. Some time since a war of extermination was commenced against them by the colonists; but, happily for humanity, this atrocious attack, which future historians may varnish over with "civilization," was a signal failure; and the poor, simple creatures were still left to enjoy the woods and caves and painted skins of savage life; not, however, without having fiercely retaliated upon the colonists for the cruel treatment which they experienced.]

The Oyster Bay and Big River tribes, the most sanguinary in the island, have surrendered themselves to Mr. Robinson, by whose conciliatory intervention the desirable event has been mainly brought about. On the 7th of January, Mr. Robinson made his triumphant entry into Hobart Town with his party of blacks, amounting in all to forty. They walked very leisurely along the road, followed by a large pack of dogs, and were received by the inhabitants on their entry into town with the most lively curiosity and delight. Soon after their arrival they walked up to the Government House, and were introduced to his Excellency, and the interview that took place was truly interesting. They are delighted at the idea of proceeding to Great Island, where they will enjoy peace and plenty uninterrupted. The great susceptibility which they one and all evinced of the influence of music when the band struck up, which Colonel Logan had purposely ordered down, clearly showed the numerous spectators the power of this agent of communication, even in the savage breast. After, in the greatest good humour, and with an evident desire to make themselves agreeable, going through various feats of their wonderful dexterity, they proceeded on board the Swan River packet, until the Tamar is ready to proceed with them to Great Island. The women were frightfully ornamented with human bones hung round them in various fantastic forms, even to the rows of teeth and skulls. Some of these were the remains of enemies, and white persons whom they had killed, but more as the mementos of the affection which they bore to the husband or children whom they had lost. They each carried a handful of spears. They wore the usual kangaroo skin cloak thrown over the back or shoulder, and thickly smeared with red ochre and grease. Their hair as well as skin was also thickly coated with the same, the hair being carefully dressed or formed by its help into neat little knots or globules all round the head. One of the men has lost his arm, being the same who about two years ago was caught in the rat trap that happened to be set in the flour cask in Mr. Adey's stock-keeper's hut. They surrendered to Mr. Robinson (who, however, very prudently did not take possession of them) six stand of arms, which they had taken from the whites they had murdered, or stolen from the huts. Three of them were ready loaded, and the muzzles carefully stuffed with pieces of blanket, and one is the same which was so recently borne by the late unfortunate Mr. Parker. The inside of several of their bark huts, which Mr. Robinson entered, was very ingeniously ornamented with rude delineations of kangaroos, emus, and other animals. The removal of these blacks will be of essential benefit both to themselves and the colony. The large tracts of pasture that have so long been deserted, owing to their murderous attacks on the shepherds and the stockhuts, will now be available, and a very sensible relief will be afforded to the flocks of sheep that had been withdrawn from them, and pent up on inadequate ranges of pasture—a circumstance which indeed has tended materially to impoverish the flocks and keep up the price of butcher's meat.

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