

VARIOUS

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Various

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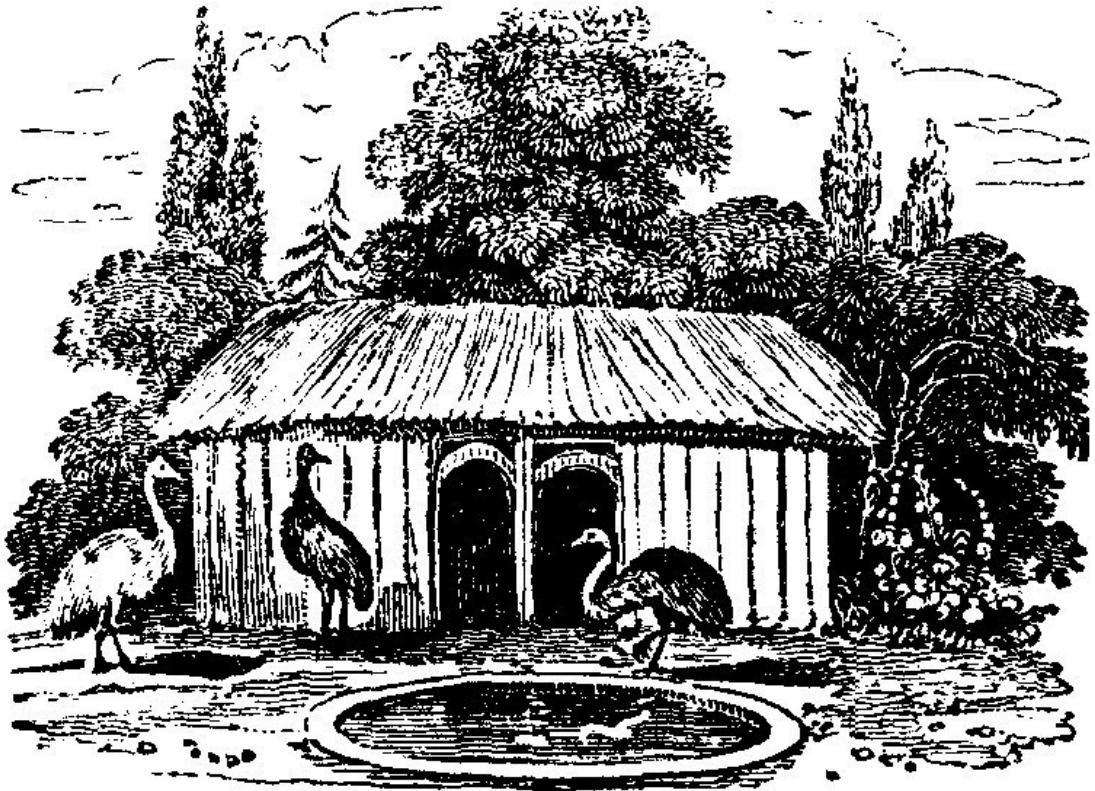
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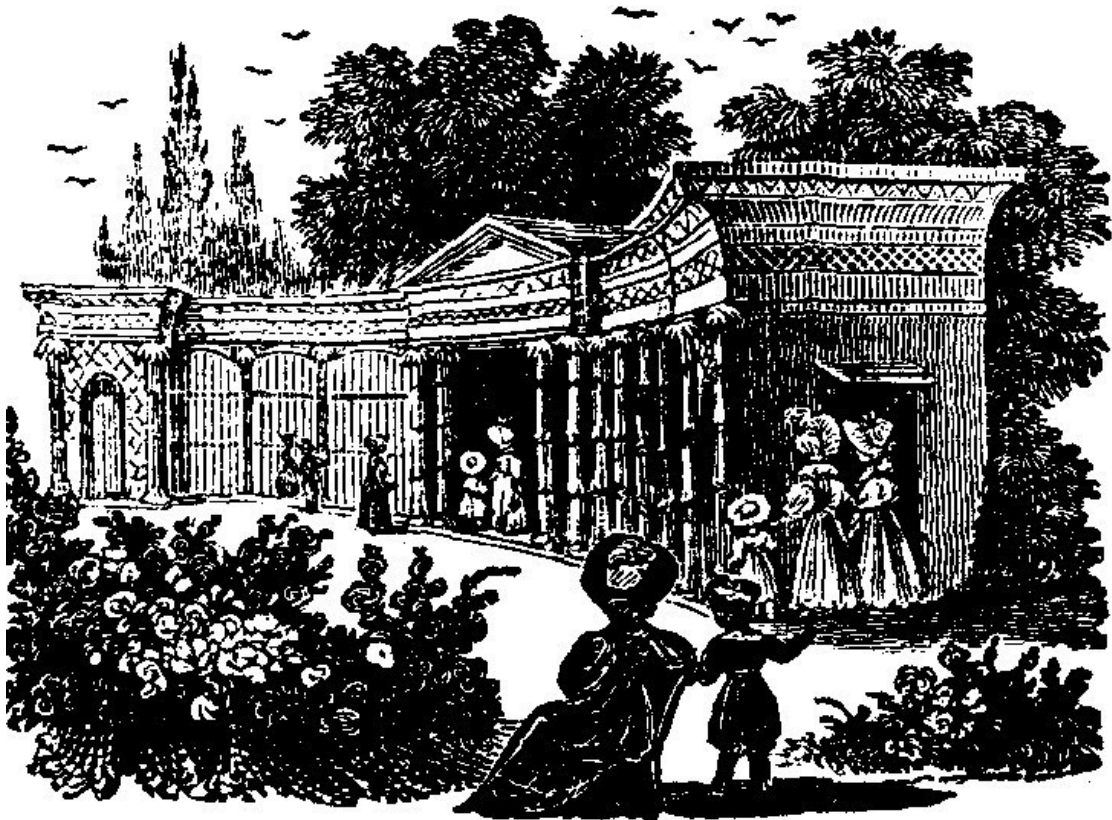
ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENTS'S PARK



Emu Enclosure



Pelican Enclosure



Aviary for Small Birds

Our strolls to this scene of intellectual amusement, (or "the gardens with a long name," as Lord Mulgrave's new heroine naively calls them,) are neither few nor far between. The acquaintance is of some standing, since *The Mirror* was the first journal that contained any pictorial representation of

these Gardens, or any connected notice of the animals.¹ At that time the Society had not published their "List," and our twopenny guide was common in the hands of visitors. We do not ask for the thanks of the Council in contributing to their annual receipts, now usually amounting to £10,000.: we were studying the interest of our readers, which uniformly brings its own reward. The first of the present illustrations is the *Emu Enclosure*, in the old Garden. Several broods of *Emus* have been reared by the Society at their Farm at Kingston Hill; and some of the year's birds are usually exhibited here. Next is the *Pelican Enclosure*, containing a house of mimic rock-work, and a capacious tank of water, the favourite element of the Pelican. One pair in mature plumage, and a second pair, supposed to be the young of the same species, are exhibited. The third Cut is the *Aviary for small and middle-sized birds*, at the north-eastern corner of the Garden. Here are kept various British Birds, as the different species of Crows and Song Birds. The bamboo ornaments of the building are not, therefore, of the appropriate character that we so much admire elsewhere in the Gardens.

¹ The *Literary Gazette* first published the Ground Plan of the Zoological Gardens, from a lithograph circulated among the members, towards the close of the year 1827. In seeking to do ourselves justice, we must not forget others. Our first Engraving, a *Bird's Eye View of the Gardens* from an original sketch, appeared in No. 330, of *The Mirror*, September 6, 1828.



"Happy Jerry"

The individual with this felicitous *soubriquet*, was a specimen of the great Mandrill Baboon, in its adult state, the *Papio Maimon* of Geoffrey, and the *Cynocephalus Maimon* of Desmarest. It is a native of the Gold Coast and Guinea, in Africa, where whole droves of them often plunder the orchards and vineyards. Their colours are greyish brown, inclining to olive above; the cheeks are

blue and furrowed, and the chin has a sharp-pointed orange beard; the nose grows red, especially towards the end, where it becomes of a bright scarlet. Such are, however, only the colours of the adult animal; the young differs materially, on which account it has been considered by naturalists as a distinct species.

Jerry is now a member of death's "antic court," but his necrology may be interesting to the reader. Mr. Cross describes him as "from on board a slave vessel that had been captured off the Gold Coast, in the year 1815," when he was supposed to be three years old. He was landed at Bristol, and was there purchased by the proprietor of a travelling menagerie, who kept him for some years, and taught him the various accomplishments he after excelled in, as sitting in a chair, smoking, drinking grog, &c.; probably he required but little tuition in the latter; since we find a fondness for fermented liquors numbered among his habits by the biographers of his species. In 1828, Jerry was purchased by Mr. Cross, and exhibited at the King's Mews, when he appeared in full vigour, and attracted a large number of daily visitors. He was fed daily from the table of his owner, and almost made a parlour guest; taking tea, toast, bread and butter, soup, boiled and roast meats, vegetables, pastry, &c., with as much *gout* as any member of a club in his vicinity. In 1829, his eccentricities reached the royal ear at Windsor, and George the Fourth, (whose partiality to *exotics*, animate or inanimate, was well known,) sent an "express command" that Jerry should attend at the Castle. The invitations of royalty are always undecidable, and Jerry obeyed accordingly. The King was much amused with his visiter, and, says our informant, "his Majesty was delighted at seeing him eat the state dinner, consisting of venison, &c., which had been prepared for him."² Thus, Jerry was not in the parlous state described by Touchstone: he was not damned, like the poor shepherd: *he* had been to court. He had also learnt good and gallant manners. He recognised many of his frequent visiters, and if any female among them was laid hold of, in his presence, he would bristle with rage, strike the bars of his cage with tremendous force, and violently gnash his teeth at the ungallant offender.

In the autumn of 1831, Jerry's health began to decline, and he was accordingly removed from Charing Cross to the suburban salubrity of the Surrey Zoological Gardens. All was of no avail: though, as a biographer would say of a nobler animal, every remedy was tried to restore him to health. Life's fitful fever was well nigh over with him, and in the month of December last—he died. His body was opened and examined, when it appeared that his death was through old age; and, although he had been a free liver, and, as Mr. Cross facetely observes, "was not a member of a Temperance Society," his internal organization did not seem to have suffered in the way usually consequent upon hard drinking. Perhaps a few ascetic advocates of cant and care-wearing abstinence will think that we ought to conceal this exceptionable fact, lest Jerry's example should be more frequently followed. Justice demands otherwise; and as the biographers of old tell us that Alexander the Great died of hard-drinking, so ought we to record that Happy Jerry's life was not shortened by the imperial propensity: in this case, the monkey has beat the man: proverbially, the man beats the monkey. Jerry had, however, his share of ailment: he had been a martyr to that love-pain, the tooth-ache; several of his large molar teeth being entirely decayed. This circumstance accounted for the gloomy appearance he would sometimes put on, and his covering his head with his hands, and laying it in his chair. Poor fellow! we could have sympathized with him from our very hearts—we mean teeth. Jerry's remains have been carefully embalmed, (we hope in his favourite spirit,) and are now at the Surrey Gardens; where the arrival of a living congener is daily expected. Meanwhile, will nobody write the *hic jacet* of the deceased? or no publisher engage for his reminiscences? Mr. Cross would probably supply the skeleton—of the memoir—not of his poor dead Jerry. What tales could he have told of the slave-stricken people of the Gold Coast, what horrors of the slave-ship whence he was taken, what a fine

² This reminds us of the attachment of the late Duke of Norfolk to his dogs. They were admitted to the apartment in which his Grace dined; and he often selected the fine cuts from joints at table, and threw the pieces to the curs upon the polished oak floors of Aruudel Castle.

graphic picture of his voyage, and his travels in England, *à la Prince Puckler Muskau*, not forgetting his visit to Windsor Castle.

Baboons may be rendered docile in confinement; though they almost always retain the disposition to revenge an injury. At the Cape, they are often caught when young, and brought up with milk; perhaps Jerry was so nurtured; and Kolben tells us, that they will become as watchful over their master's property as the most valuable house-dog is in Europe. Many of the Hottentots believe they can speak, but that they avoid doing so lest they should be enslaved, and compelled to work! What a libel upon human nature is conveyed in this trait of savage credulity. The bitterest reproofs of man's wickedness are not only to be found in the varnished lessons of civilization. Here is a touching piece of simplicity upon which James Montgomery might found a whole poem.

Baboons, in their native countries, are sometimes hunted with dogs, but their chase is often fatal to the assailants. Mr. Burchell tells us that several of his dogs were wounded by the bites of baboons, and two or three dogs were thus bitten asunder. A species of baboon common in Ceylon, often attains the height of man. It is very fearless; and Bishop Heber relates that an acquaintance of his having on one occasion shot a young baboon, the mother came boldly up and wrested the gun out of his hand without doing him any injury.

By way of pendent, we add the present state of THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY, from the report just completed.

Gross amount of the income of last year	£17,633 ³
Being an increase over the preceding year of	1,857
Receipts of four months of the past year	3,330
Receipts of corresponding months of the present year	3,755
<i>Receipts of the Society since its formation</i>	
In 1827	£ 4,079
1828	11,515
1829	13,991
1830	15,806
1831	17,662 ⁴
—	
Total since its formation	£63,053
<i>Visitors to the Gardens.</i>	
In 1830—224,745 paying	9,773£
1831—258,936	11,425£
<i>Visitors to the Museum.</i>	
In 1831—11,636 paying	333£
Number of Fellows	2,074

The Society have obtained a grant of nine acres and a half of land, in the Regent's Park, contiguous to their gardens; and they intend to devote 1,000*l.* annually to the improvement of the Museum.

³ These items, which are not quite correct, are from the *Morning Chronicle* report.

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THE CURFEW BELL

(To the Editor.)

Observing in your No. 543, some remarks relating to the ancient custom of ringing the Curfew Bell, and that *Reginald*, your correspondent, had withheld the name of the village where he heard the Curfew rang, I am led to suppose that it may not be uninteresting to your readers to be informed, that at Saint Helen's Church, Abingdon, this custom is still continued; the bell is rung at eight o'clock every night, and four o'clock every morning, during the winter months; why it is rung in the morning I do not know; perhaps some of your readers can inform me. There are eight bells in Saint Helen's tower, but the fifth or sixth is generally used as the Curfew, to distinguish it from the death-bell, for which purpose the tenor is used, and is rung at the same time at night if a death has happened in the course of the day, and for that night supersedes the necessity of ringing the Curfew. The Curfew Bell is rung, and not tolled, as *Reginald* states: therefore, what he heard, I suppose to have been the death bell. M.D.

(From another Correspondent.)

The custom of tolling the Curfew is still retained in the town of Sandwich, to which place your correspondent, *Reginald*, no doubt alludes, as the sea-shore is distant about two miles; hence is distinctly visible the red glare of the Lighthouse on Ramsgate Pier, as also the North Foreland. G.C.

COIN OF EDWARD III

(For the Mirror.)

A beautiful gold coin, a noble of the reign of Edward III., was discovered, some time since, by the workmen employed in excavating the river Witham, in the city of Lincoln. The coin is in excellent preservation. The impress represents the half-length figure of Edward in a ship, holding a sword in the right hand, and in the left a sceptre and shield, with the inscription "EDWARDUS DEI GRA. REX ANGL., DYS. HYB. ET AGT." On the shield are the arms of England and France quarterly. On the reverse, a cross fleury with lionaux, inscribed, "JESVS AUTEM TRANSIENS PER MEDIUM ILLORUM IBAT." These coins are very scarce, and remarkable as being the first impressed with the figure of a ship; this is said to have been done to commemorate the victory obtained by Edward over the French fleet off Sluys, on Midsummer-day, 1340, and which is supposed to have suggested to Edward the idea of claiming superiority over every other maritime power—a dominion which his successors have now maintained for nearly five hundred years. W.G.C.

PENDERELL JEWEL

(For the Mirror.)

An ancient medal, or coin, ornamented with jewels, was purchased, a few years since, of one of the descendants of Penderell, to whom it was presented by Charles II., as a valuable token of his gratitude for certain protection afforded by him to that prince, when endeavouring to effect his escape in disguise from England, in the year 1648. It consists of a gold coin of Ferdinand II., dated 1638, surrounded by a row of sixteen brilliants enchased in silver, enriched with blue enamel, and bearing the motto, "*Usque ad aris fidelis.*" The reverse is also enameled, and the jewel is intended to be worn as an ornament to the person. W.G.C.

PECUNIARY COMPENSATION FOR PERSONAL INJURIES

(For the Mirror.)

The present laws which enable a person to obtain pecuniary compensation for personal injuries, appear to be founded on very ancient precedent. Mr. Sharon Turner, in his History of the Anglo-Saxons, gives a statement of the sums at which our ancestors valued the various parts of their earthly tenements. He says "Homer is celebrated for discriminating the wounds of his heroes with anatomical precision. The Saxon legislators were not less anxious to distinguish between the different wounds to which the body is liable, and which from their laws, we infer that they frequently suffered. In their most ancient laws these were the punishments:

"The loss of an eye or of a leg, appears to have been considered as the most aggravated injury that could arise from an assault, and was therefore punished by the highest fine, or fifty shillings.

"To be made lame, was the next most considerable offence, and the compensation for it was thirty shillings.

"For a wound which caused deafness, twenty-five shillings.

"To lame the shoulder, divide the chine bone, cut off the thumb, pierce the diaphragm, or to tear off the hair and fracture the skull, was each punished by a fine of twenty shillings.

"For cutting off the little finger, eleven shillings.

"For cutting off the great toe, or for tearing off the hair entirely, ten shillings.

"For piercing the nose, nine shillings.

"For cutting off the fore finger, eight shillings.

"For cutting off the gold-finger, for every wound in the thigh, for wounding the ear, for piercing both cheeks, for cutting either nostril, for each of the front teeth, for breaking the jaw bone, for breaking an arm, six shillings.

"For seizing the hair so as to hurt the bone, for the loss of either of the eye teeth, or the middle finger, four shillings.

"For pulling the hair so that the bone become visible, for piercing the ear or one cheek, for cutting off the thumb nail, for the first double tooth, for wounding the nose with the fist, for wounding the elbow, for breaking a rib, or for wounding the vertebrae, three shillings.

"For every nail (probably of the fingers) and for every tooth beyond the first double tooth, one shilling.

"For seizing the hair, fifty scoettas.

"For the nail of the great toe, thirty scoettas.

"For every other nail, ten scoettas."

W.A.R.

THE COSMOPOLITE

THE POETRY OF ANCIENT DAYS

(For the Mirror.)

Little Jack Horner, sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie,
He pulled out a plum with his finger and thumb,
And said what a good boy am I.

Of all the poems that delight our infancy, there is no one perhaps which makes a more lasting impression on the memory and the imagination, than the preceding. The name of its author is lost in the shades of remote antiquity; and even the century when it first made its appearance, has eluded the vigilance of antiquarian research. Before entering upon its poetical merits, we must observe a striking peculiarity in the diction: there is not a single word in it, but that is of Anglo-Saxon origin, so that it may be considered as an admirable specimen of pure English, and as calculated to inspire the infant mind with a distaste for the numerous exotic terms, which, in the present age, disfigure our language. It has been well remarked in the review of that ancient poem, Jack and Jill, that the reader's interest in the hero and heroine is not divided with subordinate characters. But the poem of Jack Horner possesses this excellence in a more eminent degree; in the former the interest, is divided between two, in the latter it is concentrated in one; and, notwithstanding the ingenuity of the reviewer, it must be confessed that so little is indicated by the poet, as to the character of Jack and Jill, that we feel no more interest in their fate, tragical as it is, than if they were designated by the letters X and Y of algebraical notoriety; or by the names of those personages, who figure in legal fictions, John Doe and Richard Roe.

Not so with Jack Horner: the very incident recorded in the first line lets us into his character; he is evidently a lover of solitude and of solitary contemplation. He is not, however, a gloomy ascetic; he takes into his corner a Christmas pie, and, while he leisurely gratifies his palate, his mind feasts on the higher luxury of an approving conscience. It has been said that the man who loves solitude must be either an angel or a demon. Horner had more of the former in his composition; he retired from the busy haunts of his playmates not to meditate mischief, but to feast upon the pie, which had probably been given him as a reward for his good conduct, and indulge in the delightful thoughts to which the consciousness of deserving it gave rise. But here it may be objected, why instead of eating his pie in a corner, did he not share it with his companions? The remark is pertinent, but the circumstance only evinces the admirable management of the poet; to represent his hero without a defect would be to outrage nature, and to render imitation hopeless. Horner, it must be admitted, with all his excellence, was too fond of good eating; it is in vain to deny it; his deliberately pulling out a plum with his finger and thumb, shows the epicure, not excited by the voracity of hunger, but evidently aiming to protract his enjoyment. The exclamation which follows savours of vanity; but when his youth is recollected, this will be deemed a venial error, and it must also be considered that his few faults were probably compensated by a constellation of excellencies. This poem has been imitated, (I will not say successfully, for its beautiful simplicity is in fact inimitable,) by one of the greatest statesmen and classical scholars of the present century, Mr. Canning; and it is melancholy

to reflect that, while a monument is erecting to the memory of the latter and his name lives in the mouths of men, all traces of that original poet, whose inspirations he sought to imitate, are entirely lost. The lines of Mr. Canning are to be found in his "Loves of the Triangles:"

Thus youthful Homer rolled the roguish eye,
Culled the dark plum from out the Christmas pie,
And cried in self applause, how good a boy am I.

P.Q.

ANECDOTE GALLERY

GEORGE THE FIRST

Previously to the King's arrival in this country, a proclamation had been issued, offering, in case the Pretender should land in any part of the British isles, the sum of 100,000*l.* for his apprehension. At the first masquerade which the King attended in this country, an unknown lady, in a domino, invited him to drink a glass of wine at one of the side-tables; he readily assented, and the lady filling a bumper, said, "Here, mask, the Pretender's health."—Then filling another glass, she presented it to the King, who received it with a smile, saying, "I drink, with all my heart, to the health of every unfortunate prince."

The person of the King, says Walpole, is as perfect in my memory as if I saw him but yesterday: it was that of an elderly man, rather pale, and exactly like his pictures and coins; not tall, of an aspect rather good than august, with a dark tie wig, a plain coat, waistcoat and breeches, of snuff-coloured cloth, with stockings of the same colour, and a blue riband over all.

He often dined, after shooting, at Sir Robert Walpole's house on Richmond Hill; where he indulged his partiality for punch to such an extent, that the Duchess of Kendal enjoined the Germans who usually accompanied him, to restrain him from drinking too much: but they went about their task with so little address, that the King took offence, and silenced them by the coarsest epithets in their mother tongue.

He appears to have entertained a very low opinion of the political integrity of his courtiers, and the honesty of his household. He laughed at the complaints made by Sir Robert Walpole against the Hanoverians, for selling places; and would not believe that the custom was not sanctioned by his English advisers and attendants. Soon after his first arrival in this country, a favourite cook, whom he had brought from Hanover grew melancholy, and wanted to return home. The King having inquired why he wanted to quit his household, the fellow replied, "I have long served your Majesty honestly, not suffering any thing to be embezzled in your kitchen; but here, the dishes no sooner come from your table, than one steals a fowl, another a pig, a third a joint of meat, a fourth a pie, and so on, till the whole is gone; and I cannot bear to see your Majesty so injured!" The King, laughing heartily, said, "My revenues here enable me to bear these things; and, to reconcile you to your place, do you steal like the rest, and mind you take enough." The cook followed this advice, and soon became a very expert thief.

Toland says, in a pamphlet published about the year 1705, I need give no more particular proof of the King's frugality in laying out the public money, than that all the expenses of his court, as to eating, drinking, fire, candles, and the like, are duly paid every Saturday night; the officers of his army receive their pay every month, and all the civil list are cleared every half year. He was greatly annoyed by the want of confidence in his economy, displayed by his British subjects; lamenting to his private friends that he had left his electorate to become a begging King; and adding, that he thought it very hard to be constantly opposed in his application for supplies, which it was his intention to employ for the benefit of the nation.

The account of the death of George the First was first brought to Walpole, in a dispatch from Townshend, who had accompanied that monarch to the continent. The minister instantly repaired to the palace at Richmond. The new King had then retired to take his usual afternoon nap. On being informed that his father was dead, he could scarcely be brought to put faith in the intelligence, until told that the minister was waiting in the ante-chamber with Lord Townshend's despatch. At length, he received Walpole, who, kneeling, kissed his hand, and inquired whom he would please to appoint

to draw up the address to the Privy Council. "Sir Spencer Compton," replied the King, an answer which signified Sir Robert's dismissal.

DEATH OF QUEEN CAROLINE

When very near her end, she inquired of one of the physicians in attendance, "How long can this last?" "Your Majesty will soon be eased of your pains," was the reply. "The sooner the better," said the Queen: and she then most fervently engaged in extempore prayer. Shortly afterwards, she twice desired that cold water might be thrown over her, to support her strength, while her family put up a final petition in her behalf. "Pray aloud," said she, "that I may hear you." She then faintly joined them in repeating the Lord's prayer; and, at its conclusion, calmly laid down, waved her hand, and expired.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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