

THE
FANCY FAIR;
OR,
GRAND GALA
OF THE
ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.



LONDON:
JOHN HARRIS, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

Thomas John Gregory.

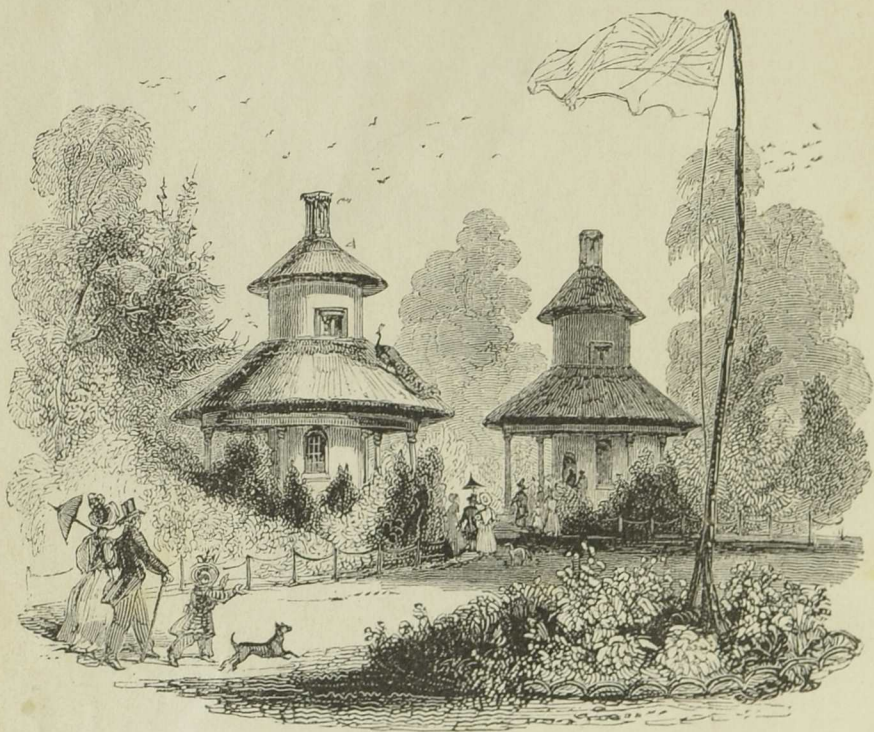
From his Uncle.

J. G. 1839

THE
FANCY FAIR.

Recently Published,
A NEW EDITION OF
THE PEACOCK AT HOME;
AND THE
BUTTERFLY'S BALL.

With Engravings, Price 1s. 6d. coloured.



Page 7.

ENTRANCE LODGE TO THE SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

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FANCY FAIR;
OR,
GRAND GALA
OF THE
ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

WRITTEN IN THE MANNER OF
THE "PEACOCK AT HOME," AND "THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL."

TO AMUSE AND INSTRUCT
READERS OF ALL AGES.

WITH ENGRAVINGS.

LONDON:
JOHN HARRIS, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1832.

THE
FANCY FAIR.

SOME years are elapsed, and some worthies are gone,
Since *Peacocks* and *Butterflies* mimick'd the *ton*,
And gave, in a manner becoming their station,
Their *fêtes* and their *balls* to their fellow-creation.
Then *Roscoe* and *Dorset*, high-talented elves,
Amused other people and solaced themselves,
In describing the revels, the gibes, and the jokes,
Of the creatures of earth, and the feathery folks :
Of their fashion and fancy, the ebbs and the flows,
And the beauty and wit of their belles and their beaux.
But the world has spun round like a peg-top since then,
And imparted more knowledge to brutes and to men ;

New lights and perceptions old customs explode,
 And what is done now, must be done *à-la-mode*.
 Old fashions are fled, and what more can we say
 Than that *Dorset* and *Roscoe* might do for that day,
 But that Poets must deck in more dignified rhymes,
 The wonderful deeds of these wonderful times?
 That *Augusta* may spread her renown and her glory,
 Her famed *Fancy Fairs* must be studded in story,
 And ages unborn learn the elegant Games
 Of the *Gardens* that bloom on the south of the Thames.
 Old *Dryden* the bard was, at best, but a gander,
 In singing the *Feast* of the great *Alexander* ;
 For what breast with the fumes of a banquet is fired
 Two thousand years after the guests have retired?
 Our happier Bard takes the season that suits,
 At the spur of the moment he puts on his boots,
 All hot for *Parnassus*, and cries in a hurry,
 “ Prepare me my *Pegasus* ! ‘ *Saddle white Surrey* ! ”
 It is clear that he feels what his numbers prolong,
 That he warms with his subject, and soars in his song,

But whether his lot be unhonour'd and low,
Or the wreath of the *Laureat* encircles his brow,
With the world to admire him, mysterious elf!
Is a secret of state that he keeps to himself.

But come! *Zoological* wonders require
The strains of his genius, his force, and his fire;
He burns with impatience the scene to display:
Hark away, to the *Gardens of Taste*! Hark away!

The sun, as he rose, was received with a cheer,
From the Herald at Arms, the renown'd *Chanticleer*,
Who proclaim'd, with a feeling of pride in his breast,
That the *Gardens of Surrey* were fairest and best.
Then at once the shrill tidings were borne on the air,
That the dawn had arrived of the famed *Fancy Fair*,
And that all that was lovely, and beauteous, and bright,
Was summon'd to honour that day of delight.

The sunbeam was clear on that lovely retreat;
The breath of the morning was balmy and sweet;
Fair *flowrets*, that vied with the rainbow, were seen,
And *trees* in their livery of liveliest green.

The voice of rejoicing, from children of earth,
Was so mingled with cheerfulness, music and mirth,
That the mind, and the eye, and the ear, and the heart,
Were saluted with pleasure from every part.
A thousand gay faces appear'd in the throng,
And crowds of fair creatures came trooping along,
Till the place, all enliven'd with joy and surprise,
Was lit up with sunbeams and Beauty's bright eyes.
The groups of all ages were gather'd so well,
That they threw o'er the poet and painter a spell,
And the flashes of fancy, wit, feeling, and fire,
Resistless compell'd them to pause and admire.
Much pains had been taken to add to the grace,
And preserve from disorder the pride of the place ;
To keep the fair flowrets from wandering away,
As well as the things that were fairer than they,
For placards were posted, near every spot,
You may stand to '*admire*' me, '*but gather me not.*'

The *Beasts* and the *Birds* were so fresh and so fair,
That they call'd forth the wonder of all who came there,

And the *Boa Constrictors* so slimy and gay,
That they seem'd to have painted themselves for the day.
The *Green-bonnet Monkey*, with speckles bespread,
Was proud of the verdigris tuft on his head ;
For it look'd, as he leap'd in his frolic and joy,
Like the top of the turban of *Rammohun Roy*.
Dame *Tortoise* roam'd over the green and beyond,
For she pass'd on her pilgrimage right to the pond.
As she gazed on the *Crocodile* softly she sigh'd,
Though she thought that his mouth was *a little* too wide.
The *Zebra* look'd sprightly, as every one saw,
And the *African Sheep* and white-footed *Nyl Ghau* ;
And that leaper of leapers, the strange *Kangaroo*,
That is biped and triped and quadruped too,
Who out-juggles *the Juggler*, by hill and by dale ;
For he makes, when he pleases, a leg of his tail.
With a soft, silky aspect, demure and profound,
A tabby Cat wandered the *Gardens* around,
And purr'd her applause with a quiet delight,
As she gazed half entranced on the heart-cheering sight.

Among the rare wonders that caught every eye,
Demanding a glance from the gay passer-by,
Was the *Alpaca*, *Zebu* of Indian race,
And the *Camel*, brought up in that beautiful place.
A dome in the centre deservedly praised,
Transparent as crystal, was artfully raised,
Where African *Lions*, and *Tigers* untamed,
And *Sloths* and *Hyenas*, for savageness famed,
And *Leopards* and *Ladies*, and *Monsters* and *Men*,
Securely might meet in the very same pen.

The crowd still increased on that magical ground,
And thousands and thousands came trooping around.
The *haut ton* and *beau monde* paced about debonair,
Tall and short, *enbonpoint*, slender, sunburnt, and fair,
While Hatred and Anger and Care fled away,
And light hearts and bright eyes were the charm of the day.
Then the painted *balloon* in its glory was bright,
And it mounted on high till it sail'd out of sight.
The *Juggler*, with tricks and illusions, came forth,
And the *Russians* with *musical horns* from the North,



THE EAGLE ROCK—SURREY GARDENS.

Transporting enough to make *Orpheus* mute :
 As loud as the trumpet, as soft as the lute,
 They fill'd every bosom, absorbing them quite,
 And the *reeds* seem'd to burden the air with delight.
 Such strains have rung round me in seasons gone by
 When escaped from the cloister I mused with a sigh,
 And listed awhile to the balm-shedding breeze,
 As it fitfully swept through the sedge and the trees,
 And plaintively whisper'd, with musical power,
 O'er the " soft-flowing Avon " at evening hour.
 And now the fair parties, with Mirth for their guide,
 And light-hearted Laughter, a moment divide,
 And gaze on the *Eagles*, the *old ruin'd wall*,
 The *Boat-house*, the *Temple*, the *Hermitage*, all,
 Reproved, when their pleasure too freely they quaff,
 By that *memento mori*, the *Afric Giraffe*.*

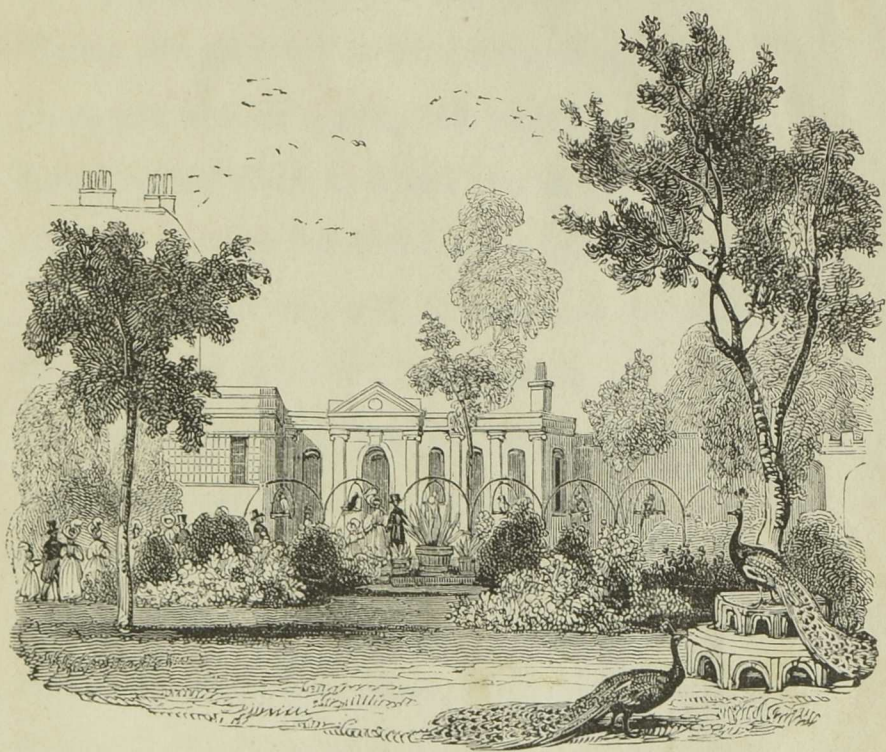
Some visit the laughing-bird, called *Cockatoo*,
 Who drops them a courtesy, and cries " How d'ye do ? "

* The skeleton of the Giraffe was exhibited in the Gardens on this occasion.

Or Mungo, the *negro*, who quaintly and sly
Takes his tea, cayenne pepper, and cold apple-pie.
Some gaze on the *Cygnets* that glide like a dream,
And bend down to admire their fair forms in the stream ;
Some laugh at their fancies, or muse on a flower,
And all are delighted, so happy the hour.
Wouldst thou gaze with emotions far purer than mirth
On one of the fairest creations of earth,
Go at even, and breathe the pure breath of the breeze,
From the *seat* by the *Lake*, 'neath those wild *Willow-trees*.
New pleasures succeeded ; the spell was of power
That Variety threw o'er the varying hour,
And a change of enjoyment was found by the train
In losing and finding each other again.
The *dancing* commenced, and the Fair, beyond praise,
As light as the gossamer, tripp'd through the maze.
What warm salutations ! what laughing aloud !
What sounds of enjoyment were heard in the crowd !
But who were the worthies who moved with a grace
And demeanour, as though they belong'd to the place ?

Prince Eglantine *Eagle*, with lightning-like glare,
Threw a glance all around him to see who was there ;
To the *Pelican* Princesses, bent his head low,
As they proudly pass'd by with their bosoms of snow.
Duke *Emu*, too, gazed on the heart-cheering sight,
And Earl Hildebrand *Harpy*, so famous in fight ;
While the figure that walk'd so erect, I suppose,
Was Sir Peregrine *Penguin*—I judge by his nose.
Viscount *Stork*, as he strutted about, gave a beck
To Earl *Vulture*, who wears no cravat round his neck ;
And the *Bishop* was there, though he stood rather back,
Array'd in his robes of red, orange, and black.
Sir Archibald *Ostrich* moved on rather chary,
And lean'd on his cousin the Count *Cassowary*,
Discoursing of *Java*, and far distant lands,
And African *Deserts*, and hot burning sands.
Old warrior *Flamingo* came limping along,
And with Commodore *Cormorant* join'd in the throng,
Profoundly debating, with Major *Maccaw*,
The merits of martial and maritime law.

Earl *Heron* walk'd stately with Caroline *Crane*,
And Field-marshal *Falcon*, of valour so vain ;
While Captain *Crown Pigeon*, so odd in his tread,
Shook the quaking-grass tuft on his fanciful head.
Lord *Peacock*, from *Asia*, came dress'd very fine—
His musical taste ne'er accorded with mine ;
And the learn'd Baron *Buzzard*, who gravely decided,
That game when once caught, should be fairly divided.
The grenadier, Captain *Curassow*, was drest
In his helmet, and held up his head with the best ;
While Fatima *Pheasant*, from China, display'd
Her Pekin pelisse of bright silver brocade.
Count *Turkey* expanded the finery that bound him,
And gabbled high Dutch to the people around him.
His Honour the *Hawk*, loved a lark and a race,
So he hover'd about near the courts of the place.
Colonel *Kite* spoke of sporting—of young *ducks* and
widgeons,
And plann'd a new pent-house for *Ring-doves* and
Pigeons.



THE LAWN—SURREY GARDENS.

At the edge of the water, and hard by the sluice,
Tête-à-tête Doctor *Drake* sat with old Gammer *Goose*,
And Sir Christopher *Crow* wore a coat on his back,
Of a true Day and Martin-like polish of black.
Mother *Magpie* and Priscilla *Parrot*, in spite,
Could talk without ceasing from morning to night ;
Spread abroad *Entre nous*' and *On dits* by the score,
All the news they had heard, and a hundred times more.

A multitude muster'd, escaped from the plains,
Of sight-loving lasses and holiday swains :
Bob *Bantam* push'd forward and strutted before ;
Will *Woodpecker* modestly tapp'd at the door ;
Poor *Robin*, the rustic, a countrified clown,
As he blush'd, look'd too simple by half for the town.
There were scores in brown mantles, black, yellow, or green,
From the villages round, and among them were seen,
Luke *Linnet*, Sam *Swallow*, Mat *Martin*, and then,
Bill *Bullfinch*, Tom *Titmouse*, and Rosanna *Wren*.
But however select the fair party may be,
Where beauty and fashion preside, we shall see

Some characters doubtful that all should beware,
And it can't be denied that a few such were there.
Those cut-throats the *Sparrows*, that robber the *Daw*,
Who was pluck'd for his open contempt of the law ;
The pilferer *Cuckoo*, whom all must despise,
And the chattering *Jay*, who tells nothing but lies ;
While the green-mantled, light-hearted *Lovebirds*, 'tis said,
Had been sipping too much, for their noses were red.

How often it is, when the sun is most bright,
That a dark cloud approaches obscuring his light !
Alas ! 'tis the same with all earthly affairs,
And pleasure gives place to a dark crowd of cares.
The *Trees* were all lively, the *Beasts* were content,
And the beautiful *Birds* on their pleasure were bent,
Nothing doubting the multitude, struck with amaze,
Came to gaze on their beauty and speak in their praise ;
When they saw that the crowd by degrees had retired,
And that they left alone were no longer admired ;
They gazed on the *Booths* that were aptly design'd
To display the fair merchandize art had combined ;

They look'd on the spot in wrath, spleen, and despair,
Rank, Beauty, Taste, Fashion, and *Fancy* were there,
And the multitudes round such attractions preferr'd
To a gambolling *beast* or a chattering *bird*.
Now Envy first enter'd the fair feather'd race,
And invective and dissonance rung round the place,
Their pleasure, their pride, and contentment were o'er,
And Discord presided where Peace was before.

In the midst of the hubbub and riot around,
The *Trees* were absorb'd in a silence profound,
Till the busy *Dwarf Medlar* began to explain
His rooted dislike to the booth-loving train.
He branch'd out in florid descriptions to show
That they all ought to stand on their stumps in a row
In defence of their rights, now that *underlings* drew
That applause and renown which had long been their due.
Then the *Oak* raised his head, rather hoary with age,
And shook his broad arms in the air in a rage,
And exhorted them all, with a feeling of pride,
To maintain their ground firmly, whate'er might betide.

The *Giant Elm* follow'd, and proudly look'd down
On the pitiful plots of their foes with a frown.
The *Ash*, pale with anger, derided "the crew,"
And the smooth-temper'd *Purple Beech* look'd rather blue.
The *Chesnut* grew heated, and roasted them well ;
And bitter the taunts of the *Almond*-tree fell.
The *Apple* and *Pear* both maintain'd in their spleen,
That the fruit of their folly would shortly be seen.
The *Laburnum*, the *Lime*, and the *Beech*, seem'd afraid,
But the *Hawthorn* was pointed in all that she said,
And the threats of the *Elder* were heard to abound—
Like pellets from popguns they rattled around.
Discontented and moody the *Drooping Larch* lower'd,
The *Crab* knit his brows, for his temper was sour'd ;
While the *Birch*-tree declared that the ill-fated elves,
Their opponents, were making a rod for themselves.
With wrath and vexation the *Maple* ran o'er ;
The *Aspen*-tree trembled, the *Willow* wept sore ;
The *Tulip*-tree blush'd, and the *Sumach*-tree sigh'd,
And the *Dyer's Oak* thought it a stain on their pride.

The *Fir* stood erect, for he seem'd to opine
That their sun for a very brief season would shine ;
While the well-meaning *Walnut*, foreboding their fall,
Crack'd a joke, for he cared not a fig for them all.
The *Poplar* drew up with a feeling of scorn,
And the *Cypress* looked sad, and the *Yew* was forlorn.
The *Plane* smoothly spoke, and the *Hazel* the same,
But the *Scarlet Oak* redden'd with anger and shame.
At last they resolved to blot out the disgrace,
To stand fast by each other adorning the place ;
No longer their loss of applause to bemoan,
But to come out next Spring with a Fair of their own.

While the war-whoop was raised by the *Birds* and the *Trees*,
The *Beasts* were impatient to blow up a breeze.
The *Lion* began with a royal bewail,
And furiously lash'd both his sides with his tail.
As he stalk'd through his den, his wild eyes glared around,
And his roar seem'd to come from far under the ground.
His anger, disdain, and despair wanted scope,
So he wish'd himself back at the Cape of Good Hope.

The *Tiger* extended, in uttering a roar,
A mouth that you might have mistook for the door ;
But in such a dilemma, I warn you, beware
How you enter in haste such a dark thoroughfare ;
For all who have pass'd through the passage, they say,
Have terribly painted their coats by the way.
Poor *Bruin* declared 'twas unbearable quite,
And was in a brown study till day turn'd to night ;
The *Axis* turn'd round in his rage, and just then
The *Sloth* look'd as black as the ink in my pen.
The soft, silky, self-colour'd *Puma* felt pain,
Pale as ashes with anger he could not restrain ;
The *Llama* indignantly felt the disgrace,
And spirted saliva in every one's face ;
In fury the *Mastiff* bark'd loud for relief ;
The poor patient *Camel* was laden with grief ;
The *Antelope* wisely eloped from the fray,
But the *Springbok* was book'd for the rest of the day.
The wrath of the *Leopard* then rose on the gale,
And broke out in dark spots from his head to his tail ;

The *Civet Cat* mew'd, and did nothing but fret,
And the stripes of the *Zebra* were blacker than jet ;
The *Opossum* was posed, and looked wondrously sage,
And the *Red Coati Mondi* turned sallow with rage ;
The *Hyæna* declared in a quarrelsome mood,
He would instantly break through his den—if he could :
And the *Moose Deer* in ire would have bit his lip through,
But he found it already divided in two.

The Schoolmaster *Porcupine* rang, too, the chimes,—
He declared that he'd send an address to '*the Times* ;'
Nay, write all his quills to their stumps ere he'd stand
As a laughing-stock thus, to the rest of the land.

When the *Fair* was concluded, and all the gay throng
Had abandon'd the feast, and the dance, and the song,
In quest of a calmer enjoyment to roam,
For "Home," after every enjoyment, "is Home !"
The *Trees* toss'd their heads, 'tween the earth and the heavens,
And the *Birds* and the *Beasts* were at sixes and sevens.

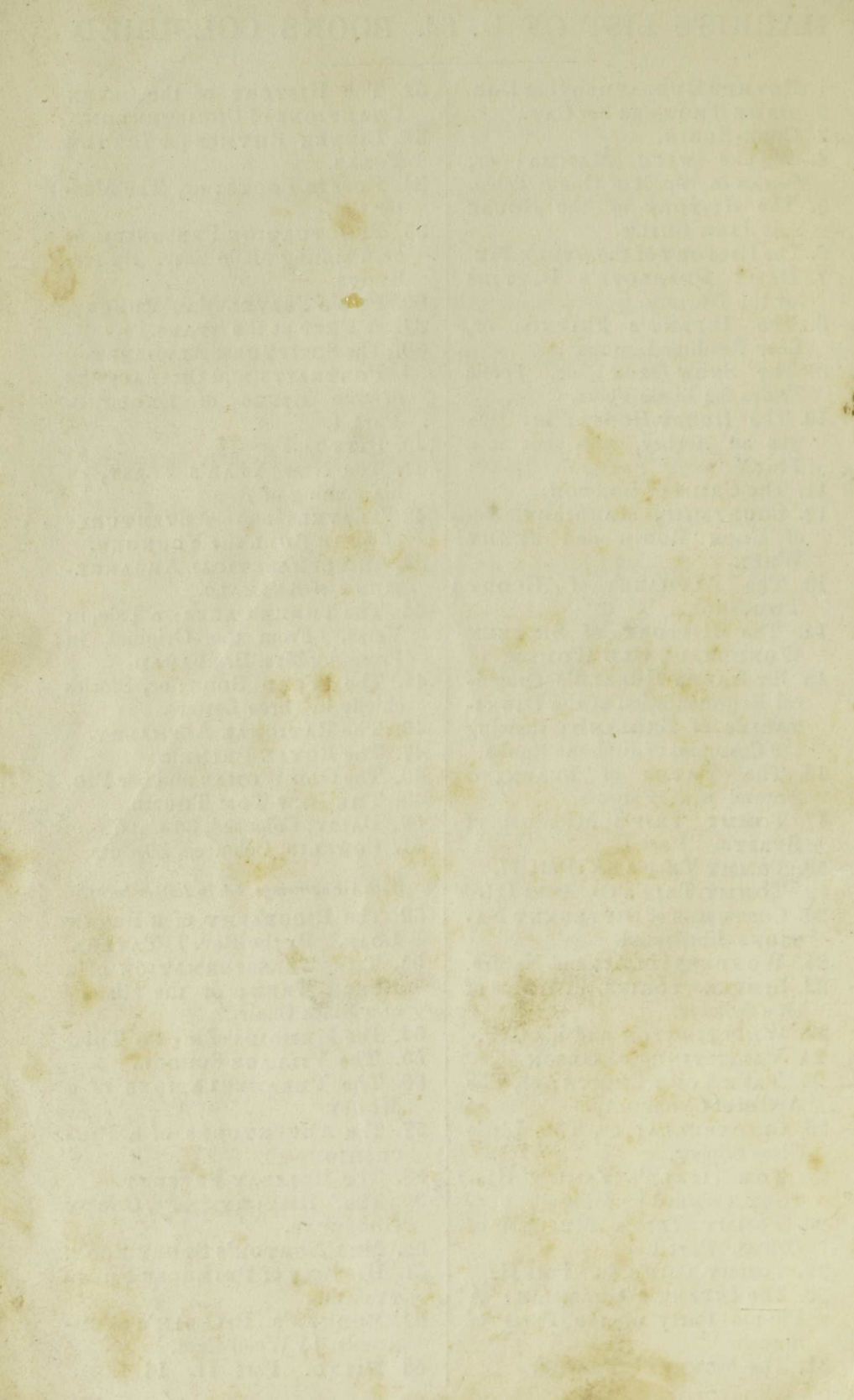
But amid the confusion, the hubbub, and din,
All remember'd the proverb, "*they laugh most who win !*"

This was certainly true at the famed *Fancy Fair* ;
Mr. Cross * was, they say, the most pleasant man there.
Let us hope, then, his genius was happily led
To allay the rude storm that hung over his head ;—
That the future his spirited plans will repay
Through many a gladsome and prosperous day ;—
Make true the old saw, “ *All is well that well ends,*”
And *Bipeds* and *Quadrupeds* once more be friends.

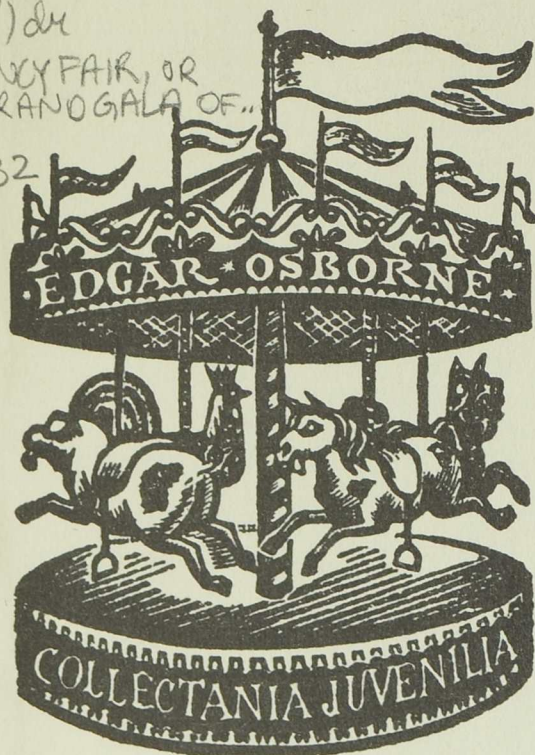
* The spirited Proprietor of the Surrey Zoological Gardens.

THE END.

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