

YE 01578



Alexander Henry Browne.



Alexander Browne  
of  
Callaly Castle

















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POETICAL SKETCHES

OF

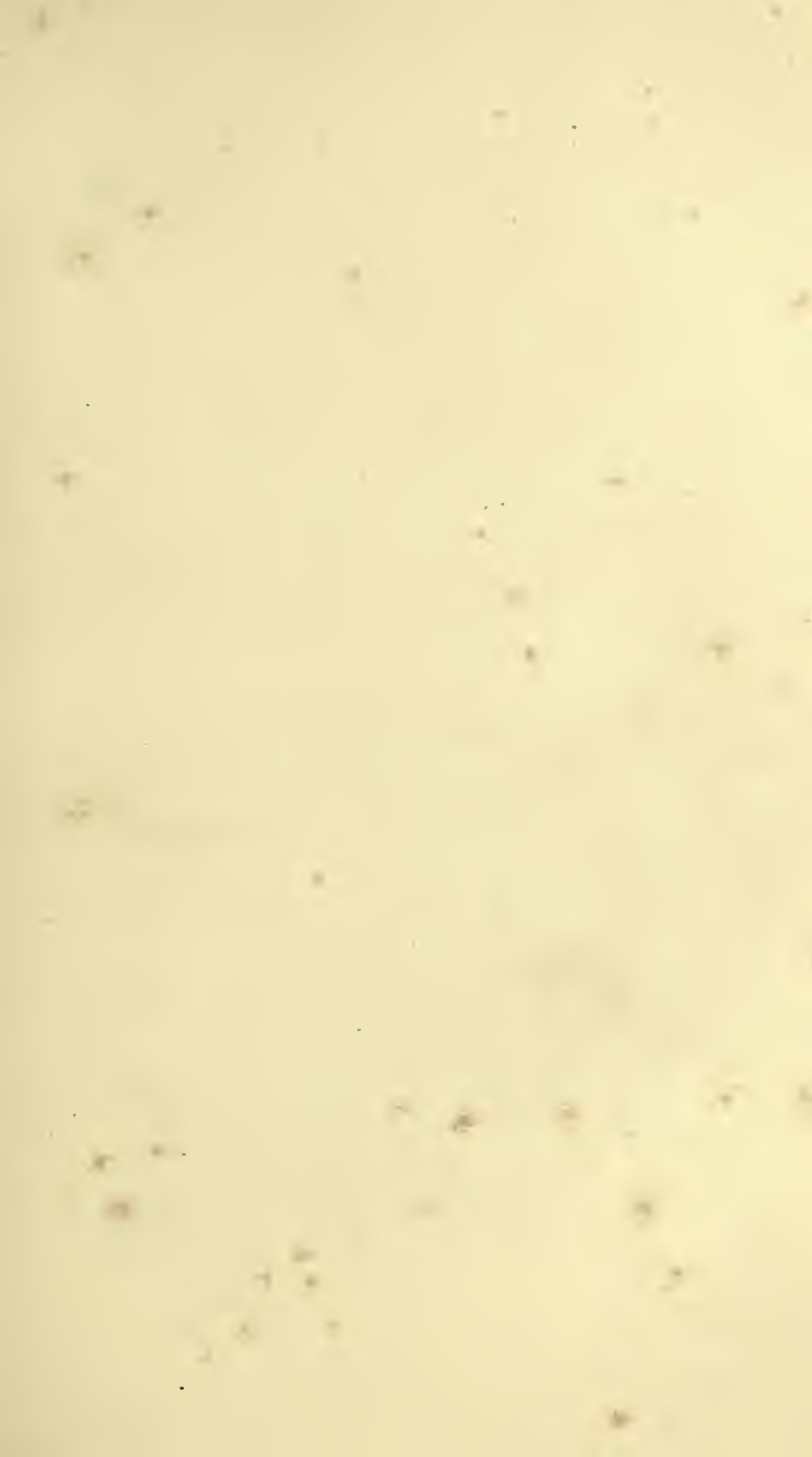
SCARBOROUGH

1813

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

*This Large Paper Edition is limited to 60 Copies,  
numbered, and type distributed.*

No. *47*.....





*J. Green del.*

WIDOW DUCKER & HER NYMPHS.



Papworth, John Burroughs

POETICAL SKETCHES

OF

SCARBOROUGH

IN 1813

ILLUSTRATED BY  
TWENTY-ONE PLATES OF HUMOROUS SUBJECTS  
COLOURED BY HAND

*From Original Designs*

MADE UPON THE SPOT BY J. GREEN AND ETCHED BY T. ROWLANDSON

DRIFFIELD:  
FRANK FAWCETT.

1893



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WITH  
SENTIMENTS OF GRATEFUL RESPECT  
FOR HIS  
VALUABLE ASSISTANCE,  
THIS  
WORK IS INSCRIBED  
TO THE  
REV. FRANCIS WRANGHAM, *M.A., F.R.S.*,  
VICAR OF HUNMANBY, NEAR  
SCARBOROUGH,  
BY HIS MUCH OBLIGED,  
HUMBLE SERVANT,  
*JAMES GREEN.*



## PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

THE present work is a fac-simile in reprint of a book published in the first quarter of the present century, when the pleasures of watering-places were only attainable by the privileged few.

It is unique as a poetical and pictorial *exposé* of the manners, customs and amusements, of the opulent, the gay and the infirm, who frequented Scarborough; when George the Third was King; and when as yet the stage-coach was the most potent factor in the way of locomotion.

The original publication ran through several editions, and the one here reproduced, is a replica of the annotated edition of 1813, with its historical prelude.

The coloured plates bear the unmistakable impress of the hand of Thomas Rowlandson. This is strikingly apparent in the representation of the Venerable Arch-deacon Wrangham in the ball-room plate,

*Publisher's Preface.*

which curiously resembles the celebrated figure of Doctor Syntax.

Apart from the illustrations—and here we must not ignore the excellent initial work of J. Green—there is a remarkable trinity of talent embodied in the letterpress, in the names of Wrangham, Papworth and Combe.

Archdeacon Wrangham—the scholar, the country parson and the gentleman. J. B. Papworth—no less cultured; with a pen equally facile in descriptive verse; and William Combe—of Doctor Syntax fame—the English Le Sage, and the most varied and voluminous writer of any age. These were the prominent *dramatis personæ* who in collaboration, formed the syndicate which resulted in the production of “Poetical Sketches of Scarborough,” in 1813.

## ADVERTISEMENT.



*T H E* originals of the plates introduced into this volume were sketches made as SOUVENIRS of the place during a visit to Scarborough in the season of 1812. They were not intended for publication, but being found to interest many persons of taste, several of whom expressed a desire to possess engravings of them; and some gentlemen having offered to add metrical illustrations to each, the present form of publication was adopted.

The kind reception which the first edition of the POETIC SKETCHES met with from the public demands the best acknowledgments of the parties who produced them:—by correcting the errors occurring from the haste with which the volume was written, an attempt has been made to render the present edition somewhat more worthy of the Library.






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SOME ACCOUNT  
OF  
SCARBOROUGH.



SCARBOROUGH, about 214 miles distant from Loudon and 40 from York, is situated in the south-east corner of the North-Riding of Yorkshire, at the bottom of a beautiful bay, from which it rises in the form of a crescent, on a slope of a bald and varied shore, presenting several points of great elevation.— It is sheltered on the north-east by a lofty and precipitous rock surrounded by the sea, except on the west side. This rock contains on it's summit a level area of nineteen acres, on which stand the ruins of the castle. The town is well built, but from it's romantic situation, regularity cannot be expected. The principal streets of the upper town are spacious and handsome, particularly Queen Street, Long Room Street, and Newborough. The latter, which may be considered as the main or high street, is about 1000 feet in length, 50 wide, and has on each side an excellent flagged pavement 9 feet broad. In regard to beauty of situation, the New Buildings on the

Cliff stand unrivalled. As lodging-houses, for which purpose they were originally built, they are commodious and elegant, and in summer are agreeably refreshed by the breezes from the sea. The terrace, in front, elevated near 100 feet above the level of the sands, commands a variety of delightful prospects.—According to the enumeration of 1811, Scarborough contains 6570 resident inhabitants.

How long this town has enjoyed the privileges of a Corporation is not known: the first charter extant was granted by Henry II. in 1181; but the municipal constitution has frequently been changed. The corporate body has, since the accession of William III., consisted of two bailiffs, a recorder, two coroners, four chamberlains, and 36 common-council-men. The Duke of Rutland is the present recorder.

In 11 Edward I. 1282, Scarborough first began to exercise the right of returning two members to serve in Parliament. By a decision of the House of Commons, in April 1736, it was determined that the right of election belongs exclusively to the Corporation. The present members are the Hon. General Edward Phipps, and the Right Hon. Charles Manners Sutton.

Scarborough is considered, by most writers, as a place of great antiquity; and, from its name, which signifies “the Town on the Cliff,” is thought to have been known to the Saxons, if not also to their Roman

prodecessors. This conjecture, however, but ill agrees with the silence of Domesday Book, in which record no mention is made of this place; but to account for that circumstance, it has been suggested that the ravages of the Danes, the destructive contests of the Northumbrian princes, and the vindictive policy of William the Conqueror, who laid waste a great part of Yorkshire, might then have reduced it to a miserable state of obscurity,

As a town, Scarborough is little known in history, except so far as it was connected with its Castle built in the reign of King Stephen, (about 1136) by William le Gros, Earl of Albemarle and Holderness. The principal events relating to this edifice are recapitulated in a distinct Canto of the following Poem. The present remains afford but a faint idea of the ancient strength of this important fortress, which was proved in several memorable sieges. It was, nevertheless, taken during the reign of Queen Mary, in a manner that gave rise to a proverbial expression still commonly used in the neighbourhood: "Scarborough warning; a word and a blow, but the blow first!"—In 1553, Mr. Thomas Stafford, second son of Lord Stafford, having joined the party of Sir Thomas Wyatt, the Duke of Suffolk, and other insurgents against the authority of the Queen, formed a plan for surprising the Castle. He repaired to the town on a market-day, and under the most unsuspecting appearances, was permitted to enter the fortress

where he strolled about with a careless air, as if merely to gratify curiosity. About thirty of his followers disguised as peasants, with market-baskets on their arms, also gained admittance; and selecting a favourable opportunity, secured all the sentinels at the same moment, seized the gate, and admitted their remaining companions, who under the exterior garb of countrymen had concealed arms. Short, however, was the triumph of Mr. Stafford, who retained possession of the Castle only three days, when it was recovered by the Earl of Westmoreland with a considerable force. The leader of the insurgents, with four others was sent to London, where being arraigned and convicted of high treason, he was beheaded.

During the civil wars under Charles I. Scarborough sustained two sieges from the parliamentary forces, The first of these, which lasted a whole year, was not less remarkable for the gallant defence made by the governor Sir Hugh Cholmley, than for the heroic spirit displayed by his lady, "who," we are told, "would not forsake him; but, determined on facing all danger, continued with him the twelve months during the siege of the town and castle. She endured much hardship, yet with little show of trouble; and in the greatest danger would never be daunted, but showed a courage above her sex." She was indefatigable in her attentions to the sick; "and when Sir Johu Meldrum (who commanded the besiegers) had sent propositions to Sir Hugh, with menaces

“that if they were not accepted, he would that night  
 “be master of all the works and castle, and in case  
 “one of his men’s blood was shed would not give  
 “quarter to man or woman, but put all to the sword;  
 “Lady Cholmley, conceiving Sir Hugh would more  
 “relent therein, in respect of her being there,  
 “came to him and prayed him, that he would not,  
 “for any consideration of her, do aught which might  
 “be prejudicial to his own honour or the king’s af-  
 “fairs.” Her enthusiasm was not shared by the  
 other females in the town, who according to a *Rela-*  
*tion of the Surrender*, “could hardly be kept from  
 “stoning Sir Hugh.”

It appears that in 1666, many prisoners of state  
 were confined here. Among them was George Fox,  
 the celebrated founder of the sect of the Quakers,  
 who in his Memoirs speaks of three different rooms  
 in which he was imprisoned. One of them looked  
 toward the sea, and “laying much open, the wind  
 “drove in the rain forcibly, so that the water came  
 “over his bed and ran about the room, so that he was  
 “fain to skim it up with a platter.” In enumerat-  
 ing his sufferings and persecutions he states, that “a  
 “three-penny loaf lasted him three weeks, and some-  
 “times longer; and most of his drink was water,  
 “with wormwood steeped in it.”

The ravages of time, and two destructive sieges,  
 reduced this fortress to little better than a mass of

ruins; and it lay in a neglected state till the rebellion in 1745, when it was hastily put into temporary repair, so as merely to prevent a surprise, and made a depôt for military stores. The following year the present barracks contiguous to the castle-wall, capable of accommodating 120 men besides officers, were built. At the same time a battery of twelve eighteen-ponnders was erected on the declivity of the hill facing the haven; and lest the firing of the guns should bring down the lofty but ruined Charles' tower, which stood on the projecting angle above, it was wholly demolished.

Of four monasteries and two hospitals, formerly existing at Scarborough, no vestiges worthy of notice remain, except part of the church of St. Mary, which originally belonged to a convent of White or Carmelite friars, founded by Edward II. and suppressed by Henry V. It was afterwards converted into a parish church, and is now the only edifice in the town for divine worship according to the rites of the Church of England. During the first siege of the Castle under Charles I., the besiegers made a lodgment in this church, which was then very extensive, and its lofty towers enabled them greatly to annoy the garrison, who however returned their fire with such vigour and judgment, as soon obliged the enemy to abandon their post: but the edifice suffered much on this occasion. From the preamble to a brief obtained 12 Charles II. 1660, for rebuilding



this church, it appears that during this siege, “two  
“very fair churches were by the violence of cannon  
“beaten down; and that in one day there were  
“threescore pieces of ordnance discharged against  
“the steeple of the upper church of St. Mary, and  
“the choir thereof quite beaten down, and the stee-  
“ple thereof so shaken that notwithstanding the en-  
“deavours of the inhabitants to repair the same, the  
“steeple and the bells on the 10th day of October  
“last fell, and brought down with it most part of the  
“same church.” By the assistance of the brief,  
and other contributions, part of the body of the  
church and the tower, which now stands at the east  
end, were built in 1669 on the foundations and ruins  
of the old fabric. The other church, destroyed  
by the fire from the castle, during the siege, was  
that of St. Thomas, which had been converted into  
a magazine by the forces of the parliament.

The town abounds with Dissenters; Presbyterians,  
Quakers, Baptists, Methodists, and Roman Catho-  
lics; all of whom have their respective places for  
religious worship.

The attractions which Scarborough presents to the  
invalid, are two-fold: namely, it's mineral waters and  
sea-bathing. The properties of the former were dis-  
covered about the year 1620 by a lady resident in  
this town, and the waters have ever since been held  
in high estimation. The Spa is pleasantly situated

on the sea shore at the foot of the cliffs, a little to the south of the town, and consists of two wells, one of which is more purgative and the other more chalybeate. The former, commonly called the Scarborough Water, contains in a gallon 52 grains of calcareous earth, 2 of ochre, and 266 of vitriolated magnesia. The chalybeate has, in the same quantity of water, 70 grains of calcareous earth, 139 of vitriolated magnesia, and 11 of marine salt. When these waters are poured from one glass into another, they throw up a number of bubbles which shows that they contain much fixed air. At the fountain they have both a brisk pungent chalybeate taste, but the purgative is also somewhat bitter. From two to four half pints is the quantity usually drunk. They have been found particularly beneficial in hectic fevers, weakness of the stomach, and indigestion; in relaxations of the system; in nervous, hysteric, and hypochondriac disorders; in scurvy, asthmatic complaints, habitual costiveness, and sexual indispositions.

In December 1737, this celebrated Spa was lost for a time by a singular incident. It is situated fronting the sea to the east, under a high cliff, the top of which is 54 yards above the high-water level. The staith or wharf projecting before the Spa-house was a mass of stones bound by timbers, and forming a fence for the security of the building. It was 76 feet long, 14 high, and in weight by computation 2463 tons. On Wednesday, December 28th, in the

morning, a great crack was heard from the cellar of the Spa-house; and upon search the cellar was found to be rent, but no farther notice was then taken of the circumstance. The night following, another crack was heard, and next day between two and three in the afternoon a third; when the top of the Cliff behind it rent 224 yards in length and 36 in breadth, and was all in motion, slowly descending and so continued till dark. The ground thus rent contained about an acre of pasture-land, and had cattle then feeding upon it, but had sunk nearly 17 yards perpendicular. The sides of the Cliff nearest to the Spa stood as before, but were rent and broken in many places, and forced forward to the sea about 20 yards. The ground, thus sunk, lay upon a level; and next morning the cattle were still feeding upon it, the main land forming a wall on the west, and some part of the side of the Cliff a wall on the east; but the whole exhibited such a scene of confusion as could scarcely be described. As the ground sunk, the earth or sand under the Cliff for above one hundred yards in length on each side of the staith rose in some places six, in others seven yards above it's former level. The Spa-wells rose with it, but the water ceased running. Fortunately for the town after a diligent search, when the ruins had been cleared away, the spring was again found, and on trial it appeared that the water was rather improved than injured by the accident.

The present building was erected in 1739, at the expense of the Corporation. Here a person under the name of Governor resides during the season, to superintend the accommodations provided for the company, and receive the subscription of 7*s.* 6*d.* from each person, one-third of which is appropriated to the women who serve the waters, and the rest to the Corporation, toward defraying the expense of the house, platform, and walk.

The shore, being a fine hard sand, is consequently well adapted for bathing; and at low water is, also, much frequented for walking and riding. The number of bathing-machines kept here is about forty, the regular charge for which is one shilling each time, but at your departure the attendants expect a gratuity nearly equal to the whole sum paid to their masters. The sudden tides, and short breakings of the sea, which often come with great impetuosity, render it adviseable to employ guides and machines.

On the Cliff are two commodious suites of rooms for warm sea-water bathing, both established by surgeons of the town; and, in 1812, a General Sea-Bathing Infirmary was instituted upon the plan of that at Margate, for the benefit of the diseased poor.

Scarborough possesses as many sources of amusement, as are to be met with in the generality of simi-

lar places of public resort. The Assembly Room in Long-Room Street, is not distinguished either for beauty or elegance; but it is commodious, and sufficient for the reception of a large company. It is open for dancing on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; subscribers paying one guinea for the season, and non-subscribers five shillings each night. The Theatre is very neat, the performance in general well executed, and the scenic decorations are much admired.—The Circulating Libraries, for a very moderate subscription contribute to furnish a pleasing variety of rational entertainment.

Fishing, as well as sailing, may be reckoned among the amusements of the visitors to Scarborough. The apparatus for fishing in the sea, with proper attendants, may readily be procured: but to such as prefer angling, the river Derwent, a mile from the town, presents a favourable opportunity.

Exercise, that grand specific against numberless disorders may be enjoyed at Scarborough in almost any weather. After the heaviest showers, the flagged pavements and the gravel walks on the Cliff are dry in a few minutes; and the sands to the north and south of the town afford abundant opportunity for riding, driving, and walking. The south sands are most frequented on account of the Spa, their proximity to the best part of the town, and their facility of access: but those who love quiet and medi-

tation will probably prefer the north sands, where the view of the Castle is highly pleasing and impressive.

A considerable addition has recently been made to the accommodations for public exercise, by the enclosure of Weaponness Hill, or Mount Oliver; round which has been made a driving road winding to a fine level plain on its summit, which commands a very extensive view. This hill is situated a little to the south-west of the town, which it overlooks, and received the latter appellation from a mistaken notion that Cromwell here erected batteries against the Castle during the siege in 1644-5.

Not far from the Town-gate, which is used as a prison, is a spacious ornamental garden, where such as choose to subscribe may enjoy an agreeable walk during the season at a trifling expense. Pearson's garden also, at Falsgrave, a small hamlet at the distance of about a mile, commands some beautiful views of the sea, the castle, and the vicinity.

The rocks and shores are capable of affording ample gratification to the naturalist. The variety of sea-weed, corallines, pebbles, and petrifications which they furnish is very considerable; but persons, who prefer a less fatiguing mode of collecting, may purchase very good specimens at the shops in the town.



The original pier at Scarborough was of very ancient construction; but its date cannot be precisely ascertained. A new one now erecting, and of which about 40 feet are finished every year, will be upward of 1240 feet in length. Many of the stones employed in this work weigh 20 or 30 tons each: they are procured from the quarry of White Nabb, an opposite point about two miles to the south of the harbour. This quarry is a great natural curiosity, the strata lying as regularly as if artificially deposited, in order to their being taken up and applied with greater facility.

Among the charitable institutions of this town are several schools for the education of poor children. The Amicable Society, instituted in 1729, consists of 250 members, under whose auspices 37 boys and 22 girls receive instruction. In the Spinning School, 20 girls are educated and clothed. The School of Industry is not only supported like the preceding, but superintended by the Ladies of Scarborough. Lastly, the Lancasterian School erected in 1810, near the North-cliff, is capable of accommodating 450 children.

On an airy hill on the road to Peasholme stands an Hospital for the relief of aged and disabled seamen, which is an appendage to, and under the government of the Trinity House, London. Its funds arise from a rate on ships belonging to the Port,

and a deduction of six-pence per month from the pay of each of their hands.

Scarborough has some foreign trade, and builds a considerable number of ships, many of which are now chartered to government; and others are employed in the East and West-India, coasting, and coal trades. Considerable quantities of corn, potatoes, dried fish, and other articles of commerce are exported coast-wise. Here are likewise a sail-cloth manufactory, and three rope-walks.

The fishery affords employment, as might naturally be expected, to many of the industrious inhabitants. The fishermen of this place are, perhaps, not more superstitious than those of other towns on our coast; but it is remarked of them, that when proceeding to sea on their usual business, they will not upon any account, utter a single word. All their preparations therefore, as well as the embarkation, are carried on with the most profound silence and gravity. Significant signs alone express whatever is necessary; and this pantomime does not terminate till they arrive on the fishing-ground. A new ship is by no means suffered to go to sea on a Friday, and neither omens nor lucky and unlucky days are yet struck out of the fishermen's traditional calendar.

The fish-market is held on the sands, by the sides of the boats, which at low-water are frequently run



up on wheels with a sail set and conducted by the fishermen, who dispose of their cargoes in the following curious manner:—One of the female fishmongers inquires the price, and bids a groat. The fishermen ask a sum in the opposite extreme: the one bids up, and the other reduces the demand till they meet at a reasonable point, when the bidder suddenly exclaims “*Het!*” This practice seems to be borrowed from the Dutch. The purchase is afterward retailed among the regular or occasional surrounding customers.

A Life-boat, on Mr. Greathead’s plan, was built here in 1801, and has proved the means of saving many vessels and valuable lives. It is kept in a building recently erected on the road to the Spa, where on application it may be inspected.







*J. Green del.*

A TRIP TO SCARBORO.

# SCARBOROUGH.

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## THE STAGE COACH AND ARRIVAL.

---

**H**AIL, SCARBOROUGH! whose castled steep  
Frowns o'er the vast expansive deep;  
When Ocean wild assails thy shores,  
And loud the raging tempest roars,  
When thunders roll and lightnings fly  
In vivid terrors through the sky,  
Thou bravest with gigantic form  
The malice of the angry storm!

Hail, Scarborough! whose shore invites  
To Pleasure's innocent delights;  
Whose springs the invitation give  
To all who seek in health to live,

Who for a few short weeks prepare  
To leave behind a load of care,  
Or for a summer month to see  
The world, and its variety.  
To those, whom Fate has thought it meet  
To wedge within the crowded street,  
How great the joy to view the scene,  
The yellow strand—the ocean green—  
The sparkling wave—the swelling sail  
That spreads to catch the favoring gale,  
Which from thy bold commanding brow  
The eye delighted seeks below.  
He who for nine months lives at home,  
When duty bids him not to roam,  
May on thy shore from business free,  
Rejoice to pass the other three:  
And thus, by Reason's rule, appear  
To fill the measure of the year.  
Whatever cause the votary brings  
To thy salt waves and healthful springs,  
If 'tis to join the dance and song,  
And in gay sports the hours prolong;  
Yet still, within thy festive bowers,  
Health regulates the joyous hours

Discretion mingles with the train  
 And Dissipation's sickly reign  
 Corrupts not thy remote domain.

}

Besides, the philosophic eye  
 Smiles ev'n beneath the northern sky,  
 And will within thy limits scan  
 The whimsicalities of man:  
 Nay, while th' expansive view delights  
 Of thy wide seas and rocky heights,  
 And while thy pleasures mild and free  
 Display their chaste variety,  
 The curious and inquiring mind  
 In thy promiscuous crowd may find  
 The virtues, as the whims, that grace  
 And variegate the human race.

To paint thy scenery grand and gay,  
 And blend the living forms that stray  
 In Nature's or in Pleasure's way,

}

The Muse proceeds;—nor swerves from truth,  
 Or in the sketch of age or youth;  
 But thus portrays what she, in reason,  
 Fancies may happen every season.

Cramm'd in a coach just built for four,  
 And outside,—twice as many more:

A fine young man, just fresh from college,  
Of modest worth and classic knowledge  
Edmund, a title known to fame,  
And though no *titles* decked the name,  
He needed not the herald's art  
To grace or dignify his heart ;  
A man of wealth, and his sage mate—  
Mr. and Mrs. Tottergait,  
With daughter Ella, blooming fair,  
And Kate, the mother's equal care,  
The merriest little sprite alive,  
Made up the travelling party five.

Laws, it is said, are form'd to rule  
The knave, the thoughtless, and the fool.  
The bar obeys—the learn'd divine  
Submissive bows before their shrine ;  
But the disciples of the whip  
Will sometimes give the laws the slip :  
The law that circumscribes the load  
Stands not, like mile-stones on the road ;  
And, place it there—it is agreed  
Coachmen are not obliged to read.  
Thus bag and baggage—women, men,  
Within-side five, and out-side ten !



As much as four stout nags can draw,  
Are passing on to SCARBRO' SPA.

But now, through clouds of dust that rise  
Like smoky columns to the skies,  
Proclaim'd by noise and loud uproar,  
Behold Lord Harry's chaise and four!  
"Huzza! my boys—give spur and thong;  
"And dashingly, the dash-along."  
With steady pace the loaded FLY,  
Perhaps the "*Dart*," or "*Mercury*,"  
Views with alarm the swift approach,  
That threatens the honour of the coach.

Ye four-in-hand, of men the best!  
Who know what rules a coachman's breast;  
What snarling anger he must feel,  
When pole to pole, and wheel to wheel,  
His panting horses' slacken'd pace  
Declare him vanquish'd in the race;  
Say, would you not avow the pain  
To see him whip—and whip in vain?  
Ah! would you not, to say no worse,  
Repeat his oaths and join his curse?

High on the Box, in vulgar state,  
 The Coachman's *locum tenens* sat:—  
 With elbows squared, and reins held short,  
 His coat and hat the "*primest sort*."  
 With keen, but half-averted eyes,  
 Sir John contended for the prize:  
 Glowing with charioteering pride,  
 "Ya ha—ya ha—ya up"—he cried.

Then side by side they moved apace,  
 While fate beheld the doubtful race:  
 Familiar greetings quickly follow'd;  
 Each to the other loudly hollow'd  
 "Ah Jack"—"What Baronet! so ho!  
 "Go it, my lad!"—"Ay, that's the go!"

To claim the wreath in highway story,  
 Fate to his Lordship gave the glory;  
 Yet might Sir Jacky have prevail'd,  
 Had not his skill a moment fail'd:  
 For as he boldly urged the pace,  
 And swiftly ran the four-wheel race;  
 Somehow, and we cannot tell why,  
 The poor misguided Mercury,  
 As if its furious heat to cool,  
 Fell over in a stagnant pool.

Now oaths, and shrieks, and screamings follow'd;  
Lord Harry loud in triumph hollow'd:  
Nor stopp'd to know if the disaster  
Call'd for bone-setting, or for plaster.  
The wheels might have a splinter'd spoke,  
But not one human limb was broke:  
A various wetting was the harm,  
Which fill'd the party with alarm;  
Nor did they any ill endure,  
But what a fire and soap could cure.  
Miss Thimble's dress spread out so loose,  
That like a net it caught a goose,  
And Mrs. Bumpkin had the luck  
To fall so squat, she kill'd a duck:  
While the old pair, with no small pother,  
Had tumbled over one another;  
And Ella, pallid with alarms,  
Sunk fearful into Edmund's arms.

At length, in this sad dripping state,  
The passengers all sought the gate  
(Some wetted to their very skin)  
Of an adjacent village inn.  
Now chamber-maids were loudly prest  
And warming-pans in great request:

Now fires were stirr'd, to warm without;  
 To warm within the liquors spout:  
 While clothes of every kind were seen,  
 To form a strange and motley screen,  
 So steam'd the kitchen, that they say  
 'Twas like a barrack washing-day.  
 Some rubb'd their feet, and some their head,  
 And some went sulkily to bed.

Two hours had scarcely passed—no more,  
 When all was dry and frights were o'er;  
 The party met, and hail'd each other  
 Kindly as brother would a brother.  
 A plump, good-humour'd, friendly 'Squire,  
 Whose seat was near the parlour fire,  
 Rose from his chair, as Totter led  
 His Lady from her sleepless bed.  
 "O, welcome, friends," he smiling cried,  
 "May no worse fortune end our ride;  
 "No agues shake yourself or Lady,  
 "Shaken we've been, enough already:  
 "For me—I've hunted many a hare,  
 "And many falls have had; but swear  
 "Not one like this, for stag or fox:—  
 "Sir! I was seated on the Box!"

An Actor, with a tragic stare,  
 Exclaim'd "*O what a fall was there,*  
*My countrymen! then I—and all*  
*Fell down\**—and 'midst the splashing fall  
 "A looker-on, no doubt, might see  
 "The ducks *rise up and mutiny!*"†  
 "Rise!" cried a youth, who near him stood,  
 "I'm sure that our resentment should!  
 "O—by the thundering Jove—that Lord  
 "Shall know the temper of my sword:  
 "By all the powers—by all that's true,  
 "He shall both feel and eat it too."

A cool North-Briton shook his head,  
 And in his native accents said;  
 "Haud, Sir, pray haud; for I maun say  
 "Twere gude correction thrown away:  
 "For aw his state, I'm sure you'll grant,  
 "He's truly insignificant;  
 "An it were true that Lords are used  
 "To make their state so much abused,

---

\* Shakspeare's Julius Cæsar.

† Antony's Speech over the Body of Cæsar.

"I wad join we ye to correct  
 "The folly and the disrespect;  
 "But you remember, there's a rule—  
 "*The wisest house may haud a fule;*  
 "And, as our nobles fill their station,  
 "They're ornamental to the nation."

"I recollect," said Edmund, "Sir,"  
 "(So thought our British orator\*)  
 "They are the capitals," said he,  
 "Of polished, high, society:  
 "But when by chance they fill the part,  
 "Unformed of genius or of art,  
 "Without the elegance and grace  
 "That in the CORINTH GEM † we trace,  
 "In such a state of things we see  
 "A strange uncouth deformity.

---

\* Burke, on the French Revolution.

† The Capital of the Corinthian Order of Architecture is truly a GEM in Art—An Athenian artist accidentally finding the Acanthus, or Dock, spreading its foliage about a basket covered with a tile, and which had been placed on a tomb of a young virgin, containing the little articles of her infantine amusements; he became interested by its beautiful forms, and thence composed the lovely model, which has deservedly transmitted the name of Callimachus to our times.

“The wise, who think aright, must know  
“When Fate or Fortune yields the blow,  
“And kingdoms fall—for lie they must,  
“Like Rome and Athens, in the dust—  
“It is the high-wrought polish’d form;  
“Feels most the havock of the storm.”

A deep half-smother’d feeling sigh,  
That instant, claim’d th’ inquiring eye;  
’Twas from the breast, as all might see,  
Of a poor wandering Refugee.  
His snuff-box, open in his hand,  
Was closed in haste:—he took his stand  
Remote from all; and seem’d to fear,  
How ill he might conceal a tear.

“Won’t you sit down?” fair Ella said  
To a short, pretty, little maid.  
“What is the matter? are you hurt?  
“O never heed the dust and dirt.”  
“No; I’m not hurt, Ma’am—not at all;  
“Though sure it was a dreadful fall;  
“But dear—my Lady, only see—  
“The Irishman has ruin’d me;

"Yet the dear Gentleman, you know,  
 "Could not prevent the overthrow;  
 "But that poor box, and all that's in it,  
 "He smash'd together in a minute;  
 "Flowers, and feathers—all are gone,  
 "And not one left, Ma'am—no, not one:—"

Full many a sob and tear betray'd  
 The sorrows of the trembling maid;  
 The ruin of her little trade.

)

Ella's pure heart could never fail  
 Responsive throbs, to Sorrow's tale,  
 And soon she prest her hand; when lo!  
 All grief was banish'd from her brow;  
 Such feelings are to mortals given  
 To mark a near approach to Heaven,  
 And angels quit the spheres to see  
 Thy lovely deeds O CHARITY.

"And now the Coachman came to say—  
 They might proceed upon their way."

#### TOTTERGAIT.

"Ah! right;—but, friend, we can't forget  
 "Our Coachman was a Baronet,



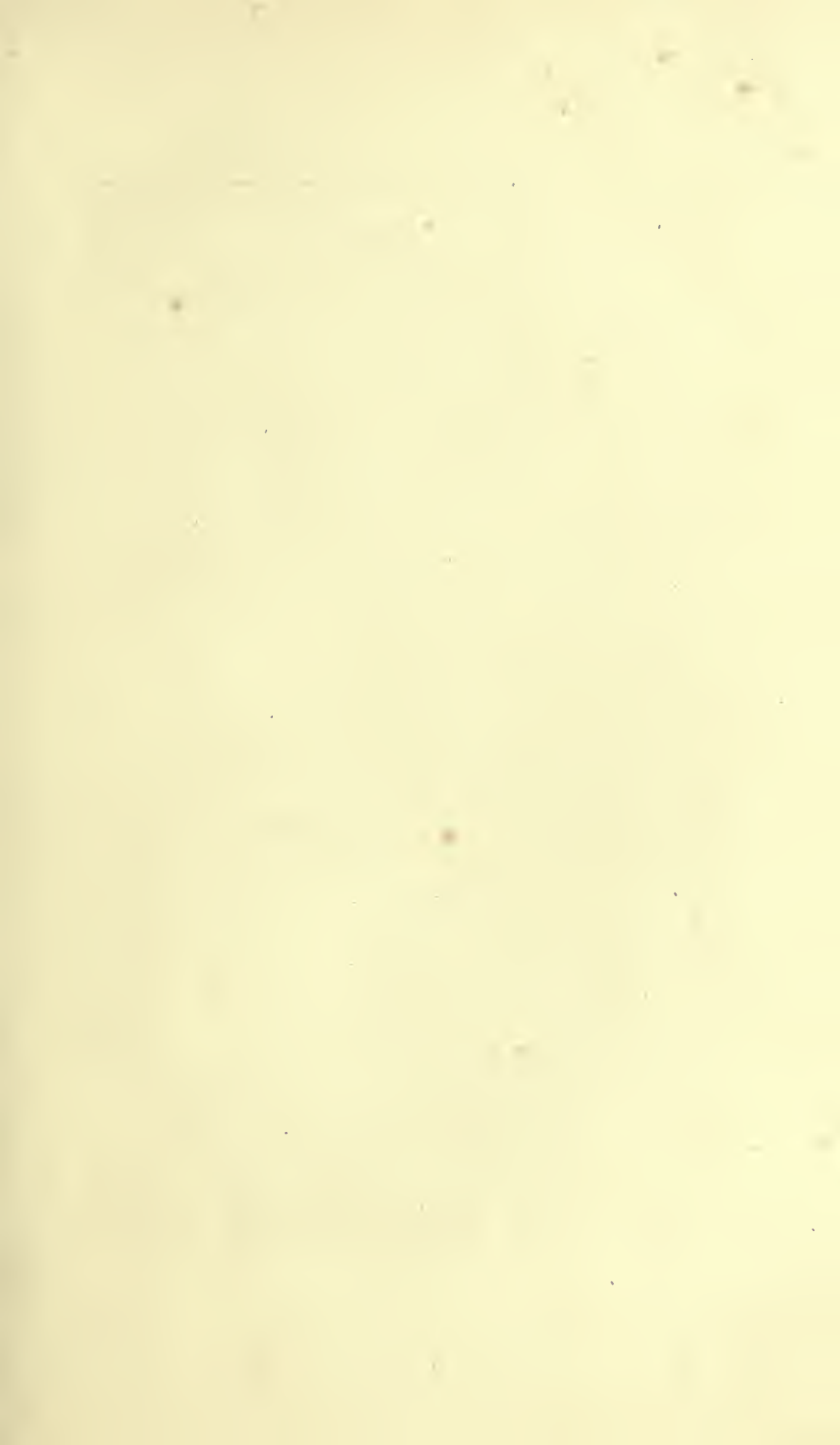
“Who claims perhaps a right to break  
“An arm or leg, a rib, or neck;  
“For if you are, Sir Knight, you see—  
“We’re not your Honour’s company.”

## COACHMAN.

“No, please your Worship; you are sure  
“Whene’er I drive, to be secure:  
“All’s one to me—or light or dark,  
“I am a Coachman:—that there spark,  
“Who in the horse-pond with you ran,  
“He’s *nothing*—but a *Gentleman*.”

The Coach now drew up to the door,  
All were replaced as heretofore:  
Onward they drove, and many a joke  
Their renovated spirits spoke;  
And night arrived, as records tell,  
Ere they alighted at the BELL.







THE BREAKFAST.

J. Green del

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THE BREAKFAST ROOM.

---

PHILOSOPHERS have long ago  
Descanted learnedly, we know,  
On air and exercise; and write,  
That each creates an appetite:  
—Such feelings will with poets rise,  
Without or air or exercise.

Now seated all at ease within  
The parlour of the OLD BELL INN;  
Bread, butter, ham—oh, savoury dish!  
And potted shrimps, and well-dried fish  
Unite their tempting powers, to win  
The willing party to begin.

From Huddersfield a youthful pair,  
Good-humour'd, gay, and debonair,  
Assum'd the honours of the feast,  
And well supplied each anxious guest;  
For many join the social throng,  
And cheerful words the meal prolong.  
Others in pairs, or single state,  
Their coffee drank, and muffins ate.  
In the far corner and alone  
Sat a tall man, all skin and bone:  
Solemn his features, and his eye  
Proclaim'd a shrouded mystery.  
Now whispers round the table ran  
Of "Who can be that curious man?"  
For frequently that place he took,  
And ponder'd o'er some ancient book;  
How singular!—he never spoke—  
He never smiled, whate'er the joke:  
"Who can this solemn mortal be?"—  
It still remain'd a mystery.  
At length, however, he arose,  
And with three very courteous bows  
Retir'd;—and then became the cause  
Of a few moments' general pause.

“Poor Gentleman!” a Lady said,  
“I fear he’s troubled in the head:  
“Pray, Heaven, it may not prove to be  
“Delirium—or lunacy!”

Miss Jane replied, “I know ’twill prove  
“He’s disappointed in his love:  
“Dear Gentleman—how soft his eye!  
“And then—I’m sure I heard him sigh;  
“Besides, those marks of grief and care”  
“Plainly bespeak his deep despair.”

“Care, child!” a grave old Merchant said,  
“The greatest care is care in trade:  
“I’ll venture to pronounce, that he  
“Has had some heavy loss at sea;  
“The wind has been uncommon high:  
“Enough, poor man, to make him sigh!”

The Player said, “I think it is  
“A tragic actor, by his phiz:  
“I know that one is coming down  
“To play, a night or two, from town;”

"And this is he, of whom I've heard:  
 "For what a nose, and chin, and *Bird*\*.  
 "What a Penruddock he must make!  
 "Or rushing through the tangled brake,  
 "Octavian! prostrate on the floor,  
 "' *Away—I'll bay the moon no more* †.'  
 "Or rising full of stifled woe,  
 "' *Floranthe! my Floranthe!—oh-h-h* ‡.'  
 "He is an actor, by his look,  
 "And the book is—the Prompter's book."

"I rather think," a Broker said,  
 "A pocket-ledger 'twas he read;  
 "And sure I am, that when he sigh'd,  
 "His eye was on the debtor side:  
 "But here's the waiter—tell us, pray  
 "Who is that Gent, who went away?"

WAITER.

"Why, Sir, I think that he lives here  
 "About a month in every year."

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\* For Beard—Modern Vocab.

† Mountaineers,

‡ Ibid.



BROKER.

“Has he not had a tumble down?”

PLAYER.

“It is not Roscius, from Town?”

MERCHANT.

“Does not the Sea his losses prove?”

MISS JANE.

“Is not the Gentleman in love?”

OLD LADY.

“Tell us at once, my clever lad,  
“Is he not sometimes very mad?”

WAITER.

“True, Ma’am, it is;—he’s not in health,  
“But then he has a power of wealth:  
“’Tis for the waters, he is come;  
“Poor gentleman—he’s DEAF and DUMB.”

Now wonder and a strange amaze,  
Express’d a dozen different ways,  
Yielded—as well, indeed, it might—  
To the demands of appetite.

So the cessation, as a rest,  
 Gave to the viands greater zest.  
 And now much louder clamours rise  
 For commissariat supplies:  
 "Waiter, waiter;—good Heavens, what  
 "An idle race we here have got:  
 "Ho, waiter—won't the fellow stir?  
 "W-a-i-t-e-r"—"With you, this instant, Sir."  
 "The York Courant"—"Some tea and toast"—  
 "Here's ham for two, Ma'am."—"Silly post:  
 "I told you, tongue."—" 'Tis very true;  
 "For Mrs. Clacket—tongue for two."  
 "More coffee, Waiter."—"Bring the bread:"

MR. QUID-NUNC.

"The greatest news that e'er was read."

ALDERMAN.

"Permit me, Sir! what may it be?"

WAITER.

"Muffins for one, and toast for three."

QUID-NUNC.

*'The fourteenth ult. the army took—*

LADY GRACE.

"The Sunday-School Subscription-Book."

QUID-NUNC.

*'the field, and correspondents say—*

MRS. JAUNTER.

“Pray pull the bell, Sir.”

QUID-NUNC.

*'—on that day*

*'Took place a very dreadful slaughter.*

*'As the French fell in—*

MRS. FIDGET.

“More hot water.”

QUID-NUNC.

*'With half an army, on the halt,*

*'Who bravely pepper'd them with—*

ALDERMAN.

“Salt.”

QUID-NUNC.

*'-out intermission, half the day,*

*'When all their army march'd away.'*

CAPTAIN GAPE.

“Waiter—I call’d you—stupid block;  
“Why don’t you answer? WHAT’S O’CLOCK?”

ALDERMAN.

“Waiter, WHAT’S this?”

TOTTERGAIT.

“THE BILL, d’ye see?”

WAITER.

“Just NINE--HARD EGGS, Sir,--ONE POUND THREE.”

“Come, come, my dear,” said Tottergait,  
“Our yester-evening’s rueful fate,  
“Our water-party, and affright,  
“Have caused no loss of appetite.”

LADY GRACE.

“A water-party!—bless me!—sure!  
“Could you such killing heat endure?  
“At sea, ’twas vastly hot, I’m told.”

MRS. TOTTERGAIT.

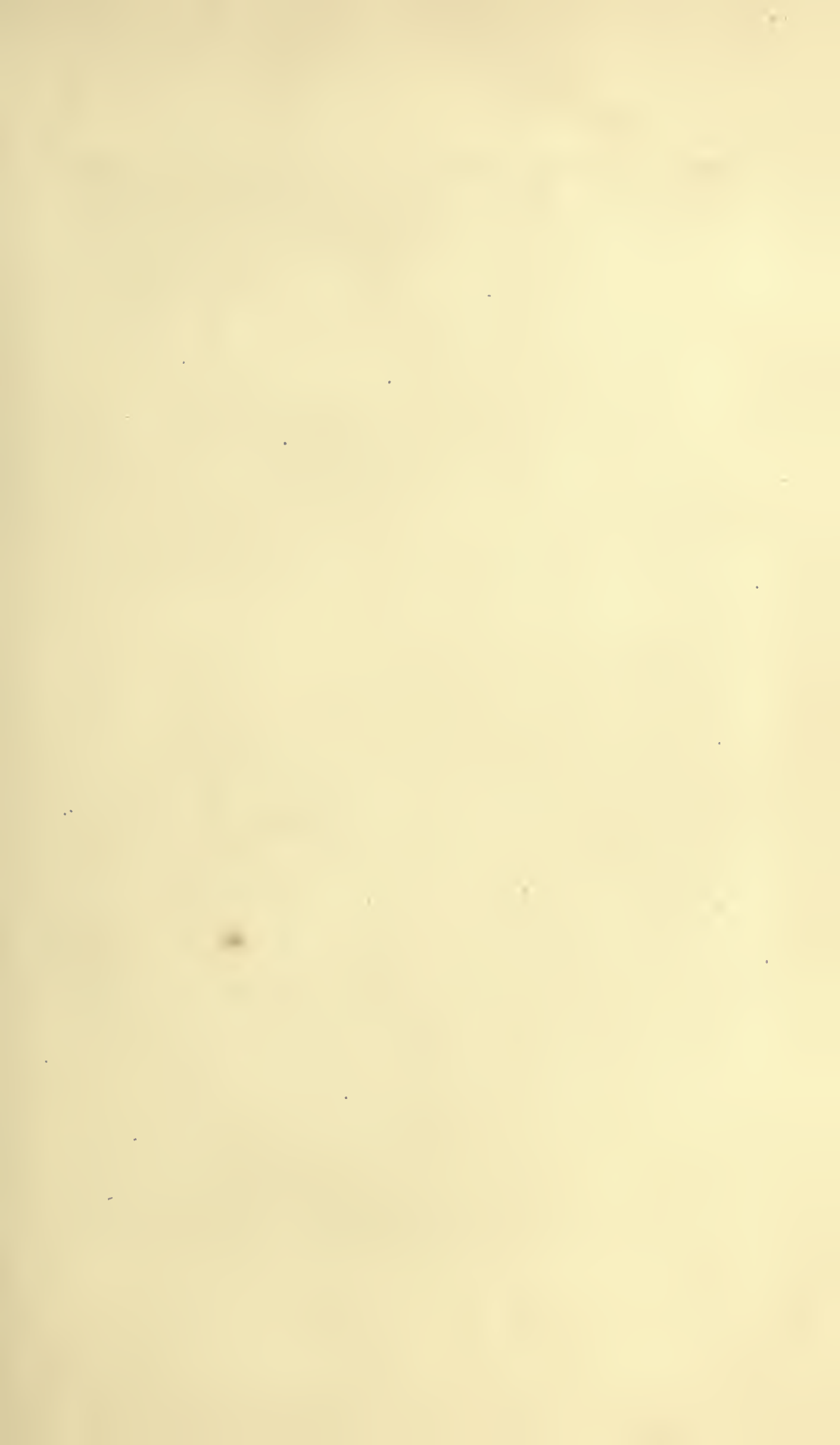
“No, Ma’am, we found it vastly cold:  
“Of sailing there I’m always fond,  
“But not of sousing in a pond;  
“Although we eat and drink so hearty,  
“A pond contain’d our water party.”

Thus did the morning chat go round,  
With thanks, that nobody was drown'd;  
Kind welcomes, and the Scarbro' news;  
And fine descriptions of the views  
That would delight the Ladies' eyes,  
And charm with beauty and surprise.  
"Ladies, you must not lose a day  
"In visiting Cornelian Bay:  
"This is a jasper, I am told,  
"I mean to have it set in gold;  
"See what a colour! and how pure!  
"Twill make the sweetest brooch I'm sure."

The breakfast o'er, some bade adieus,  
Some letters read, some read the news:  
Each to his purpose took his way,  
And as they chose, to waste the day.

J. P.









*J. Giren del*

THE SPA.





THE SPA WELLS.



SOON as the sun's resplendent ray  
Breaks o'er the foreland into day,  
Light as the vapours that exhale  
From mountain height, or skim the vale,  
The nymphs arise—each lovely face  
Beams with a renovated grace;  
And charms are witness'd, that adorn  
None but the daughters of the morn.

'Tis now the busy crowd prepares  
A visit to the Spa-Well stairs:  
For Health like Truth, as sages tell,  
Lies at the bottom of a well;  
And he who built this fabric, knew  
The object we should hold in view;  
So very wisely thought it fit,  
We take some *steps* to dip for it.

And first a ladder leads you to  
A something of a bird's-eye view  
Of all the quaffers ranged below;  
And by a ladder—down you go:  
And great philosophers declare  
You find Hygeia's altars there.

But, ere you taste the hallow'd feast,  
Pay tribute to her sage high-priest;  
'Tis but a very paltry bribe  
To win the goddess—so subscribe:  
And you shall not lament the hour  
That brought you to the Governor:\*  
For in his shatter'd form you'll see  
A native rough urbanity;  
And would you merriment provoke,  
He will return you joke for joke.  
This is his haven; here he knows  
The tranquil blessings of repose:  
For he has dared to stem the wave,  
And many a threatening storm to brave;

---

\* Mr. PEARSON, appointed by the Corporation.

Till by the keen remorseless frost  
 His active hands and feet were lost.  
 Amid the elemental strife  
 While fiercely combating for life,  
 A victim to th' inclement sky,  
 He saw his much lov'd brother die!

And now some widow\* ladles out  
 To many a lady, lord, and lout,  
 From either well the healing balm  
 That bile and vapours can disarm.  
 For Nature very kindly sent  
 Chalybeate and aperient;  
 Whose taste transforms th' enchanting grace  
 Of Beauty's rosy smiling face  
 To angry looks and sour grimace.

The 'squire explores the sparkling liquor,  
 Not as I've seen him with the vicar;  
 He doubtful tastes the healthful brim;  
 Water, indeed, is new to him.

---

\* Widows appointed by the Corporation.

The alderman, with true devotion,  
Drinks up whole goblets of the potion:  
He thinks 'tis fit a public speaker  
Should be—at least—a little sleeker;  
So every summer hither flies,  
T' escape the *gourmand's* maladies.

As round the spot our eyes are thrown,  
How many active thoughts are known;  
How well divined what causes bring  
Such numbers to the Scarbro' spring.  
Look at that merry fellow there,  
Behold his face, devoid of care:  
Though he laments that here he's come,  
And left a charming wife at home.

That round fat lady—she so big,  
With feather'd hat and flaxen wig:  
Why, she has heard what people say,  
Of sulphats of maguesia;  
And thinks to ease her husband's fate  
Perhaps of—half-a-hundred weight!

What brings that lolling lounging thing,  
Who turn'd the corner with a swing;

With vacant stare and shambling gait?

Oh? he is come to captivate.

—And what that pretty simpering fair?

To yield herself to Neptune's care.

—And what that strutting, wealthy clown?

To throw his cash about the town.

The player there, so full of wit?

He comes—to have a benefit.

Those lovely ladies—they who seem

To need no air, no healing stream?

Why sure you must have learn'd at school,

That fam'd Bethesda's healing pool

Oft by an angel, as 'tis said,

To be disturbed was visited;

The pretty, smiling, lovely daughters

Are all——disturbers of the waters:

And many youths whose livers need

To be from all affections freed,

Find to their cost a keener smart

About the region of the heart.

'Tis said, and we of course suppose

By such as could the fact disclose,

That though long sought by many a sage,

The water is no cure for age.

With shaking frame, and aching head,  
E'en as he left his sleepless bed,  
Friend Totter thus address'd his wife:  
"I'll drink no more, my dearest life—  
"In vain we seek, and ah! to late,  
"A frame worn out to renovate;  
"Youth is the season to repair  
"The ravages of toil and care;  
"To stem disease, and hope to gain  
"A permanent relief to pain.  
"The aches, that must attend on age,  
"Will follow to the latest stage;  
"They'll follow me, my dearest wife,  
"Through the last fragment of my life;  
"Yes—balls and plays, I plainly see,  
"Are not in tune for sixty-three."

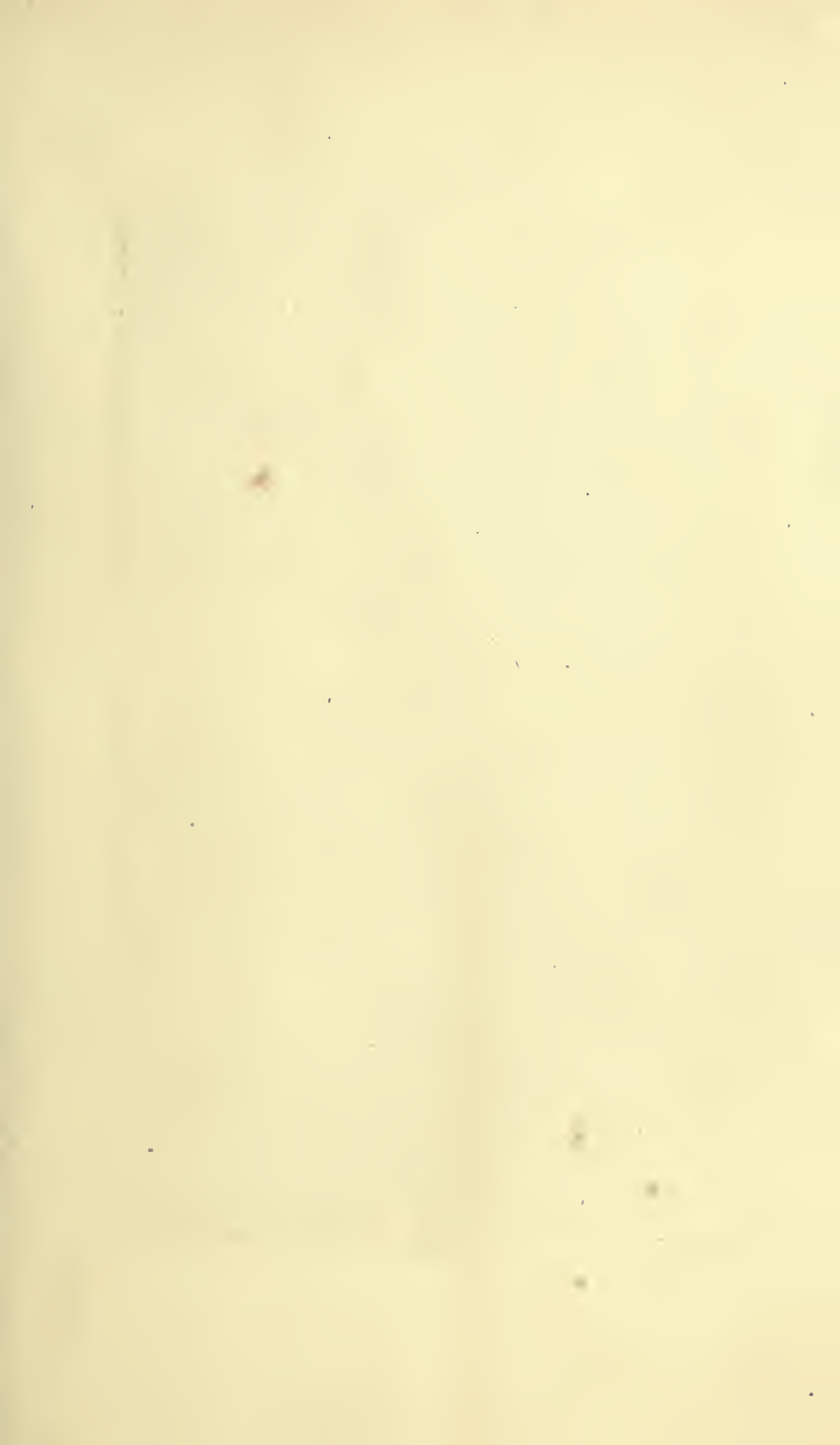
"My dear," she said, "you'll mend, no doubt;  
"Come—we'll go up, and look about:  
"There's Captain Bagshot will amuse,  
"And cheer you with the newest news;  
"In Russia he has friends by dozens,  
"In Portugal as many cousins;  
"And then the Broker, Mr Knox,  
"Will tell you all about the stocks.

“As Mister Edmund well observes,  
“The air will brace your slacken’d nerves.  
“The waters strengthen, as you know;  
“The doctors all have told you so:  
“We must keep up, at any rate,  
“The family of Tottergait.”

No sooner said, than off they walk,  
And pass along in pleasant talk;  
While Ella and her sister Kate  
Beguile the way in laugh and prate,  
Till they all join the beaux and belles  
That form the splendor of the wells.









*J. Green del.*

SPA TERRACE.

---

THE SPA TERRACE.

---

“OH, tell me, gentle Ella, why—

“When last thy lovely hand I prest,  
“The tear stood trembling in thine eye,  
“And fell a pearl upon thy breast?

“Was it reproach, that bade it rise?  
“No, Ella, no;—for though so coy,  
“Thy lips, a comment to thine eyes,  
“Express’d a cheering smile of joy.

“Since it was not a pang of woe  
“With which thy throbbing bosom strove  
“HOPE bids my heart with rapture glow,  
“And think the tear—a gem of love.”

Such were the sounds that met the ear  
Of Ella, lovely maid; for, near,

Young Edmund urged the pleasing tale,  
Form'd to enrapture and prevail:  
Perhaps the fact may be forgot,  
Whether she answer'd him or not;  
He vows she did, and by her eyes,  
Which she as steadily denies:  
Howe'er, he thinks Love most prevailing  
At the east-corner of the railing.  
The Terrace now invites to walk,  
To courtesy—bow—and nod—and talk:  
“Fine morning, Sir.”—“A charming view.”  
“A keenish breeze;”—“and how d'ye do?”  
Some chat with Pearson: some look out,  
To know what sailors are about;  
And with the telescope pursue  
The vessel, and describe it's crew.  
“Ah, Pearson—still alive, I see:  
“Merry, and busy as a bee.”  
“Yes, Sir, I'm well, and stump about  
“As lively as a grig or trout,  
“And while I'm sovereign of the spring,  
“Am quite as happy as a king;  
“And knights and lords and dukes may roar it,  
“And, if they please, may coach-and-four it;

"Until like me they creep about  
 "With crutches, when they have the gout:  
 "Gout I escape—for if it goes  
 "To seek my fingers or my toes,  
 "'Twill find them, I suppose, d'ye see,  
 "In other latitudes—at sea."

The stranger, by some friendly aid,  
 Receives a learn'd discourse on trade,  
 The harbour, and what sails it boasts,  
 The traffic to the neighbouring coasts;  
 And, "there's the church—the castle too—  
 "The barrack terminates the view:  
 "That is the theatre—and there's  
 "The life-boat house, and Terrace stairs;  
 "Those are the bathers," and so on.  
 At last, poor Dicky Dickenson,  
 Not quite forgotten! hither brings  
 The story to the Spa-well springs.  
 First governor, he gave the law  
 That ruled for years the Scarbro' spa;  
 He, sport of Nature! seem'd to vie  
 With Æsop's strange deformity;

To which, as parallel design'd,  
She gave an Æsop's nervous mind.

It proved a very windy day ;  
The sea besprinkled with it's spray :  
A lady, somewhat of a prude,  
Declared the wind was very rude ;  
And there were ladies, dress'd of course  
For donkey, buggy, and for horse ;  
But Fashion had so sparing been,  
That petticoat could not be seen,  
Though he were blind, whose sight could lose  
Full half a yard above the shoes ;  
And oft it made the muscles stir  
Of many a *young* philosopher !  
Then o'er the benches, rail and post,  
Bonnets and hats and wigs were lost,  
That seem'd rejoiced at being free,  
And very boldly put to sea.

“My dear,” said Tottergait, “one turn  
“Again we'll take, and then return ;  
“For all that's to be *gotten* here  
“Are coughs and cold, I sadly fear ;

“My *loss* by staying here I see;  
 “My wig’s for water company.”

Now Cornet Witch’em came to say  
 The officers had named a play—  
 “And may I, Madam, be allow’d—  
 (And here to Catherine he bow’d,  
 While she, in awkward courtesy, bent  
 A—‘Sir, I thank you,’ compliment).  
 “Allow’d to offer you a card,  
 “And be your La’ship’s body-guard?”

“Why, Cornet,” quoth old Totter, “say,  
 “Did you not join us yesterday?  
 “But come to-day—we dine at four;  
 “And then the girls will tell you more.  
 “You must be punctual as the chime:  
 “For our’s is military time.  
 “Come, Mr. Edmund—Ella, come,  
 “Goody and I are going home;  
 “Remember, it is getting late,  
 “And don’t you make the party wait.”  
 Then, arm in arm, the steady pair  
 Left for the beach the Spa-well stair:

The young folks follow'd arm in arm,  
As still as silenced by a charm!  
Ella was silent—for the why,  
'Twould be impertinent to pry:  
Edmund said nothing—by the way,  
Perhaps he nothing had to say;  
But Kate was silent—she, whose tongue  
Was never known to rest so long:  
For now she thought, and yet would scorn it,  
She though that—she had kill'd the Cornet!

Soon to the dropping spring they came,  
That boasts a visual healing fame;  
And there a *friend* was deep intent  
On the eye-wash experiment.  
“How!” cried a youth, “with some surprise,  
“I see you bathing thus your eyes!  
“This outward care is sure a sin;  
“I thought your light was all within.”

“True, friend, it may be so,” said he,  
“But I would solve a mystery:  
“My light, perhaps, doth inward shine,  
“But I would willingly see thine.”



“Well, Buckram!” he replied, “d’ye find  
“The waters useful to the blind?”  
“Yea—I perceive a strengthen’d sight:  
“Thy *sense*, my friend, is *very light*.”  
“Sir,” said young Edmund, “you possess,  
“In patience, store of happiness:  
“Unruffled by the youthful wit,  
“You foil his aim—the biter’s bit.”

“Why, friend?” the simple man replied,  
“My patience is not often tried;  
“Pride forms the troubles that infest  
“The human heart, and rules the breast:  
“Humility will calm the sense  
“Of many a seeming light *offence*;  
“And well thou know’st, ’tis rarely meant,  
“But by the weak and ignorant.”

At home arrived—the breakfast o’er,  
The ride dispatch’d—again the door  
(That might distinguish Edmund’s touch,  
The knocker had been us’d so much)  
Admitted him, once more to prove  
To his loved Ella all his love;  
And now, since Cupid had inspired

His pen, and e'en his genius fired,  
 He controverts—what she disputed,  
 Who, in a sonnet, is refuted.

TO MISS ELLA.

NO! tell me not your sparkling eyes,  
 To speak your very soul denies;  
 Each softer passion to them flies:  
     Swiftly they go,  
 And tell what feelings bid them rise  
     Of joy or woe.

In gaiety, thine eyes betray,  
 By every lucid sparkling ray,  
 Whate'er thy bounding heart would say;  
     And truly thence  
 It's sweet affections well display,  
     And innocence.

Full oft, I've seen thine eyes disclose  
 A sympathy for others' woes;  
 And as the sparkling tear arose,  
     By feeling sent,  
 O then they were—thy poet knows,  
     Most eloquent!

Thine eyes, in gentleness, declare  
Each feeling that adorns the fair;  
Such graces love to revel there,

I've thought to us,  
Howe'er of beauty well aware,  
'Twas dangerous.

The tributes welcome to the skies,  
That from thy youthful bosom rise,  
And speak thy virtues by thine eyes,

Full soon must prove  
Our admiration of the prize  
A-kin to love.

Banish'd from thee, may every woe  
Thy gentle bosom still forego:  
There peace and pleasure ever glow,  
Never to cloy:  
And be each gem, if tears must flow,  
A tear of joy.

J. P.







*J. Green del.*

BOOT & SHOE SHOP.

---

THE SHOE SHOP.

---

FASHION, an *ignis fatuus* jade,  
Or jack-a-lantern friend to trade,  
Delusive sports before our eyes—  
Away each willing votary flies:  
Up hill, down dale, through bog and pool,  
The old, the young, the wise, the fool;  
All charm'd alike, she leads them on,  
'Till half by FASHION are undone.

O would she take a nobler part—  
Improve the mind, and mend the heart;  
Lure, by her charms, to worthy toil  
The genius of our native soil;  
To science lead the tedious way,  
Pour on it's gloom the cheering ray,  
Then bless'd would Albion proudly soar  
More rich in intellectual lore;

Sublimier thoughts would swell the lay,  
 And art, enraptured, hail the day!  
 Then Rome and Greece no more might vie  
 With British arts, or minstrelsy.

FASHION, for so the learn'd insist,  
 Has grown a sage œconomist!  
 Has changed her once expensive views  
 To stay at home, and cobble shoes!  
 SILENA, lovely blooming maid,  
 An amateur of Crispin's trade,  
 Sits all day long on three-legg'd stool,  
 With awl, with pincers, and with rule!  
 Resolved among the learn'd to soar  
 In sage hypodematic lore,  
 A rival to the great Magog  
 Of Crispin art, hight CRISPIN CLOG\*.  
 A paving stone within her lap  
 She hugs, and hammers—rap, rap, rap—  
 To harden or to soften soles,  
 And bores her friends with boring holes.

---

\* See Ackermann's Repository of Arts, on these subjects.  
 Vol. III. page 373.



She, skill'd in winning female arts  
To captivate and soften hearts,  
Sings sweet (for, know, she never whistles)  
As she pulls through the thread and bristles;  
And, wide extending both her arms,  
She rivals Jobson's wife in charms.

LORD BLINKER too with hides and tether  
Sits, half invisible, in leather;  
Platting and twisting—waxing—lugging,  
And at a vice with main strength tugging;  
So earnestly intent, you'd swear  
He sought to be a muse's heir:  
But no! the NINE he counts no more;  
His whole arithmetic is FOUR.  
He scorns, what to the muse belongs:  
He's making whip-sticks, cords, and thongs,  
The wreath, to crown the poet's lays,  
He gathers not—he whips his bays!

At Scarbro', if the reigning fashion  
Was or was not the LEATHER PASSION,  
Admits of doubt:—but, all who tread  
The margin of old ocean's bed,

And on the shingles take their views,  
Will learn the worth of boots and shoes.

Fair Ella and her sister came  
To Leatherum's, of Crispin fame,  
To purchase shoes:—experience taught her,  
They must be made—to keep out water;  
And Leatherum was a student learn'd,  
In all his ancestor's discern'd;  
He to defiance well might put  
The Crispins of all Lilliput\*;  
The arts and sciences, he swore,  
And half a hundred studies more,  
Were needful to produce a shoe  
Worthy a tasteful lady's view.  
He would discourse of Greece and Rome,  
As each had been his native home:  
Would tell, what unique soles and sandals  
They wore; and what the Goths and Vandals:  
Trace down the history of his trade,  
Till laws for long-soled boots were made,

---

\* The size of the great toe is all the measure they require to make the shoe.

A waste of leather to restrain,  
 And rid them of a weight of chain.  
 He'd talk of jockey-boots, and then  
 Revert to ancient boots again:  
 Half-boots and jack-boots, that 'twas fruitless  
 To try to stop him—it was bootless:  
 So very wisely people waited,  
 Till all his learned prate was prated.

ELLA.

“I want, immediately, a pair—

LEATHERUM.

“Yes, Ma'am, of course, you want—a chair—  
 “Some boots.”

ELLA.

“No, Sir; I rather choose  
 “To have a pair of walking shoes.”

LEATHERUM.

“Why, Ma'am there's nothing Scarbro' suits  
 “For walking, half so well as boots:  
 “I make them now—ah, here, you see  
 “Boots that will reach you to the knee;  
 “Pray try them on——”

ELLA.

“Indeed, I want——”

LEATHERUM.

“’Tis boots, indeed, depend upon’t:  
 “Those very boots were made to fit  
 “A lady of exceeding wit;  
 “They would have suited, lovely Miss,  
 “The Venus of de Medicis:  
 “They are of very Grecian mould—  
 “This curve, how beautiful! behold,  
 “To symmetry of form how true!  
 “They are the very boots for you.”

ELLA.

“Yes, yes; perhaps the boots might fit  
 “The Lady of ‘exceeding wit;’  
 “—Did she *return* them, as a pair  
 “By far too *beautiful* to wear?”

LEATHERUM.

“To beautiful!—return’d!—oh, no—  
 “She’s absent for a week, or so:  
 “I’ll make another pair, you know.

}

"This art, like other arts, you'll see  
 "Is founded on consistency:  
 "Beauty and use are here intended  
 "To be most exquisitely blended,  
 "With ease to wear, and strength and leather  
 "Snited to every kind of weather;  
 "To bid defiance to the sea,  
 "Though you should ford it to the knee;  
 "And keep your feet, though rain should fall,  
 "As dry as dancing at a ball.  
 "Trust me—for Scarbro' boots like these  
 "Are eminently form'd to please:  
 "Pray try them on."

ELLA.

"Well, as you choose;  
 "But let my sister see some shoes."

LEATHERUM.

"Here is a shoe—your foot—that well  
 "Might need a more than magic spell,  
 "To form with so much grace! such ease!  
 "A little higher—if you please."

H

## CATHERINE.

“The shoe is pretty, Sir—but see,  
“It pinches most exceedingly.”

## LEATHERUM.

“They’re rather tight; but they will spread,  
“And soon accommodate the tread:  
“By wear they very soon give way—  
“They’ll fit *divinely* in a day.”

## ELLA.

“This shape I like; but, Sir, the boot  
“Is much too large about the foot.”

## LEATHERUM.

“’Tis easy—not *too* loose, I think;  
“They’ll fit *divinely* when they shrink.”

The Ladies, now at once amazed,  
On Leatherum in wonder gazed:  
He, not abash’d, just waved his head;  
“Indeed it is the truth,” he said,

“Work made of such delightful leather  
“Both shrinks, or widens, with the weather.”

When CRISPIN'S votaries had pray'd  
Their SAINT would bless and name the trade,  
And showing humbly that it stood  
Above the rank of works in wood,  
In cloth or iron, stone or lead;  
And humbly hoping, as they said,  
He would relieve them—Crispin laught,  
And, waggishly, he named it—CRAFT.

J. P.









*J. Green del.*

THE CASTLE.

---

THE CASTLE.

---

HIGH on yon foreland's rugged brow,  
Which beetles o'er the surge below,  
Of yore in military show

A stately fortress stood.

Seven centuries have roll'd away  
Since first those towers, with lichens gray,  
Reflected bright the Eastern ray  
Upon the foaming flood.

Since first by Albemarle\* it's crest  
In war's accoutrements was drest,  
How many a gallant corse unblest,  
Has bleach'd its wall around!

---

\* This castle was built about the year 1136 by William Le Gros, Earl of Albemarle and Holderness a nobleman described by an early chronicle as *juvenis strenuissimus, in armis multum exercitatus*.

For stormy have it's fortunes been ;  
And, oft of battle broils the scene,  
It bears upon it's time-worn mien  
The deep-indented wound.

Nor from the stroke of civil rage,  
When hosts with kindred hosts engage,  
And sire and son sad conflict wage,  
Has Scarbro' singly bled.

Oft too the Scot, with onset rude  
Fierce issuing from his solitude,  
His hand in borderer's gore imbrued,  
The bolt of death has sped.

And lo! through fields of flame and blood  
Remorseless pouring like a flood,  
They rush o'er moss, and wold, and wood!  
'Tis Scotia's grim array.

By infant's scream and matron's shriek  
Unsoften'd, southron spoil they seek:  
But O, foul forayers! this yonr freak  
Full dearly shall ye pay.

On Cuton-Moor, to your pale gaze

His standard \* Albemarle displays !  
Hallow'd by many a mystic phrase,  
    It's silken foldings flow :  
For there, as erst to Constantine,  
The cross's silver splendours shine,  
And broider'd characters divine  
    In rich effulgence glow

And venerable bishops there  
Lift high their feeble arms in air,  
With pious rite and fervent prayer  
    Invoking Heaven to bless :  
Nor shrink they from the banner'd field,  
To plumed casques where mitres yield,  
Nor shun the patriot blade to wield,  
    The flying foe to press.

---

\* In 1136 was fought on Cuton-Moor, near Northallerton, between the Earl of Albemarle and David King of Scotland, the battle of the Standard; so called from a mast borne upon a wheel-carriage, surmounted by a silver cross, under which were suspended three banners dedicated to St. Peter of York, St. John of Beverley, and St. Wilfrid of Ripon. With this Standard in their van, the English counted themselves invincible. Ralph, bishop of the Orkneys, harangued, absolved, and blessed them before the engagement; and infirmity alone prevented Roger, Archbishop of York, from accompanying them to the field. Of the Scottish infantry above 10,000 were left dead upon the field.

But not with Scottish blood-drops wet  
 That sword could charm Plantagenet,  
 Or guard the princely coronet

On Albemarle's red brow :

Not zeal for England's honour shown  
 From royal wrath could shield his own,  
 Nor all his laurel-wreath'd renown

Avert the lightning blow\*.

His vassal hinds and yellow strand  
 Obey another chief's command;  
 And, echoing o'er the orphan'd land,

The stranger's horn is heard:

'Tis Ebor's crosier'd lord I ween,  
 Whose standard flouts the drooping scene,  
 Where yon proud rock o'erhangs the green,

In pomp prelatie rear'd.

Boots not young Bardolph's † fate to tell,

Who by his monarch's mandate fell,

When back from Acre's citadel,

Besmeared with paynim gore,

\* On the accession of Henry II. Albemarle being deprived of his government, rebelled; and, through the intercession of the archbishop Roger alone, obtained his sovereign's pardon.

† The younger son of Lord Bardolph, appointed in 1191 to

And treacherous Austria's dungeon-cave,  
Bounding across the ocean-wave,  
Great Cœur de Lion, wildly brave,  
Re-trod his native shore.

O blame not thou the red-cross zeal  
Which sharpen'd Europe's pious steel,  
To win the tomb, when myriads fell,  
Of Him who died for all:  
Though Famine perch'd upon their board,  
And many a noble heart was gored  
By Saladin's heroic sword,  
Beneath the Holy Wall!

Yet blessed they, who 'mid the storm,  
Where death display'd his grisliest form,  
Their breasts with patriot passion warm,  
Bore from the field of strife

---

the command of Scarborough Castle by Richard I. with whom he was a great favourite. During that prince's absence in the Holy Land, he was guilty of various misdemeanors, which cost him his office. William de Dacre, of the North was appointed by Henry III.; and John and William de Vesci (brothers), successively, by Edward I. to the same splendid station.

Arts, which with flowers of Eden drest  
The wildernesses of the west;  
And, giving social hours their zest,  
The courtesies of life!

Great names it next was thine to boast,  
Dread Empress of Brigantia's coast;  
Nor may they, in oblivion lost,

Escape the muse's eye:  
She notes where, flaunting in the beam  
Of noon-day suns, with golden gleam  
The northern Dacre's banners stream  
Athwart the azure sky.

And there with rival radiance glows  
De Vesci's helm, whose sovereign chose  
To give his mailed limbs repose  
Within thy pleasant halls\*;  
Ere thnndering o'er the Scottish strand,  
He twangs the bow and hurls the brand,  
And his by battle-right the laud  
Triumphantly he calls.

---

\* Edward I. resided for some time in Scarborough Castle.



Nor leave we Gaveston\* unsung,  
Carnarvon's minion, stout in wrong,  
Supple and stiff by turns, whose tongue  
    With insolent disdain  
Braved England's barons to be joust;  
Whose sinewy arm's resistless thrust  
O'erthrew her mightiest in the dust,  
    On Berkshire's tourney'd plain.

Yet for the prince's dear-bought choice  
The Gascon's manly soul, and voice  
Which made the listener's heart rejoice,  
    Some frail excuse might lend:  
No vulgar sycophant was he,  
Bending for wealth the sordid knee,  
But train'd to feats of chivalry—  
    A great, though guilty friend.

---

\* This noble Gascon was 'a goodly personage, of a haughty and undaunted spirit, brave and hardy in arms;' as he showed himself in the tournament he held at Wallingford, where he challenged and foiled the flower of the English nobility, which more inflamed their malice toward him. In Munster and Thomond likewise, as lieutenant of Ireland, he performed every where great service with much valour and worthiness. When he at last, in 1312, surrendered Scarborough Castle (of which he was governor) to the Earl of Pembroke, the articles of capitulation were totally disregarded, and he was beheaded.

Witness, ye fields of Munster green,  
 And Thomond, of his toils the scene;  
 When Ireland, shrinking at his mien,  
     Fled from the mortal shock:  
 But nought avail his gallant deeds,  
 In vain the foe's pledged faith he pleads;  
 By vengeful Pembroke's axe he bleeds  
     Upon the patriot block!

Now Mowbray\*, Beauchamp court my quill;  
 And well my swelling verse might fill  
 Percy, De Burgh, and Somerville  
     With acts of bold emprise:  
 Nor will I not transmit to fame  
 Fitzwilliam, ever-honour'd name!  
 Which Yorkshire still, with loud acclaim,  
     Re-echoes to the skies.

And he on whom no parent smiled,  
 Glo'ster †, by many a crime defiled,  
 With her his glowing tongue beguiled,  
     These gilded cushions prest;

---

\* Ralph Fitzwilliam, John de Mowbray, Giles de Bello Campo (or Beauchamp), Henry de Percy, Alexander de Burgh, and Roger de Somerville, are all found in the list of governors of Scarborough Castle.

† Richard III., after his coronation in 1483, visited Scar-

Happy, ere Bosworth's fatal fight  
 Gave Richmond to his anxious sight,  
 Within the tomb's protecting night  
 Here had he sunk to rest!

But my faint step denies to trace  
 Through years remote each noble race\*,  
 To whom this ancient pile to grace

By favouring fate was given:  
 Yet ere from it's loved towers I turn,  
 Befits to clasp the tear-stain'd urn  
 Of beauteous Cholmley†, changeless borne  
 To bloom a saint in heaven.

Cholmley!—oh could I breathe that name,  
 Nor tingled at the sound my frame,  
 Nor glow'd afresh thy hallow'd flame,

Pure Friendship, in my mind—  
 Remembering many a letter'd hour  
 In Bransby's sweet sequester'd bower,  
 Dead were I to each generous power,  
 Which thrills and melts our kind.

---

borough with Anne, his queen, and resided for some time in  
 the Castle. HINDERWELL.

\* Such as St Quintin, Lumley, Evers (or Eure), Boynton  
 Robinson, &c.

† The wife of Sir Hugh Cholmley, who latterly held the

Backward I bend my sad regard,  
Where Stuart with his country warr'd,  
And Falkland here, there Hampden bared

His breast to civil rage:

Alas! that natures form'd for love,  
Whom all the loftier passions move,  
Such stern antipathies should prove,  
Such deadly feuds should wage.

E'en in that spirit-stirring hour,  
When o'er the crest of despot power  
War's crimson cloud was seen to lower,

In gloom disastrous spread;

'Twas thine, with erring ardour warm,  
Proud fort (though shatter'd was thy form)  
For faithless Charles to brave the storm,  
Which burst on Cholmley's head.

And see! his angel consort, calm  
While furious hosts dispute the palm,  
With healing drugs, religion's balm,  
The anguish'd pillow tends:

---

Castle for Charles I.—See Hinderwell, p. 79; and for his lady's heroic fortitude, surpassing beauty, and great benevolence, see p. 85—87.

Nor, to her bosom-feelings true,  
Inquires with party's narrow view,  
Whose brow she steeps in pity's dew,  
    A foeman's or a friend's.

Such feelings thou, of wedded love  
Chaste model, Hutchinson\*, did'st prove,  
When legions round thee madly strove  
    In dire fraternal fray;  
Though in a different cause, o'erplied  
For liberty, thy soldier died:—  
Virtue, nor bound to rank nor side  
    Holds on her stedfast way.

—But hark! as from yon holy fane  
The bell proclaims the hour, in vain  
I clasp it—ghost-like, from my brain  
    The light illusion flies!  
No more around that foreland's brow  
Imagination's phantoms glow:  
Where, Dacre—Cholmley, where art thou?  
    All melted in the skies!

---

\* See Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson, by his widow Lucy, a most interesting piece of biography.

And now, of all the pageant sheen  
Quick fitting o'er the trophied scene,  
Memorial of what once hath been,  
    No glittering wrecks remain!  
Before mine eye uncharm'd, is spread  
Of vulgar roofs the crescent red,  
And heaving on it's pebbled bed,  
    The blue and billowy main.



THE NORTH SHORE.



POETS and Painters still have vied  
In sketching Scarbro's southern side;  
Attracted by the sunny glow,  
The fort above, the port below,  
It's cliff, it's spa, it's four-in-hand  
Light flying o'er the yellow strand—  
And all the lovely, all the gay,  
Which form it's long *et cætera*.

Like insect-motes in summer air  
Gaily we flutter here and there;  
Light on each flower in radiance drest,  
Which to the day-star spreads it's breast;  
In quest of kindred triflers stray,  
And buz our little hour away:  
But ever with due caution flee  
Thy sunless crags, Adversity!

Yet painters there might well discern  
 Nature magnificently stern ;  
 And poets ethically trace  
 Apt lessons for an erring race—  
 For, on the mountain's frowning side,  
 Oft does sublimity reside :  
 Within life's melancholy cell  
 The gentler virtues often dwell ;  
 And many a gem of moral lore  
 Is strew'd upon her rugged shore.

Not for such precious gatherings there  
 Does restless Tottergait repair :  
 Enough he thought his early youth  
 Had hunted academic truth,  
 Where Euclid taught him to define  
 Precisely straight from crooked line\* ;  
 When he his finching hand and cue  
 From birch and ferula withdrew—  
 O deem not thou unfriendly those  
 Or to Greek verse, or Latin prose :

---

\* *Scilicet ut posset curvo dignoscere rectum, &c.*

——Query an leg. *curva & rectam*. See Cod. Cant.



Flogging of laziness the doom is,  
*Ignaviam pœna premit comes;*  
 And genius oft will sleep or swerve,  
 Till birch explore the hidden nerve  
 Where school-boys agony is born:  
 Then bright and vigorous as the morn,  
 When Phœbus mounts and streaks the east,  
 He rushes from inglorious rest;  
 And on careering pinion whirl'd,  
 Streams light on an adoring world.

But Tottergait, alert and bold,  
 Like him the crane-neck'd chief of old,  
 With laurels whose bald pate to hide  
 Full six score human myriads died,  
 On Latian or on foreign plains—  
 Thinks nothing done while aught remains\*;  
 And hence, by him their Cæsar led,  
 The northern shore his party tread.

Here sought I to protract my verse,  
 The toilsome march I might rehearse—

---

\* *Nil actum reputans, dum quid superesset agendum.*

Long Room Street straight, and Newbrough broad ;  
And Queen Street fair, so lies the road ;  
And, stretching far as eye can see,  
The everlasting Ropery !

Then might I minutes five or six,  
Their foot upon the isthmus fix :  
(The twin-sea'd drawbridge heaving still,  
Blow the light wind which way it will)  
Ere down the steep and rough descent  
Their steps, precipitate, are bent.  
Ella, there is no cause for fear—  
At least, Avernus yawns not here :  
For thitherward the slope was facile,  
Or Virgil represents the place ill.  
Yet, here thy light foot totters down,  
With bird's eye glance survey the town ;  
And, as thou view'st it's narrow space,  
Think what keen throbs it's bounds embrace :  
How many a brow with gladness shines,  
How many a heart in silence pines,  
Contrasted with the billows' roar  
Aye surging on yon dreary shore !

Think too, where opens at thy feet  
That hideous chasm, the seas might meet—  
As some have dreamt—were human art  
Summon'd to execute her part!  
But feebler arm than his, who rent  
Huge Athos from it's continent,  
Might scarcely hope with ductile tide  
The ocean's whelming mass to guide;  
Or bid the wave it's sweep forego,  
And in contracted channel flow.

These ponderings burthen not the brain  
Of him, who leads the lovely train:  
Yet think he must, on that lone strand  
Where shipless sea and houseless land,  
With features congruously rude,  
Share the sad reign of solitude.  
Scarce e'en a shell or pebble there  
Rewards the solitary strayer,  
Though all unrivall'd in the chace  
The melancholy beach he trace,  
And leave no stone unturn'd, no labour  
Spare, to outvie his south-shore neighbour.

Not Selkirk more disconsolate  
On green Fernandez' margin sate,  
His eyes around th' horizon veering  
With hope of distant speck appearing,  
To animate the lifeless scene  
And give him back the sight of men,  
Than Tottergait his glance aghast  
Across the watery desert cast.  
In vain, he turn'd himself about :  
Life, on all sides, seem'd 'quite shut out !'  
Wither'd by Winter's early breath,  
That stunted grass announces death ;  
The sea-weed, in vast ruin piled,  
Speak's tempest's triumphs wide and wild ;  
Scatter'd around yon lonely tree,  
The leaves proclaim mortality :  
The very Castle seems to say,  
'Strong as I was, I've had my day.'  
"Turn we then southward, girls, our feet,  
"I love the human face to meet.  
"—Ha ! sure yon object seems to move :  
"The surge has given some crag a shove ;  
"And see, it strangely rolls this way—  
"We shall be crush'd if long we stay :

“Haste, daughters—Ocean’s music wild  
(And at his own quaint thought he smil’d)  
“Is that, which moved rocks of old;  
“And hence in metaphor we’re told  
“Of Orpheus’ and Amphion’s *shell*,  
“And his whom dolphins loved so well,  
“That o’er the stormy main they bore  
“Him safely to his native shore.”

Lo! from his cheek the smile is gone,  
And forward fast he hurries on.  
More clearly to his vision shown  
A horse, it’s gentle rider thrown,  
Scared by the boist’rous billows, flies—  
And hark! that gentle rider’s cries!  
No more the solitude he mourns;  
His youthful chivalry returns;  
And, with the speed he used to know  
Full half a century ago,  
He springs—forgetful of his years!  
Whom would not move a lady’s tears!  
More potent they than charmed juice  
In age youth’s vigour to infuse;  
And, with the magic drops imbued,  
Re-sinew e’en decrepitude.

The fallen fair one on her steed  
Re-seated, homeward they proceed :  
And, as King Lewis with his train  
March'd up the hill, and down again;  
So Tottergait with converse toil,  
Tired of old Ocean's loud turmoil,  
His having march'd down to the main,  
Prepares to march them up again !  
With straining steps the cliff they climb,  
And with their ramble ends the rhyme.

W.





J. Green del.

THE WARM BATH.



— — — — —

THE WARM BATH.

— — — — —

BATHS and the nymph I sing, who waits,  
Assiduous *Touter*\*! at the gates;  
Anxious with cards, her name that bear,  
To catch th' arriving traveller;  
Lest nimbler claimants step between,  
To recommend their own machine.  
She patient, with her pockets full,  
Sits all day opposite the Bull:  
Happy, that lords her tickets took—  
Too happy might she duck a duke!

‘But of Dame Ducker why this stir?  
‘Another bard will sing of her:

---

\* A name, appropriated to the canvassers on each new arrival; possibly from the French, *tout*, as they lose nothing—at least, for want of asking.

‘And, if your depth you wish to show  
 ‘By learned Tract *de Balneo*,  
 ‘Long since Andrea Baccio  
 ‘Told us, in his huge tome *de Thermis*,  
 ‘What a cold bath—and what a warm is:  
 ‘For who would venture on lavation,  
 ‘Without such previous information?  
 ‘You’ve read, no doubt, and well could state his  
 ‘*De Tepidis, de Temperatis*;  
 ‘What Buxtons were in Latium found,  
 ‘To bless the medicated ground;  
 ‘What Harrogates for taste and smell—  
 ‘As nose and palate both can tell\*;  
 ‘Chalybeate, leaden, golden springs;  
 ‘The latter—what delightful things!  
 ‘In this bank-paper token age,  
 ‘Had we such, they’d be all the rage;

---

\* Baccius, in the work above-quoted, in which the writer has occasionally *dipped*, has a chapter expressly—*De Aquis sapore et odore abominabilibus*. Of these, from his detailed account, there seems to have been no lack in the ancient world; and, as defined by the author (*quæ a sulphuris natura ac diversarum invicem terrarum permistione resultant*) they appear to have been true Harrogate.

'And ministers, with such Pactolus,  
 'No more with rags and lead cajole us!  
 'Of Titus next perhaps you'd tell,  
 'Who dipp'd, as he did all things, well;  
 'On Dioclesian's baths\* dissert,  
 'Vast lakes to scour imperial dirt:  
 '(As if our English loyalty  
 'Could e'er surmise a prince might be,  
 'Great as he is by art and nature,  
 'At bottom but a dirty creature,  
 'And from his elevated seat  
 'More water ask'd to make him sweet!)  
 'Then, fast as muse's wing can strain,  
 'Hurry your readers o'er to Spain:  
 'And bid them at th' Alhambra stare,  
 'Though Salamanca still is there;  
 'And Wellington his banner waves,  
 'By tyrants only fear'd and slaves.

---

\* On the Thermae, both of Titus and Dioclesian, see Baucius, VII. 3.—Of the latter, which with their accompaniments appear to have employed in the building 40,000 Christians, a very full account is given, under the quaint idea of their several parts corresponding with the proportions of the human body, in the sixth chapter.

‘Toledo’s turrets, black and white,  
‘Look lovely, in the pale moon light;  
‘And were the magic pencil mine,  
‘To sketch and fill the fair design,  
‘Bid here the dome’s huge convex bend,  
‘There castles frown and spires ascend;  
‘Above, the mountain rear it’s brow,  
‘The valley’s plenty laugh below;  
‘I’d trace a scene should quickly call  
‘You, lingering from the ruin’d hall  
‘Where old Abderrahman reposed,  
‘When sleep his Moorish eye-lids closed;  
‘And make you deem—so rich the view—  
‘What you have read of Eden true!  
‘To Scott alone such pencil’s given,  
‘Dipt in the rainbow hues of heaven:  
‘He only might permitted be  
‘(Such the truth poet’s witchery)  
‘If call’d on English baths to rhyme,  
‘Bravely neglecting space and time,  
‘With Rome’s sad wrecks to mock our sense,  
‘Or Saracen magnificence;  
‘And whirl the veriest torpedo  
‘Now to Grenada, now Toledo!\*

'Befits not one of humbler wing,  
'Aught but the theme assign'd to sing.'

On theme, so limited, 'tis hard  
For gifted or ungifted bard,  
Standing on one leg or a pair,  
To bring two hundred lines to bear†.  
Had I been summon'd to describe  
In lengthen'd strain th' amphibious tribe,  
Half nereids they, half flesh and blood,  
Though most at home when in the flood;  
I would have framed fit invocation,  
To herald my versification—

"O come, Hygeia, wrapt in mantle blue,  
"Thy cheek besprent with spray, the billows' dew!  
"Traverse thy yellow sands with ancle bare,  
"Arms more than rosy red, and dripping hair;  
"And all thy temples' portals flinging wide,

\* —modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.

HOR.

† —————ducentos.  
Ut magnum, versus dictabat, stans pede in uno.

ID.

"Which tower (like fanes Venetian) o'er the tide  
 "Give to thy morning worshippers to lave,  
 "With pure ablution, in the cleansing wave!  
 "But ah! too like the fount of Salmacis\*,  
 "Goddess, thy cleansing wave at Scarbro' is;  
 "Where in gross union male and female blend,  
 "Thy rites too social for the pure t'attend."

These, and a thousand distichs more,  
 I could have penn'd upon the shore:  
 To Amphitrite sung a sonnet,  
 Or mermaid, as without a bonnet  
 She fingers o'er her sea-green locks,  
 And makes her toilet 'mid the rocks:  
 No more with comb and glass they dress  
 At Exmouth, or at Inverness †;

---

\* *Cui non audita est obscenæ Salmacis undæ!*

OVID Met.

*Unde sit infamis, quare male fortibus undis  
Salmacis, &c.*

ID.

Consult Col. G—, of the N— Militia; whose horse, by direction I suppose of his patron Neptune, threw his presumptuous rider into the sea.

† From Inverness we have heard more than enough of mermaids. Mr. Tonpin, from Exmouth, has still more recently de

But listeners showery sounds surprise  
Of wild Æolian melodies!

Nay, had it been a shower-bath, some  
Jove issued demi-god might come,  
At my fond call, *in gremium\**;  
And that poor soil fecundify  
With fruits and flowers, that never die.  
But a mere warm bath—there's the rub—  
What god would patronise a tub;  
An artificial stream unlock,  
A boiler tend, or turn a cock?  
Without more preface then, or proem,  
Headlong I plunge into—my poem.

---

scribed the singular tones of one seen last August near the Bar of that place, which were not inaptly compared by one of the party to the mild melodies of the Æolian harp, combined with a sound similar to that made by a stream of water falling gently on the leaves of a tree.

MONTHLY MAG. Nov. 1812.—p. 345.

\* *Tum pater omnipotens fecundis imbribus æther  
Conjugis in gremium, &c.*

Who that ethereal lustre may express,  
That genuine grace, that simple loveliness,  
Which, though with Phidian marbles it might vie,  
Shrinks all abash'd e'en from it's own pure eye;  
Shuts out th' intruding god of day, and dreads  
The very woven forms on which it treads?

O modesty! how amiably breaks  
The sudden flash, warm mantling o'er thy cheeks;  
When, centre of the crowded circle's gaze,  
'Thou feel'st th' approving voice of honest praise!  
In vain, disrobed by Fashion's harlot hand,  
Bold Beauty flutters shameless o'er the land;  
Now here now there, a meteor mischief, flies  
Illusive flickering 'neath the midnight skies:  
With pale alarm we note th' ill-omen'd form,  
And deem it portent of a hastening storm.  
Not Helen only set a realm on blaze;  
Through woman's wiles all human strength decays:  
By female magic lull'd, the mightiest sleep,  
And o'er their spell-bound sovereign nations weep.

And can no cure for this bright bane be found?  
No moral styptic check this bleeding wound?



And shall not man, by sad experience wise,  
Shun the fair ruin flaring in his eyes?

O! how might woman rule with blameless sway;  
How might our race improve, as they obey:  
Would but the light deluder cease to move  
By Fashion's influence fashion's fools to love!  
Untainted by the Bacchanal's hot breath,  
Ungarlanded, except by Virtue's wreath:  
Would she but cease for fops to spread the lure,  
And seek the pure in heart, herself as pure;  
As Ella, or as Laura, maid or wife,  
The grace of this—the guide to future life!  
But, what from Helen's foul amour can rise,  
Save Troy's red flames ascending to the skies!

Turn we, my muse, where Ella, simple maid,  
Sits pale with cold and shivering at a shade;  
Or shudders through some crevice to descry—  
Crevice before unmark'd, a curious eye!  
Move no light clouds across the curtain'd glass,  
But stamp a human peeper as they pass.  
Even fancied sounds her timid ear appal;  
A step draws near—she catches at a shawl.

Thrice did'st thou entering, Ella, bar the door :  
 Thrice lock, to "make assurance doubly sure."  
 Thine idle terrors then, dear girl, restrain,  
 Phantasmagoric etchings of the brain:  
 Those flitting forms are imaged by thy fear—  
 No peeping Tom of Coventry is near;  
 And, if such Tom of Scarbro' there should be,  
 He'd instantly be sent to Coventry.  
 O, if not the good angel of thy fate,  
 Trust her—the faithful guardian at the gate.

Had but such caution mark'd poor Lady Scrub,  
 Ere, cynic-like, she stept into her tub;  
 Had she but shot one bolt—why did she not?  
 The proverb says, 'Fools bolts are quickly shot—'  
 She ne'er from Captain Pepys had shrunk appall'd,  
 Ne'er fruitlessly for distant Jenny squall'd;  
 Ne'er toil'd in vain her embonpoint to hide,  
 Perversely buoyant, by the vessel's side!  
 "Ah why," the muse expostulating cries,  
 "Are ladies careless, or have captains eyes?"

Here leave we Ella half an hour,  
 To float like some fair *lotus* flower,

Which on the Nile's broad surface swims,  
And dips by turns it's flexile limbs;  
Diffusing, in it's lily pride,  
A holy halo o'er the tide—  
That half hour's space elapsed, to be  
VENUS ANADYOMENE.

W.







*J. Green del.*

CORNELIAN BAY.

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## THE CORNELIAN PARTY.

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*Scépè ex socero meo audivi, cùm is diceret socerum suum Lælium semper ferè cum Scipione solitum rusticari, eosque incredibiliter repuerascere esse solitos, cùm rus ex urbe tanquam è vinculis evolavissent. Non audeo dicere de talibus viris, sed tamen ita solet narrare Scævola, conchas eos et umbilicos ad Caietam et ad Laurentum legere consuêsse, et ad omnem animi remissionem ludumque descendere.*

(Cic. *de Oratore*, II. 6.)

IN fair Jamaica, it is said  
(I but refer to what I've read)  
Of land-crabs oft you meet a host  
Impatient hurrying to the coast,  
Soon as the season for migration  
Warns them to quit their inland station\*.

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\* The violet crab, of Jamaica, performs a fatiguing march of some months' continuance, from the mountains to the sea-side.

PALEY'S Nat. Theol. XVIII.

—But why to fair Jamaica roam  
For what, each summer, shows at home?

In June, when May-flowers and May-flies  
Paronomastically rise,  
Ere yet the dog-star shoots his fire,  
Prayers on all sides assail the 'Squire  
From craving wife and coaxing daughters;  
"Your hunting o'er, your hounds in quarters,  
"And ere the moors demand your gun,  
"Full two months interval to run—  
"Oh! as you promised, Scarbro' show us,  
"In the old coach you well can stow us:  
"Yourself included, we're but seven,  
"Betty, as eighth, keeps both sides even.  
"Do, pray Sir, without *and* or *if*,  
"Take a month's lodging on the Cliff."

Thus importuned, what can he do?  
He loves his wife, and daughters too;  
And, though himself had rather stay  
T'inspect, or even make, his hay;  
Though he abominates the stir  
And stench of crowded theatre,



Remembering well the scented gale  
That ventilates his native vale :  
Though balls annoy where sylphids meet,  
To ply untired their nimble feet,  
Here figuring in, there crossing over—  
The reason why, he can't discover :  
Though on a ten yards' terrace he  
Scarcely finds room to bend his knee,  
Or on a scanty mile of beech  
His favourite hunter's legs can stretch ;  
Yet will he go ! With glad surprise  
They read the answer in his eyes ;  
And all the toilette ammunition  
Is instant put in requisition.

The village semstress summon'd straight,  
Attends the critical debate—  
Hears caps, and cloaks, and gowns discuss,  
Sees treasures rummaged from their dust—  
Flounce, stomacher and furbelow,  
Would arch an antiquary's brow,  
And prove (whate'er be now the passion),  
Eve has not always led the fashion.

O Scarbro' ! queen of sea-side joys ,  
 Which no domestic care alloys,  
 Far from the petty jangling war  
 Of housemaid, and of housekeeper !  
 Throned on thy cliffs, how proudly thou  
 Survey'st the varied scene below :  
 In curve exact thy mansions bending,  
 And to the watery marge descending :  
 Upon that marge, in modest state,  
 Hygeia throwing wide her gate\*,  
 (A better Cytherea she,  
 Risen newly from the ambient sea)  
 To indigent infirmity :  
 Thy temple, castle, double mole,  
 Port, spa, and circling round the whole,  
 Of beauty and of strength the zone,  
 The ocean's azure girdle thrown !  
 Thy pleasures ever charm the young,  
 The morning stroll—stroll all day long :

---

\* The Warm Sea Bathing Infirmary, where the poor, who cannot even afford three tokens and a half per bath, are invited to go.—*quadranto lavaum*.

Joy, triumph, health at once they give,  
 To see, to conquer, and to live;  
 And *vidi, vici, vixi*, plain  
 Records the bright and brief campaign.

Nor hither 'Squires alone resort  
 With water to dilute their port,  
 Walk off the arches which riding gave,  
 And tip the go-by to the grave—  
 That only *port* they still would pass,  
 As Time's their only hated *glass*:—  
 For Scarbro' parsons quit their church,  
 For Scarbro' schoolmasters their birch;  
 And York and Lancashire agree  
 To sip their amicable tea.  
 No more indeed, the mortal fight  
 Is waged by roses red and white,  
 But on th' *arena*\* now appear,  
 Embattled, Bell and Lancaster.  
 Fiercely th' inglorious conflict rages,  
 Where pages are opposed by pages;

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\* The reader will not fail to remark the appropriateness of a metaphor, originally founded on *sand*.

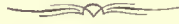
And press-men and compositor  
 Maintain the theologic war,  
 While *black* and *white* the bearings blot  
 Upon each angry chieftain's coat,  
 O! might the muse one question blab,  
 To combatant in black and drab!  
 Pardon aud ponder the inquiry—  
*Cælestibus tantæne iræ?*

I named above the morning stroll :  
 Impatient to enjoy the whole,  
 Which Scarbro' affluently supplies—  
 Water, and air, and exercise—  
 Old Tottergait, from breakfast hearty,  
 To 'round the Nab' invites his party.  
 Yet will he not the eye-spout pass  
 Untried, nor miss chalybeate glass,  
 As near the Spa his daughters stay,  
 And chide his hazardous delay :  
 "O, see ! the tide already flows,  
 "And will too surely interpose  
 "To bar, perhaps, our safe return  
 "Across yon rough and craggy bourn,  
 "Unless we instant hasten on—

“Pray, pray, papa, let us be gone.”

But water, drunk or dabbled in—  
 Up, in both cases, to the chin—  
 Water, as Tottergait is told,  
 Will make him vigorous, though old:  
 It can't, indeed, renew his mettle;  
 That only would Medea's kettle—  
 A precious hot-bath long destroy'd,  
 Or who with age would be annoy'd?  
 But it can brace without, within,  
 The steel his chest, the salt his skin:  
 Suppress Madeira's rising fume, or  
 Sooth by diluting acrid humour;  
 And stimulate alternately,  
 Pure Nature's genuine *Eau de vie*.  
 “Mistake not, that I pupil am,”  
 Quoth Tottergait, “of Doctor Lambe,  
 “Who makes his water drop by drop  
 “In chemist's or in druggist's shop;  
 “As if in Paradise a still  
 “Where Adam's earliest utensil,  
 “And in some guilty moment quaft,  
 “His death, of running stream a draft!  
 “Charg'd with it's vivifying gas

"I love the sparkle of the glass:  
 "Cath'rine, the lines!—by heart she knows 'em—  
 "Sent hither, when my lovely blossom,  
 "With languor struck, her head reclined,  
 "And Edmund grieved that Ella pined;—  
 "This eye-spout blinds one for a time,  
 "Or I myself would read the rhyme."



*H Y M N*

TO

SCARBOROUGH SPA.

"O Fount of Health! O sparkling Spring!  
 "Thou, who the languid nerve can'st string,  
 "And bid upon the cheek of snow  
 "It's long-forgotten roses blow!  
 "To taste the pure pellucid wave,  
 "Fresh issuing from thy steeled cave,  
 "Comes one, who were it mine to heal,  
 "Nor care nor pain should ever feel.

"O to thy cool sequester'd haunt  
 "Receive thy loveliest visitant!

"Deserve at length thine ancient fame,  
 "Pour all thy vigour through her frame;  
 "Th' elastic step of youth restore,  
 "To climb the mountain as of yore;  
 "And as in brightness, so in force,  
 "Like Phœbus let her run her course.

"Then shall thy praises Edmund sing,  
 "And o'er thy urn strew offering,  
 "Cull'd at the fragrant morning hour  
 "In Flora's fairest sweetest bow'r;  
 "That thus to him, through thee, 'tis given  
 "To hope on earth a lengthen'd heaven!"

Then quoting, with pedantic hem,  
 Old Pindar's temperate apophthegm  
 (*Αριστον μεν υδαρ*) he gulps down  
 A second tumbler *βαδυκολπον*,  
 And, with unusual vigour mann'd,  
 Ploughs unfatigued the sinking strand.

At last Cornelian-Bay they tread,  
 With all it's myriad treasures spread;

Gems of all kinds—red, white, square, round—  
 A new Golconda above ground!  
 And now they struggle through the shingle,  
 Here group'd round some bright prize, there single:  
 "Look what an onyx, Sir, is mine,  
 "Enough to make a quaker pine;  
 "Though they nor brooch nor bracelet wear,  
 "Necklace nor pendant at the ear!  
 "Take it, dear Kate," fond Ella said,  
 "And bear it, polish'd, on your head:  
 "The giver, all ungloss'd by art,  
 "Wear still, beloved, in your heart."

Onward the guiltless Mammons travel,  
 With eyes fix'd on the glittering gravel;  
 Nor e'er to distant cape by chance,  
 Or castle, turn th' admiring glance,  
 Or frowning cliff, or verdant plain,  
 Or white sail glistening on the main:  
 Vain Nature's contest with the maggot,  
 For what in Nature's like—an agate?  
 Nay, if they joy the day is fine—  
 'Tis but because the pebbles shine;



And earthquakes would but give them dread,  
As swallowing up the sparkling bed.  
Tides only ebb those beds t'uncover,  
And flow, they think, to roll them over;  
As mightiest rivers Brindley calls  
Mere pap to feed his young canals.

Fear not, dear girls, the sage profound,  
With rake and hammer peering round  
For granite blocks and veined shells,  
In which the hermit Murex dwells;  
Fucus or Alga non-descript,  
From it's firm base by tempests stript—  
Your paltry triumphs he despises,  
Bent upon rarer, richer prizes:  
No tiny basket carries he,  
To mock his massy industry:  
No bag like that of smallest size,  
Which holds our own infirmities;  
But wallet huge—or blue, or crimson—  
Like that we crowd our neighbours sins in;  
Fossils in this (as he supposes)  
He stores, which would perplex e'en Moses,

And force him, were he now to write,  
 A new cosmogony to indite:  
 For he can trace their rude formation  
 To periods long before creation;  
 And prove, by arguments in plenty,  
*Nil esse quod non fuit ante!*  
 —Peace to such vain geologists,  
 With such I enter not the lists.

But Laura now appears in view:  
 Such faultless figure Guido drew,  
 When in her softest happiest guise,  
 He sketched 'our Lady' of the skies:  
 That lady's frame such soul inspired—  
 By love attuned, by grace attired!  
 Her ye may fear: for not a beam  
 From roughest agate casts it's gleam;  
 No vein so fine, no speck so small,  
 But her quick glance descries them all—  
 'Fear!' the rash phrase, my muse, disprove:  
 For who can fear, whom all must love?

And now, unconscious of their stay,  
 They homeward plod their weary way:

When tide and tempest join their force,  
To intercept the destined course!  
The rock they climb, whose foot before  
They pass'd, nor heard the surges roar:  
Above the rocks the waves aspire,  
Each than it's predecessor higher;  
A little moment's space recoil,  
Then with redoubled fury boil.  
Not closer to her crag Andromed  
Clung, shuddering at the roar her foe made,  
Than Ella now to her's with fears  
Tenacious, limpet-like adheres.  
Above she views the jutting steep;  
Below she hears the roaring deep:  
No beau, as Perseus, hovers near  
To bid her bosom be of cheer,  
And ere she feel the bellowing shock,  
Bear her in safety from the rock.

Meanwhile, to Kate's affrighted eyes  
Bellina's ghost appears to rise;  
Bellina, in her maiden bloom  
Sent by a ruffian to the tomb.

Yon letter'd stone \* she hovers nigh,  
 Swells with her shriek the sea-bird's cry;  
 And seems in hollow tone to say,  
 "Thou soon shalt join my kindred clay."  
 Oh! to Bellina's doom severe  
 Be struck one chord, be shed one tear.



'Glowing with health, in early beauty's prime.  
 'Link'd with the youth she loved and trusted most,  
 'Nor meditating she nor fearing crime,  
 'Bellina treads the solitary coast.

'O'er the broad surface of th' unruffled deep  
 'The midnight moon her silver radiance throws;  
 'In stillest calm old Ocean's billows sleep,  
 'Great Nature's self is lull'd into repose.

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\* The Letter D (for death, like the Greek Θ) long marked the stone, upon which Miss Bell's head rested when her corpse was discovered, blooming as in a quiet sleep. It has since been removed, perhaps by tempests.

‘Ah! little reeks Bellina, in that breast  
‘She deems love’s throne, what horrid passions  
wake!  
‘Too soon by deeds the demon stands confest,  
‘Her limbs toosoon with force, with terrorshake.  
  
‘But heaven which oft, it’s secret mercies such,  
‘Inflicts in kindness the mysterious blow,  
‘Withdrew her from the coarse polluter’s touch,  
‘And bade her leave her unstain’d corse below.  
  
‘Where traces the spring-flood it’s utmost bound—  
‘Why should the muse the foul detail relate?  
‘There even in death unfaded, was she found;  
‘And many an eye still weeps Bellina’s fate.’



Turn we where other sufferers lie—  
Alas that maids so fair should die!  
O sickening moment of alarm!  
A sea of foam, a heaven of storm!  
Billow and cloud commixt half way,  
Torrent direct, collateral spray!

While, as poor Ella lifts her head  
 To scan the perils round her spread,  
 Specking with white the lurid sky  
 She marks the screaming sea-birds fly;  
 And deems each note, amid the gloom,  
 Augurial of her hastening doom.

“Too plain the sense thy cries convey—  
 “‘I scent with joy my plenteous prey;  
 “‘Upon yon flinty altar piled,  
 “‘View my pale victims—sire and child;  
 “‘And ere to-morrow’s sun arise,  
 “‘Shall feast upon the sacrifice!’—  
 “Oh, come not near with dirge so dread—  
 “Spare us, at least, until we’re dead!”

And see! she gives her hoarded heap,  
 Vain offering! to the angry deep:  
 Agate transparent, curious moss,  
 Destined for future brooch or cross,  
 Cornelian, quartz—promiscuous tost,  
 Are in the greedy billow lost.

As when with Indian gems, and bales,  
 Home-bound, the stately vessel sails,

And cuts the main with steady prow  
Reflected from the glass below;  
Sooth'd by his precious weight, awhile  
Old Ocean wears a treacherous smile:  
And now each giddy fair on board  
To England, as she dreams, restored,  
Of balls and dress and fashions prates,  
Conquests to come anticipates;  
Sees peers contest th' adjoining seat,  
Hears princes sighing at her feet:  
When—Oh! what means that crashing shock?  
Tho ship has struck a hidden rock!  
Sudden, as through the yawning side  
Rushes the black impetuous tide,  
From their shrunk minds the waves efface  
Of fashions, balls, and dress the blaze;  
And sweep with one dread dash away  
At once the plunderer and tho prey.

Oh Ella sweet, how throbs thine heart!  
How to thy cheek the blushes start,  
As eager plunging through the wave,  
Thy Edmund hastes—to die, or save!









*J. Green del.*

SEA BATHING.

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SEA BATHING.

---

THREE hours, at least, the pacing sun  
Had his diurnal course begun,  
And thrown his bright resplendent rays  
On mountain tops and tranquil seas.  
Refreshing was the morning gale,  
That fill'd full many a distant sail.  
The gentle wave refused to roar  
And only kiss'd the pebbly shore.  
Hygeia sat upon the brow  
That overlook'd the flood below,  
Dispensing health to those who sought  
By watery plunge or briny draught,  
Her wholesome aid and fostering care  
Or strength to give or to repair.

Such was the morn, bright and serene,  
When Lady Bustleton was seen,

Who had arrived the night before,  
To stand admiring on the shore.  
Her sister Tab, a maiden lady,  
Who had some time been past her hey-day;  
Two misses, of no common mien,  
Who the world's pleasures had not seen;  
But had at home learn'd Fal, La, La,  
From private masters and mamma;  
And Tommy a fine sprightly boy,  
His aunt's delight and mother's joy,  
The party form'd, whom coach and four  
Had brought an hundred miles and more,  
To where the wayward Muse has found 'em  
Gazing at every thing around 'em.  
The Baronet refused to roam,  
And therefore grumbling stay'd at home.

While Caroline her glass was trimming,  
To see the gentlemen a-swimming;  
While sister Betsy sought a store  
Of pretty pebbles on the shore;  
And little Tommy, all astride,  
Upon his cock-horse chose to ride;—  
The following colloquy began

Between the ladies and a man,  
 Who sought with all humility  
 To introduce them to the Sea:  
 "And please your Ladyship, I beg  
 "In my machine you'll put a leg:—  
 "A better you cannot command  
 "Of all you see upon the strand;  
 "While my wife, who for many a year  
 "Has waited on the gentry here.  
 "Will please you madam to a T,  
 "(As if you try her, you will see)  
 "Undress and dress you in a trice,  
 "Arrange your ribbands all so nice,  
 "And stick each pin into it's place;—  
 "For she has waited on her Grace,  
 "And many a noble Lady too,  
 "With such great Quality as you."

"All this is well," Aunt Tabby said,  
 "You seem, my friend, to know your trade:  
 "But while I see those ladies splashing,  
 "Pray tell me who are yonder dashing?"  
 "—Sir Harry, and Lord John no doubt;—  
 "Like Dolphins they can swim about."

—Aunt Tabby started with affright,  
When she beheld the horrid sight.  
“The thoughts of bathing thus I hate ;  
“Nought can be so indelicate:—  
“Besides a sailor, two leagues off,  
“May turn his glass, and spy and scoff:  
“And, after all, I do not know  
“What good salt water can bestow.”  
—“Believe me, Ma’am, a daily dip  
“Will rubify the cheek and lip.  
“If you’re too fat, ’twill make you thin ;  
“And if the bones invade the skin,  
“’Twill in a month their sharpness cover,  
“And clothe them well with flesh all over.  
“The sea’s the mill that people mean,  
“To make the old grow young again.  
“Now ladies the machine is ready,  
“My wife prepared, the black horse steady ;  
“Tom Careful will the beast bestride,  
“And be your La’ship’s Honour’s guide.  
“Oh how delighted you will be,  
“When you are splashing in the Sea.  
“And if to me you’ll trust young Master,  
“I’ll bear him safe from all disaster.”

“Well then,” said Lady Bustleton,  
 “Of the sea-party I’ll be one:  
 “The girls shall also take their places,  
 “And in it’s waves may wash their faces.”

“Tabby exclaim’d; “If you should please }  
 “To play such silly freaks as these, }  
 “Why, wives may take these liberties. }  
 “But, Sister, sure ’twill not be wise,  
 “To let the girls employ their eyes  
 “On such strange sights as they may see,  
 “Not fit for either them or me.”

“La, Aunt,” the smiling Misses cried,  
 “We’re surely not to be denied  
 “To do whate’er Mamma may do; }  
 “For we hope to be married too, }  
 “And so, Aunt Tabby, so do you.” }

Thus the old maid outvoted stood  
 And watch’d the ebbings of the flood;  
 But did not like to stand alone,  
 When all the rest of them were gone:  
 So bribed the dame of a machine,  
 To let her sit awhile within.

Thus as she chatted of the weather,  
And who and who were got together :  
The driver, as a thing of course,  
To the machine attach'd his horse,  
Which suddenly was put in motion,  
And Tabby dragg'd into the Ocean.  
Now, though this lady had miscarried  
In that same wish of getting married,  
She still possess'd the worldly science,  
Which to a scrape can bid defiance ;  
And knew full well, if once the tale  
Should in the public rooms prevail,  
The dashing folks would have a reason  
For quizzing her throughout the season.  
Thus, when surrounded with salt water,  
She burst into a fit of laughter,  
And through the window stole a peep  
To see her nieces take a leap.

“Tell me,” she said, “what fish is yonder!”—  
“No fish, I’m sure, but ’Squire Blunder,  
“And just beside us here’s another,  
“A comely man, Lord Something’s brother.



“They do no harm, my Lady; they  
“Here in the waves but frisk and play,  
“And sport about to take a view  
“Of such fine noble forms as you.  
“The Ladies, dress’d in flannel-cases,  
“Show nothing but their handsome faces.  
“Besides, so noble is your mien,  
“To such advantage you’ll be seen,  
“That all the Gem’men will agree,  
“You are the Beauty of the Sea.”

“Well, then,” said Tabby, “I’ll prepare  
“To make the saucy fellows stare.  
“—But stop a moment:—You must know  
“That not above three months ago,  
“A fever robb’d me of my hair,  
“And left my head so bald and bare,  
“That to do justice to my face  
“A wig has since supplied it’s place.  
“So till another time I’ll stay,  
“And put off bathing for to-day”

“—Oh no, here’s Lady Bumpkin’s tresses  
“In which, to bathe, she always dresses:

“For grey her hair has long been grown,  
 “And then she paints her eye-brows brown.”

To this Aunt Tabby did agree,  
 And soon went headlong in the Sea.  
 The Sea received the virtuous maid,  
 Who no unseemly fears betray'd  
 But look'd about her undismay'd. }  
 Then soon with all the pleasing glow,  
 Which the salt waves so oft bestow,  
 She sought the ready handmaid's care,  
 And found each kind attention there.  
 —Her nieces, when their aunt was seen  
 Descending quick from the machine,  
 Sprung forth with eager step to meet her,  
 And with a cheerful welcome greet her.  
 Thus laughing loud in accents gay,  
 Homeward they took their pleasant way,  
 With stomachs keen and looks bewitching,  
 To breed a famine in the kitchen.





*J. Green del*

THE SANDS.

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## THE DRIVE.

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THE morn was fair, the dust was bound  
By liquid fetters to the ground ;  
Serene the sky, no clouds appear'd,  
No mountain forms their heads uprear'd :  
But o'er the whole expanse a hue  
Of clear and bright ætherial blue  
Invited all th' equestrian fair,  
And stylish beaux to take the air.  
Friend Totter cheerly raised his head,  
And smiling to the Ladies said ;  
“ I promised you, I think, before,  
“ A carriage—yes, my girls, and four :  
“ I'll be your coachman, and our round  
“ Shall be on fashionable ground.  
“ Come, Mrs. Tottergait, to day  
“ We'll *drive* blue devils all away :

“No, no, we’ll have those elves no more;  
“Ho—bring the carriage to the door.”

Now very soon the carriage came  
(Such vehicles are known to fame :)  
A sort of squat barouche—each steed  
Of high and well-train’d donkey breed :  
Their sires and dams of some renown,  
Though not in calendars set down :  
Such beauties are well known to grace  
The roads of every watering place.

Careful, the good man peep’d about,  
To see what lynch-pins might be out :  
Look’d too, as careful as you please,  
Both to the wheels and axletress ;  
The perch, the springs, the bolts, the braces—  
The bridles, saddles, reins, and traces  
Escap’d not his regardful eye,  
Or soundly-shaking scrutiny.  
And now advanced, with joy elate,  
Mistress and Misses Tottergait :  
They took their seats—he gazed around,  
Drew up the reins, and look’d profound ;

And mounting with a stately grace,  
 Set forward at a gentle pace.  
 NEWBY and SCALBY soon they see,  
 And travel on in social glee,  
 'Till sometimes passing, sometimes past,  
 By those who drove more slow or fast,  
 At HACKNESS they arrived at last.

Ah, lovely vale! thy charms shall long  
 Embellish themes of nobler song!  
 All praised its beauties, and declared,  
 No time to view them should be spared;  
 Yet, in a moment, thought they should  
 Be greatly pleas'd by RANCLIFFE wood:  
 To it they drove, but wish'd the ride  
 Had wound along the Derwent side.

“Tut,” said old Totter, “prithee, learn  
 “The beauties present to discern:  
 “The bee, that in the roseate bower  
 “Still wanders on from flower to flower,  
 “From each obtains what sweets he can,  
 “And the same lesson teaches man.

“If in the paths that we pursue  
“To cull the good, we keep in view  
“This road, or that—we need not mind it,  
“Good is still good where'er we find it;  
“And tell me—wherso'er we range,  
“Why always should we wish to change,  
“Pursuing yet the scene untried,  
“And when that's found—dissatisfied?  
“Thus 'tis, our discontentments grow—  
“What is the matter now—wo, wo—  
“Duce take the near-wheel donkey's trick:  
“He's sure at every thing to kick.”

The ass, it seems, was not content  
With his old worship's argument;  
Or rather with the smartish stroke  
That followed every truth he spoke.  
They first began with gentle beat,  
But grew more fierce as did his heat;  
When kicking at the sad disgrace,  
It threw it's leg beyond the trace,  
And must have trotted home on three,  
Had not friend Totter set him free.



Near Ayton-Bridge, upon the road,  
 Edmund had met the little load:  
 Some stared, but not with much surprise,  
 And pleasure glisten'd in his eyes.  
 As homeward now the party drew,  
 The Castle Walls appear'd in view;  
 The donkeys pull'd, as though they saw  
 Or smelt their corn, and hay and straw;  
 But Mister Tottergait said, no—  
 I'm not inclined so fast to go:  
 Donkeys are wilful—if you'll ride,  
 Friend Edmund, nearer to my side,  
 I will endeavour to prevail  
 On these to let me tell a tale.

MR. TOTTERGAIT'S STORY.

In Holborn once near Middle-row,  
 Some half a dozen years ago,  
 Two boys, with more than common care,  
 Were leading from a Smithfield fair  
 A poor young ass—the beast was led  
 By an old halter round it's head:  
 Self-will'd by nature, now and then  
 It chose to move—then stop again—

No whip, no cudgel, to it's side  
 By tyrant hand was now applied;  
 They push'd—they urged him on with coaxing,  
 And with a hay-band sometimes hoaxing.  
 They made short way—but still the colt  
 Would stand, as stupid as a dolt;  
 At length, stock-still, it seem'd to say—  
 “*Not one step more I'll stir to-day;*”  
 And yet, with gentleness, they strove  
 To make the senseless creature move.

A gentleman, who chanced to pass,  
 Exclaim'd—“A very pretty ass!  
 “’Tis gentle, sure—I have a boy—  
 “A child—I’ve promised him a toy;  
 “And (to a stander-by he said)  
 “It has a very pretty head—  
 “I wonder if the lads will sell?  
 “The donkey would do thrice as well,  
 “And on the lawn ’twould range and feed,  
 “It is a pretty ass—indeed.”

“Oh, since we cannot make it stir,”  
 The boys exclaim’d—“We’ll sell her, Sir.”

With inward pleasure now he smil’d,  
 To think how well ’twould please his child.

He paid the price ; and lads, he said,  
Go, buy another in it's stead :  
The boys obey'd the glad command,  
And placed the halter in his hand.

Quickly increased the gaping crowd,  
The stifled laugh became more loud ;  
The chapman view'd his purchased steed,  
"A very pretty ass indeed!"—  
"—A very pretty ass!"—he found  
As quick re-echoed all around :  
Amazed, he look'd about to see  
What caus'd such grinning jollity.

Like transient dreams, like youthful sighs,  
Like gleams of sun in April skies ;  
The image that his mind had wrought,  
With home's domestic blisses fraught,  
The mother's smiles, the boy's delight  
Had vanish'd all—as well they might.  
The wife was gone, the child was fled ;  
The halter, and the ass, instead  
Secure he held: he saw the throng  
Their laughter and their jokes prolong.  
In angry mood he sought the elf,  
To whom he first address'd himself :

“Good heavens, Sir”—he cried—“You said  
“The beast was cheap—you liked his head;  
“I had not bought it, but for you—  
“And now, pray tell me—what to do?”  
“Nay, don’t be angry,” he replied,  
“The ass wont walk—perhaps ’twill ride.  
“To show I merit not reproach,  
“I *will* advise you—call a coach”—  
And then (for how could man refrain?)  
He into laughter burst again:  
“A coach, a coach,” he bawl’d aloud;  
“A coach, a coach,”—rejoin’d the crowd.  
And soon the ass was hoisted in,  
The crowd observ’d it with a grin;  
In jump’d the gentleman—the door  
Was quickly closed—then burst the roar:  
For as he bade his last adieu,  
The donkey thrust his head out too,  
Join’d in the chorus of the day,  
And parted with a farewell bray!

The story done, the old man drew  
The donkey’s up—t’*enjoy* a view;  
When Mrs. Tottergait averred  
The tale the best she ever heard;

And since they were on rising ground,  
 She wish'd a story might go round,  
 And call'd on Edmund; Kate insisted,  
 Since donkeys only were enlisted  
 In this day's sport—that all should be  
 Of long-ear'd race variety.  
 Edmund consented to the plan,  
 And thus his sportive tale began.

## EDMUND'S STORY.

One day, in Britain's famed Museum,  
 Where rarities are hung on high;  
 A countryman, who came to see 'em,  
 On a hugh bone \* had fix'd his eye.  
 "With that great jaw,"  
 Quoth Doctor Shaw,  
 "One Sampson in a mighty passion  
 "(For oft he into choler flew)  
 "Of Philistines a thousand slew,  
 "And might have slaughter'd half the nation."  
 The Bumpkin said,  
 And scratch'd his head,

---

\* The bone of the Hippopotamus of extraordinary size.

“It is an ass’s jaw, indeed!

“How glad I am we’ve lost the breed:

“Such monstrous asses, God we praise,

“Do not exist in our days.”

“Sir,” said the Doctor, “you must know  
“We’ve quite *as monstrous* asses now.”

“Zooks!” cried the fellow, “that is rare!

“I’d loik to zee un, I declare;

“Do tell me, Muster, where they are.”

Thus press’d, the Doctor silyly said,

“The asses that I lately saw,

“Are not so big about the JAW;

“But strangely *thicker* in the HEAD.”

No sooner was the story done,

Than clouds to shed their stores begun;

The steeds were urg’d to mend their pace,

And now the trot became a race.

Quickly did Long-Room Street appear,

And home in view, their spirits cheer;

In haste, since each was not befriended,

The journey and the stories ended.





J. Green del.

THE CHURCH.



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THE CHURCH.  
AND  
CHURCH-YARD.

---

FURROW'd by storms, and grey with years,  
The venerable pile uprears  
In awful dignity it's head,  
Amidst the regions of the dead :  
The mutilated walls betray  
It's ancient greatness and decay ;  
And serve to tell, yet serve to hide,  
How *much* to grave monastic pride  
Was once munificently given :  
But ah, how *little* spared to Heaven !  
Still does each sculptured arch impart  
Some vestiges of Saxon art :  
Some forms of chaster style, the thought  
By Fancy bred, by Judgment wrought ;  
And to the searching eye convey  
The beauties of it's earlier day.

High on the brow behold it soars,  
 The guardian of it's busy shores,  
 And to the gaudy active throng  
 That still to earthly cares belong,  
 "Leave them beueath," it seems to say ;  
 "To happiness behold the way."

Our aged pair the long rope-walk\*  
 Had shortened by a pleasant talk,  
 And thither came to gaze around,  
 And meditate on sacred ground:  
 Full oft they viewed the vessel sweep  
 The surface of the watery deep ;  
 The gay and bustling town beneath,  
 The bold and wide-extending heath,  
 The fields with full luxuriance crown'd,  
 Where Plenty, Joy, and Health abound.  
 Now bending read the tomb-stones o'er  
 And on each verse together pore ;  
 And oft they moralize, and then—  
 They read the verses o'er again.

---

\* The Rope Walk is remarkable for it's length.

Till Tottergait, in thoughtful mood  
 And philosophic attitude,  
 Cast on the stones his pensive eye,  
 Proceeding in soliloquy:

“With these last mansions in our view;  
 “These palaces six feet by two,  
 “What thousand cares we still pursue!  
 “Long o’er the sickly lamp, the SAGE  
 “To learning turns the lengthen’d page.  
 “AMBITION, wilder as it grows,  
 “Dispels the blessings of repose;  
 “Incessant care the MERCHANT sees  
 “In every wave, in every breeze;  
 “Remorse and woe the SPENDTHRIFTS find,  
 “Joy in the van, but Want behind,  
 “With all the dire illusive train,  
 “That promised bliss—that usher’d pain:  
 “Far happier is the peasant’s lot,  
 “At eve his cares are all forgot—  
 “His griefs, the lightest men endure;  
 “His woes, not past the ’morrow’s cure;  
 “His errors need no false defence;  
 “Such is thy meed, O Innocence!”

Not long in contemplative strain  
 Did Mr. Tottergait remain :  
 For the fat 'Squire had hobbled out,  
 Scarcely recovered from the gout ;  
 And in the Church-yard took his way  
 T' enjoy in peace the closing day ;  
 But, luckless Fate ! his poor feet found  
 A more than usual rugged ground ;  
 And, spite of caution, now he tript—  
 Away the faithless crutches slipt ;  
 Their master like a mountain follow'd,  
 And groaning for assistance hollow'd ;  
 Then fell so heavily altogether—  
 That, stamp'd upon his brigs of leather,  
 Friend Totter saw (for *he* could trace it)  
 A very legible HIC JACET.

The moralising thought now fled,  
 And Totter quiet forgot the *dead*,  
 While laughing to the 'Squire he cries,  
 "I've liv'd to see *Hic jacet—rise!*  
 "And 'tis no wonder : for, my friend,  
 "I saw it—at thy *latter end.*"

The 'Squire disliked the old man's joke,  
And half-offended scarcely spoke;  
Yet by a look he seem'd to say,  
" My joke I'll have another day."

" Come, dear," said Madam Tottergait,  
" I fear we make our ramble late;  
" So far to walk—so long the roam—  
" 'Tis time to think of going home."  
" 'Tis rather soon," he said, " to bend  
" The way of our *departed* friend:"  
And smiling kindly on his wife,  
" No, not just yet, my dearest life—"  
Fixing his eye upon a stone,  
Where rests a man five score and one,  
" No, not just yet, my dear; you see  
" I'm scarcely turn'd of sixty-three."  
And now the good and faithful pair  
Descended slow the Sandgate stair:  
" No, no, we'll both, if Nature pleases,  
" Continue on and take new leases."

The evening closes calm, serene,  
On Heaven's bright vault no spot is seen;

Save some light forms of aerial spray,  
That glisten red and fade away,  
Lost in the broad and golden beam,  
That sinks into the western stream:  
But soon these transient tints decay,  
And leave the world to twilight grey.  
Thus pure the transports of the mind,  
Temperate, and peaceful, and refined;  
Attuned to social joys, that rise  
From the calm influence of the skies.

Now Edmund with fair Ella came,  
To view the scene, and tell his flame;  
For every church-yard still is found  
A doubly consecrated ground,  
To Death and Love!——This path TO-DAY  
Is Love and Hymen's joyous way:  
When prostrate to the sacred power,  
Who blesses wish the blissful hour,  
Lovers before the altars bow,  
He hears the prayer, records the vow,  
And as the Priests his gifts dispense  
To Virtue and to Innocence,

Angels rejoice—for then is given  
To man a temporary Heaven.

To-MORROW! Hark! the dreadful bell  
Tolls mournful, life's departing knell!  
Now solemn pensive footsteps tread  
The dreary passage of the dead:  
That sigh, that tear, in anguish gave  
Another victim to the grave.

Could Virtue, Beauty, Truth, or Sense  
With Nature's powerful law dispense,  
Death had not dared the bolt to throw,  
That laid such excellence so low.

Fleeting;—with every hour's decay,  
Our earthly blessings glide away;  
The spring of Life with sun-shine cheers  
The scions of our hopes and fears;  
In winter's cold ungenial sky,  
Too sensitive, they shrink and die.  
Then instant seize, and Heaven's behest  
Clasp fondly to thy youthful breast:

The bliss neglected, life's best grace  
To cold and selfish cares gives place,  
And man with varied ills engage,  
Less honour'd by advancing age.  
Shrouded and pall'd, what tearful eyes  
Shall grace his latest obsequies ?  
What! not one silent-woe-bred tear,  
Affection's gem!—to deck his bier !  
Friendship may *sigh*—but Love alone  
Bedews the consecrated stone,  
And that sweet flower, whose perfume shed  
Can soothe us dying—grace us dead,  
Must ere it will it's sweets impart,  
Be fondly planted in the HEART.

Oh ye, who read how Nature rules  
The human breast—untaught of schools ;  
Who feel perhaps how pure, how fond,  
The strongest link of social bond ;  
O! you well know, how sweet to hear  
The bells that say a church is near ;  
As Fancy weaves with Hope the thread  
To curtain round the marriage bed,  
You will not wonder Edmund's theme



Was not of Sol's resplendent beam.  
Or ere the sun had sunk to rest,  
And deep in gloom the welkin drest,  
Ella suspected all that hung  
In trembling accents on his tongue.  
'Twas now he ventured to declare  
His passion to the listening fair;  
Perhaps the time he chose, to hide  
The ebbing of his crimson tide;  
It aided Ella to conceal  
A blush, she wish'd not to reveal.  
The verse attempts not here to prove  
The true devotion of his love;  
But it may very truly tell,  
Eleven times the turret-bell  
Had struck, and told them morn was nigh,  
Before it made the lovers fly;  
They reach'd her home, just time to rob  
The crier of a midnight job.







*J. Green del.*

SHOWER BATH.



THE SHOWER BATH.



'Tis said by those, who have defined  
The secrets of the human mind,  
That in the purest female breast  
There is a something ne'er at rest;  
A spirit ever quick and free,  
Whose name is *Curiosity*.  
In early years, confined at home,  
Nor suffer'd like the boys to roam,  
What's going on, or what is done,  
Of grave and sad, of frisk and fun,  
In the world's wide and ample sphere,  
The girls can know but what they hear,  
Nor gain at public school or college  
A prematurity of knowledge:  
But 'neath the formal matron's care,  
Learn the prim look and stiffen'd air:

The simpering smile, and each decorum  
Which governesses set before 'em :  
With many a little trifling duty,  
Relating but to shape and beauty.  
Thus, with the grace of song and dance,  
The Misses on their way advance ;  
And want to know, throughout their teens,  
What this thing is, and what that means :  
So that, at length, interrogation  
Becomes a daily occupation ;  
And long before they reach to twenty,  
The whys and wherefores sprout in plenty.  
So that when Misses meet together,  
They do not talk about the weather.  
In justice therefore to the fair,  
Truth must be willing to declare,  
That this same brisk inquiring feature  
Is not the real child of Nature ;  
But form'd by art, not inspiration,  
And is the work of Education.

Thus Ella and her sister Kate,  
Engaged one morn in friendly prate,  
After they had employ'd their chat  
In asking this and answering that,

And wondering both what things could mean  
Which they before had never seen,  
Thought of what difference there could be  
Between a Cold Bath and the Sea.

—“That you may know,” Old Mary said—

Now Mary was the Chamber-maid ;  
And at that time with brush and broom  
Was come to adonise the room.

At Scarbro' she was born and bred ;

There her laborious life had led,

And now it was old Mary's pride

To be a kind of Scarbro' guide,

To the good ladies to make known

Whate'er was furnish'd by the town :

Nor did she e'er her language spare

In telling all that happen'd there.

In short she hasten'd to explain

The bath that came like shower of rain,

That when a string was pull'd, it fell

Like what is call'd a dropping-well ;

Only the tumbling water seems,

Instead of drops, to come in streams :

While one receives it sitting there,

Naked 'tis true, but in a chair.

'Tis done so quick that, in a minute,  
You are out—and then you are in it.  
And ladies oft are heard to say,  
It makes them all so brisk and gay ;  
It puts them in such lively tune  
That they could leap above the moon.  
“I tried it once,” said laughing Mary,  
“And was as frisky as a fairy.  
“—’Tis at the rooms—in half an hour  
“You may enjoy the watery bower :  
“While I’ll go forward to prepare,  
“And say that you are coming there.”

Now so it happen’d, that Mamma  
And good Aunt Tabby and Papa,  
With Mrs. Frump, were all below,  
Risking at whist a crown or so:  
So that they might escape unseen,  
And no one know where they had been.

Thus, on their curious scheme intent,  
Well screen’d with veils away they went ;  
When, having view’d the strange machine,  
A thing they ne’er before had seen ;



And all it's tricks and magic shown,  
 The Misses wish'd to be alone.  
 Ella unrobed we now shall leave  
 In the first dress of mother Eve ;  
 Nor will the muse presume to see  
 Her form beneath the canopy,  
 From whose recess the watery store  
 Was in a thousand rills to pour:  
 While Kate, impatient for the fun,  
 When Ella had her washing done,  
 Took off her robings one by one.

Now Edmund, who had call'd to say—  
 “What is the party of the day ;  
 “And whither, fair ones, will you stray?”  
 Was led by Love, we will presume,  
 To find them at the Bathing-room.  
 First, at the door he gave a tap,  
 A second and a louder rap,  
 Which said as plain as rap could speak,  
 “I'm come my Ella fair to seek;—  
 “May I within the room appear,  
 “Or must I wait your presence here?”

But so it was, as it appear'd,  
 The modest notice was not heard :  
 Some power, a foe to their repose,  
 Had then contrived their ears to close ;—  
 And what was worse, to say no more,  
 That they should not have lock'd the door :  
 So Edmund thought, that he might ventre  
 Unceremoniously to enter.

But a strange scene now meets his eyes :  
 The sight his feeling petrifies :  
 While each with unexpected sounds  
 Th' astonish'd sense of hearing wounds.  
 The pug-dog bark'd, and Ella scream'd,  
 Down the tremendous torrent stream'd ;  
 While Kate was like a crouching goddess,  
 In only petticoat and boddice.

So that, astonish'd at the view,  
 Edmund shrunk backwards and withdrew :  
 What had he seen—what could he do !  
 “This ought to have been done before,”  
 Said Kate, and then she lock'd the door,  
 —How they both treated this intrusion,  
 With a gay laugh, or grave confusion ;

Whether poor Edmund was to feel  
 The rage which female eyes can deal,  
 The tell-tale muse will not conceal.

Cries Ella, "Sister, with what grace  
 "Can I e'er look in Edmund's face;  
 "When I reflect where he has been,  
 "And all, alas, that he has seen!"

"Think you," said Kate, "he had the power  
 "To see you 'midst the falling shower?  
 "His peering eyes could ne'er prevail  
 "To view you through your watery veil:  
 "Besides, poor fellow, of the two,  
 "He was far more confus'd than you:  
 "We may put on some trifling airs,  
 "To bring poor Strephon to his prayers—  
 "Just hint, that he was very wrong;—  
 "But we'll not keep our anger long,  
 "If he's discreet, and—holds his tongue."







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THE LIBRARY.

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NOW LITERATURE no more appalls,  
Immured 'midst gloom of cloister'd walls,  
But with a winning grace unbends  
To treat us all like common friends ;  
And readily her store supplies,  
To make men good, and great, and wise.  
Fair HISTORY unfolds her page,  
To spread the truths of every age ;  
Records the deeds by heroes done,  
How well they end, how well begun ;  
Remove the mask of vice and fraud,  
And what is truly great applaud.  
As in life's tide by careful fate  
The mind is made to *circulate*,  
Just so each watering place supplies  
It's CIRCULATING LIBRARIES :

Where charming volumes may be had,  
 Of good—indifferent—and bad.  
 And some small towns on Britain's shore  
 Can boast of book-shops half a score:  
 Scarbro', and with much truth, may boast  
 Her's good as any on our coast;  
 AINSWORTH'S or SCAUM'S—no matter which,  
 Or WHITING'S—all in learning rich,  
 Afford a more than common measure  
 Of pleasant intellectual treasure.

To pass the hour, the youthful fly  
 To one or t'other Library:  
 The aged join the throng, who choose  
 To ponder o'er the daily news:  
 And oft with self-applause elate  
 They enter into deep debate,  
 Praise or abuse the highest station,  
 And rule at second-hand the nation.

MR. QUID-NUNC.

You may depend upon it, Sir,  
 The Turks begin again to stir—



News has arrived that states it so,  
 Fresh from the Archipelago:  
 Northward, the Swede has 'join'd with us,  
 Both are in arms—the Russ and Pruss:  
 If 'the Great Lord' at last should get  
 Into the British Cabinet,  
 I'm of opinion that—you know—  
 I say no more—but time will show.

## MERCHANT.

Why, then, 'tis clear, a treaty must  
 Be politic, as well as just:  
 For commerce——

## POST CAPTAIN.

Pho! 'tis always right,  
 And just, and politic to fight;  
 If he comes in, affairs will be  
 Entrusted to the Adm'ralty.

## COLONEL.

Affairs will keep their former train,  
 And we begin a fresh campaign:

France will retreat, or I'm mistaken :

TOTTERGAIT.

And Holland—by the Dutch, be taken.

'SQUIRE JACK.

I'll bet you six to five, and say  
 'Done' first, the rascals run away ;  
 Talking of running—punch to port,  
 Young Grigsby's donkey shows us sport :  
 He rides himself ; I'll bet a dollar  
 He beats Black Tom, the last course, hollow.

And now to Tottergait he hies :  
 " Which does your Worship patronise ?  
 " I'll take your bet——"

TOTTERGAIT.

I've none to suit  
 Either the beggar, or the brute.

'SQUIRE.

Boo—boo—'tis useless, time to waste  
 With one, that really has no taste.

MISS WRINKLE.

Good Mr.—what's your name—you sent  
 Th' EXTATIC JOYS OF SENTIMENT,  
 In change for MAXIMS OF THE GREAT,  
 And MEMOIRS OF A PROFLIGATE;  
 'Twas but *one* volume, Sir, and then  
 The books return'd at least were *ten*;  
 I've reason to complain, indeed—  
 You sent me nothing, Sir, to read.

SHOPMAN.

Why, Ma'am, I sent you half a score;—  
 —5——36——2—8—1—4——  
 The Voyages of Captain Cook,  
 Besides the Sentimental Book!

MISS WRINKLE.

You sent them—true—but, Sir, 'tis plain,  
 'Twas but to be—sent back again:  
 Joe—put them down—and give him, Sir,  
 The VENIAL CRIME, and MURDERER:

MAID, WIFE AND WIDOW—if you please—  
And give him HORRID MYSTERIES.

And now, more loaded than before,  
Half frightened Joseph sought the door:  
As Joe went out, a man stalk'd in,  
Who caused an universal grin;  
Of form erect—with solemn pace,  
Fast fixt each muscle of his face,  
A Quaker reach'd the counter end,  
And said—"I want JOHN ROBINS, Friend."

SHOPMAN.

"JOHN ROBINS, Sir—he don't live here:  
"He did, but left his place last year;  
"He's gone away"—

QUAKER.

"It is not he,  
"Of whom I make demand of thee,  
"John Robins was a Friend like me;  
"—Like me! but I my words should mend:  
"JOHN ROBINS was indeed a FRIEND."

SHOPMAN.

“That alters not, good Sir, the case,  
 “There is no *friend* within this place:  
 “Do tell me, Sir what is your will?”

QUAKER.

“Why, child, I want JOHN ROBINS still.”

SHOPMAN.

“He don’t live here, again I say,  
 “John Robins long has gone away:  
 “What would you have? and why this strife?”

QUAKER.

“Why, Friend—I’d have JOHN ROBINS’ LIFE.”

The Ladies scream’d, and fled amain—  
 “It is the MONSTER come again!  
 “The MONSTER!—’tis the MONSTER!” all  
 With vehemence began to squall.

The Shopman hid himself—for he  
 Suspected 'twas insanity.  
 QUID-NUNC with terror quickly fled,  
 By policy to save his head.  
 The 'Squire displayed so fleet a pace,  
 It might have won the Donkey race.  
 Old Totter said—" 'Tis plain, I see,  
 "In this there is a mystery:  
 "In all his features I can find  
 "No mark of an assassin's mind.  
 "I know these people\*, and 'tis true,  
 "They wish their words should be but few:  
 "Too many is but useless stuff,  
 "But there should always be enough—  
 "Tell me, my friend, what 'tis you want?"

#### QUAKER.

"My words have been too few, I grant;  
 "'Tis for JOHN ROBINS' LIFE† I look,  
 "As printed in a little book."

---

\* Scarborough has many worthy and respectable inhabitants of this Sect.

† A very clever and amusing little account of John Robins, one of the early Society of Friends.

Peace now restored—the party greeted,  
And such as chose to stop re-seated,  
The greater portion walk'd away  
To change the pleasures of the day.

J. P.









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THE PROMENADE.

---

THE scholars of old EPICURUS  
And other learned Sophs assure us,  
That human pleasures often lie  
In that thing call'd *Variety*.  
Nay, it is said by learned BACON,  
Who is not commonly mistaken,  
That Nature by it's various dress  
Administers to happiness.  
Hence in her numerous tribes we see  
The due appropriate symmetry,  
Which every different class doth claim,  
In form and character the same:  
While, by each others side, they show  
What to contrasted charms they owe.  
And thus the curious mind is lost,  
As it surveys the countless host

That Nature spreads before the eye,  
 In varying prodigality  
 Of colour, shape, and scent, and sound  
 What in the air or earth are found,  
 Or in the watery depths abound.

Examine well the various dies,  
 Which the parterre in May supplies;  
 The differing scents different flowers,  
 That blend their sweets in fragrant bowers;  
 The cultured beauty of the fields,  
 Or the wild scene the mountain yields;  
 The lofty hills that crown the vale,  
 The rivulet winding through the dale:  
 These will incite the grateful eye  
 To bless the kind variety.

The winged natives of the grove  
 Alike the pleasing doctrine prove;  
 Or in the plumage or the note,  
 That decks the wing or swells the throat—  
 From the proud eagle's towering wings,  
 To the sweet song the linnet sings.  
 —Nor doth the ocean less abound,  
 Or in it's waves or depths profound,

From the huge whale whose monstrous form  
 In it's own circle stirs a storm,  
 To the small nautilus whose sail  
 Is spread to catch the flying gale,  
 And every finny shoal that roves  
 O'er beds of pearl and coral groves.  
 —Nor less th' amusing search is led  
 To wild or social quadruped :  
 To those that various clothing give,  
 Or in the Nubian deserts live;  
 Or to our wants the carcase yield,  
 Or drag the car, or plough the field.

But wherefore thus the range extend  
 'Tis time that our research should end,  
 And to a higher theme ascend :  
 To Man the Muse must strive to rise,  
 And sport 'midst his varieties.  
 But now her verse is not allow'd  
 To dash among the world's great crowd ;  
 She must her stated flight confine  
 To where the Belles of Scarbro' shine,  
 Where mix'd with Beaux the Belles are glad  
 To saunter on the *Promenade*.

First, in the morn the sea invites  
 To fair ablution's cleansing rites.  
 At noon th' equestrian parties roam;  
 For dulness only stays at home.  
 The bookish lounge may next succeed,  
 To rest awhile and chat and read.  
 When dinner and when coffee o'er,  
 The Terrace that commands the shore,  
 And courts the breezes from the sea,  
 Concludes the day's variety.  
 And thus concludes it, as it ought,  
 Where Fashion shines and Beauty's sought.  
 For well 'tis known, as Fashion's duty,  
 To give new grace and charm to Beauty:  
 And thus as ever-varying Nature  
 Displays her power in form and feature,  
 Fashion and Taste and Art combine  
 To make those forms and features shine,  
 With added lustre, added grace,  
 By suiting to the shape and face  
 The muslin's web, the floating lace;  
 And, as it suits them more or less,  
 Each gay variety of dress.

Nor doth Philosophy disdain  
To frolic it in Fashion's train,  
And introduce her line and rule  
In Fashion's changeful motley school.  
She can the pointed needle ply  
In every gay embroidery,  
Can make the scissar's points combine  
To take the strait or waving line,  
And with a nice adjusting taste  
Shape the rich silk to Chloe's waist;  
Then on the robe the spangles place,  
With scatter'd ease and careless grace.  
She oft is seen her head to pop  
Into a millinerian shop,  
To teach the high coquettish art,  
And her sage doctrines to impart;  
How to give vigour to the eye  
By the adjacent drapery;  
By suiting to the brow the bonnet,  
Or other shapes around or on it;  
How the complexion's hue to aid  
By tinted fabrics well display'd;  
In what apt turns the veil to guide,  
Charms to unfold or faults to hide;

And where the plume should rise or lower,  
And where be plac'd the fancied flower ;  
Or if the cluster'd curls should deck  
The high-arch'd brow or ivory neck.  
'These with new force can beauty arm,  
And give e'en homeliness a charm :  
Can heighten Medicean Graces,  
And brighten smiles in smiling faces.  
Nor these alone.—The hand and arm  
Alike possess the power to charm.  
The simple bracelet binds the one,  
The other's gay with glittering stone.  
But beauty, as we all well know,  
Pervades the form from top to toe ;  
And fashion will not think it shocking,  
To shape a shoe or clock a stocking.

O, how inviting thus to see  
Fashion and its Philosophy,  
In varied elegance display'd  
On viewing Scarbro' Promenade ;  
Where young and old and grave and gay  
Enjoy the sun's departing ray—  
Till to enliven the delight,  
The Rooms to dance and cards invite,



For which they, sure, are ill repaid,  
Who leave the charming Promenade.  
—The Colonel tired of warlike duty,  
Here comes to gaze awhile on beauty;  
The lengthened evening hour beguiles  
In combating with looks and smiles!  
And finds, though dumb, that they speak louder  
To his brave heart than bursting powder.  
The Muse howe'er is forced to own,  
The bulky Lady Cockleton  
And her slim neighbour (like a fish  
Serv'd in a shell by way of dish)  
Fill many a passer-by with laughter,  
To see such strange fish out of water.  
But still I with complacence see,  
To fill up the variety,  
The tranquil Quaker takes his place  
'Midst all this fashionable race.  
He feels not, that the finest dress  
Gives aught of real happiness.  
Nor does he, as he passes by,  
View the fine crowd with evil eye;  
But takes, amid the rich and gay,  
What he esteems the better way:

Nor does he by his words upbraid  
The crowd on Scarbro' Promenade.

Not all the Virtues, that are seen  
In Margate Packets to convene;  
Not all the wealthier ones that steer,  
In coach or chaise, to Ramsgate Pier;  
Not all the belles, who quit the Town  
To lounge about on Brighton Down;  
Nor the grave folks of Tunbridge Well  
Do, if the Muse speaks truth, excel  
In beauty, elegance, and worth  
This gay assembly of the North.





*J. Green del.*

THE THEATRE.

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THE THEATRE.

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IN London Players often work,  
Like Negro, Galley-Slave, or Turk ;  
But the Provincial Actors say,  
They little have to do—but *play* :  
Save now and then, some twice a week,  
Duchess or Countess may bespeak,  
And cheering lend her ready hand  
To foster Nature's mimic band ;  
Who, to her passing image true,  
Still ' holds the mirror up to view.'

Scarbro' her Theatre displays,  
And courts both patronage and praise :  
Although not mounting to the skies  
The golden vast prosceniums rise,  
Astonishing spectators' eyes;

}

Yet neat, commodious, and to view  
A little of the tasteful too.

One door stands open to admit  
To Box, To Gallery, and Pit,  
And there, with no excessive rout,  
It lets you in—and lets you out:  
'Tis bad—but let this failing rest;  
Of vomitories, bad's the best.

'Twas to see HAMLET and TOM THUMB,  
The Tottergaits were hither come:  
The lights were all around suspended,  
Those from the floor had just ascended,  
The music's fiddle-tuning din  
Just finish'd as they enter'd in,  
And scarce had they appear'd in sight,  
Than back they rush'd in great affright.

A waggish boy to mischief prone,  
For ev'ry sort he made his own,  
Had noted in the orchestre band  
The thorough-bass—a skillful hand,  
Who when the tuning was completed,  
And all in readiness were seated,

Would place his spectacles aright,  
And with his fingers snuff the light;  
(Sometimes th' incautious finger suffers,  
And marks the use and want of snuffers)  
Then, careful, through the  $\infty$  he sent  
The snuff into the instrument;  
There safe deposited 'twould lie,  
And harmless burn and smoke and die.  
Not so to-night—for Tim had bought,  
And slyly in his pocket brought,  
Some gunpowder—and ere the band  
Had ta'en an instrument in hand,  
He had contrived to pop it where  
The candle-snuff would next appear.

Now all was tuned, and each was now  
Attentive to the leader's bow;  
The spectacles as usual goes,  
Down from the forehead to the nose,  
The fingers to the candle went,  
And thence into the instrument.  
Now 'Bang!—Bang!—Bang!'—a horrid crash  
Accompanied a vivid flash,  
And clouds of black and rolling smoke  
From the beshatter'd ruin broke;

Musicians—audience—aud all  
Join'd in a loud bravura squall!

The great bass broke—no other harm,  
They all recover'd from alarm;  
And soon, the mischief understood,  
They join'd to make the fiddle good:  
The boy just managed to escape  
The troubles of a fiddle-*scrape*.

At length, all seated as they found  
Their names were ticketed around,  
The crack'd bell's tinkling voice apprises  
The lights descend—the curtain rises.

Prince FAULKNER swells his lengthen'd tone;  
Miss CAMPION sweetly sings her moan;  
HOLMES clenches his extended fist,  
And cries—"O! *Hamlet, list, O! list.*"  
"Na," cries a Bumpkin of the County,  
"Na dont thee, mun, wi' out the *Bounty.*"

The Queen declares—Polonius dies—  
Ophelia to the deep brook hies—  
The Sexton digs his canvas graves—  
Laertes roars and Hamlet raves—



The son is drunk to by his mother,  
 The Fencers meet and pink each other,  
 The Queen is poison'd—from the ring  
 Hamlet starts up, and kills the king.  
 Now dear Horatio would sup  
 A portion of the poison'd cup,  
 But on reflexion thinks it best,  
 To live—and bury all the rest.

The curtain drops, and shortly follow  
 King Arthur, and his Dollalolla,  
 She squalls the queen of modern shrews;  
 The dagger's point he careful views:  
 All kick and die—A bearded sage  
 Bids them “get up”, and clears the Stage.

The house began to clear apace,  
 And mirth to careful thought gave place.

EDMUND.

“This shawl my Ella shall bedeck;

MRS. TOTTERGAIT.

“Dear, tye this 'kerchief round your neck.”

CHILD.

“Now, sha’nt we come another day?”

SERVANT.

“Lord Gimcrack’s carriage stops the way.”

As they were now about to go,  
Old Totter near the second row  
Pick’d up a paper, that he found  
Folded and lying on the ground:  
At home arrived—said he “we’ll know  
“What sport this paper will bestow;  
“It is a FRAGMENT, and in verse:  
“Read it, friend Edmund—come, rehearse.

J. P.

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THE STAGE,  
*A FRAGMENT.*

---

\*\*\*\*\* who maintain, and with reason,  
That Playhouse and Players would every season  
Amuse and delight with scene, music and robe,  
Ere Deucalion and Pyrrha repeopled the globe.  
This readers may doubt; but how wisely they speak,  
In ponderous volumes translated from Greek\*:  
Like true antiquaries most boldly aver  
That TRAGEDY 'rose from a bacchanal stir,  
Of grape picking—wine drinking—goat eating  
boors;  
Who knock'd up a dust at Athenian doors;  
When awe-struck, the masters if truly they say  
As quickly, as wisely got—out of the way:  
So joyous the riot, on each year's return,  
The feast to renew every bosom would burn;

---

\* See Mr. DIBDIN'S English Stage.

Again old Silenus was placed on an ass,  
 And goats, graced the triumph, as well as the glass;  
 Thence progressive examples of frolic—and thus  
 It descended through HOMER and HESIOD to us;  
 And e'en to this day, a stage treasury doats,  
 On *Silenus*, and *Bacchus*, and *Asses*, and *Goats*.  
 So long as such numbers to folly it yields  
 May the lobbies be called the ÆGYRON fields\*.

Old Time, who to stages still serves as a pander,  
 ARISTOPHANES brought us, and brought us Me-  
 NANDER;

A couple of comic and jocular elves,  
 Who made others laugh, and loved laughter them-  
 selves;

Taught the smile of benevolence still to appear  
 Tho' goodness and nature excited the tear.

Now Actors the best, and 'tis doubted by no man,  
 Was ÆSOP the Grecian, and ROSCIUS the Roman;  
 Which brings us to Rome—where PLAUTUS the  
 sprightly,  
 Touch'd his countrymen's foibles and follies so  
 lightly,

---

\* The Grove where these feasts were celebrated, and where also followed those called "The Triumph of Bacchus."

That TERENCE indignant; as roughly, 'tis known,  
With satire determin'd to pummel them down.

To Spain all the Frenchmen most gravely declare  
No debt due from CORNEILLE and none from MO-  
LIERE ;

Though nothing they *borrow'd*—I think on the  
whole,

They should *honestly* give it as much as they *stole* ;  
That VOLTAIRE, and RACINE, partook, there's be-  
lief :

And we know the receiver's as bad as the thief :  
Retributive justice, however, dear reader,  
Still follow'd the rogues, as boys " follow my  
leader,"

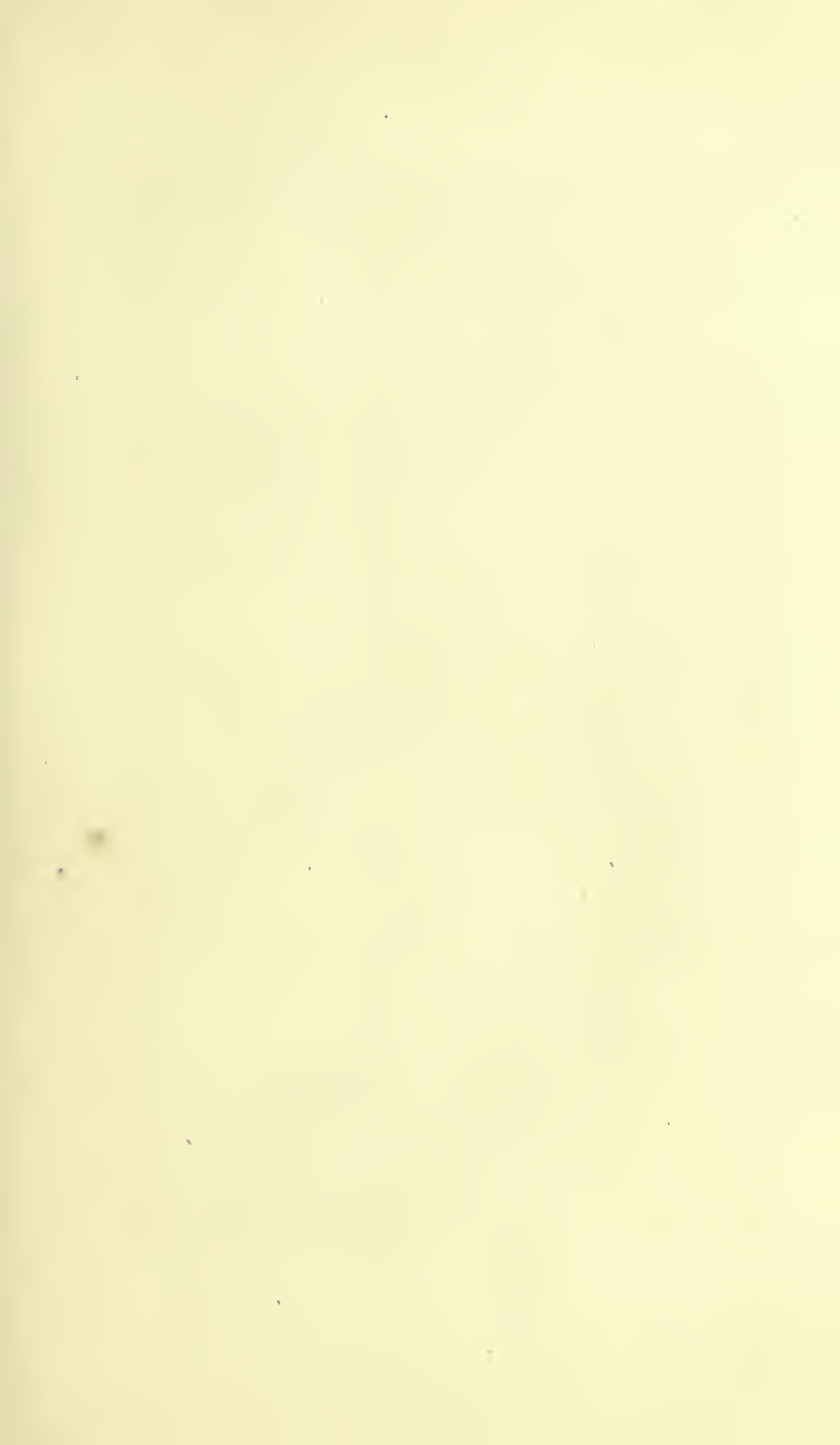
For the Poets of England, with conscience as small,  
Came sily behind them—and pillag'd them all.

But cease we—for well I remember, 'tis said,  
We never should speak any ill of the dead,  
I own for myself, as I'm hoping to thrive,  
I would rather 'twere then, than whilst I am alive.

In the TEMPLE OF FAME, by the worthiest graced,  
In niches of HONOR may HERIOD be placed :  
MENANDER, CORNEILLE, ARIOSTO, MOLIERE,  
May each have a pedestal ranged for him there ;

By the Ægis of wisdom, exalted and tried,  
Each an honor to ART, and his COUNTRY'S PRIDE.  
But SHAKSPEARE—dear SHAKSPEARE, receive as  
    thine own,  
The arch of thy triumph—the loftiest throne;  
O'er rich wreath of oak, be thy motto unfurl'd,  
THE POET OF NATURE—THE PRIDE OF THE WORLD.

J. P.





*J. Green del.*

THE BALL ROOM.



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THE BALL ROOM.

---

EPISTLE FROM \*\*\*, ESQ. TO \*\*\*\*.

TO some 'tis the beauty of watering-places,  
That you meet at each turn with such swarms of new  
faces ;

The oval, the circular, oblong, and square,  
Delighted alike to be stared at and stare :  
From Dora, be-gemm'd and be-equipaged o'er,  
Three riders behind, three postillions before,  
To Laura, whose brightness beams warm on the  
poor.

Nor less in variety characters crowd—  
The selfish, the generous, the pert, and the proud :  
From Dora, who if e'er she dole out her bounty,  
Records the rare deed for the theme of the county,  
To Laura on wretchedness showering delight,  
Whose left hand ne'er knows what is done by her  
right.

But most at elections such medleys are found,  
Collected to gaze from the district around.  
When our friend Sheriff Courtly discoursed of  
elections,  
And sneeringly triumphed in patriot rejections,  
(For Courtly already holds offices twain,  
And another he modestly hopes to obtain)  
Told what speeches were made when no rival op-  
posed,  
And how chairing and dining with dancing were  
closed ;  
I heard his long story with envy and tears—  
For a poet, whom seldom such revelry cheers,  
May venially stuff himself once in seven years.  
But united—procession, and dinner, and ball—  
Only think—'twas my luck to come in for them all.

And first in due order, and stately progression,  
From the town-hall advanceth the tardy procession ;  
The banners in front streaming wide to the wind,  
And the members unhatted and smirking behind :  
Snuffy handkerchiefs shaken in token of love,  
And such sneezing below ! and such squeezing  
above !

While in mockery of freedom and popular choice,  
*Their* throats bawl the loudest, whose tongues ;  
 have no voice.

All this you're expecting, of course I should  
 write ;  
 But, alas ! a sharp shower drench'd the pageant  
 in spite.  
 And lo ! reeling on with occasional cheer,  
 The flag-bearers in the far distance appear :  
 Who have shrewdly resolved, with potations of gin,  
 To ward a wet outside—by wetting the in.  
 The banners all stream too—but 'tis with the rain ;  
 And the members low crouch—'tis for shelter—in  
 vain.  
 In vain the blue heaven they essay to descry ;  
 Not Sir Francis himself could frown worse than  
 the sky.  
 But *non omnia possumus omnes*, say all ;  
 They'd their sun-shine, before they came out of  
 the hall ;  
 And not even places and pensions can keep 'em  
 From the *nubila* (dismal inversion!) *post Phæbum*.



## S O N G.

HARK! Freedom, Britannia, and George give  
the word!

From millions the shout of rejoicing is heard:  
With revelry grandeur's proud palaces reel,  
And poverty's huts the glad sympathy feel.  
O' give then, with me, to enjoyment the hour,  
And while to our King deep libations we pour,  
Let each loyal bosom with transport rebound,  
And God save the King!  
Long live the King!  
And God bless the King!  
Be re-echoed around.

In yellow meanders through regions of slaves  
His tribute the Tiber conveys to the waves;  
O'er Holland is fasten'd stern Tyranny's chain,  
And the hoof of Invasion has trampled on Spain:  
In dust the fierce eagle of Germany lies—  
But England's red banner still streams to the skies.  
Let each loyal bosom, &c.

Then push round the bowl, fill each glass to the  
 brim,

To love's humpers a truce—now we're thinking of  
 him,

Who while France's broad flag is o'er Europe un-  
 furl'd,

Stands firm, stands alone, in the gap of the world :

Who long in that gap Britian's champion has stood,

The boast of the brave and the pride of the good.

Let each loyal hosom, &c.

And now, with light chaussée, dear capering  
 goddess,

Terpsichore, come without corset or boddice,

Neck-handkerchief, petticoat, tucker, or shawl,

Like a modern fine lady equipp'd for a ball.

'Then note me that gentleman carelessly bowing

In those "vile pantaloons, which he fancies look  
 knowing;"

And doom him in penance unpartner'd to prance,

Or with one of those naked old figures to dance.

Poor straight-forward I, who to hop ne'er  
 presume,

Still the shortest way choose from the top of the  
 room :

But for others, let beaux still appear in their best,  
And belles be at least more than verbally drest;  
Not thus in profusion their persons display,  
Apparell'd like Eve in her birth-night array,  
How little, sweet innocent creatures! they know  
What to Fancy's illusions the handsomest owe;  
Or themselves they would instantly hasten to screen,  
Till the face and the foot were the whole that was  
seen.

And let none but the young in these gambols en-  
gage,

They suit not the limbs or the languor of age.  
'Tis a gastly deception when skeletons frisk,  
Clap the hands, nod the head, and affect to be  
brisk;

And reminds one of scenes by Dan Holbein erst  
shown,

In a dance where the jiggers by Death are led  
down.

So old Tottergait thought not. Of life such his  
care is,

He resolves to enjoy *helitus puellaris*;

---

\* See a scarce Tract, entitled "*Hermippus Redivivus*."









*J. Green del.*

TERACE STEPS.

---

THE TERRACE STEPS.

---

SINCE meditation merits praise,  
(And men invent a thousand ways  
By which the young may soon be brought,  
To cultivate the charms of thought)  
A BALL, of course, must be design'd  
To claim the sanction of mankind!  
Give BALLS—behold what crowds appear,  
Each to the gay delight sincere,  
The young—the old—the grave—the gay,  
As foot-balls—foot the hours away;  
And 'midst the jocund round they spend,  
How well conceal'd the purpos'd end;  
Though sure as 'music's aid they borrow,  
Reflexion ushers in the morrow.

Not quite in spirit's Edmund rose,  
And paused, and then—put on his cloaths:

Pondering, he wander'd toward the sea,  
Return'd—and ponder'd o'er his tea.

Just then, John enter'd with a note

The Hatter's errand-boy had brought,

"A letter, John?"—"No, Sir, a bill;"

"Unwelcome guests, come when they will:

*Of newest shape and Regent fold,*

*The tassels work'd in silk and gold,*

*With patent lining made to draw—*

*A fashionable Chapeau Bras!*

"Go, tell the boy he need not wait;"

"And call again, Sir?" *Three pounds eight.*

Upon the sofa spruce and gay,

The splendid Chapeau near him lay—

"'Tis fit," said he, "we have some chat,

"Good Mister fashionable hat:

"To you, most certainly, I owe

"A very reverential bow;

"Perhaps, 'tis fitter that I should

"Have said a bow of gratitude.

"Last night thy bold and dashing air

"Assumed an empire with the fair,

"And half the gay and bustling crowd

"Observ'd thy elegance, and bow'd:

“ A Peer, with more than complaisance,  
“ Made way for thee amid the dance;  
“ And Celia, who with scorn declined  
“ The favour by the 'Squire designed,  
“ Before her sight when thee I bent,  
“ With sweet concession smiled consent.

“ How changed a simple student's fate :  
“ And all thy cost is—THREE POUNDS EIGHT !  
“ Then come, my friend, and let me try  
“ To comprehend thy mystery.  
“ I cannot think, the learn'd agree,  
“ That Cato wore a thing like thee ; .  
“ Or Seneca, the good and wise,  
“ Did 'neath such shadow moralise,  
“ And by thy graceful aid impart  
“ The rules to guide and mend the heart :  
“ Canst thou bestow or wit or sense,  
“ Or add to Virtue's eloquence ?  
“ Abash the bold licentious eye,  
“ Or raise dejected modesty ?  
“ Then let me emulate their plan,  
“ Because you mark the gentleman.

“ But if, subverting truth, I find  
“ Thy arts are to enslave the mind,  
“ Transforming now a vicious bent  
“ Into a civil compliment ;  
“ If thou canst bring a grace to suit,  
“ Where vice is most it’s substitute,  
“ Make wise and good and kind and brave  
“ Apply to coward, fool, or knave ;  
“ I would not use thy flattering aid,  
“ For all the wealth thy charms have made.

“ Wilt thou become the courtier’s friend,  
“ And aid his low and servile bend ;  
“ Assist in fawning for a place,  
“ And give deceit and lying—grace ?

“ Wilt thou, beneath the suitor’s arm,  
“ Give, to hypocrisy a charm ?  
“ Wilt thou adorn the specious tale,  
“ That wins—though truth and honour fail ?  
“ O woman !—dearest bliss that Heaven  
“ To man in kindness yet has given,  
“ Dear best relief of every woe,  
“ O sweet consoler !—must we know

“Thy charms refused where most they’re prized,  
“And given where most they are despised!

“Though thy best use might mend my fate,  
“And at the price of—THREE POUNDS EIGHT,  
“If such thy power, I scorn thy charms,  
“And throw thee faithless from my arms.  
“Away, vile Hat—again the round  
“Shall lead me, where alone is found  
“The purer train of social ties,  
“Among the GOOD—the truly WISE.”

This his resolve, of course he bent  
His way—the way he always went:  
Which led him, like th’unerring Fates,  
Direct to Mr Tottergait’s.  
But female spirits, young and gay,  
Are renovated with the day:  
The dance with them will oft impart  
More active impulse to the heart,  
It oft a healthful store supplies  
By energetic exercise.  
Now Ella and her sister Kate,  
With sprightly steps and hearts elate,

The Terrace-promenade were walking,  
And cheer'd it with a little talking;  
Enjoying thus the golden ray  
That spangled o'er the busy bay.  
Kate, who could always well descry  
What might be seen by mortal 'eye,  
Saw Edmund gazing all around,  
Seeking where Ella could be found;  
For when he heard, "O Sir, she's been,  
"I'm snre, two hours upon the Stein."  
He turn'd about, and now was there,  
And not far off the Terrace-stair.  
"I'll have my joke," said Kate, "and he  
"Shall not o'ertake us presently;  
"And if he sees us—still the fun  
"Will be, to see his Worship run:  
"Come, sister, come," she cried aloud,  
And drew her past the busy crowd.  
"Now, Ella—now, girl—try your skill  
"How quick we may get down the hill."  
The terrace-steps they now descend,  
She heedless how the race may end;  
When—woeful fate—from gout amending  
A cit, most cautiously descending,



Whose trusty crutches held a frame  
To bulky for a human name,  
Stood in the way—unwieldy mass !  
He scarce left the room for one to pass ;  
And swift as ever lapwings flew,  
Down the steep passage now came two :  
Th' impetus would admit no pause  
(There is no ruling Nature's laws ;)  
With him poor Kate in contact came  
With such a shock, it shook his frame :  
She scream'd—she lost her sister's hold,  
And then away the couple roll'd :  
She first—but ere her wits forsook her,  
He roll'd still faster, and o'ertook her.

Piercing the groan, and wild the glance,  
He threw on Kate's pale countenance :  
He lay like Falstaff on the plain,  
Whom fear had levell'd with the slain ;  
But hear no feigning : for he lay,  
A very mountain of dismay.  
Now soon he muster'd strength, and roar'd  
Like bull in Spanish conflict gored ;

And all so wild, so fierce the strain  
Brought Catharine to herself again.

J. P.





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THE WATER PARTY.

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“NEPTUNE—thy wide and vast domain  
“I shall not contemplate in vain;  
“For much I love thy placid sea,  
“And all it's gay variety :  
“I love to see the various sail  
“Press gracefully before the gale,  
“To view the freight of riches, they  
“In calm temerity convey  
“From clime to clime ;—the wealth they bear  
“The South, the East, the West may share :  
“Exchanging each, whate'er the boast  
“Of clime or culture, soil or coast ;  
“Or labour with assiduous hand,  
“Or lofty genius may command.  
“Thus is to man a portion given,  
“Of every good prepared by Heaven.”

Friend Tottergait proceeded thus  
 For old folks may be garrulous :  
 His little party stood beside,  
 And watch'd the slowly-ebbing tide ;  
 Nor did he cease, for Kate had thrown  
 A lovely rose but newly blown  
 Forth to the sea ; and as the gale  
 Expanded every leafy sail,  
 She with a watchful eye pursued  
 It's voyage to the waters rude ;  
 Beheld it by the surges tost,  
 And soon amid the billows lost.

It were a theme for half a day,  
 So thus he moralised away :—  
 “ Epitome of life ! the flower,  
 “ The fragrant beauty of the hour,  
 “ In rosy tints, in healthful charms  
 “ While yet the glow of Nature warms  
 “ Floats gaily on the rippling tide  
 “ An emblem of our youthful pride.—  
 “ See—farther borne, upon the spray  
 “ It takes it's vain and rugged way ;  
 “ When dissipation's wild career,  
 “ Leaves us a prey to every fear,

"The rifled beauties of the rose  
 "The bosom's anguishes disclose ;  
 "But ah ! should guilt invade the breast,  
 "Farewell for ever hope and rest ;  
 "The fugitive, alas ! shall be,  
 "Ev'n as the Rose in storms at sea :  
 "For, having left the peaceful shore,  
 "It perishes—to bloom no more."

Nor yet had Tottergait concluded,  
 When Mr Lancaster intruded :—  
 "An' please your honour, Sir' d'ye wish  
 "A boat for sailing—or to fish ?  
 "I see that you are looking out,  
 "Perhaps of wind, or rain, in doubt ?  
 "Depend upon it, 'twill be fair ;  
 "And'tis a most delightful air.  
 "I will supply you, if you please,  
 "It blows a very pretty breeze ;  
 "For CAYTON CLIFF MILL, Sir ?" he said  
 "FILEY ?—OR may be, FLAMBRO'-HEAD ?"

"Why, aye—what say ye, wife—wilt go ?  
 "And what say you, girls—aye or no ?"

“Oh yes, yes, yes, papa;” and now .  
Lancaster made his usual bow ;  
And off he set to use his power,  
To be “quite ready” in an hour :  
The Tottergaits set off, to choose  
A pleasant party for the cruise.

The party now were shipp'd apace,  
And smiles were seen on every face,  
The sails were hoisted, and with glee  
The vessel set away to sea.  
In mantle gay, of various dyes,  
Blue, yellow, green, the ocean lies :  
A vast expanse of field it seems  
Where one broad waving harvest teems.  
O'er which deep shadows swiftly fly  
Projected from a mountain sky,  
While gleams of sun in splendour pave  
Contrasting portions of the wave,  
And sweetly gild the distant sail  
That swells to greet the freshen'd gale.  
In murky haze is seen the land,  
And Scarbro's long and distant strand,



That scarcely breaks the lengthen'd line  
 Seeming the ocean to define :  
 The castle, barrack, church, but shew  
 Like fragments of the beetling brow.

The cheerful tale, the sprightly joke  
 Their spirits and good humour spoke,  
 And now the wit, and now the song,  
 The "the feast of intellect" prolong :  
 The appetite imperious now  
 Brought the provisions from the bow ;  
 Cold chicken, ham, and tongue in plenty,  
 More than enough for all the twenty ;  
 With wine, and fruit, and bread, and beer,  
 Made up a tolerable cheer.

" *Luff—luff—*" the cockswain cried aloud ;  
 " *Put her about:—*" and soon a cloud  
 A deep and solemn gloom o'erthrew,  
 Alarming to the busy crew :  
 The breeze more briskly now prevails,  
 And whistles shrilly in the sails ;  
 On heaving swells the vessels rise,  
 A darkening cloud spreads o'er the skies,  
 And low the screaming sea-bird flies. }

The vessel pitching, in a minute  
Displac'd each mortal that was in it:  
The ham, the chicken, wine and all  
At once were upset by the squall,  
Aunt Tabby with increased alarms  
Fell plump into Sir Harry's arms;  
The Alderman, a strange mishap!  
Got seated in Miss Prudence' lap;  
While Lady Bustleton was seen  
Against the Vicars breast to lean:  
But scandal all that day was blind,  
If otherwise—uncommon kind.

Much consternation now took place,  
And dire alarm o'erspread each face;  
“We will return,” the ladies cry—  
It was a female mutiny!  
“Good Mr. Lancaster, I pray,  
“Shan't we be shortly cast away?”

MRS. FIDGET.

“We shall be seen from land, I hope,  
“By some one with a telescope;  
“And if we are, I have no doubt  
“They'll send at once the life-boat out.

" Ah; there again—at every shock  
 " We strike upon some hidden rock :  
 " Now, pray, can any body see  
 " The life-boat putting out to sea ?  
 " If I get home but safe and sound,  
 " I will subscribe a dozen pound  
 " For life-boat uses——aye, a score :  
 " I never knew their use before—  
 " 'Tis very strange, they build no more."

" Oh bless you, Ma'am," a seaman said,  
 " There is no danger now to dread,  
 " To half the dangers sailors run;  
 " This is but frolicking and fun."

## MR. CAPIAS.

" But frolicking indeed!—I wonder—  
 " Oh! what a dreadful clap of thunder!  
 " I wonder all who use the Spa,  
 " Are not obliged to give—by law  
 " Enacting, that the boats should be  
 " Always in readiness—at sea."

TOTTERGAIT.

“Winds do not thus for ever blow,  
 “’Tis oftener a calm you know:  
 “’Twere useless quite so much to wish—

ALDERMAN.

“They should be used for catching fish,”

LADY GRACE.

“Sure Captain Manby, when he sees  
 “Us toss’d upon such waves as these,  
 “Will throw his shot and rope, to save  
 “The ladies from this awful grave:  
 “Ah! never sea was half so rough—

MR. CAPIAS.

“I hope he’ll give us *rope* enough.”

KATE.

“There is the life-boat!—quite in view!

SEAMAN.

“Miss, ’tis a *pleasure-party* too:  
 “In one tack more you’ll see each face;  
 “The breeze is dropping, and apace.”

'Twas not alone the breeze that fell;  
 For pelting—pitiless—pell-mell,  
 A cloud in streams began to shed  
 It's treasures on each drooping head :  
 The boat, which Kate espied, was now  
 Close to the little vessel's bow.

Some social Quaker friends they were;  
 Like other friends, they sought to share  
 The boon of NATURE'S equal care :  
 The party huddled close together,  
 T' escape the drenching from the weather ;  
 But she had bid the waters spout,  
 It seems, to take some stiffening out :  
 For what with rain, and what with wind,  
 Cloaks, hats, and *coats* of every kind  
 Were so adhesive, you might trace  
 Each native elegance and grace :  
 In fact—without a changeful passion,  
 The Friends were "tip top" of the fashion.

"Lash to—astern," old TOTTER cried,  
 "With us you'll very safely ride."

Most gladly was the offer seized,  
And both the parties greatly pleased ;  
For, when we fancy danger near,  
'Tis said that numbers lighten fear.

As near to land the vessels drew,  
The breeze no fancied tempests blew ;  
The Friends, with many a kind "farewell,"  
Broke from the stern their hempen spell ;  
The little crew as kind a cheer  
Waved with their 'kerchiefs in the air,  
For both had learn'd how dear might be  
Friendships 'midst dangers form'd at sea.

The vessel sought the sheltering pier,  
And safe it's stores disburthen'd there ;  
The boat press'd swiftly to the land,  
The keel merged deeply in the strand ;  
A landing-board was placed secure  
And some had made their footing sure ;  
But RUTH more timid, more in haste,  
Unguardedly her foot misplaced ;  
And now the wave had clasp'd the maid,  
Had not the boatman lent his aid ;

REUBEN, recall'd by her alarms,  
Bore her securely in his arms;  
Close he embraced the lovely fair,  
Who felt no sense of danger there.

The curb of ART, which NATURE reins,  
The energetic breast disdains,  
When DANGER joins with LOVE t'impart  
The warmest feelings of the heart.

J. P.









*J. Green del.*

THE POST OFFICE.

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THE POST OFFICE.

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AUTUMN with changeful, wayward skies,  
Some pleasures of the Spa denies;  
But still it's fading charm produces  
A thousand little odd excuses  
For longer stay—and who would part  
The social FRIENDSHIPS of the heart?  
When may they meet, if once they sever?  
Next season, sure—or surely never!  
And, though it's bonds so closely bind  
Each union of the purer mind,  
That Time's strong arm may not impair  
The close-connected forms they bear;  
This parting violence may prove  
And strain the strongest links of LOVE.

'Tis fit the Muse should here unfold  
What long ago she might have told:—

With all the care to end suspense,  
 And 'scape this *dreadful violence*,  
 This 'ah, farewell!'——this 'oh, adieu!'  
 Edmund and Ella, lately *two*  
 (The SEASON o'er, what could be done?)  
 Consent obtain'd, are now but *one*.

The TOTTERGAITS had made it clear,  
 They could not part for half a year;—  
 "Why surely there is room for all,  
 "To enjoy their ease at TOTTER-HALL:  
 "You're both but very young," said he,  
 "Then why not wholly live with me?  
 "Young Edmund's uncle, to be sure,  
 "May not his absence quite endure."

MRS. TOTTERGAIT.

"But then, you know, he lives so near,  
 "They'll often visit him, my dear."

KATE.

"Besides, we've greater claims than he:  
 "He is but one—and here are three."

The party thus th' affair debated,  
And for the post in patience waited,  
That was the answer to bring down,  
And with consent their wishes crown.



EGYPT, thy hieroglyphic lore  
We love to contemplate no more ;  
Thy sculptured effigies remain  
The signs of sentiment in vain.  
To thee, great king of Thebes ! we owe  
The good, which letters can bestow :  
CADMUS ! who first by genius 'fired  
To form an alphabet aspired,  
To tell the tale of tears or laughter,  
Of past, of present, or hereafter.  
He first gave thought substantial show,  
And tuneful numbers taught to flow ;  
Gave order to the warbling lyre,  
And to the poet's fancy—fire.  
CADMUS it was—so poets sing,  
Who pluck'd the feather from the wing,

And taught the means to future ages  
To fix the thought, and fill up pages.  
But what avails how well we write,  
How warm we think, how fine indite,  
If when our best effusions' made,  
Our *Letters* could not be convey'd :  
Of *Billet-doux* the aid how poor,  
If no conveyance was secure.  
Then sure, to PALMER'S name\* belong  
Some portion of the poet's song,  
Who with such careful speed sends down  
The mail bags seal'd to every town ;  
And makes the postmen, like their betters,  
Men of *intelligence* and *letters*.

Now Palace-Hill, so lately quiet,  
Becomes a little scene of riot,  
For there a Sibyl oft presides,  
And now dame Fortune's favour guides,  
And as she gives to each his share,  
Distributes joy and hope and care.

---

\* Mr. Palmer, the inventor of the present mails.

Among the group, in plainest suit  
 A Quaker youth, demure and mute,  
 With anxious eye and beating heart  
 (Pure nature undisguis'd by Art)  
 Claim'd from the Sibyl one dear frame,  
 From her he loves—but dare not name.  
 'Tis his ——his bosom's all on fire!—  
 The *Spirit moves him*—to retire.

Just now poor Pat has ceased to blunder  
 But yet expressed his rage, his wonder,  
 That he alone should be denied  
 The pleasure shared by all beside:  
 “Och! I'll revenge these slights,” said he,  
 “And send no answers—they shall see.”

Now for a Lady all made way:—  
 'Twas long since Cupid own'd her sway;  
 And, even in her fairest hours,  
 He never strew'd her path with flowers;  
 So tall her form, so parch'd her skin,  
 Her face so long, her form so thin,  
 And such a cold forbidding air,  
 She seem'd half-sister to Despair:

Disdain was seated in her eye,  
 As she bid Patrick—"Sir, stand by."  
 "No, no, my jewel—you may say,  
 "I rather chose to *stand away*."

An EMIGRÉ, an "old-school" beau,  
 "Approach'd the Sibyl, bowing low:  
 "*Permettez moi*—ah—vil you see  
 "If dare be lettre—vone pour me?  
 "'Tis from de child I lofe so deer,  
 "I incommode, *Madam*, I fear."

"*Jevous rends graces*."—"Why that's enough  
 I hate such complimenting stuff"  
 (Exclaim'd John Bull, a country 'Squire,  
 Who came for letters to inquire)  
 "Bowling and scraping I despise,  
 "And compliments are heaps of lies."

Next, forward came a spruce young lad,  
 In a becoming livery clad:—  
 "My Lady's letters, if you please—  
 "What! only *nine*!—no more than these?  
 "How will my Lady scold and rave,  
 "When only *nine* she's like to have:



“ I’m sure she’ll take it in her head,  
 “ That every friend she has is dead.”

With what remains the postman hies,  
 To forward to their destinies.

At Totter’s door arrived—poor KATE  
 (Anxious to know their future fate;  
 If the old uncle had consented,  
 Or all their little plans prevented :)  
 Caught from the servant’s hand the cause  
 Of her next censure or applause :  
 “ If he consents, he has my kiss;  
 “ If not—the seal is black!—what’s this!  
 “ Good heaven’s—’tis to ‘SIR EDMUND BLISS!’”

The paper fell—she could no more :  
 It lay neglected on the floor :  
 Enough was told—too well it said,  
 ‘ Edmund, thine early friend is dead.’  
 The little party many a tear  
 Shed to a memory so dear.  
 But Edmund strove his grief to hide,  
 In silent sorrow, from his bride;

*She* aim'd with every soothing art  
 Her consolations to impart:  
 He press'd her closer to his heart.

The party separated straight,  
 And by himself left Tottergait:  
 His moralisings now began,  
 He wrote them down—and thus they ran.

T I M E,

*“How short.”*

Alternate as shadow and sunshine, we find  
 The pleasure and sorrow, that chequer the mind;  
 The tear will succeed to the smile of delight,  
 As morning departs in the mantle of night.

How the morn glides away!

Ah! how it flies!

The sun beams receding,

The dark clouds succeeding,

The loud storm is breeding

To shroud the skies!

To soon is youth over, and grey age appears ;  
For Time is still adding his burthen of years !  
How little regarded the gradual decay,  
That swiftly is stealing our summers away !  
    How the years glide away !  
        Ah ! how they fly !  
    Summer is yet to-day,  
    Spring it was yesterday,  
    The morrow is winter-day,  
        How soon we die !

J. P.







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## THE DEPARTURE.

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THE chilling winds and rain combine,  
That all should Scarbro's sweets resign ;  
First one by one—then four by four,  
And then they're off by half a score ;  
Her GRACE is gone—with her a host  
Of charms to captivate, are lost :  
When she withdraws her genial ray,  
The sun has set of Scarbro's day.

And now in furious haste is gone  
The Knight, and Lady Bustleton,  
Hugh Mrs. Cockle and her baby,  
Good Mr Quid-nunc and Aunt Tabby :  
Indeed, 'tis said—but known not whether—  
That the two last went off together ;  
And that she had not now "*miscarried,*  
*"In that same wish of getting married."*

The Player rais'd his tragic tone,  
 "Othello's occupation's gone ;"  
 And with the WORLD'S A STAGE in view,  
 He cried, "Ill make my *exit* too."

As his last round Friend Totter took  
 A lengthen'd walk, and farewell look:  
 He visited the SPRING, the Spa,  
 The ROOMS, and Mr. HARTLEY \* saw—  
 Pressing his hand—"I hope once more  
 "To trip it gaily on thy floor."  
 At BROADRICK's call'd a bill to pay,  
 And to the Schools † he trudged away:  
 In secret there he'd oft dispense  
 The mite of his benevolence.  
 Good Mrs. Tottergait should not,  
 In this eulogium, be forgot:—  
 She ne'er the grateful boon denied,  
 And readily her hand supplied.  
 Returning homeward—weary quite,  
 The Gate of Scarbro' ‡ full in sight,

---

\* The Master of the Ceremonies. † A Charitable Institution.

‡ The Goal is here situated, and the Borough-gate is a portion of the prison.



He paused—and for a time, he stood  
In his reflecting attitude.—

For there in close confining cells  
The poor and care-worn captive dwells  
And wastes a tedious life away,  
In tears the night, in sighs the day.  
“ Shall I return, alas,” said he,  
“ And disregard thy misery ?  
“ Oh no—beneath thine arches lay  
“ Both health and pleasure’s jocund way ;  
“ Beneath thy portal forth we go  
“ But not unmindful of thy woe,  
“ For ev’ry sigh that heaves the breast,  
“ The pang that robs its balmy rest,  
“ The grief that bids the heart despair  
“ Seek not in vain the boon to share  
“ Which heaven’s indulgent hand supplies ;  
“ For midst thy walls what mis’ry lies  
“ Claims all our kindest sympathies. } ”

“ Was it the hand of stern decay  
“ That stole thy little means away ?  
“ Was it disease in evil hour  
“ Subdued thy breast—unnerved thy power ?

“Stealing insidious to our homes,  
“RUIN in various mantle comes ;  
“A Proteus, that with smiles assails,  
“With tempting lurements!—and prevails ;  
“To various ills our peace decoys,  
“And with it’s savage arm—destroys :  
“Ev’n Friendship’s sacred name has led  
“Her millions to thy iron bed.  
“How to relieve thy wants,” said he,  
“Or set the weary prisoner free ?  
“For Misery, fertile of it’s woes,  
“In broad and wild luxuriance grows.  
“Vig’rous on every side it spreads,  
“And wide it’s baneful influence sheds.  
“Mounting with parasitic power  
“It twines about the feeble flower,  
“And strengthening at the deadly wound,  
“Prostrates its beauties to the ground.

“But little aid can I bestow,  
“To thy vast aggregate of woe.”

Friend Totter paused, and for a while  
Was more than grave : but now a smile

Proclaim'd some plan of future good ;  
 And so—still pondering, he stood :—  
 “ Next year I vow, I'll try the Spa  
 “ For these poor tenants of the law :  
 “ To lose so good a scheme 'twere pity—  
 “ I'll try to form a Gate Committee \* :  
 “ Then will the kind, the lovely fair,  
 “ Bring many a generous offering there ;  
 “ For dove-like CHARITY her nest  
 “ Has raised within the female breast :  
 “ There LOVE, it's mate, with thought refined  
 “ Sits brooding o'er the fruitful mind ;  
 “ And into animation thence  
 “ Awakes thy form—BENEFICENCE !”  
 Now cheerfully away he stalk'd,  
 And to his Banker's next he walk'd,  
 To settle his account, and leave  
 To many a captive a reprieve.

At home the little party sate  
 On various schemes in deep debate ;

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\* Very trifling voluntary contributions, made at the Spa and Libraries, would afford great relief to the prisoners, and discharge many of those who are confined for small debts—an important charity.

When Kate in laughing mood—said she,  
 “Oh, nobody attends to me ;  
 “ Whatever falls from ELLA’s lips  
 “ I should have said her *Ladyship’s*)  
 “ Is like a little law—whilst I,  
 “ Regarded as a post, stand by.  
 “ O yes ! O yes ! though once ’twas *Kate*,  
 “ Know, all—that I’m *Miss Tottergait* ;  
 “ And with the transfer I expect,  
 “ At least, SIR EDMUND’S *high respect*.”

’Twas thus the hours passed swiftly away,  
 With mirthful ease—discreetly gay ;  
 When Kate proposed a walk, once more  
 To trace their old amusements o’er ;  
 They met friend Totter at the door. }  
 “ Adieu, papa ”—you know ‘ *our round*  
 ‘ *Is always fashionable ground*.’

They to the Spa a visit paid,  
 Thence to the Steyne-like promenade :  
 As Kate walk’d up the Terrace-stair,  
 She sought, in vain, her *Falstaff* there.

To BEAN'S sweet garden \* now they hied,  
 Of rural charms fair Scarbro's pride.  
 To WHITING'S now their way they took,  
 And bought the "*Scarbro' Sketches*" Book.

" Bless me !" said Kate, " look round, and see  
 " What all those strange *placards* may be :  
 " At every house within our view,  
 " I'm sure, at least, that I see two !"

Of various forms, and styles, she sees  
 " APARTMENTS, WITH CONVENIENCIES."  
 Here " SELLING OFF, *at 10 per cent.*  
 " BELOW PRIME COST."—As on they went,  
 " LODGINGS TO LET."—Now—" *gone away ;*  
 " *Inquire at Cracknell's o'er the way ;*  
 " THE WAGGON DAILY GOES AT SEVEN."  
 And here—" TWO COACHES AT ELEVEN."  
 And, to express some social ways,  
 " WANTED—*Companions in a chaise.*"

" 'Tis time that we were gone : and yet,  
 " I leave thee, Scarbro' with regret ;"

---

\* A subscription-garden ; where, occasionally, a band of music attends in the evening.

Said Kate—"I like thy broken ground,  
 "The neatness that is seen around,  
 "It seems good housewives here abound\*:  
 "If we may judgement form by samples,  
 "The Scarbro' wives set good examples."

Early next morn, the youthful pair  
 (A morning not *divinely* fair)  
 Set off to TOTTER HALL—'twas late  
 When venerable Tottergait  
 Order'd his chaise—for he was now  
 Prepared to make his parting bow.  
 The rain in streams began to pour,  
 The carriage too was at the door;  
 No matter—with his usual care,  
 He gaily led his Lady there,  
 And by her, plac'd his Catharine fair.

Away they drove—"Adieu!" said he,  
 "To Scarbro's sweet variety:  
 "Though TRAVEL'S varying joys may blend  
 "With NATURE'S balm, and jointly lend

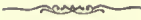
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\* There is a peculiarly cheerful effect produced by a display of flowers, and in the general cleanliness, which meets the eye everywhere in Scarborough.


“Their wiles to lure mankind astray,  
“For HEALTH or PLEASURE far away;  
“Yet Memory, faithful still, supplies  
“Her themes to bid affections rise;  
“That yield the breast as warm a glow  
“As beauty gives, or lovers know;  
“And bids the mind on distant lands  
“To venerate it’s native strands.  
“Dear is thy site, and blest, O HOME!  
“Or humble cot, or lofty dome;  
“Sweet social spot! thy genial charm  
“Can labour and fatigue disarm;  
“And absences but more impart  
“THY LOVE ENGRAFTED IN THE HEART.”

J. P.

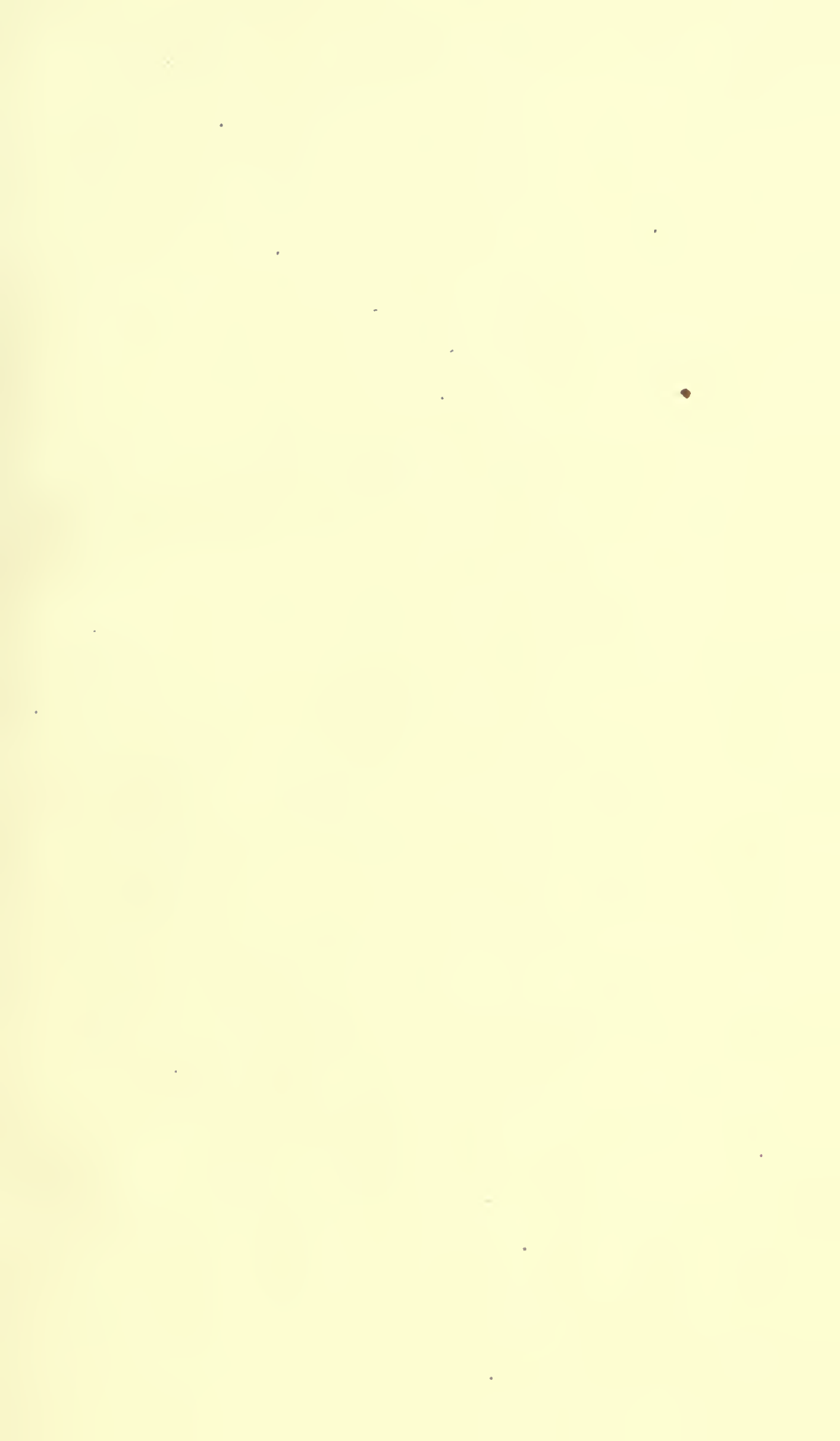
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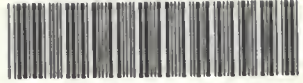








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