

and velvet cushioned halls of the Brighton Alhambra, the Rotunda, more than once echoed the coarse ribaldry of horse jockeys, buffoons, procurers, tailors, boxers, fencing, masters," to the disgust no doubt of poor, deserted Queen Caroline, and even of pretty Mrs. Fitzherbert. These were the palmy days of the first gentleman of Europe—alas! And was it not natural, even had the growing town not concealed the view of the sea, from the Pavilion, that accustomed to a pure social atmosphere, our spotless sovereign in 1844, should have bid adieu to George IV's, Marine Villa, his *petit Trianon*, at Brighton!

SCARBOROUGH.

"The gazing seaman here entranced stands,
While, fair unfolding from her concave slope,
He Scarborough views. The sandy pediment
First, gently raised above the wat'ry plain,
Embraces wide the waves; the lower domes
Next lift their heads; then swiftly roof o'er
roof,

With many a weary step, the streets arise,
Testitudinous, till half o'ercome the cliff,
A swelling fabric, dear to heaven, aspires,
Majestic even in ruin. * * * * *
But see yon citadel, with heavy walls,
That rise still prouder on the mountain's peak,
From Eurys, Boreas, and the kindred storms,
Shielding the favored haven."

(Mark Foster.)

My recollections of this famous summer retreat will ever retain a green place in my memory from being connected with a very agreeable excursion to Scarborough, when attending at York, in September, 1881, the meetings of the British Association, whose fiftieth anniversary was solemnized with so much *eclat*.

If Brighton is reckoned the Southern Queen of English watering places, Scarborough is justly proud of the title she bears, of the Northern Queen of Watering Places. "Nestling in the recess of a lovely bay, with a coast extending to Flamborough Head; presenting an almost boundless extent of ocean; constantly bearing on its waters fleets of vessels passing to and fro; possessing an extensive beach of smooth and firm sands, sloping down to the sea with rocks and deeply indented bays, gradually rising two hundred feet from the very shore in successive tiers of well-drained streets, in the form of an amphitheatre on the concave surface, as it were of a semi-circular bay; the venerable walls of Scarborough Castle adorning the summit of a promontory three hundred feet high, forming the Eastern apex"; its splendid iron bridges four hundred feet in length, the numerous fishing and pleasure boats and steamers, its sands

crowded with a joyous company, riding, driving, walking or bathing; all these features combine to make the place exceedingly attractive. On alighting from the train on the outskirts of the town I was particularly struck with the commanding appearance of Oliver's Mount (wrongly, it is said, connected with Old Ironsides.) It rises six hundred feet above the level of the sea. Leaving aside for lack of time the saline and mineral springs, celebrated as far back as 1620, I hastened to pay my respects to the hoary ruins of its grim old fortress—Scarborough Castle. The Romans once occupied the lofty promontory where the castle was subsequently built by the Earl of Albemarle in the year 1136. The castle was taken in 1312. It had been repeatedly besieged in 1536. "When the rebellion broke out, it was held for the King by Sir Hugh Cholmeley. In February, 1644, the town was stormed by the Parliamentary forces under Sir John Meldrum, but the fortress held out, and only capitulated after a most gallant defence with all the honors of war. Many of Sir Hugh's officers and soldiers were in so weak a condition that they had to be brought out in sheets; others were helped out between two men; and all of them were unable to march. Lady Cholmeley was with her husband during the siege, and greatly assisted in the defence, nursing, tending and feeding the sick and dressing the wounds of the wounded. So impressed were the Parliamentary leaders with the importance of the position, that they ordered a day of thanks giving for the capitulation of the fortress. In 1648, it had to undergo a second siege." This rare little bit of history, disclosing the Florence Nightingale of the period, Lady Cholmeley, as a heroine, I mention for the especial information of my lady hearers. It gave me much more interest in the venerable, storm-beaten fort, than the information which my guide imparted, viz: that "in 1666, George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends was confined here."

From these airy heights, of Castle Cliff, descended leisurely, musing on what new, newly-discovered heroine, Lady Cholmeley might be like, occasionally gazing seaward where huge ships were tossing like cockle shells on the troubled bosom of the German Ocean; I walked across the stone bridge which replaced the draw-bridge of the castle removed in 1826, and was soon comfortably seated in the ample hall of the leading hotel. This costly structure, also known as the Grand Hotel, the sea front of which is seven stories high, is reputed one of the largest hotels in England; 'tis certainly very roomy, elegant and picturesquely located.