

promenade, and no countless sheltered walks, grottoes and bowers; and no high-sounding names of North Chalybeate and South Salt-well, that the glorious face Scarborough sets to the German ocean, its finest beach in Europe, and all the magic it takes from the mighty sea, would have made the charming old town all that it now is to countless thousands who loiter here for pleasure, rest or health. For back of ancient Scarborough town is Manchester and Keighley and Bradford and Wakefield and York and Huddersfield and Leeds, humming with spindles and clanging with cranes, and the coal pits of Lancashire and Yorkshire and Notts, where there are hundreds of thousands of strivers, white or grimy from endless toil. Often there are half a hundred thousand of such as these at Scarborough. It is at such times that one may know, if he will use his eyes, how precious a thing is the glint of the waves, the cool touch of the golden sands, the whispered lullaby and mysteries of the sea, and all the beneficence of God's blessed sunlight kissing through life, giving airs the pallor from out these toil-scarred faces, to unused, eager eyes and haunted, hungry hearts.

Scenically considered, Scarborough and harbor remind you instantly of Naples and its wondrous bay. Were it not for the mythologic, historic and poetic associations with which all the beautiful environs of Naples are rife, a flavor of which cannot but at some time and in some way touch the fancy of every traveler of sympathetic and receptive mind, I believe old Scarborough and harbor, at least when viewed from the sea, would prove to the beholder a more beautiful scene. Like the bay of Naples, Scarborough harbor has a noble, crescent-shaped sweep from cliff to headland. It has not a mysterious and awful Vesuvius behind, but it has a second crescent of verdure-clad hills, a circling thread of emerald above the checked line of white and red where nestles its comfortable ancient homes. It has no Posilipo above whose vineyard heights were the Georgics and the *Aeneid* composed, and where still sleeps a gentle Virgil, but dreadful and weird were its scourges and sieges from the time of Harold Hadrada to the first Charles. It had no Tasso as had the olive and chestnut groves of Naples' Sorrento. But the splendid ruins of its once majestic headland castle preserve, in the fact of his year's imprisonment here, the memory of one who accomplished as much for humanity as Virgil and Tasso together—the brave and gentle founder of the Society of Friends; and somehow, in all the splendid scene, while you may miss the half oriental color of the dazzling view beneath Italian skies, there comes to you a heartier, nobler sense of kinship with habitation and human kind, earth and sky and ocean, that win completely to the brave old Saxon town which sets on Roman walls beside the Northern sea.

From Castle Hill the South Sands circle away nearly two miles to the south. The foreshore is fully a fourth of a mile in width, with the gentlest possible declination into the sea, and each receding tide leaves it as smooth, hard and sweet as a newly scrubbed pine floor. Down to this finest beach in Europe the old city crowds in curious buildings, jumbles of roofs and terraces, and the oddest and pleasantest of

streets, from the outlying hills. If there was no shore, no sea, and no thousands of idlers and bathers in bright medley to be seen, the lovely, leafy stair-like town would still be a pleasant place to see. At the highest places are fine villas, great hotels, and splendid homes, rich in settings of ample verdure, curious old walls, strange and picturesque gateways, and fanciful iron and stone ornaments of centuries ago. Cross-streets, circling with the harbor crescent, show odd high walls and glimpses of gables and creeping vines through stone approaches, like winsome embrasures on the one hand, and on the other you can almost step upon the red tilings of quaint old roofs below. But more picturesque than these are the thoroughfares, most of them narrow and shadowy, which tumble from the hill to the shore. Ancient St. Ives, on the western coast, is like Scarborough here. Many of these streets are both stair and thoroughfare. The roofs of all the houses are like the terraces of Algiers. Most curious architectural bits are found half-hidden in tiny courts. Windows seem to have sprung through roofs; balconies overhang succeeding roofs; landings lead into street-doors and second story entrances of the same house; everywhere are potted flowers and ferns, vines upon trellises, roses trained across windows; and between the gables or across roofs continual changing glimpses of the foreshore show a mass of kaleidoscopic color, like a huge bank of flowers set close to the shimmering blue of a rippling sea.

Not only is all this at your feet for contemplation if you are loitering on Castle Hill, but the spars of fishing-smacks and other curious craft are like a reedy sedge beneath you to the south. Then comes the old harbor and its mossy pier; the bay filled with pleasure sails flying hither and thither like great white birds skimming low along the rippling sheen of blue; and beyond, the steely blue of the North Sea, with fishing fleets at anchor in tiny patches, or merchant ships scudding to the Baltic and the north; with now and then trailing plumes of smoke from distant steamers close and low upon the far horizon rim. To the north, another cove cuts into the high and lofty shore. Landward are moors, sand-dunes, ragged cliffs, hung with rank and trailing verdure, and cove and cliff and moor, stretching far with higher and more precipitous shores to where the North Sea thunders endlessly against the headlands of weird and dreary Robin Hood's Bay.

All about you are the ruins of the ancient and stupendous castle which was once the glory of Scarborough. Vast indeed were the medieval strongholds of Britain, and this one, well nigh impregnable in its time, was one of the hugest fortresses of the entire eastern coast. It was built by Earl William Le Gros, who married Adela, daughter of William the Conqueror, and who ruled in the east with princely authority. When Henry II. endeavored to break the power of the nobles which eclipsed the authority of the crown and commanded the demolition of their castles, he came here in person to see this great pile razed, but struck with its splendid proportions and impregnability, increased its strength and magnificence instead. The tremendous moat on the landward side is well preserved. The stately keep

is still nearly 100 feet high, with walls twelve feet in thickness; and in the castle yard can still be traced the splendid chapel which once was here, for no men were more pious than were these mighty pillagers and murderers of old.

The beauty and fashion to be seen at Scarborough are pronounced enough to give the place all the gaiety of Brighton. London sends thousands here for the "season," which continues from May until October, and the great interior manufacturing cities, like Birmingham, Manchester and Leeds, divide their fashionable patronage between Scarborough and the Peak of Derbyshire, but the place is characteristically different from any other seaside resort I have found in England. The rich and titled who visit Scarborough seem to be here for rest and health rather than for rounds of gaiety and fashionable enjoyment. Whatever may be its spell, you are no sooner within it than a spirit of idling, loitering and a delightful dreamful laziness possess you. At the great balls, concerts and promenades on the Cliff, all procedure is measured, quiet and stately. There are no blare and flare in Scarborough. The shops are shady, cool and quiet. Go the whole length of Westborough, Newborough and Eastborough street, from the high railway station to the gleaming sands, and though your stroll may have brought you in contact with from 20,000 to 30,000 people, you will not have heard a sound that would disturb the placid serenity of a sunny country church lane. It is as though the breeze, the sun, the sea and the gray old town of gray old stairs soothed the irritability and even ordinary activity of men into a gentle complacency and peace.

This peculiarity is still more noticeable upon the beach. In all other seaside resorts I have ever visited, the sands always presented a scene of rollicking activity and life. Men, women and children were in a sort of wild intoxication and delirium of enjoyment. I have seen from 50,000 to 60,000 people at one time upon Scarborough beach, and I am quite certain one-third of the number were sound asleep. This is most marked with the folks from the mills and mines. While the hundreds of bathing-machines—those little covered wagons which are unknown in America but which are in England used for robing and disrobing, and are wheeled out and in with the tide—are constantly in use, it is the middle class which thus disports. The operatives and miners who come to the seaside come for the change, the rest, the air. They almost seem to eat the latter, poor fellows! They burrow in the sand and are savage if disturbed.

Twenty or thirty operatives from Leeds will be piled together with their families, half-hidden in the sand-pits they have dug. The men are all dozing or sound asleep. One of a party of passing friends pokes one of the sleepers with his foot. He rouses himself and regards the intruder with lazy, half-closed eyes. The latter asks, "Howsta du lad?"

"Hrw, gaaly, gaaly!—gaaly eniff fur t' times."

"Sam (gather) oop thysal an' goa an' tak a rench (rinse) i' ta sea."

"Noa, ah (I) doa'mt goa hurpling abart fit to give a body ditgers w'en ah coom t'sea. Ah get gurt netting oot (cleaning up) t' Leeds. Is't Lunnen folk wor just slaaked o'er t' hoam, 'n'