



From a photo by]

[Mrs. Osguthorpe.

SOUTH BAY, SCARBOROUGH.

HOLIDAY HAUNTS:

SCARBOROUGH, BRIGHTON,
WEYMOUTH, AND FALMOUTH.

BY WILFRID KLICKMANN.

SCARBOROUGH.



HE queen of watering-places holds her court at Scarborough, and, consequently, the place and the people plume themselves to no small degree. The ceremonial of

the court is somewhat onerous, particularly to the fair sex. Court dress as understood at St. James's is optional, but court dress as known at Scarborough is absolutely indispensable if you would join the select throng in the Spa. Oriental monarchs used to boast of their changes of raiment, but the *habitués* of Scarborough Spa could give them points and win easily. At a non-fashionable seaside resort one's dress need not be changed more than six times each day. At the Spa, however, certain rules must be observed, and the number of costumes worn by one and the same person in the course of a day can only be computed with logarithms. As is well known, Fregoli obtained the original idea for his celebrated quick-change entertainments by visiting the Spa. He went there every day for a week and learned his lesson well. Of course the Spa patrons were jealous that he should make money while they exhibited themselves gratuitously; but no one can blame Fregoli. Scarborough, however, does not consist solely of the Spa, and it has other attractions beyond the church parade. This latter, by the way, is the most

gorgeous affair of the kind in England, beside which the feeble attempts at Hyde Park, Brighton, and Eastbourne seem puerile.

The north and south bays, divided by the cliff crowned by the Castle, are a proud possession. The south bay owns the harbour and the Spa, but the north bay has a pier, and the bathing there does not require that

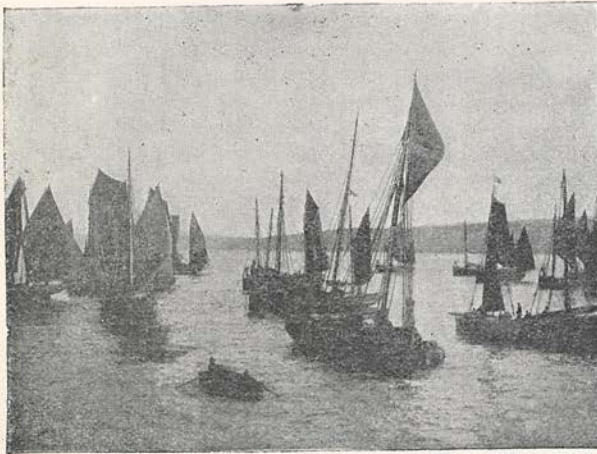


From a photo by]

[J. W. Shores, Bridlington Quay.

KING AND QUEEN ROCKS, FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.

nicety of skill necessary south of the Castle to dodge the dead and decidedly "gone" remains of the fishing fleet. The



From a photo by]

[Frith & Co., Reigate.

SCARBOROUGH'S FISHING FLEET.

pellucidness of the north bay is famed throughout Yorkshire.

There is no other holiday resort where so many donkeys can be found. The tedious details of court life can be pleasantly varied by a donkey ride for a couple of miles to Scalby Mill. The animals perform each journey in record time. The preparations for the start are so dilatory, and the movement so imperceptible, that it is hard to tell if you really have started. This absence of pace is maintained for the whole of the outward journey, and friends accompanying on foot have ample opportunity for a little fishing, or even a bathe, with no fear of being left behind. I suspect these donkeys of a long life, for, as Tom Hood pointed out, "Death only wars on the quick." At Scalby Mill tea and other refreshment can be had, and "Scalby cakes" are always in demand. For returning to Scarborough let me implore the inexperienced to be circum-

spect. It is as well for two or three men to hold in the donkey while you mount; then take a deep breath, sufficient to last you for two miles, and wave your hand for the men to let go. I can undertake to say the quadruped will do the return journey inside of five minutes. He may or may not find a person clinging to his back when he reaches Scarborough—usually his saddle is empty.

Oliver's Mount rears its green summit above the town, and calls for a climb from the adventurous. A grand prospect rewards one's exertions. The Mount is the termination of a ridge of hills running inland for eight or ten miles, and the walk along the high ground is most exhilarating. The man who sells lemonade on the Mount told me that Oliver Cromwell planted his cannon there to reduce Scarborough Castle: hence the name.

From the Castle, or the remains of it, we have a fine double view of the bays, as startling as it is beautiful. The Yorkshire coast is proverbial for its interesting features, and of course there are steamers in plenty from Scarborough. Flamborough Head is a superb bit of cliff, and presents numerous opportunities for precarious climbing in search of sea-birds' eggs. The men



From a photo by]

[Denovan, Brighton.

A ROUGH SEA AT BRIGHTON.

who engage in these adventures say that presence of mind only is needed. Many of us, however, would prefer absence of body.

BRIGHTON.

It is an article of modern belief, fostered by a perusal of the advertisement columns, that we all suffer and need medicine. Obviously the medicaster with the nicest tasting draughts (always provided that he be fashionable) has the greatest number of adherents. Thackeray recommended "kind, cheerful, merry Doctor Brighton" as London's best physician. The latter's medicine is certainly palatable: consequently he has enjoyed for many years an enormous practice. The efficacy of his treatment is only equalled by his attentiveness and unfailing courtesy, the paucity and adaptability of his charges, and his ever-readiness to oblige.

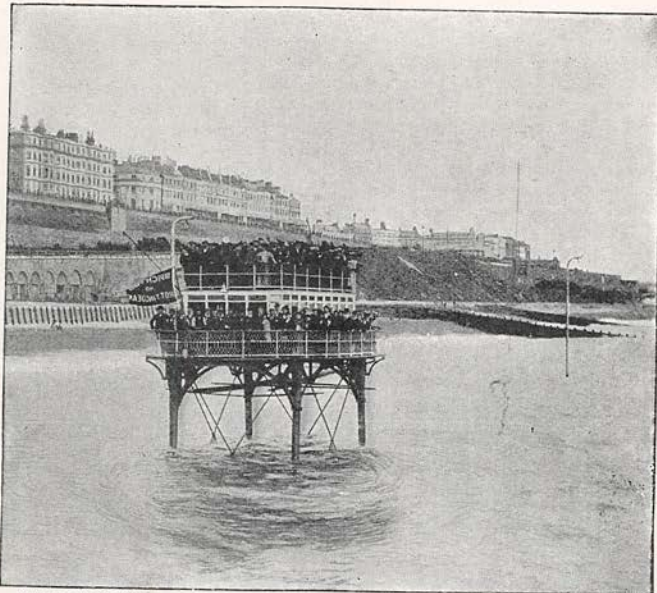
Could a patient wish for a better doctor? Assuredly no. Here we have a fine instance of the "one medicine to cure all ills" theory. Dr. Brighton's far-famed air cure has a larger list of more or less genuine healing successes than any other known patent medicine.

Moreover, with correct professional instinct, our friend inoculates his *clientèle* with the germ of unsatisfied craving for further treatment so noticeable in all patients who keep a clever doctor. Many cases are on record where the Brighton opiate having once been assimilated, the longing for more doses cannot be eradicated. Hope springs with lighter steps and greater confidence of action in the human breast at Brighton. Men of all sorts and conditions, likewise men out of sorts and condition, persevere with the Brighton treatment. As a well-wisher of the town, one can only hope no hour of disillusion may ever come.

There is, however, another species of visitor to Brighton not at all interested in

the curative powers of Nature. Specimens will be found attached, limpet-like, to the promenade railings. They may also be discovered in shelters, or adhering to chairs on the Brunswick Terrace lawns. Occasionally they crawl from one resting-place to another, but this is considered bad form, and such unusual energy is discouraged. They consume with avidity vast quantities of cigarettes, and sometimes converse one with another. Speaking generally, these mollusca are distinguished (or otherwise) by a languid apathy and a fishy eye. Towards nightfall they appear to freshen considerably and quickly respond to a friendly call. I once asked a diminutive variety of the creature

(*etc.* 16) to acquaint me with the habits of his kind, and obtained much curious information. Such is the delicate construction of these incomplete organisms, and so limited their horizon (like that of dwellers in "Flatland"), that only in this manner can they recuperate after a year's droning in the hive of



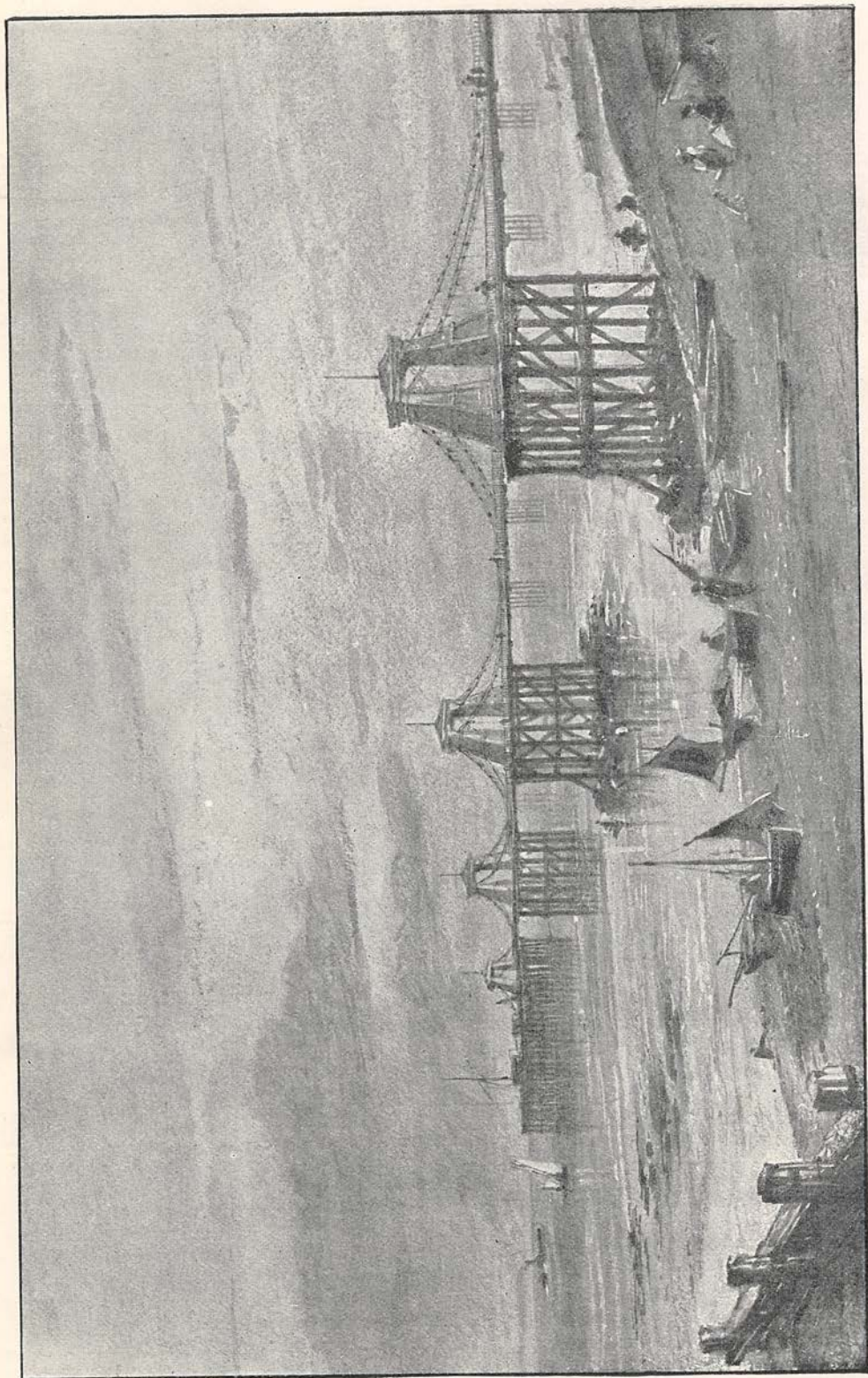
From a photo by

BRIGHTON'S RAILWAY IN THE SEA.

[Donovan, Brighton.]

life. I ventured to suggest that a tramp along the cliffs every day might strengthen him. With a look of ineffable contempt at my ignorance the little limpet replied, "Why, it's not *half* so 'toffish' on the cliffs as here!"

Brighton's West Pier is a handsome structure. Of course it is not to be compared with the dearly-prized old Chain Pier—alas! no more. Still it answers a purpose. It has a variety of uses, and is popular as a dumping-ground for penny-in-the-slot machines. For some years a keen rivalry subsisted for premier position between a mechanical cigarette and wax-lights supplier, and a sweetstuff and toothpick combination. It was a close race until another machine



A VANISHED FRIEND: A REMINISCENCE OF THE OLD CHAIN PIER, BRIGHTON.
(From the painting by W. A. Eary.)

was placed alongside, offering a correct representation of the execution of Mrs. Dyer for the ridiculously small sum of a penny. We all love a bargain. Who *could* resist such a chance? I counted twenty people within half an hour who availed themselves of the great treat. The rival machines mourned sadly over what they called depravity of

cognomen, for his Majesty "Farmer" George loved Dorset better than his capital. His partiality for Weymouth showed a commendable taste, and the town (unlike Brighton) respects the memory of its royal patron. His Majesty's statue is inspected by the loyal and curious alike, and the huge equestrian figure of the monarch cut on the face of the cliff is quaint if nothing more.

As the favourite port of embarkation for the Channel Islands, Weymouth finds the numbers of its own particular visitors considerably augmented, and the arrival of the steamer with passengers in all stages of collapse is not considered a minor event in the daily routine of a watering-place conducted on most exemplary lines. I understand that Mrs. Malaprop's classic remark, "Safe once more on terra cotta," was the hasty utterance of a



WEYMOUTH SWANNERY.

public taste, but they must have been jealous. They were mere machines, and understood not the susceptibilities of our finer natures.

Let no one imagine that Brighton does not afford scope for a good holiday, for emphatically it does. A healthy and beneficial holiday may be taken there with much enjoyment, for no form of English sport or manly exercise is unobtainable at Brighton. The pity of it is that only a certain percentage of its tens of thousands of visitors care a jot about its grand possibilities.

WEYMOUTH.

HALF of Weymouth, the fashionable half, is called Melcombe Regis. Every little village for miles around adds "Regis" to its



From photos by]

WEYMOUTH HARBOUR.

[Frith & Co., Reigate.

thankful heart as the old lady stepped upon Weymouth pier.

Of course all the ordinary attractions of a seaside holiday haunt are found at Weymouth, but the neighbourhood has several distinctive features not found elsewhere. A narrow and perfectly straight arm of the sea runs inland for about eight miles.

Seawards this backwater is maintained by a huge ridge of brown pebbles, called the Chesil Beach, ten miles long and about fifty feet high. At the end of the backwater, where the estuary connects with the Fleet River, is a swannery, large enough to afford a constant supply to all the parks of England. At Weymouth, also, is another swannery, which utilises the artificially widened waters of the Wey.

Portland is an island, so called because it is connected with the mainland by the Pebble Ridge, and is the exception proving the rule. There is far more of interest on the island than one would at first suspect. True, a penal establishment is there, but it is not so much in evidence. The finest air in England is at Princetown on Dartmoor, where is also an important stronghold of the law. Port-

sized faith a seat is provided, where they may wait until their wishes are realised, or the village policeman advises them to go home.

For the novel-reading public the district is inseparably associated with some of Thomas Hardy's finest work, and with Hawley Smart's stirring romance, "Broken Bonds"—facts which the local booksellers take good care shall not escape the attention of any of Weymouth's visitors.

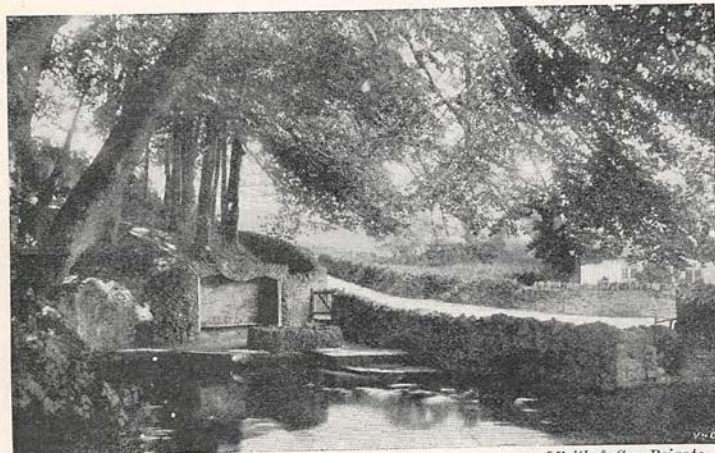
FALMOUTH.

As a stranger about to visit Falmouth, naturally I sought the advice of those competent to offer an opinion. "Falmouth? Oh, yes! One of those hot places; awfully trying, like Jamaica; take your pyjamas, of course. The natives live on curry, you know, and the mosquito makes things hum." Another friend said the Falmouth Observatory had the largest set of rain gauges in the kingdom. A third thought there was "something of a harbour," and while not denying the curry, mosquito and pyjama theory, recommended a plentiful supply of alpenstocks for hill climbing.

Primed with the above valuable information, as the "Cornishman" express at last approached Truro (the ten miles

distant junction for Falmouth), I saw to it that the macintosh and umbrellas were within reach, and placed the mosquito net handy. My alpenstocks, which had rigidly refused to be packed, were in the guard's van; but the pyjamas I reserved for subsequent use.

How erroneous preconceived notions usually are. My "compactum" remained closed for many days, and the macintosh rusted from disuse. At the Observatory the large rain gauges were compensated by a sunshine recorder of abnormal dimensions, specially constructed to stand the daily and continuous strain of hard wear. The "natives" are chiefly distinguished from the rest of the south of England species by their large-heartedness and the genuine welcome they give to strangers. They also have a



From a photo by]

THE WISHING WELL, UPWEY.

[Prith & Co., Reigate.

land comes in a good second, and this was the reason why a sympathetic Government built the prison there. The air is specially known for its satisfying qualities. Several gentlemen holding enforced appointments at Portland have declared themselves fully satisfied at the end of a week.

Pretty Upwey lies a few miles north of Weymouth, and is a pleasant spot for a drive and picnic. Close by the Church and sheltered beneath trees will be found the Wishing Well. The presiding sprite is accommodating, and visitors may drink the water, drop in a pin, and wish for anything their hearts desire. To make assurance doubly sure, the knowing ones drop in a second pin, take a second drink, and repeat the somewhat familiar words, "And don't I wish I may get it?" For true believers with a large-

fondness for saffron, a vegetable colouring material used to dye cakes a rich yellow tint. To the visitor this savours somewhat of deception, but of course no one is deceived.

But perhaps a word about Falmouth might not be amiss. In consideration of the incomparable beauty of its surroundings, it is customary to excuse the many shortcomings of the town and to call it quaint. I therefore refuse even to hint that the main street, which meanders a dreary two miles through the town, is far from picturesque. Had that street a grain of self-respect, it would have lost itself in the harbour years ago.

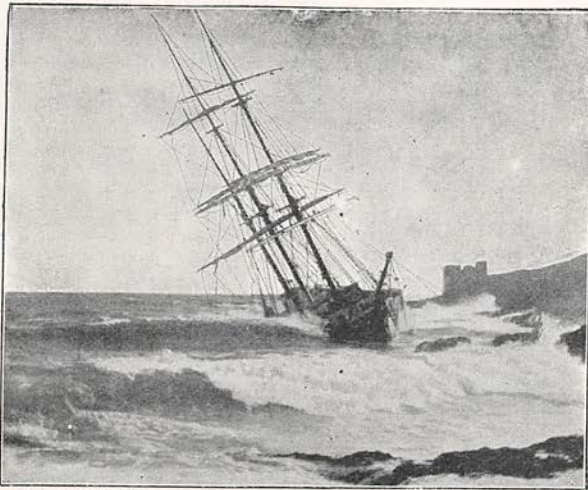
The harbour upsets one's general idea of a harbour. Here we have an inland sea, a grand sheet of water, four miles long and between two and three miles broad, with anchorage for half a dozen British Fleets. While there is probably no seaside resort

with more varied and charming walks, it is as a yachting and boating centre that Falmouth is chiefly known among holiday-makers. The

steamer excursions appear to start all day long, and one's only regret is the inability to avail oneself of more than one at a time. Who has not heard of the delicious scenery of the Fal? The *Queen of the Fal* makes the trip twice or thrice each day, and navigates the finest river scenery in the kingdom. The royal entry in Her Majesty's

diary declared that it compared well with the Rhine.

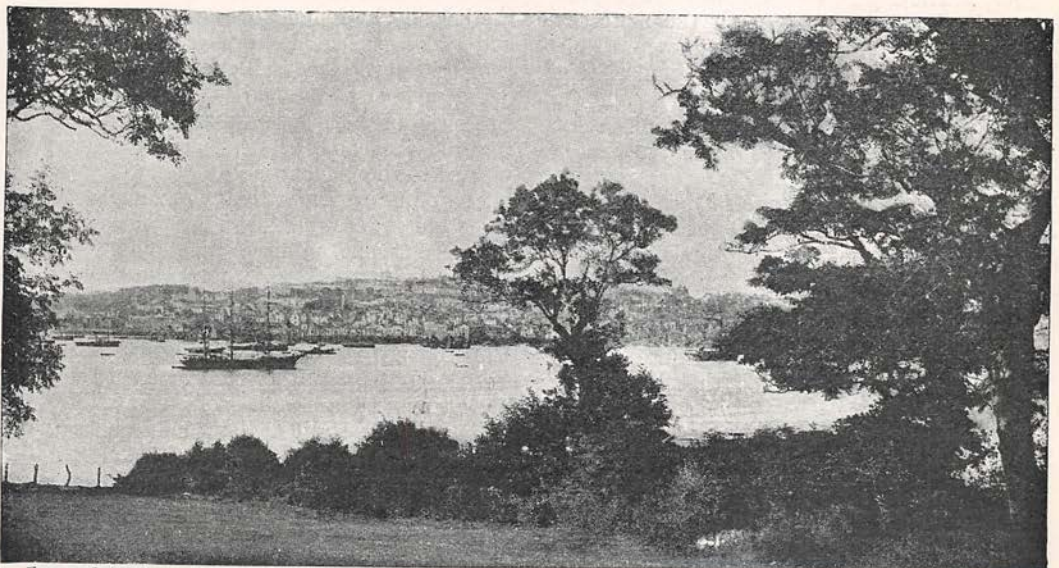
Pendennis Point is a promontory extending a mile out to sea, dividing the bay from the harbour, and surmounted at the extremity by Pendennis Castle. Had Falmouth no other claim to distinction than the exquisite views from this natural pier, it would still rank with the loveliest.



From a photo by]

[J. McAlister McGill.

ON THE ROCKS, PENDENNIS POINT, FALMOUTH.



From a photo by]

FALMOUTH, VIEWED FROM TREFUSIS PICNIC FIELDS.

[Frith & Co., Reigate.