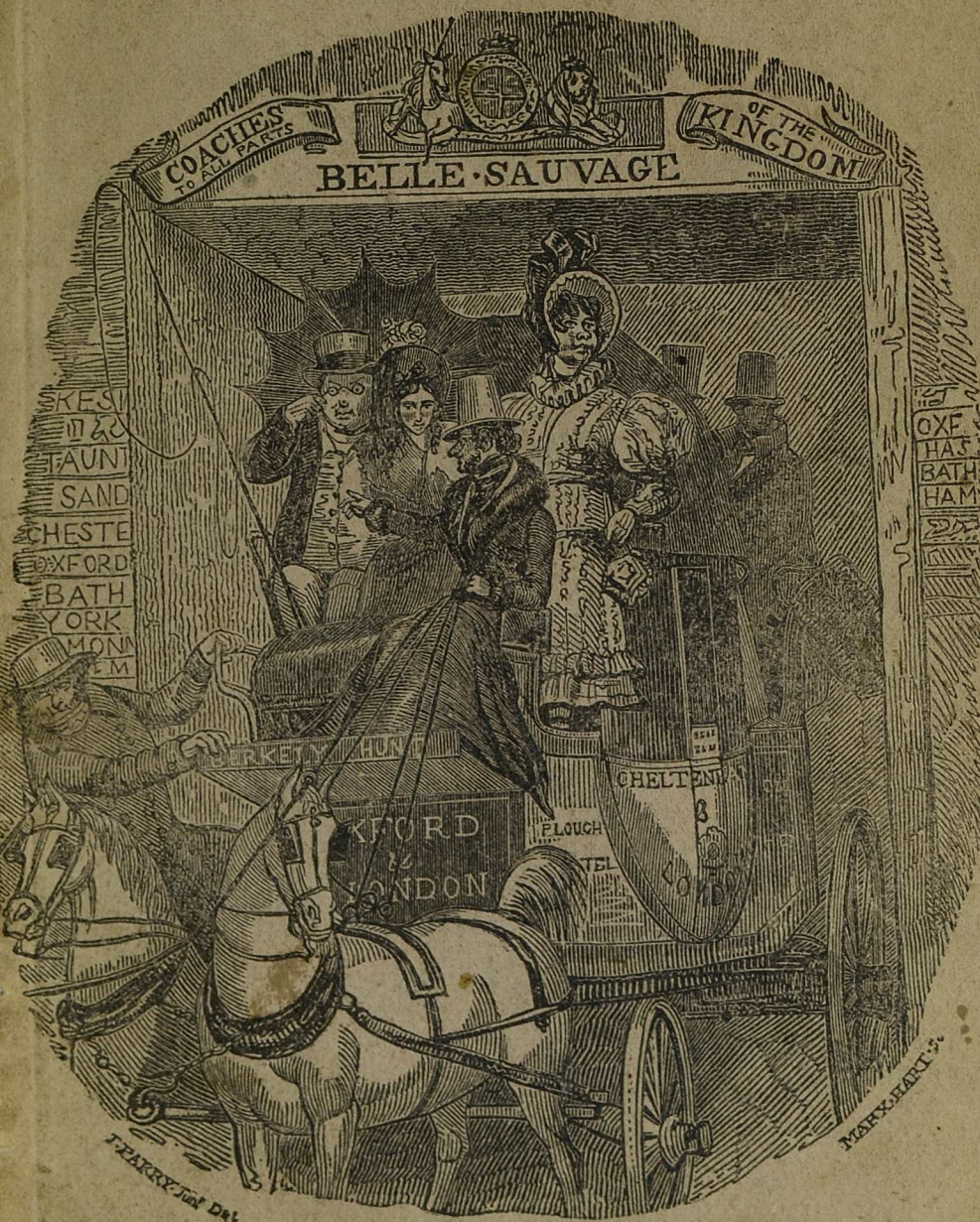


DOLLY DUBBINS' DIARY.

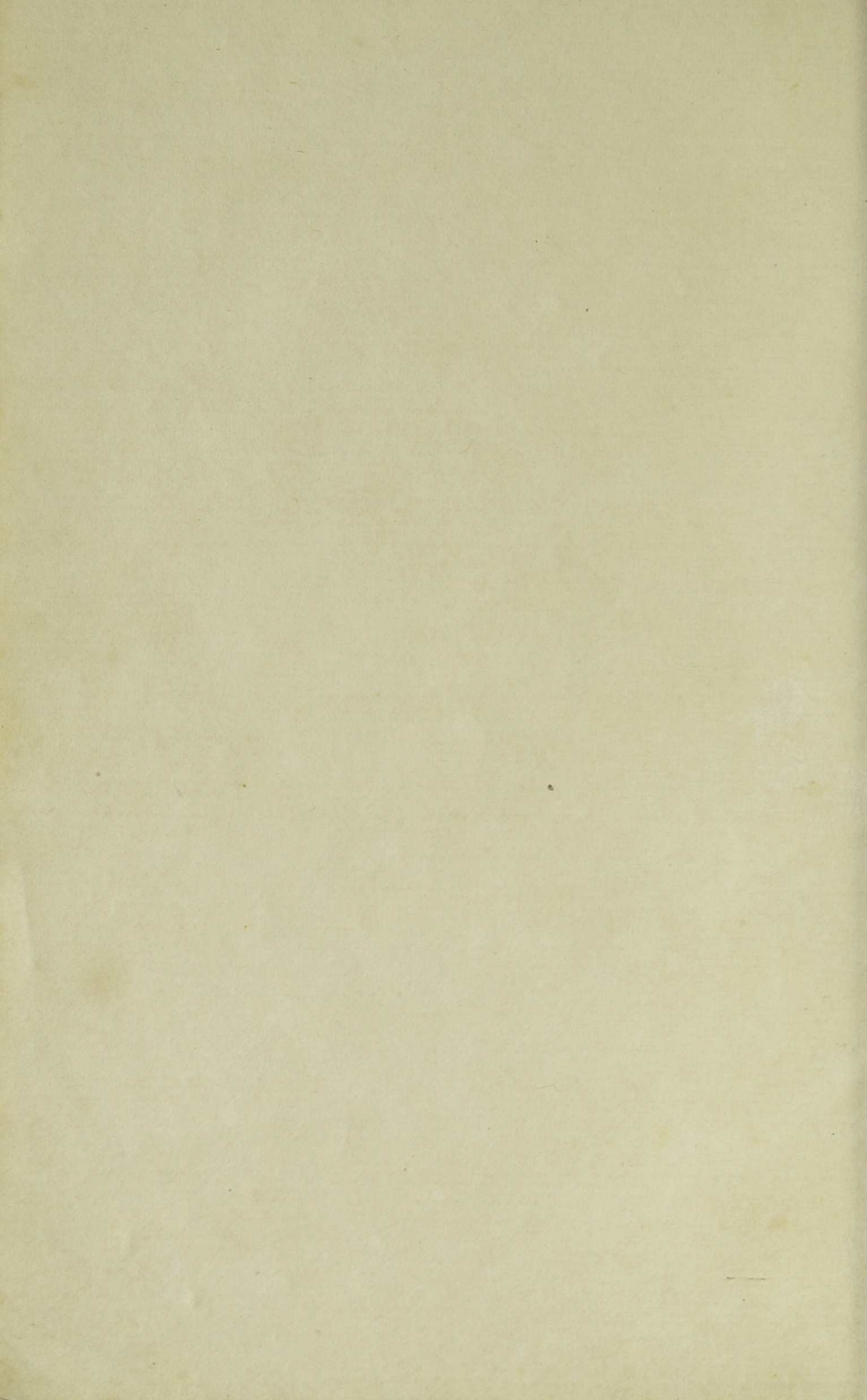


CHEL TENHAM :

G. A. WILLIAMS ; H. DAVIES ; AND SOLD BY ALL
BOOKSELLERS.

Fig. 1

TBC
(sm)



THE
D I A R Y
OF
DOLLY DUBBINS.



THE DUBBINS' FAMILY STARTING FOR CHELTENHAM.

THE
D I A R Y
OF
DOLLY DUBBINS,
BEING
AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT
OF
A TRIP TO CHELTENHAM,
ACCOMPANIED BY
PA, MA AND BOXIANA.

ALSO,
THE DIARY OF A SECOND TRIP,
NOT INCLUDED IN EITHER OF THE
FORMER EDITIONS.

CHELTENHAM:
G. A. WILLIAMS; H. DAVIES; AND SOLD BY ALL
BOOKSELLERS.

ADDRESS.



The following Epistles were written to beguile a few leisure hours of an Invalid, while sojourning for a month at Cheltenham; his chief object being that of conveying in a lively form, some useful information to strangers, without either wounding the feelings, or causing a moment's unpleasantness of any individual; indeed, had he been disposed to make any illnatured remarks, he was well aware that the Proprietor of the highly respected Paper (The Morning Post) in which they originally appeared, would not have inserted them. As the Heroine would say,—He wrote them EN BADINANT.

I. P.

London, August 24, 1829.

PREFACE TO THE ONLY COMPLETE EDITION.



THE Popularity to which "The Diary of Dolly Dubbins" has attained, of which the sale of three large impressions affords the most satisfactory evidence, has induced the Author to revise and republish the entire correspondence under his own immediate sanction and superintendence; appending to the letters forming the first series, those which since *their* appearance were addressed to the Editor of the "LOOKER ON," no portion of which will be found in either of the former Editions of the Work—the present being consequently the only complete and authentic one hitherto published.

DOLLY DUBBINS' DIARY.

NO. I.

To the Editor of the Morning Post.

Thursday, July 16, 1829.

SIR,

SOME ancient Philosopher of old, either Homer or Handel, I don't remember which, used to say, "Never light a candle and clap it under a bushell afterwards," meaning thereby, as I thinks, that a person gaining knowledge should not keep it to himself, but diffuse it into others, for the benefit of humanity. Now, I being of the same opinion as the learned Philosopher, feel it incumbent on me to give the benefit of my experiance to the *Bono Publico*, as Julius Cæsar used to say. By the bie, I see in my dicshonary the following information: "*Julius Cæsar*, the Roman Historian and Commentator, killed *Duncan*." Now I always thought that *Macbeth* killed *Duncan*.—But to my dairy. May I beg that you will do me the favor, and the public inestimable serviss, of publishing my loose thoughts. My parents had long promised me, that whenever I left Peckham School, they would treat me with an incursion to some fashionable watering place, and both promised to put themselves under my guidance, as it were, for although neither, on no account whatsoever, was to name our filthy *Ham Shop* in Thames-street; and whenever either spoke ungramatical or uncorrect, I was to cry *Hem!* and silence, on their part, was to ensue. Well, Sir, with this immutable understanding we took our seat in front of the Berkely-Hunt Coach on Thursday morning, the 16th instant, and "winged our airy flight," as *Pluto* says, towards this far-famed place. The morning was

ospisious, and what rendered things more deliteful to me, there was a very nice young Gentleman seated on the box, aside the Coachman, who I, without the least hesitashion, christened Boxiana! Pa had provided himself with a book of the roads, which he was egerly perusing as we aproached Hammersmith; and on seeing a finger-post, which was painted "*To Fulham*," he said to Ma, "I say Sall—(*Hem!* cried I)—I say, my dear, what a wast number of *Hams* there be atwixt Lunnan and Cheltenham; here is *Fulham*, *Twickenham*, *Vickham*; on my life, there is as many hams here as is at our shop in Tem-street." *Hem!* cried I—and gave him such a look. As we approached Oxford, Boxiana turned round to Ma and said, "There, Ma'am, you will find the seat of science."—Thank, you, Sir," said Ma, and took no further notice, which I rather wondered at, for Ma is very full of curiosity.

On our arrival at Oxford, where we were to dine, Ma had no sooner got down at the Roebuck than she said to a Waiter, "I say, young man, can you shew me the *seat of science*?" The impertinent fellar grinned, and pointed to a small door on the staircase O! Mr. Editor, how shall I describe to you my sitation when Ma pushed open the door? I could not eat a morsel of dinner, the thoughts of the seat of science haunted my fertyle imagination so insessently.—When we arrived at *Witney*, Boxiana said it was celebrated for forren blankets, and that a vast number were shipped from thence to the East and West Indies. Thus we merrily jogged on towards Cheltenham, and just as we entered the town, Pa observed on a board "*Ham-House*;" "That's the shop for my money," exclaimed he with raptures. I gave him such a look! The coach drove on to the Plough, where we put up for the evening; Boxiana politely accepted Pa's invitation to sup with us; when a second mishap befell poor Ma, as nearly killed me. There was some ribs of lamb for supper, which Ma is very fond of; I saw her picking one of the long bones with all her might, when I cried,

hem! she seized her knife and fork, and left the bone sticking across her mouth, like the death's head on the undertaker's signs in London. This was too much for my poor nerves, I fainted away, and was carried to my bed-room, but not without an impressive look from Boxiana. I hear the postman's bell, adieu, my dear Sir, you shall hear from me soon again, and be made acquainted with all our movements here. Yours affectionately,

DOROTHY DUBBINS.

P.S. Both Pa and Ma have promised never to call me *Dolly* no more before company. Pray, dear Sir, be careful to print my letters as I writes them, for I abominates bad grammer and speling.

N.B. His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloster is here, and Pa is dying to be introduced to him, which I dread, lest he should boast of the fortune which he has made by *Hams*, &c. &c. but you shall know all about it.—Adieu!

NO II.

Friday, July 17.

SIR,

AFTER a most restless night, disturbed by the recollections of Ma's disasters, and thoughts of Boxiana, I got up and looked out at my bed-room winder, into the High-street, when the first hobject that met my eye was Pa, in deep conversashion with a cheesemonger over the way. I could not help opening the winder and cry *Hem!* when to my utter astonishment, Pa, instead of running into the house, hallo'd out, "Hah! Dolly, my wench, be ye getting up?" I gave him such a look, and slammed the winder down. I went into Ma's room to consult about what dress we should ware, in order to make a deep impression on our first *exit* as it were. Luckily, we had each got a bonnet, which in size exceeded any that Madame Chapeone had ever made before; we agreed to sport them on this occasion. Boxiana

called just as we were on the *Pave*, as Milton says, and off we moved; Ma and Pa in front, Boxiana and me following. I could not help admiring the majestic appearance of Ma, who is about five foot ten high, and stout in proportionable; her Mamaluke sleeves, which were twice the size of any others on the walks, added to her dignified and noble demeanor. Pa, unfortunately, is not above five foot four, but he is very fat and portly; I wish he was a foot or two taller. As we moved gracefully along, every body stopped and looked at us, which was highly flattering to Ma and myself, and when we got to the grand saloon at Mount-Pillar, there was a general buzz of approbation, as it were, and those who had got the drinking-glasses up to their mouths hactually paused to admire us. O! it was delightful to be thus extinguished among so many of the *bong tong*. We had agreed that I should speak some of the French which I had learnt out of my vocabulary at school, and Pa and Ma were to nod their heads and say, "*wee, wee, wee!*" This, we thought, would give the company an hidear of our gentility, so I said, "*this is mal a propos;*"—" *Wee, wee,*" said Ma and Pa, with such a loud laugh, that I was obliged to cry *Hem!* Observing Ladies as well as Gentlemen drinking the waters cuppiously, Pa said to the person who served it, "I say, let's have a drap of 'at ere vater, vill ye?" A tumbler full was handed to him; when, O! such a scene followed; he took a mouthful of it, but not admiring the taste, he turned suddenly round, and squirted it into the face of a petulant old beau, who immediately began to belabour poor Pa with his stick, which was no sooner seen by Ma than she flew at him, and would have soon laid him sprawling, had not some Gentlemen interfered. If we had been noticed particularly before this incident, we now became the hobjects on which all eyes were turned; we took a fly and hurried to town. After breakfast Pa took lodgings in the Crescent, because the Duke of Gloster resided there; we spent the remainder of the day in ajusting our wardrobe, &c.

Saturday July 18.

We sallied forth at eight o'clock towards Mount-Pillar. Pa was determined not to drink any of their briny water ; but Ma, understanding that it was fashionable to do so, took three or four half pints ; and we paraded up and down, during which a most excellent band performed capitally, which rendered the scene a most lively one. Presently we heard "*God save the King*" struck up, and all eyes was turned towards the lower entrance of the Promenade. Joy sparkled in Pa's eye, and off he scampered to catch a glimpse at the Duke. We were all anxious to see his Royal Highness, who took a glass of No. 4, politely bowed, and was retiring, when one of his suits whispered something to him, he turned round and looked smilingly at Pa and Ma, who considered it to be a great mark of condesension to be so particularly noticed. We returned to our lodgings to breakfast, and found a card, with C. H. Marshall, M. C. on it. We were much puzzled to guess what M. C. meant. Pa thought it meant man-cook, but I concluded that it was intended for "the Mayor of Cheltenham," in which conjecture Ma consided. However, we were all abroad, for the servant told us it was the Master of the Ceremonies who had called, which we considered a very great mark of respect paid to us from an utter stranger. Boxiana came in to escort me to the evening Promenade, a full account of which, with many other interesting matters, I shall send you in my next. Yours affectionately,

DOROTHY DUBBINS.

P.S. The Races takes place next week ; we intend of course to attend, also to go to the Balls, &c. Ma hops that they will allow her to call for a country dance ; she does not like quadrilles, which I am sorry for, because her commanding figure would appear to such great advantage in *Pantaloon*. There as been great hopposition to the Races and Playhouse, and persons are placed in various parts of the town to distribute tracts.

NO. III.

Sunday, July 19.

SIR,

WE went to the Old Church which was crowded, to hear the Rev. Mr. Close preach against horse-racing and the playhouses. Boxiana, who is an excellent judge, said that it was well meant, but rather too pointed and personal; and on returning to our lodgings he wrote the following impromptu:—

You must not to the races go,
 At least your Pastor tells you so,
 Who's fraught with proper notions;
 And if you to the Playhouse get,
 Old Nick will know it, for he'll set
 One CLOSE to watch your motions.

Monday, July 20,

Pa was determined to attract the attention of the Duke of Gloster, and to ask him whether the waters were benefishal to him; for that purpose, as soon as he heard the Band at the Old Wells Play "*God save the King*," he planted himself against the gate leading to Mount-Pillar, and when his Royal Highness approached, Pa took off his hat, and made a most profound bow, down to the very ground, during which time, the Duke passed by, and all that poor Pa got was three stripes of white paint from the gate, on his best blue coat, which appeared for all the world like *Apollo's* Liar on his back. Notwithstanding this *faux pas*, as Shakspear says, we went to the Promenade, where we soon became the greatest hobjects of detraction; so much so, that Boxiana seemed, for the first time, anxious to cut us, as Lord Chesterfield says:—he pretended that his head ached; so to accommodate him, we returned home much against Ma's wishes, for nothing pleases her more than to be the cause of detraction.

July 21, 22, 23.

Observing that you gave a correct account of the Racing, I shall not capitulate it ; but merely state, that Boxiana said, that in the whole course of his preambulations he never witnessed such a gambling sistim, as was blushingly carried on here ; he said that there was six *Hey-ho !* Tables, besides a wast number of Pea-and-thimble, and other cheating conducements, nor was they content with the race-course, but they hactually had houses opened in the town, for the soul purpose of catching the loose fish, and plucking the pigeons, as Pope says ! If the good Pastor (said Boxiana) could put down this, he would do a serviss to humanity ; but as for the playhouse, there was but very few who transgressed, for never was a Theater worse attended, notwithstanding there is no less than four *Cookes* to cater for the public amusement. We did not attend either of the Race Balls, because we understood that the Quadrille Ball at Mount-Pillar, on Thursday evening, was much more genteeler. There we went, dressed in all our best, as *Sally* in our alley says. Ma having no less than six high fethers in her turban, which made her appear so noble and magnifishent, that you have no idear ; but to her great mortification, country dances was not allowed. The M. C. was very polite and attentive to us, and whenever he had a opportunity, he introduced a number of young Beau to us, who appeared very-much entertained with Pa and Ma's conversation. I was often obliged to cry *Hem !* But Pa would talk in spite of me. —There was nearly 400 persons of extinction and rank, including ourselves, present, who tripped it on the light fantastick tow merrily ; but I did not dance, because Boxiana was not with us, and no other Beau had the politeness to ask me.

Friday, July 24.

We took our usual strole through the enchanting Old Well-walk up to Mount-Pillar. Ma finding berself a little fatigue, took a ride in one of the small

flies, and on her arrival at the Spa, in her hurry to get out of the carriage, her bonnet caught in the narrow door-way, when, O! Sir, how shall I inscribe the scene to you—out she came, leaving her bonnet, curls, &c. &c. behind. One of the band, out of compassion for her situation, took off his high military cap, and clapt it on Ma's head, in the presence of three or four hundred persons, who, instead of pitying her misfortune, hactually laughed; and one young feller had the impudence to say, that she would make a capital Granadeer.

Saturday, July 25.

We hired a fly, and went to implore the source of the Thames River, which has its rise about five miles off, on the old Sister road; they call it the Seven Springs, and sure enough there is seven springs, hoosing, as it were, out of the hearth, in a most romantic glen; afterwards, we returned to examine the classical temple, called *Pitville*, but as a true and partickler account of which would occupy more space than time would allow, I will preserve it for my next letter, and now remains, Yours, affectionately,

DOROTHY DUBBINS.

P.S. I have just heard that Madame Sontag, the celebrated French singer, also Madame Ninna, and Mr. Pussy, the Orn Player, is coming here to give a consort of music on Friday night; of course we shall attend,

“For music hath charms to smooth a savage beast.”

NO. IV.

Monday July 27.

SIR,

AGREEABLE to my promise I beg to give a description of the Pitt-Ville Temple, erected about half a mile from Cheltenham. In style, Boxiana says, it is purely Greasian, and the Highonic order has

been chosen for decoration ; the whole is after, the famous temple on the Hissias at Athens in Spain, and indeed, not unlike to the celebrated Call-and-see-em in the Regency Park. There is three figures over the principal entrance representing *Hescalapius* a Roman Emperor, *Hipocrisy* a German Fisician, and the God of Health, which Boxiana says may be pronounced in three letters—wiz.—I. G. A. The views from the Colonade on the top is most intensive ; and the grounds and water beneath looks beautiful ; but Ma preffers the Promenade and walks about the inchanting Mount-Pillar, which are certainly the most rural, retired, public resorts that can be pictured.

Tuesday, July 28.

This was a busy day with us, and passed off very pleasant, barring one accident which befell poor Pa, who is very fond of going to market himself, and he often brings some tit bits, as he calls them (*bon gout* in French) home in his hand. On this occasion he had got a nice sweetbread rapt up in paper, and was toddling home (as he says) when he heard that the Duke of Gloster was approaching. Pa stept aside in order to pay his respectable *congee* to his Highness, holding the sweetbread in his hand behind, the odour of which attracted the alfractory sense of a huge mastiff dog, who, *sans ceremony*, snobbled it all up before Pa could say Jack Robinson, as Walter Scott says, to the great delight of a parcel of hurchin boys, and the sad mortification of poor Pa, who lost site of the Duke again in running after the canine thief, and unfortunately his foot slipt and down he fell into the kennell, the contents of which changed the colour of his waistcote from white to black. We set of in an hopen barouch to visit the Roman Pavement and *Todd's* Cottages. Boxiana and I took our seats on the box ; Ma and Pa in the inside ; indeed there was not sufficient room on Ma's side. For the first time in my life, I felt embarrassed when Boxiana

asked me how long I intended to contain my present name ; I did not answer, but I gave him such a look that left him to imagine the external workings of my art as Byron says. We arrived at the Cottages, which are situated in a beautiful valley in a wood on the top of a hill, but instead of a parcel of little houses, we found only one cottage built in several attachments ; here was the entrance hall, and billiard-room under one roof ; then the dining room and a few bed rooms under another ; a little farther on the archery, where Mr. *Todd* keeps all his harrows, which Boxiana called Cupid's Repository, and gave me such a look. I began to think that *Dubbins* was by no means an elegant name—but to the cottages ; we next came to the kitchen and other useful compartments, and, lastly, to the ball room, which is really a beautiful place, open in front, and lined with moss at the back, with seats like the Archbishop's stalls in Westminster Abbey. But even here I was doomed to inexperience another dilemma ; there is a tree just at the entrance, with steps working around its trunk among the branches to the top, from whence there is a most charming prospect. Boxiana and I scampered up and intreated Pa and Ma to follow, which they unfortunately did ; I say unfortunately, for no sooner was Ma at the top, after a puffing descent, than she was seized with a dreadful giddiness in her Head ; and she vowed and declared she could never get down again. What was to be done ? Pa repeatedly wished that we could have got one of the great cranes which wind up and down the hogsheads of sugar in Thames-street, to convey Ma down. We all ascended to the bottom except Ma, who sat there, as Boxiana said, "like the bird of wisdom in an ivy bush." The *Sisseroni* of the place, as Boxiana called the old woman, who showed us about, said that Ladies was often taken as Ma was, and the way they got them down was to blindfold them ; an excellent thought, said Pa. Up again skipt Boxiana and me, and we tide Ma's shawl over her eyes, and after a vast deal of trouble, care and anxiety, she once more

put her foot on *terror firmer*, as the Italians says; and off we jogged towards the Roman Pavement, which is in some grounds belonging to Sir William Hicks, about seven miles from Cheltenham; but what was my astonishment, and indeed disappointment, when I saw it! Why, Sir, it is nothing like the pavement in Fenchurch-street, but it is for all the world like a patchwork kwilt. Boxiana said it was a very beautiful specimen. It was recovered by some labourers digging up some old large trees; it is now inclosed, and here was another ancient *Sisseroni*, who made Boxiana laugh heartily by her inscription of the place, and Pa, as he quitted the spot, said,—“Well, the French is a wonderful kind of people.” Boxiana archly observed, as we passed Leckhampton Church, “what a rural quiet spot this to be married at!” and gave me one of his impressive looks; I said nothing, but I thought the more, as Dean Swift says; and the name of *Dubbins* sounded more harsh than ever to me, I don’t know why.

Wednesday, July 29.

I could not rest last night, Boxiana’s insinuations came o’er my mind every moment, like airy nothings, as Liston says, and I felt, some how or other, very comical; and when he came to breakfast, I could not look him full in the face, yet I don’t know why; I never did nothing that I am ashamed of. I could not eat, which Pa noticed, and said, “Come *Dolly*, my girl,” (“*Hem!*” said I;) “I mean *Dorothy*, my dear, why you don’t eat nothing, you bean’t in love, be ye?” That instant my eye met that of Boxiana’s, who seemed to feel as much *non shalance* as I did; luckily Ma’s Mamaluke sleeve caught in the handle of the tea-urn, and upset right into Pa’s lap; I say luckily, for the incident prevented them from taking notice of our—*je ne scais quois*.

Thursday, July 30.

The town is still alive, betwixt the Quadrille Ball at Mount-Pillar to-night, and Sontag's Consort to-morrow evening, and as we intend to honour both with our presence, I shall conclude my Diary with *Hamlet's* beautiful solilloky—

“In peace love tunes a rustic reed,

“In war he gallops on a steed.”

Yours affectionately,

DOROTHY DUBBINS.

P.S. Boxiana has just sent me as a present, accompanied with a very pretty note, a copy of “*The Cheltenham Lyrics*,” I must write a note of thanks—but how shall I begin? “Dear Sir!” no that won't do. “My dear Sir,” worse and worse—“Sir” by itself would be too formal—I'll ask Ma.

MEM.—It affords me a difinity of pleasure that my Diary has been deemed worthy the attention of so accomplished a *Bon vivant* as Miss Cecilia Massingham is.—*Bong swa*.

NO. V.

Friday, July 31.

SIR,

How, in the name of wonder, did you procure such a correct account of Madame Sontag's consort so soon? I fully intended to have given you the particklars myself; for though I say it, that ought not to say it, I flatters myself that I am a good judge of music, for if the bands here plays one tune instead of another I detect them in an instant. In order to ensure good seats in the consort we went early, and found the streets and havenews crowded with a congress of people; by way of a caution, the ticket-takers only opened one half of the unfolding doors that leads into the Assembly Room, and Ladies and Gentlemen flocked in in torrents. As soon as the man saw Ma approaching—with her bran new puffed lace sleeves, which measured just a yard

from one point to the other—he politely threw open both sides of the door, which was very kind in him, and Ma walked in with such a majestic hair that did my art good to see her; but, to our utter astonishment, wherever we sat (and we tried many places) those behind us moved away, observing, that they might as well be in the hantyroom as behind Ma! We at length got our backs again the wall, and all was right: presently the beautiful little Sontag came forward and sung delightful; but Pa did not seem to relish it much, for he said he did not understand French. It was going off capital, until the middle of the second part, when I observed Pa nodding several times; I did all in my power to keep him awake; at length he struck on a plan to do so himself, but the result proved most mortifying to me. Pa having been accustomed to take something to eat in his pocket when he used to go to the play in London, thought he must do so on this occasion; so he had provided himself with a large sandwich, wrapt up in an old newspaper, and just as Mr. Pussy was playing an overture on the orn, Pa began to *mongé* with all his might, and was offering a piece to a young Lady, who sat next to him; on conceiving which, I cried out sharply, *Hem!*—when Pa turned suddenly around, and in a loud voice said, “No, it is beef, *Dolly*.” I gave him such a look, and so did Ma—and so indeed, did most of the company, but he was inviable to all refined feeling. Boxiana asked me if I knew the song of “*Oh! listen to the voice of love.*” I am sure there is some partickler meaning in the question, for he looked unalterable things, as *Othello* says, and squeezed my hand gently; just that moment Ma whispered to me, saying—“only look how we are demired by the congregation, they are all a looking at us.” With that she held up her hand in such an indig-nified manner, and appeared so *en bon point*, that was quite delightful; I dare say many thought she was painted, for the heat made her face look as red as a turkey-cock’s comb, as Dryden says.

Saturday, August 1.

After a charming walk on the Promenade at Mount-Pillar, and a turn or two along the Imperial, and then down the old long walk, to chat a bit with the Quaker female who serves the company with sulfur, saline, and kalibiet waters, we bundled home to breakfast, as Pa says, and at 12 o'clock set off in a hopen carriage to view the ruins of Katherine Parr at Sudely Castle, about eight miles off. Nothing can be more charming then the views as we descend to the Cotswood Hills, the intensive vale of Gloster lies before us, backed, as Boxiana says, by the mighty Malvern Ills, which is 1700 feet above the level of the earth. The whole town of Cheltenham is seen from here, with the City of Gloster, then the river Severn, and afterwards the Welsh mountains in the foreground: Pa wished very much that he had brought his microscope with him that he might implore the enchanting prospect minutely. After a most beautiful ride of about six miles, we approached a small town called Winchcombe, beyond which, about a mile, we could see the ruins called Sudely Castle, where Katherine Parr, Queen of King *Richard* the 8th died in childbed; it is a very ancient place, built by Oliver Cromwell, soon after the flood. Boxiana was uncommonly entertained to hear the *Sisseroni* here (who by-the-by, is a little girl) giving an inscription of the place, but what surprised Pa, Ma, and me the most, was to hear the ghost answering the girl quite instinctly, when she called out "*Katherine Parr.*"

Sunday, August 2.

Here again you have got the start of me, how came you to know that the Duke of Gloster attended Divine Service at the Old Church? However, all that you said was "quite correct," as Liston

says ; we went in the afternoon to Trinity Church, and heard another excellent sermon, also some very good singing ; in the evening we went to Lansdown Terrace to view the Sun setting behind the Malvern Hills, in Wales : it was a most grand sight, and worthy the pencil of Krokshanks.

Monday, August 3.

Again beforehand with me—in spite of the “Warring elements,” as *Brutus* says, we went to the Consort, but I took special care that Pa should take no more filthy sandwiches with him, but he took what he calls his pocket pistol, that is, a flask with brandy in it, and there was he handling it about, saying it was an excellent anecdote to keep out the damp. Sontag promised to sing “*Robin Adair*,” which is a great favourite of Pa’s, but she only sung the tune once over in some strange language, (for she speaks several indifferent tongues) and then she played variations on her voice. Her last song, which was “*Variations on Rode’s Air*” gave Pa an opportunity of making an excellent *con*. Why (said he) is Mrs. Sontag like an idle errand boy ? Do ye give it up ?—Because she plays on the *road* !” The Consort went off with the greatest *sang froid*. But when Sontag came forward to sing “*God save the King*,” Pa, who is loyalty to the back bone, as Ma says, jumped up, and forgetting he had not got his hat on, snatched off his wig, and twirled it three times around his head ; fortunately Boxiana was near him, and soon recalled his collected senses, as Dibdin says. The M. C. took Madame Sontag by the hand, and brought her along the room, to be introduced to several Ladies and Gentlemen ; her modest presuming manners won the hearts of the *beaux* : even Boxiana was charmed with her, and said, “What a pretty little creature she is !” I gave

him such a look as gave him to understand that he might, if he chuse, see another pretty little creature in the room, but "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," as the Dutch says.

Yours affectionately,

DOROTHY DUBBINS.

P.S. We intend to go and make a tower on the river *Why* tomorrow, of which you shall have full partiklars; we shall go through Gloster, Ross, Monmouth, and Tintern Habby, to Chepstow. *Boziana* participates a most charming incursion; but Ma, who never was on the salt sea ocean, is quaking a little already, and Pa hops we shall not be cast away; but I am full of *Wice Wersa*.

N.B. The Duke of Gloucester is still here, and not at Worthing, as advertently stated.

Best compliments to *Cecilia Massingham*.

NO. VI.

Friday, Aug. 7.

SIR,

IN consequence of the great preparation for our incursion on the river *Why*, we did not attend the M.C.'s Ball last night, but I larn that there was a most innumerable assemblage, and with the acception of ourselves, all the *Bow mond* of the place was there. Pa was quite delighted with the thoughts of our voyage, and in order to do things *secondum artum*, as the French says, he bought a Nankeen jacket and trowsers, also a straw hat, that he might look like a pedestrian towerist; he also laid in an excellent stock of provission, not forgetting brandy, wine, bottle porter, &c. &c.

As the church clock struck the vesper hour of seven in the morning, off we dashed in a hopen barouch and four, merely changed horses in the city of Gloster (nine miles), and we arrived at Ross (sixteen miles

farther) by ten o'clock. While breakfast was preparing we went into the church-yard, from whence there is a most expansive view of the windings of the *Why*, which comes darting in a perpendicular direction from Heriford to Ross; there is a most curious specimen of natural philosophy in the church, which is, trees all a growing (as the flour girls cry in London)—also a number of spikes to be seen, what were placed in the different Fordes of the *Why* during the civil wars, when Holiver Cromwell gained a great wictory. At eleven o'clock, P.M. as Pa says, all was in readiness for imbarking on borde of the ships, which, by-the-bie, are only boats with hawning, rowed by two sailors, and pushed along by another, who sits behind, turning a kind of a handle, for which Pa agreed to give two guinnys to take us to Monmouth, twenty-three miles; I am partiklar in this department for the reformation of all other towerists. After the hamper of prog, as Pa called it, was put on borde, Boxiana and I jumped nimbly in, and Pa, after many starts, followed us by the assistance of the sailors; but as for Ma, there she stood, declaring she would not trust her sacred person on a plank which was only three inches thick and two feet wide. What was to be done? The sailors hit upon an excellent mode; they secured a great harm chair from the inn, and tied Ma in it; then they got two other sailors to help them, and at length landed poor Ma safe among us. Before I quit Ross, I ought to state, that there lived here many years ago a celebrated conjurer, called the Man of Ross; he was a great favourite with Pope Alexander the Great. The man who pushed the boat begged that Pa, Boxiana, and me would sit on one side, and Ma on the other, in order to trim the vessel; no sooner was we snugly seated, than Pa began to sing the Rev. Mr. Dibdin's beautiful verses;—

“There's a sweet little fairy sits smiling aloft,

“To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.”

Away we went at the rate of ten nots an hour as the sailors said, the seanery on each side beautiful: according

to Boxiana's request the sailors gave us an historical account of the places as we passed. Near Goodridge Castle is a cavern called King Arthur's Cave, in which the renowned Arthur hid himself on the landing of William the Conqueror from Spain. We next came to a high mountain called Simmon's Yat, over which the sailors recommended us to walk while they would go along the winding *Why* for about five miles, and meet us on the other side; "fine talking," said Ma, "who, I vonder, is to help me in and out of this here ship?" "I will," said Pa; just as he was standing up to draw the cork of a bottle of porter, which was quite up, the boat gave a sudden roll, Pa fell into Ma's lap, holding the frisky brown stout rite in her face and before he could recover himself, emptied most of it over her elegant blew paleese! After a thousand apologies from Pa, it was agreed that Boxiana and me should go over the ill, and Pa and Ma was to go round in the boat. Never shall I forget the throbbings of my conscious bosom, at the moment Boxiana and me were left on an unknown highland, like *Robinson Kruso* of old, and when Pa cried out out "Good by, my children," and when Ma said "*Bon swa*"
 "And kissed her lily hand."

Here we met with a most excellent *Sisseroni*, who accompanied us over the mountain; I often wished her farther off, for I expected to have had a pleasant *tete-a-tete* with Boxiana; but would you believe it—all he said in going up was, "I suppose your father is very rich?" May be he is," said I—just then we reached the summat of the declivity, from whence the view is inchanting, so much so, that I could not help exclaiming to Boxiana, "Did you ever see so charming a prospect?" "Yes," said he, I have a prospect in view this instant, a thousand times more lovely to me," and he gave me such a look! I hung down my head and said, "*Je vouse nong tong paw, Monsieur.*" I tript down the mountain with a much lighter heart than I descended on the other side, but I don't know why. We could see the boat approaching, and Pa waving his pocket-hankerchief on the top of

his stick, and as they drew near, he stuck his new straw hat on the signal, which the wind soon carried off, and he never saw it more : he tied Ma's scarlet shawl over his head, which made him appear truly *Tant mieux*, but it made the impudent sailors laugh every time they implored him.

Once more safe on board, we started again, and passed some fine rocks and rude romantic scenery in our way to Monmouth, where we arrived at three o'clock ; there we saw several boats with *Friars* painted on them, and which we conclude belonged to the Nuns at Tintern Habby. In order to rest the harms of the sailors, we agreed to stop an hour at Monmouth, a town celebrated for being the birth-place of King Henry the Black Prince, who defeated the Romans in France. Ma would not quit the boat, but Pa walked into the town to buy a hat, with a hundred little hurchins after him, for he kept Ma's shawl on his head afear'd he might ketch cold ; and when he returned to the river, such was the outcry of the children, that Ma, forgettin where she was sitting, started up, which gave the boat such a sudden jerk that pitched poor Ma into the flowing tide, as Linly Murry says ; fortunately it was not very deep, and owing to the activity of the sailors, she was soon hoisted in, as the notical frase is, but not without many rude observations from the bystanders ; one of which had the impudence to say, as Ma was placed in the boat, " My stars, Jack, what a stern !" Pa agreed with the same crew to convoy us to Chepstow, for two guinnys more, and when we started he chanted Thompson's pathetic stanzas—

" Thus we sail, with the gale.

" In the bay of Whisky O !"

We continued to enjoy a successive of enchanting views, and in about two hours came in site of the far-famed Tintern Habby, which was formerly a Monistry built by the Pegans, but in the time of the Seville Wars it was destroyed by the Turks under the command of General Mahomed, who first introduced cannons and gunpowder

into this country. The ruins is far superior to that of Katharine Parr's; indeed Boxiana perceived it to be the finest spesimen of Gothick agriculture he ever witnessed. After reviewing the Habby, we sailed on, by a cluster of rocks called the Twelve Apostles, I don't know for why, unless they were buried there; a continuation of unvaried beauties met our eyes all the way to Chepstow, which is about 16 miles from Monmouth. Here we put up for the night. Ma was placed in the chair, as before, and safely landed, amid a buzz of "Who is she, I wonder? Some *great* Lady of quality, I warrant you;" while Ma was almost *compus mentus*, as the Welsh say, with delight, to be thus noticed. We went to view the Castle by moonlight, and very beautiful it was. After a night of *bon repo*, we hired a carriage, and went to the Wind Cliff—or, as Boxiana says, rather the Winding Cliff; for you ascend to the bottom by natural steps of stones, placed there for the purpose. Never shall I forget the magnitude of the view from the top, nor the unbounded variety as we peeped here and there in our way to the Moss Cottage at the bottom. Unfortunately we could not see the Peersfield Grounds, the open days being Tuesdays and Fridays. I mention this for the benefit of strangers. We returned to Chepstow, where Pa's figure detracted universal attention as he walked by the side of Ma, for the sailor's jacket and trowses made him appear shorter than ever, particular as his jacket was far too little for him; I heard several say "What a Punch he is!" I gave them such a look, but they did not mind me. We took a hopen carriage and returned by land, through Newnham and Gloster, home, without meeting with no adventures worth according; but we found on our arrival here, to Pa's great joy, that the Duke of Manchester was come. The Duke is master of all the post-horses, and Pa is determined to inform him how cruelly one of the drivers whipt his nags.

Yours affectionately,

DOROTHY DUBBINS.

August 10.

P.S. They say in the *Cheltenham Journal* to day that I am a Lady of rank and talent, and that some one has imposed a dance called "*Dolly Dubbins*," in honour of me. Why not *Dorothy*? The Band at the Old Wells have their benefit to-night: we are all a-going, as George Robins says.

N. B. We are going to the top of the Malvern Ills to-morrow.

 NO. VII.

Tuesday, August 11.

SIR,

THERE were about a thousand persons in the Old Well-walk last night, being for the benefit of the Musicians, who played a vast many pretty tunes, while we, the *Bon Mot*, paraded up and down; soon after nine o'clock there were some fire-works let off, consisting of sky-rackets, Roman candlesticks, black, blew, white, and all manner of coloured lights, also serpents and Catherine Whales, which had a very good affect atwixt the igh helm trees which grow on each side of the walks. Nothing partickler incurred "to damp our joys," as Corporal *Trim* says, but a nasty squibbing cracker which was thrown from the road right on Ma's bonnet, which made her whisk about so vehemently that she knocked down all those within her reach; but "all's well that begins well," as Rossini says, and *Nell Despo-randum*, says I.

We set off to implore the Malvern Ills, past through Tewkesbury, (nine miles) then through Upton, (seven miles) famous for a victory gained by one *Tom Jones* over the Infidals; here we crossed the river Severn; near Tewkesbury the river *Avon* falls into the Severn.

Shakespeare was born *on* the river Avon, but I I don't know in what kind of a ship; but it was called the *Stratford*.—Pardon this ingression; eight miles further we reached Malvern Town, called Great Mal-

vern—but I don't know why, for it is a very small place,—put up at the Folly Harms, a most delightful Otel, with the front at the back of the house, overlooking a most enchanting perspective. After we had taken refreshments, Pa and Boxiana went to bargain for a conveyance to the surface of the mountains; there was plenty of ponnys and donkeys, and Ma would not venture on a pony, and there was none who cared to let her have a donkey. At length, after a great deal of *parley vous*, Pa hired the strongest he could find for Ma, and a nice little one for me, while him and Boxiana engaged two ponnys. Off we set, attended with four *Sisseronies*, (who was little boys here) first of all, up a great declivity to St. Ann's Well, where we rested the hanimals, and tasted the water, which is beautifully clear, and free from hannymalkulees. Ma's donkey appeared much furtagued already, and Ma herself complained of being a little giddy; however we set sail once more towards the surface, which is two mile from Great Malvern, along a narrow shig-shag path; Boxiana first, me next, Ma next, and Pa to bring up the van, as the Duke of Wellington says; but we had not got many yards before Ma's donkey laid himself quietly down to rest: Ma screeched out, but the boy what drove it said, that it was a trick it had got when he carried more than he bargained for. Presently the boy, by dint of bastinadoing, got him up, and we again were on the *qui vive*, but no sooner did we turn the edge of the presipice, than Ma vowed and declared she could not stir an inch farther; her donkey being of the same opinion, laid down again. What was to be done? the thought of the Todd's Cottages struck Boxiana, who begged that Ma would allow him to tie a hankerchief over her eyes until we got to the top; she consented, and after many startings and holtings, we arrived at the surface. O! my dear Sir, how shall I inscribe to you the grandeur of the scene. O! for a mace of fire to do it justice; in front we had Worster, Upton, Tewkesbury, Cheltenham, and Gloster, and a well unculti-

vated country, wooded, corned and watered, for fifty miles! On turning round, we had the Wrekin, in Shropshire, the Black and Sugar-loaf mountains in Wales, the City of Heriford, and a vast tract of fruitful land, full fifty miles more! Boxiana declared that he never saw nothing to surpass it in all his travels abroad in forren parts. We continued along the ridge of the surface for nearly two miles, injoying new beauties every moment. Poor Ma, however, dare not venture to have the hankerchief taken off, so she enjoyed all the prospects blind-folded as it were. Boxiana was very inquisitive in asking the names of different places, and when one of the Sisseroni boys said. "That be the Heriford Beckon, Sir," (pointing to a permanent point on the hill) Pa exclaimed, "Where, where? I know Wilshire and Hamshire bacon, but never heard of Herifordshire; let's have a slice on't?" We soon reached the point, where there is remains of a Roman campain, built by the Danes after they landed on Salisbury Plain from Flanders. Pa was woefully disappointed, but his usual good humour soon returned, and we began to assend towards the Well House at the bottom, which is beautifully sitiaded about two miles from Great Malvern; near which is another well, where the water hoozes just as bright as our looking glass, out of a spout into a truff. We soon got into the high road which runs from Heriford through Ledbury along the range of ills to Worster; and, after a pleasant ride, attained the Folly Harms. We paid four shillings for each of the ponnys, and three shillings for each donkey.

After dinner we went into the old Habby, which was built by Holiver Cromwell in the rain of Henry the VIIIth. It is a very beautiful church, with windows painted all over with indifferent kind of colours; there is also a great deal of carvin work in it, particklar the stolls where the Monks and Nuns used to sit in during their messes; one was very curious, it presented "*Three rats hanging a cat.*" Pa said he was sure the rats did that, because the cat would not let them nibble the

cheese. But Boxiana said it was a hollygory, which could not now be impounded. There is a vast quantity of Dutch tiles here of very ancient conjecture; but what pleased me most was a little place which the Sisseroni, (who was a man here) called the Confessionary. Here he said, the fare penitents used to reveal all their secrets, and the old Monks used to listen with their hears open and their hearts shut. When Boxiana heard this, he whispered to me, saying, "Now confess who you love." I gave him such a look as left him to include that I was no stranger to *double entendre*, at the same time a half smile to shew that I was not very angry. We set off on our return, all delighted with our incursion, and after a pleasant drive in our *wis-a-wee*, as Ma called our carriage, we arrived safe at our lodgings, where we learnt that the Duke of Gloster was going to leave Cheltenham next morning.

Wednesday, August 12.

THE bells are ringing a merry peel in honour of the native day of our Monark—God bless him, says I.

" May Heaven protect the Throne,

" And make the cause its own

" Of GEORGE our King."

Pa was determined to have a farewell glims at the Duke, so he planted himself in the drawing-room winder, keeping his eye on the corporal, as Don Miguel said at Plymouth. Boxiana hurried into the room, looking full of alarm, which fritened us all sadly, particularly me; he had a letter in his hand, which he had just received, in which he was summoned to go to London by return of post. Some how or other, I don't know why, but I fainted away quite dead on the sophi; Pa flew to my aid, during which the Duke passed by! When I recovered, I found my dear parents with tears in their eyes, leaning over me; I could not help kissing them both, which recalled to my mind Plutarck's pathetick line,

"Nature will be natural still."—But Boxiana was not there; he was gone to pack his portmantu. Pa said he was to dine with us; "thank God," (cried I) without knowing what I said; "and (continued Pa) I have invited him to come and see us in Lunnun." "Bless you for that," said I, not knowing what I said; "and when will you return home, dear Pa?" said I. "Next Monday, my darling Dolly," said he;—I did not mind his calling me Dolly. Boxiana came to dinner, but he did not eat much; I eat nothing; even Pa and Ma lost their usual happitites. I heard the mail-coach horn blowing—Boxiana started up, squeezed Pa and Ma heartily by the hand, while he looked stedfast in my face, then took my hand in both his, and kissed it—then darted out of the room, like a flash of lightning.

Thursday, August 13.

I never slept a wink all night, and Ma said she could not rest for the night mayor disturbed her. I wish Monday was come; I begin to grow very wary of this place, gay and beautiful as it is; but I hope to pay it another visit; if so, you shall be reformed of it; meantime believe me, my dear Boxiana—I beg pardon, Mr. Editor I mean—to remain your's affectionately,

POOR DOLLY DUBBINS.

P.S. I will write you an account of our return on my arrival in dear Tem-street.

NO. VIII.

Friday, August 14.

SIR,

YESTERDAY was surely the longest day, at least it appeared so to me, and Burn's beautiful line incurred to me a thousand times—

"What's this dull town to me?—Robin not here."

Had Boxiana remained, we should have gone to the

Quadrille Ball at the Rotunda Rooms, which was extremely well attended I hear, and the Master of the Ceremonies was as polite and full of *Savoir vivre*, with his *Shappo-bras* under his arm, as ever.

To begyle an hour or two, Pa, Ma, and Me, went to suspect Mr. Young's Moddle of the Requisition in Lisbon, which is a most ingenious piece of meckanism, and very well worth seeing; for it gives you a hidear of the cruel manner in which Cristian people are tortured by the Turks, in order to make them confess what they don't know. I wish Boxiana had been with us, for he would have given a better description of it than I am able. Pa asked Ma how she should like to be fried to death on a gridiron, and then be made to confess the secrets of Freemasonry, as Mr. Young was. "I should like to catch them at it," said Ma, clinching her fist. Pa took the hint, and was *tezzi-vous*. After dinner we began to re-pack our things, in order to be ready for our return to London on Monday, which imployed us until supper time. Pa had in the mean time stroled about and brought home a lobster, of which Ma partook, although she was fully aware of the consequence; she had not been in bed ten minutes before she became speechless; she rolled out of bed, pulled the bell violently, then hastening into the drawing room; the servant ran up stairs, Ma pointed to the sophi, wishing the girl to remove our bonnets which was left on it; the maid became successfully frightened, and thought that theeves had got into the house, and that they was under the sophi; she began to shout and hollo, which alarmed the whole messmates of the house, and up and down they came, men, women, and children, and among them Pa, who was awoke out of his first *snooze*, as he calls it; when he saw Ma *sans* her dress *de pied en cap*, gasping for breath, he roard out, "My pistol, my pistol!" which only decreased the alarm, and off he ran to the bed room, from whence he brought his pistol, well primed (as he said) with *Eau-de-vie*, *alias* brandy, which he held to

Ma's mouth, and soon restored her. In a quarter of an hour all was *comme il faut* again,

“And Peace assumed her warlike sway.”

as King *Dido* said when he conquered the Pireneese of old.

Saturday, August 15.

By way of killing an hour or two, we went to Gloster yesterday, although it rained; we went to implore the Kathedral, and was struck with the thickness of the pillars what supported the Hile, which the *Sisseroni* (who was the Vergin here), said was brought from Saxony; there is many beautiful monuments here, both ancient and modern; one, a very fine whole length stature of Dr. Jenner, who invented the small pox; it is by Mr. Sivier, the carver of the Rev. Mr. Dibdin's monument lately put up at Greenwich Ospital. Hark! the postman's nock! A letter to Pa from (dear I was going to say) Boxiana. He arrived safe, and he begs to know when he may participate the great gratifycashon of seeing us in London? Monday night, says I, please the pigs.

The Band at the Mont-Pillar has issued a very excellent consort bill for Tuesday evening next, when the hannual benefit will commence; I hope the weather will prove propostrictious, for the entertainment which they are playing affords to us, of the *A la mode*, deserves our patronage; and Pa, who never does things by halves, is determined to take tickets, although we shall make our *Debut* from Cheltenham on Monday, thank my stars! Nor shall I cast, as Joseph Miller says.

“A lingering look before.”

Pa came running into the room about half an hour since, “joy sparkling in his eyes,” as Dr. Hayden says, and requested me to accompany him to the church-yard to copy an Otograph which he had just found on a flat toom stone in the path, at the east end of the church, on one John Higgs, a celebrated pork butcher; and as

the lines are remarkable for their elegance, I shall give them a corner in my valuable Diary, as Correspondants say to the Editors of *Maggaseens*.

Here lies a careful and industrious man,
 You will scarce find such an one in ten;
 For killing pigs was his delight
 Both morning, afternoon, and night.
 Both heats and colds he did endure,
 Which no physicians could not cure;
 His knife is laid—his work is done;
 I hope to heav'n his soul is gone.

Pa was told of another Otograph in this Church-yard, but he could not find it, although he made every intelligent search; it ran thus:—

Here I lies, besides my seven daughters,
 Kill'd by drinking of the Cheltenham Waters.

Sunday, August 16.

Copying the above, inspired my Muse last night and I wrote the following lines:—

Farewell to dear Cheltenham, Farewell to the Spa,
 Farewell to the old walk, the new ones and a';
 Farewell to the Pump rooms, the Featons and Flys,
 Farewell to the Malverns vhat touches the skies!
 Farewell to Mount-Pillar, the Sherborn, the Chelt;
 Farewell to the Cresent where the Duke and us dwelt;
 Farewell to the Albion, the Plow and all them,
 Hark! Pa's calling—"Dolly"—"coming, Sir—hem."

London, Monday Evening, August 17.

We started at eight o'clock this morning in the *Retaliator* Coach from the Plow Otel, and arrived safe at home by eight this evening. The first person which met my eyes, was dear Boxiana, to heal our welcome home. "*Home, sweet home,*" as Pa sung, the moment he set foot in the house; then he hurried into the wearhouse, and said, "Thank Providence, here we

all *ham* once more ; here, Tom, run for a gallon of beer, to drink our safe return to the land we live in." After tea, Boxiana begged to speak to Pa privately. My conscious ! how my heart beat that moment, and I said to Ma, "I hope there is nothing amiss." "I believe," said Ma, looking harchly at me, "there is a *Miss* in the case ; but come child, let we put our traps by a bit." But before we left the parlour, Pa and Boxiana returned hand in hand ; I saw by Pa that he was pleased, and Boxiana too looked smiling on me, while I blushed *au naturel*. He shook Ma and me heartily by the hand, and said, "*Bon swa*." "What's in the wind?" said Ma ; Pa smiled and said, "Oh ! only my young friend has asked me leave to come and court our Doll." Oh ! my dear Sir, imagine the *denouement* ! Pa said that he was to be introduced to Boxiana's friends in a day or two, wo were full of respectability, and moved in a high spire ; which quite won over Ma's approbation ; and to-morrow my Boxiana is to call. I could not go to rest without informing you of this happy inclusion to our incursion to a watering place ; and should we go to the sea shore, which I expect we shall next month, you shall hear from me again ; main time, I beg to offer you my *summum bonum* (as the Irish say), for your great kindness and polightness to your affecshonate *Protege*.

HAPPY DOLLY DUBBINS.

SECOND SERIES.

DOLLY DUBBINS' DIARY

OF A

SECOND TRIP TO CHELTENHAM,

ORIGINALLY ADDRESSED TO

THE EDITOR OF 'THE CHELTENHAM
LOOKER-ON.'

DOLLY DUBBINS' DIARY.

[SECOND SERIES.]

To the Editor of the Cheltenham Looker-On.

NO. I.

" Plow Otel, Aug. 27th, 1834.

SIR,

As you haven't the pleasure of nowing me personably, I take this method of introducing myself to you '*sans serremony*,' as the Irish say; and to inform you that Pa, Ma, and myself, intend to pass a few days at Cheltenham, and to grease the Promenade, the Con-sarts, the Balls—in short, to mix and to mingle with the *hong tong*, as we were wont to do in the days of *Yore*, (who was a learned filosofer, like myself,) and to give the world an account of the movements in this Queen of Towns and Sitties. We only arrived here on Monday nite by the Hexquisite coach from Bristol, after a most delightful incursion thro' a part of Glamorgan and Mun-mouthshires, so you cannot expect much from me yet; howsomever, I shall make my remarks, and send them for you to *look-on*, and to assert in your highly talented and greatly admired and esteemed publication.

The Band at dear Mount Pillar plays as delightful as ever, but it does not fall so sweet on my ear now as it did when *Boxiana* was with me. Ah! Mr. Hedhitter, 'there is the rub,' as Milton says; but I will not enter into particklers now, but barely mention that Pa is in

raptures to find that His Grace the Duke of Gloster is here, and he is determined to be introduced to him, 'please the pigs,' as he hemfatically says. As for Ma, you will not find much alteration in her, except indeed that she is a vast deal lustier; but what of that? she is the same noble, commanding personage as ever, and tours over Pa's head, (who, by the by, is not grown an hinch since his last visit,) like a popular tree over a gooseberry bush! I was delighted to see your worthy M.C. looking so well, and so attentive and polite as ever. Ma is going to partition him that he will restore the minuet and country danse at the Balls, in order that she and Pa may show hoff, as well as other folk.

"We intend to be present at Siggignor Masoni's Concert, this evening, for we here he is a very fine player on the fiddle. Pa says that his name is Frenchified from the Dutch word, Mason, and that he could play just as well without an eye* at the end on't. Will that pun do for the LOOKER-ON?

"Yours, affectionately,

"DOROTHY DUBBINS.

NEM. CON.—How much the Mount Pillar Garden is improved, to be sure! and the fountain is quite a requisition to it. Pa longs to have an hour's trout fishing in it.

NO. II.

Cheltenham, August 27, 1834.

SIR,

In order to denounce our arriving at this charming place, in the most defective manner, Pa, Ma, and me, entered our names in the books of the M.C. also, those at the librarees, walks, promenades, waters, and last, tho' not the least, that of Mount Pillar Band.

* Quere, I.—PRINTER'S DEVIL.

We are now very comfortably sittiated at No. 55, in the Cressent, from whence you, Mr. Looker-On, will receive all my *Bell-letters* and *Billy-doo*s ; pray let them be printed exackly as I write them, for it is horrid to have ones infusions mulked of their fare preportions by unlittered cumposoters. We were all rejoiced to find that the Mount Pillar Gardens are to be opened in the afternoon, for we, the *bon mot* of high life, to dissemble in ; accordingly, Pa, Ma, and myself made our exit into the vortex of pleasure on the occasion ; as we entered the gardens, the rosy-cheeked warder at the gate, gave us a smile of welcome, on which, Pa rushed forward and shook him heartily by the hand, to my great annoyance, and Ma's displeasure. We moved onward to the place where the band played, and were delighted to find all eyes turned towards us, as much as to say, " What an interesting, elegant groop ;" and as we walked slowly down the grass plot, we heard a lady exclaim " how beautifully the *fountain plays* !" Ma, with her accustomed shrewdness, said, " Let us go and *hear* it !" But we could hear no music, nor could Pa discover any instrument about the place ; but we were all very much struck with the wonders of nature, when we saw the water spouting out of the very earth and stones : Pa is determined to have a day's trout fishing in it, if the owner will allow it, While we were admiring this anteeek construction, Pa shouted out, most lustily " My eye, Sall, there's a fish ! see, see how it jumps, right out of the vater, plump on the rock ;"—this observation of Pa's made all the people around laugh ; and one young gentleman said, It was a four-legged gudgeon. " I'll have him," said Pa—and he made a snatch at the hanimal—in doing which, Pa's foot slip't and down he went, but fortunately he fell short of the water ; but not so his hat and wig, they plunged into the limpped stream, to the great delight, apparrently, of the company, but to the greatest mortification of myself and Ma ; but Pa turned it off with one of his *jew despreses*, and said, " They came to Cheltenham to try the vaters !"

In the evening, we went to Masoni's Consart, an account of which, I should have sent you, only you participated me in your last Looker-On. We, and all the company, was highly amused with a little grizzly *Lady* dressed in pink, a black hat, and a plume of white feathers; she hopt and skipt about, as Pa observed, like a pea on parchment, and appeered as if she had been bit by Saint Witers, who was a cellebrated dancing master, in the time of King James the 6th.

Thursday, August 28.

Pa's highest hambition was gratified this morning, for he had the honor of a bow from his sereen highness the Duke of Gloster, who is one after Pa's own heart, a staunch reporter of Church and State. Ma made him one of her magestic curtsies, in doing which, she trod upon poor Pa's tow, which made him roar out "Hang thy helliphant feet, Sall." Oh! Mr. Hedhitter, you may fancy my imbarrising sittiation, I blushed up to the eyes, and, I am sure the Duke must have noticed my *Jene see quwa*—for "he gave me such a look,"

"Honey swa kee molly pance"

as the immortal Liston says, in his lecture on looks.

Friday, August 29.

This day proved a "werry vet un," as Pa said, so that there was no sterring out; however, it afforded Pa a hoppertunity to throw hoff his jokes at Ma and me, for he said it was the very wether for us, "how so" said Ma—"Vhy (said he) beant you my *Duck*, and is not Dolly our *Duckling*?"—then he waddled away to procure some *quack* medesin, with the greatest *non shallance*.

Saturday, August 30.

A very fine morning; we sallied forth to Mount Pillar, Pa being determined to drink the waters, so he went up to the man who makes them, and said, "I say my fine fellar, gives us a draft of that stuff, and put a little polution in it;" this caused a general titter among the water-bibbers as Pa calls them, but I cant say why. No sooner had Pa tasted the "lucid drops from nature's fountain," as Hood says, than he began to make the most comical wry faces, and poking the glass forward towards Ma, he said "here Sall, help me out with it, for vhots good for the goose is good for the gander," the titter now became a loud laugh, which Pa turned, with his usual tack, to the best advantage, saying "My Sall and me have a *puncheon*, as the French folk says, for these here experiant vaters" patting with both his hands, his prominent lower stomach; just at that moment, a very genteel young gentlemen looked full in my blushing face, but I thought of Boxiana and said to myself—Moltom in parvo!

Monday being the first of September, Pa is determined to go a Pattrige shooting, to the great horror of Ma and me, for he intends to use his blunderbuss, which has never been fired off yet; he has requested our bucher to lend him his grayhound, for he says pattriges are hamb-fibbious beasts, they can run as fast as they can fly, But I must close my letter, promising to give you the full partiklars of Pa's sporting incursion in my next; mean time, believe me yours very affectionately,

DOROTHY DUBBINS.

P.S. I have much to tell you respecting Boxiana, who has been sent by his friends to forren parts abroad, on purpose that he may forget me—but

When the waters at the Spa
Please the taste of Pa and Ma,
When they figure in a Valse
Then my Boxy will prove false.

D. D.

NO. III.

Monday, Sept. 1.

SIR,

SHOULD I live to the age of Jerusalem, I shall never forget this day—for, scarcely had the “lark at daun of rosy morn” attuned her vesper himm, when Pa raised the whole inmates of the inhabitable house with “Tally ho, tally ho!” &c. Pa had engaged a Fly to be at the door at half past five o’clock, thinking to have gone in it, that the birds mite not see him, and so “anticipate his deadly purpose,” as Doctor Bacon said; for he herd a gentleman say as we came back from church, that the kovies were always very wild at first, and that the very site of a gun fritened them. But the man that came to accompany him demonstrated against Pa’s intention, because they could’nt cross the edges well in a Fly; and so this project was given up, and they prepared to start on foot, the man carrying a large sack to bring the game home, and Pa, who was dressed for the occasion in a fustian jacket, which had large pockets filled with vittles, carrying his blunderbus on his shoulder, and the grayhound by his side.

When they entered the field by the side of the King’s Walk, Pa cocked his gun, to be ready in case any game should start; in passing the first gate, his anxiety decreased to such a decree, that he pulled the tricker, and pop went the contents of the gun into the back front of the dog. Pa refitted his fouling piece, and did not proceed far, before he discovered a kovey near a farm yard—he fired, and in an instant, geese, ducks, turkies, pigs, and poultries were flying about in all directions; which brought out a lusty fellow with a cudgell in his hand, who began to belaber poor Pa and his man at a most precious rate; however, Pa passified him by promising to make good any damage he had done; and begged of him to bag the game. Nothing donted, he then proceeded backwards towrds Lansdown, and espied a fine young Levritt, near a stile—Pa took ame, fired, and

down dropt poor puss ; in an instant, a loud scream was heard, and on Pa's getting to the spot, there stood a young lady with a book in her hand, and a pretty little brown tarrier dog, lying lifeless at her feet. Pa made a thousand appologies, and offered to give the young lady all the game he had shot, by way of consolation for the loss of her pet dog ; on which, he emptied the contents of the sack at her feet—which proved to be, an old hen and a little black sucking pig ! Fortunately a heavy shower of rain compelled the sportsmen to return home, or greater disastrous might have befelled him. In the evening we went to the Theater to see young Keen play Gloster, not the bonny-fidy Duke of Gloster, what drinks the waters, but a little humback feller who, as Ma justly observed, killed kings, murdered princes,—“ Aye,” said Pa, “ and voos vidows before their husbands is dead, the willen.”

Tuesday, Sept. 2.

The morning was remarkably sonorous and fine, and the promenade at Mount Pillar quite crowded with persons of extinkson and *bon mot* ; on our reproach towards the top, we could hear the quality whispering to one another, “ here they are—look, look !” meaning Pa, Ma, and me, which delighted Ma beyond measure. After breakfast, we took a Fly, for the purpose of reviewing the improvements which has been made since our last visit ; but Pa was anxious to see the *Park*, in full expectation of seeing Dears, Hearts, Rowbucks, and such like biped creatures ; but what was our astonishment to find the Park laid out in promenades and streets, “ willas and Wirginia vaters,” as Pa observed ; however, he was much struck with a gothick cottage, built after the modern style, and said he should like to preside in it for the remainder of his life, and then hand it down to his ancesters as a hair-loom—giving me, at the same time, one of his inexpressive looks, and adding, “ The name of Dubbins must not die with Dolly !” I hung down my head and thought of Boxiana. Just at that

moment who should be gallopping towards us, but the Duke of Gloster; "Here's a hopportunity," said Pa, "for me to pop the question to him." "What question?" cried Ma. "Why, I wants to know whose blacking he uses; for his royal boots shines like thy face ater dinner." But the Duke rode by, while Pa was ascending from the fly. The walks and rides about Pittvill are very much improved, and will, in the corse of nature, become *Tant mew*, as the Scotch say.

Wednesday, Sept. 4.

This proved a most miserable wet day—it even damped the spirits of Pa, and had it not been for Ma's bottle of *O-do-vee*, both my dear parents would have been as melancholy as Momus. As for me, I amused myself in copying the following bag-o-tale, written by Pope, the Irish historian, on the London newspapers:

"Pray send me the *Globe* by the *Courier*, or the *Standard* by the *Herald*, or indeed the *Chronicle* by the *Post*—so that I may read the *Morning News* by the light of the *Sun*, before a *Star* appears. *John Bull* is complaining of the *Times*, and the *Observer* watches the *Age*; the *Spectator* stares at the *Atlas*, while the *Examiner* dreads the *Gazette*, and the *Advertiser* shuns the *Athenæum*; some of them reflect on the *Mirror*, and all concur in thinking that Sir A. A.'s attempt to crush the *Sunday Times* will give great umbrage to the *Old England*. The *Dispatch* supports the *Evening Mail*, and the *Court Journal* exposes *St. James's Chronicle*—while the *Record* finds fault with *Bell's Life in London*. The *True Sun* is opposed to the *Albion*, and the *Satirist* lampoons the *United Kingdom*."

Thursday, Sept. 5.

I thank Pluto, a fine morning, and a most splendid display of beauty and talent on the promenade. Pa learnt, with the greatest *sang fraw*, that the Duke of

Gloster would quit Cheltenham this day—which he actually did, about two o'clock, carrying with him the good wishes and *savoir vivre* of all the visitors. In the afternoon we attended the promenade in the gardens—but Pa kept away from the fountain, for, as he wisely said, “a burnt child dreads the vater.”

In the evening, we honoured the Rotunda Ball with our presence, and were quite charmed with the elegance with which many ladies trip it on the frantick tow; the M.C. politely introduced me to a *petit meeter*, and we went through a kadrill with a grace that was not to be suppress by any *bon vivan* present.

We intend to be present at Mr. Chickatini's Consart to-morrow evening, for we have heard much of the talents of Mr. Boragon as a vocalist, and we see by the bill of the play, that he is to sing “*The Sea*,” which is a monstrous great favorite of Pa's, who does not chant it amis himself.—But I must lay down my pen—adieu my dear Sir.

Believe me yours ever cordially,

DOROTHY DUBBINS.

P.S.—Should you not feel composed to give an account of the Consart, just dress a line to 55 in the Crescent, and I will give you a report, *secundam artam*, as the Italians say; above all, my account shall be a *bon-goo*, and strictly *mal-appropo*.

NO IV.

Saturday, Sept. 6.

SIR,

As I participated, you forestoll me in giving an account of Mr. Chickatini's Consart, last night; but there is two or three points which you did not touch upon, and which I shall. You never noticed the two little Chineese children, that played both together at one

tine on one forty-piana. Pa was so pleased with them, that we had much ado to prevent him from going up to the horkester to give them a apple a piece. Ma was amazingly pleased with Miss Novello, (so called because she was *new* to Cheltenham); but Pa was so impatient for "*The Sea*," that he was quite angry when the duet of "*La ci darem*" was encored. The truth is, Pa does not like any thing French. You said every thing I wished, respecting Mr. Boragon's singing "*The Sea*," except that he sang it in a lower note than what it is published, for the purpose, Pa thinks, of making it the "*Deep, deep Sea*."

Tem Street, London, Monday, Sept. 8.

Little did I imagin that I should be so soon exported from dear Cheltenham to this nasty place; but business of consequence called Pa home; so we started by our old friend the *Barkley Hunt*, now called the *Tallyho*, because it drives all the other coaches before it, but contrives to arrive in town first.

Nothing particular incurred until we came in sight of Oxford, when the thoughts of the "*seat of science*" rushed like a whirlpool on poor Ma's head, and she insisted on the coachman to go around by some other way, but the sulky fellow paid no attention to Ma's demonstrations. He dashed along, but, fortunately, did not stop at the Rowbuck, so Ma was spared the mortification of seeing the corrigible waiter who consulted her so corsely when we first travelled that way. When we arrived at *Henlay*, (so called from the vast number of powltry brought up there,) a gentleman said that it was a fact very little known, that the town was on the same side of the river Tems as the Strand in London is, notwithstanding it is crossed at Maidenhed, and just at the entrance into Henlay too, "Oh, the wonders of nature!" exclaimed Ma. At Maidenhed we stoped, not to *dine*, but to *lunch*, for which we paid half a crown. Pa said it was coming it too strong on poor travellers.

At half-past seven we arrived in Pickadilly, and, by eight o'clock, we were safely landed at home, but no longer to me "Home, *sweet home*." However, we shall not remain here long, for our house is to be pulled down. Pa is anxious to remove to Tooley street, but both Ma and me expose that, teeth and ale; we are determined to move towards the West end, and Ma has been looking at a house in High Hoborn, not far from St. Giles's church. But what delights me most is, just at this moment Pa has promised to take us to Brighton next month, which as O'Connall says, is "a consumption divinely to be wished." As we have never honored that Royal domane with our company, and as we hear the King ("God bless him," as Pa says.) with his amiable Queen, and all their Royal Family, is a going there, it will afford me an inexhostable fund of matter for my dairy, which I will transplant to you, Mr. LOOKER-ON. Till then, adieu!

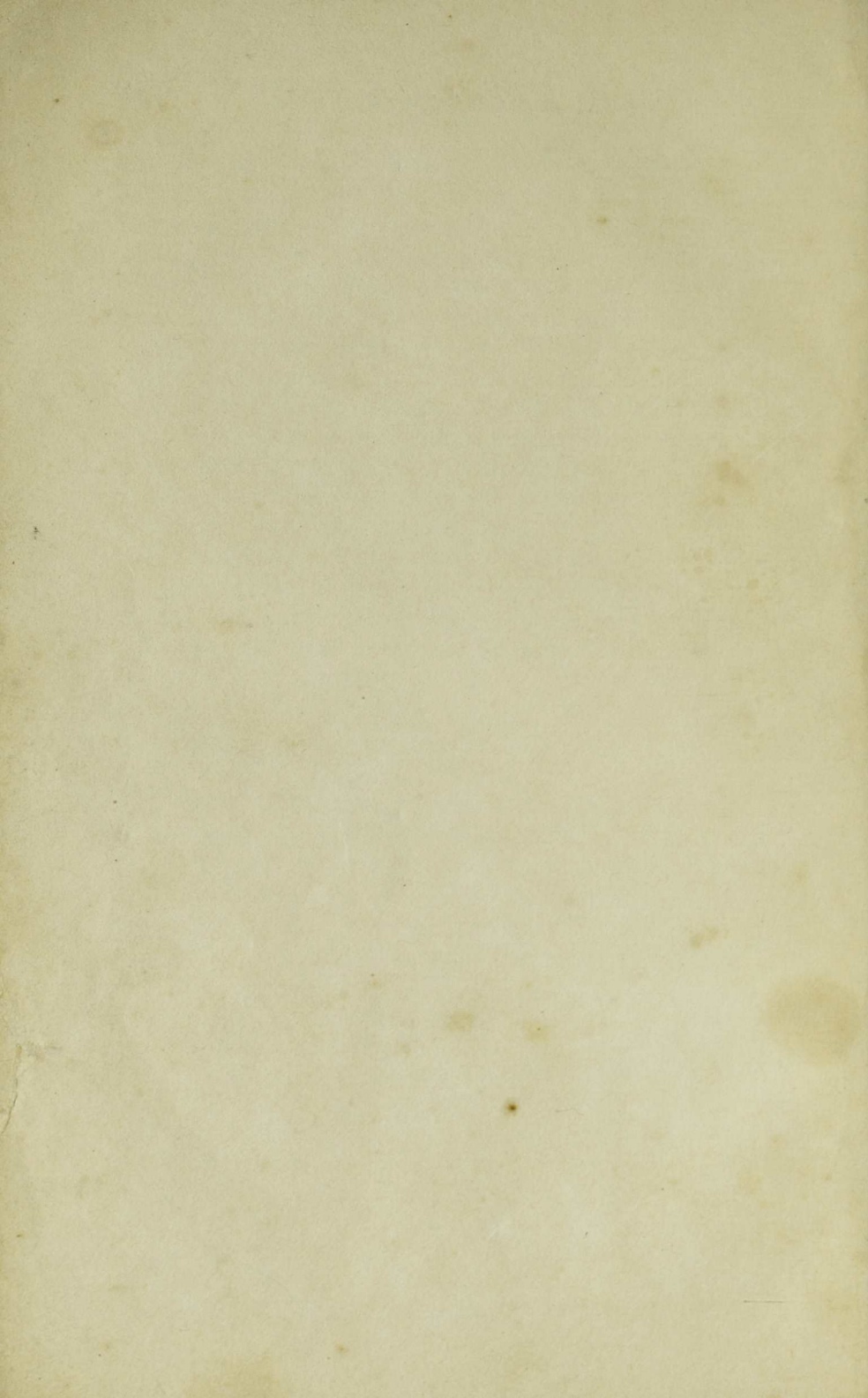
Yours, most respectfully,

DOROTHY DUBBINS.

Nem. con.—Could not you conduce the King and Queen to pay Cheltenham a visit? I am sure they would be highly delighted with it, particklar with the rides and walks, which are much inferior to the ups and downs about Brighton, I understand. But, as Pa says, go where you will, they are sure to find "Wiv la Row."

Farewell to thee, Chelt'nam! farewell for a ear,
Twelve months must collapse ere again I appear
On thy walks, in thy rides, with Pa and with Ma,
To fish in thy Fountains, or sport at thy Spa.

D. D.



37131 053 611 893

