

**"THE BUGGY;" OR, MR.
TURNBULL'S ADVENTURES IN
THE NEW WORLD. A SERIO-
COMIC ROMANCE, IN RHYME**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649109463

"The buggy;" or, Mr. Turnbull's adventures in the New World. A serio-comic romance, in rhyme
by George Hardy Tatam

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

GEORGE HARDY TATAM

**"THE BUGGY;" OR, MR.
TURNBULL'S ADVENTURES IN
THE NEW WORLD. A SERIO-
COMIC ROMANCE, IN RHYME**

“THE BUGGY;”

OR,

MR. TURNBULL'S ADVENTURES IN
THE NEW WORLD.

A SERIO-COMIC ROMANCE, IN RHYME.

BY

GEORGE HARDY TATAM.

LONDON:

MAIR & SON, 34, BEDFORD STREET, STRAND,
AND
22, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

1860.

PR
5.548
T55-6

CONTENTS.

							PAGE
CANTO I.	1
CANTO II.	15
CANTO III.	39
CANTO IV.	66
CANTO V.	90
CANTO VI.	132
CANTO VII.	162
CANTO VIII.	190

841983

"THE BUGGY:"

A Harm.

CANTO I.

I.

AFTER experience of my versic powers,
I find I don't excel in the sublime—
My muse is comic, and profusely showers
Her choicest gifts, when called on, any time—
True she can sing of love, and ladies' bowers,
And when she does so, makes a pretty rhyme,
But still her *forte* is comedy. The serious
She shuns as something highly deleterious.

II.

And so here goes. At once upon the Sea
Of Poesy my Fairy Vessel boats—
Her masts erect, her proud flag flying free—
To skim thro' Helicon the best of boats
She'll prove herself ere long to all to be
As this, my fancy's flight itself denotes—
An accident I sing, which once I met with
When in a Buggy I a friend was set with.

III.

Reader, if thou hast ever travell'd far,
Perhaps thou'st seen Toronto's pleasant city—
'Tis by thy waves, Ontario, which are,
When by the sunbeams kissed, to gaze on, pretty—
Nor does Toronto's Bay the landscape mar
Nearly surrounded by a natural jetty,—
With just a narrow entrance to the port,
Of many a craft and steamer the resort.

IV.

Well! in my youthful days, I there was staying—
 'Tis good while young some travel to enjoy—
 It much improves the mind; and is but paying
 The price for knowledge—which like maiden coy—
 Requires much courtship—unto none displaying
 Its charms without the winning art employ,—
 Instruction seeking, therefore, I left home,
 A lad in years, in Western climes to roam.

V.

Ingenuous youth, from this our sea-girt isle,
 Make once, at least, a Continental tour—
 I speak of those who, blest with Fortune's smile,
 Know not the meaning of the words—"I'm poor"—
 Money their aid, a few months they beguile
 In viewing Europe from their carriage door,
 Returning home so many travell'd zanies,
 They prove how strange an animal a man is.

VI.

But I was poor—how else were I a poet?—
 'Tis odd that nature gave me the desire
 To see far lands and nations strange, altho' it
 Costs much to those who travelling admire.
 Such was my passion—nor could I forego it,—
 So scraping up what cash I might require,
 I went to Canada instead of Italy,
 And soon was where Toronto's thriving city lay.

VII.

I thought t'would cheaper be to travel where
 Infant society was not arrived
 At that perfection when it is its care
 As much to pocket, as can be derived,
 Of cash—from trav'lers having it to spare—
 By which means Europeans have contrived
 Of stout John Bull to make a pretty penny
 By of o'ercharges quite a miscellany.

VIII.

But to resume—I was then at Toronto
 Spending my leisure, eke a little money—
 In search of recreation I had gone to
 Places whose Indian-sounding names would stun ye,
 And after wand'ring a long time had grown to
 Require repose, and so in this good town I
 Took up my quarters at the best Hotel,
 Where I was fed and lodg'd extremely well.

IX.

And was assembled there a joyous knot
 Of youths, and old men, and of middle age
 Some human specimens, with many a plot
 T' improve their state in life and earn them wage ;
 With some who, like myself, car'd not a jot
 In the pursuit of lucre to engage—
 Some spent their days in pleasure, some in business—
 Some sober were—some drank themselves to dizziness.

X.

T'was summer—summer there is past a joke—
 Not like our English imitation faint
 Of summers—in whose Dog-days coat or cloak
 Is oft-times felt by no means a restraint :
 But summer which with thirst nigh makes you choke,
 Parches your lips, and gives the meat a taint.
 Not Paradise itself can give a nobler
 Luxury than—than is a Sherry-Cobbler.

XI.

Oft when my thirsting lips have felt to be
 Like leathern fences to preserve my teeth—
 When my furr'd tongue and mouth could scarce agree
 T' allow my lungs thro' them to draw a breath—
 Oft have I deem'd that no felicity
 Either in Heav'n above or Earth beneath,
 Could be compar'd to sucking thro' that straw,
 By which the Cobbler to your lips you draw.

XII.

Oh! Yankee-land. Oh! Yankee-land! We smile
 At thy eccentric men and curious ways—
 Thy customs would be laugh'd at in our isle;
 Nor would thy manners gain the meed of praise.
 But one may travel weary mile on mile,
 May thirst and hunger many, many days
 In England, till exhausted nature shrink,
 Nor find thy sweet variety of drink.

XIII.

Thy Cobbler, Julep, and thy Cocktail are
 To thirsty souls perfection in their way;
 And he may bless indeed his lucky star
 Who can refresh him with them every day—
 When the sun scorches him, there is the bar
 Affording means of moistening his clay—
 And if by Temperance he's rendered nice
 He can have water there sublim'd with ice.

XIV.

Each clime affords to man a grand production—
 Holland its liquor, France its laughing wine,
 These both are deem'd delicious in the suction—
 Both to their makers give of wealth a mine;
 Who, without them, would find a great reduction
 Of riches which do in their coffers shine.
 America can also please the throttle
 With drinks as glorious as Anti-teetotal.

XV.

And now, my muse, let us resume our story,
 Or men will think we bibulous have grown;
 And that thy inspiration is a glory
 By taking stimulants upon me thrown;
 And that my glass makes me thus dilatory
 In writing fairly out what should be shown,
 Lest any such a false impression take,
 Know, drinking water, I these verses make.

XVI.

A beauteous morning dawn'd upon the world,
The sun shone brightly and the sky was blue,
The wavy mists which on the lake were curl'd,
Melted in wreaths as the day onward drew.
Full many a bark, with canvas neatly furl'd,
Lay by the quay where loung'd their motley crew;
The lake's clear waters, mirror of the sky,
Exposed their secrets to the gazer's eye.

XVII.

It was the Sabbath morn. No busy hum
Disturb'd the silence—the deserted streets
Confess'd the day of rest to man was come;
That day the toil-worn lab'rer gladly greets,
For then rejoicing in his quiet home
His love-fraught glance his wife and children meets,
For on that day alone of all the week,
He may repose and recreation seek.

XVIII.

The tinkling bells, a jubilee to man,
From many a tow'r sonorously proclaimed;
And now a crowd the observer's eye might scan,
On holy errand, nor of it ashamed,
As well-attir'd they their walk began
To church or chapel as his creed each fram'd.
The streets that lately were a solitude
Again receiv'd a thronging multitude.

XIX.

Which multitude all calmly walk'd and slow,
Save where a morning loiterer hurried by,
Having at home remain'd till forc'd to go,
By warning bell, to raise his pray'r on high;
Or where another, scorning outward show
Of Piety, prepar'd the town to fly,
And in the woods and by the streams to seek,
One day of rural pleasure in the week.