

TIPTREE, PAST AND PRESENT.

From the Essex Standard.

O TIPTREE! I remember thee
The loneliest of all lonely places,
Such as no soul would wish to see;
But then—thou hadst thy Fair and Races.

When farmer White and farmer Brown
Hung out the broom of invitation,
And gathered friends from every town
To mirth and harmless recreation.

And neighb'ring squires of high degree
Brought out their wives with smiling faces,
Mix'd with the smock-frock Johns to see
The annual fun of Tiptree Races.

All places have a name they say;
Thou wer't as famed as any going,
For Tiptree always fix'd the day
For farmers to begin turnip sowing.

And they who liv'd on early lands
Were proud, if, whilst thy Fair was keeping,
They could engage some active hands,
And send them in the fields to reaping.

When clock struck four, and beaver come,
The sickles laid aside with care,
Off were the men, without beat of drum,
To enjoy the pleasures of the Fair.

And hail, old Ship of Potter Row,
Your sign has weathered many a year!
Happy the swain that chanced to know
The smack and flavour of thy beer.

O land of clay, and land of flood,
A heath that scarce produced a brier
For those who waded through the mud,
To gather for their scanty fire.

Thy fields so barren too and hard,
That he who came with simple store,
And worked and toiled, met no reward,
But left thee poorer than before.

While neighbouring lands, with trivial toil,
Responded to the farmers' wishes,
But thou a stubborn lifeless soil,
Just fit for bricks, and tiles, and dishes.

Who could have thought a perfect stranger
Should visit thee with generous bounty,
And make the Tiptree barn and manger
By far the richest in the county?

Scene, how reversed, and table turned;
Hear it, O Tiptree! and express
Thanks to his genius who learned
To change your clods to fruitfulness.

Greatest of patriots—that man
Whose active soul and generous hand
So skilfully matured the plan
To scatter plenty on thy land.

MECHI! my pen has not the power
Sufficiently to speak your praise;
Heaven give thee many a happy hour,
And prosper thee with length of days!

NOVEMBER, 1846.