OW frequently are we reminded of the remark of Sir Walter Scott, in one of his letters, that he never felt the breezy breath of September but he yearned to be off to the Moors; and that, if deprived, for a whole season, of the smell of the wild heath and the tread of the craking fern, he felt as though the best month of the year had been blotted out, and he himself cheated of his chief pleasure. This feeling is one in which we all more or less participate; there is a season of the year when it becomes almost a necessity of our being to cast aside the trammels that bind us to cities; to lay down for a time our burdens of artificial habits and manners; and to behold the face of nature unveiled; intoxicating, like the good stout turned out to grass, on idleness and green pastures. Some, like our great novelist, choose the wide heath as the scene of their pleasant pastimes; others select the solemn wood and renew their acquaintance with mother earth in her hidden recesses; but more, far more, seek the broad ocean, as though it were only in contemplating its limitless space that their spirits found true freedom. Amidst the rugged rocks, and apparent monotony of the scene, they discover a variety of aspect unknown save to the true lover of the sea and its manifold associations. It is to this genus of wanderers, we confess at once, that we attach our sympathy, and it is with their experiences that we shall have chiefly to do on the present occasion.

If we seek the verge of the “light little island,” on any side but the sunny south, we are reminded of our progress by the gradual disappearance of the woods, which are filled up by the trim little poplars, studding here and there the breezy downs. But the downs themselves, how broad and pleasant they are, shining alternately like emerald and gold as the sun gleams on them, and is again obscured by some passing cloud. See how the bright light illuminates the mighty plume, and how the shadow rolls away from upland and lowland, as though pursued by some invisible enemy. It is only in scenes like those, where there exist few fixed objects to cast a permanent shadow, that this beautiful phase of nature is visible in perfection; nor is the broad expanse without its still-life interest. Flocks of creamy sheep wander at will, cropping the thorny heaths, and seeming to invite us to a life idle and pleasant as their own.

But we must linger no longer over the landscape, for the ocean itself is spread far and wide before us, smiling and dancing as gaily as though it held no guilty secrets in its bosom. Vigorous, too, and buoyant it is, as on the day of its creation, without one added wrinkle on its furrowed brow to bubble of by-gone ages. Far away in the cove, a fleet of merchantmen are peacefully pursuing their way; bearing to other lands the produce of our own; whilst here and there a long line of smoke marks the track of some vessel independent of wind and tide. “The sea with ships is sprinkled far and wide.” Groups of fishing smacks seem sleeping on the waters, the owners of which are silently plying their craft, like those of old on the Sea of Galilee before they were called to become fathers of men; whilst ever and anon some gay pleasure-boat is crossing and recrossing that line of light, but still “hugging” the shore, as though its best security lay in the sheltered bay.

Turn we another angle, and the town will be visible. There it lies, rising terrace above terrace, on the face of the chalky cliff. What godly rows of clean...
methodical looking house! From the complete absence of verdure they cannot seem to cherish aught but the tips of grass and gravel, and matters of the earth, although a profusion of green verandahs, balconies, and striped sun-blinds affect to bow down modestly upon them, and hold forth promises of grateful shade to be obtained within. In one of these domiciles, despite its deficiency in romantic attractions, we must be content for the present to take up our abode, and so we are. It is a little remote, and the advantages of being thus situated will not incline us to partake of the general good fortune of the place. We sit down and look at the sea, and feel that we are all of us as welcome as though we had been invited by the hospitable host.

The instant that the indispensable negotiations are over, and the supply of plate and linen, with the additional directions for fish at breakfast, fish at dinner, and fish at tea, have been concluded, our anxiety to take up our abode and examine the new surroundings begins to manifest itself. The hotel is a large and commanding one, and the usual as well as the more minute provisions of the establishment have been attended to with care and attention. The breakfast is good, and the dinner is excellent. We are thus propitiously placed, and we feel that we have found a home.

The sea is a most delightful companion. It stretches away to the horizon, and the sky is blue and cloudless. The sun shines brightly, and the air is fresh and invigorating. The waves roll in gently, and the sound of their breakers is soothing. We sit by the sea and enjoy the view, and feel that we are in a place where we can think and write with ease.

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