

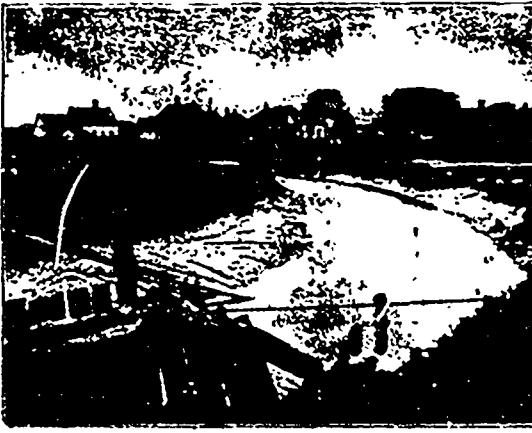
ON THE SUFFOLK SHORE.

PART I.—SOUTHWOLD.
THIS inimitable charm of quiet simplicity, which hangs round every bit of the Suffolk sea-coast village, certainly adds much to the attractiveness of Southwold, especially in the eyes of those weary brain workers who, when they take their summer holiday, crave beyond all things for rest and peace. But from the bright sunsets, pure from the fiercest heat, all there is to be found at Southwold, where the wild dispersal of a planet's day is only paralleled on such a grand occasion as that of the annual marine regatta when Southwold can no longer boast itself as to indulge in a brand hand from morning till night, and a glorious display of fire works, as well as a general gathering of all the people, who, after a day spent in amazement, delight to give up their tired of the dust and glare of London pavements, and all the thousand and one scenes and distractions of a great city. The perpetual music of the sea, rising and falling as the tide ebb and flows, sets itself most pleasantly to soothing thoughts and as you sit at your tea-table, and look out through the glassy window, across the miles of ocean, seeing the cloud shadows as they chase each other over the surface of the water, and the sweeping flight of the sea-gulls, as their white wings glaze for a moment in the sunlight, it is only natural to thank for the time being at all events that everything is as for the best, in this test of all possible worlds.

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WALBERSWICH FROM THE RIVER BANK.

scenic charm of its own, whether you see the town from the Gas Hill road, and note how the red-roofed houses of every size and shape cluster round the white light houses, with the beautiful spire of St Edmund's Church in the distance, or whether you look down from the hills, upon the fishermen's huts, which are grouped on the shore in short irregular and fascinating fashion, with their tattered walls and roofs of brilliant red. Certain other of these huts are formed most quaintly of old beams, long past service, and now turned bottom upwards, and used by day as roofs. The fisherman's hut, with their thousand girdles and bolts, is a picture yet another touch of gloom to the scene, but, however, provided much as usual. The year, when instead of the ordinary two grey days out of ten, we have had one long spell of glorious summer weather.

Many of these lovely August days have been heralded by scenes of exquisite beauty beyond description, even when overcast with sleepy grey, at daybreak in the morning, when the faint grey of the dawn changes almost imperceptibly to tender tones of rose and crimson, streaked with patches of gold, gradually giving place to the clear and sunny light of day, as it comes up slowly over the sea. Southwold's waters are more, too, over the low marsh land, where the broad expanse of sky seems to stretch out over us, away adrift to the distance; that is, by morning, and hastened so as to divert. Here night after night, we have watched the sun go down, sometimes, in a master city of grey, born with gold, sometimes in clouds of deep red light, and sometimes in the solemn, shadowed heavens making a canopy, a large ball of crimson fire, and having a heavy, dark glow reflected in the clouds, and the little stars, as they wander in and out among the clouds.

Of these days and the lovely moonlight, stretching out towards afterwards to the drowsy moonstone. For the present, there is still something to tell concerning Southwold itself. A bit of the North Cliff is seen in one of the accompanying illustrations, with a glimpse of the bold and trim seaward side, where the point of the cliff and the village, where every touch of brick is polished to a mirror, stand in strong contrast, and peer with

several fingers, as it reaches to the slope, far out at sea. Here may we note, too, a character in group of children, leaping the bare tree in the sunlight, as their halts it when the long service work of the day is done.

It is a curious experience, by the way, to wake suddenly in the night and hear the sound of stealthy footsteps, muffled voices in the distance, and perhaps a murmur, creasing, as of true chagrin, in the consciousness of the listener, that it is only natural to imagine that you are at home alone, and that the long-suspected burglar has come at last. If, however, you are unaccustomed enough to get up and look out of the window, you will quickly realize that it is only the darkness making ready for their day's work, and will be only half surprised, in their journey, to find the winter, moving to and fro on the beach, while the fishing-boats are being set by one launched out on to the water, dark and new with the grimdark seas which come before the dawn.

The beautiful church of St Edmund is beyond a doubt the crowning glory of Southwold, and is well worth a visit. It is not only to the local antiquary or professional tourist, but also to anyone who has the slightest appreciation of fine architecture and perfect design. Its noble aisle seems pathetically out of proportion, though, to the small population of Southwold, although when it was built—in the fifteenth century—it was surrounded by thickly populated villages and large hamlets which, sad to say, have long since been swallowed up by the sea. The inhabitants of these places, no doubt,

in the days before Rabelais, helped to fill such spacious churches as those of Snettisham, Walberswick, Blithburgh, and Dunwich.

Every nook and corner of Southwold Church is well worth careful study, from the eighteen slender and graceful windows which light the cemetery on either side, to the wooden roof screen of carved oak, ornamented with painted and

vivacious figures, as it spans to the choir, far out at sea. Here may we note, too, a character in group of children, leaping the bare tree in the sunlight, as their halts it when the long service work of the day is done.

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SOUTHWOLD CHURCH (PART OF THE INTERIOR).



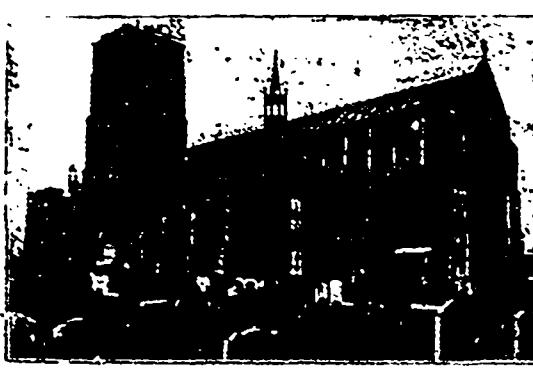
NORTH CLIFF, SOUTHWOLD.

are correspondingly gay. The country through which the Macmillan's road is really beautiful, for it goes by way of broad heaths and commons, brilliant here with golden gorse and purple heather, and dense pine woods seen at their best perhaps at sunset, when the tall tree trunks, crimsoned with the rays of the departing sun, contrast brightly with the dark gleam of the topmost boughs.

Here we see the frightened rabbits scurrying away through the broken, bare yellow in many places by the extraordinary heat of the summer sun, and then we pass through wide stretches of marsh land, where the reeds and bulrushes are dry, and we note the wading crabs and dragon-flies, and every change of colour in the sky, and here and there the fine grey churches, almost like small cathedrals, surrounded by tiny hamlets, with their red-roofed cottages and thatched barns, all the new remains of a once densely-peopled and prosperous district.

In my second article I hope to tell you something of the interesting monuments in Southwold churchyard, and also to show you some picturesque aspects of the village, and the pretty little villages across the Blyth, the larger being Walberswick, a pretty ancient market and fishing port, and just across filled to overflowing with the birthplace and mother of the hero.

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SOUTHWOLD CHURCH.

In the foreground the oak carriage are wonderfully fine, and probably escaped the hand of the destroyer, who, in 1642, William Dowsing, the bold iconoclast, made the following brutal entry in his diary—
"Southwold, April 2nd.—We broke down our hundred and thirty
unconsecrated pictures, and took away the four corners of the

TO BE CONTINUED.
HERALDS.

F.S.M. in Harper's Weekly.
Within the eastern cities a purple ray proclaims the coming of the perfect day;
So purple buds which dot the rolling lawn
Make us aware of royal spring-time's dawn,