

with flowers and foliage plants. By a happy law or prescriptive right, there is a path always left open for foot passengers along the cliffs between the villa grounds and the sea. It is like a walk for miles through a continuous park, and commands a most magnificent view—on the one side the ocean surges rolling in against the tempest-worn crags, on the other the broad lawns, trim parterres, and handsome houses on the land. At intervals, as at the "Forty Steps," one may descend to the shore, and at low tide wander beneath the cliffs at the water's edge.

The bathing beach is at some distance from the town, and here at the fashionable hour assembles a great concourse of car-



"WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?"

riages, whose occupants come more, we suspect, to see and be seen than to bathe. The ladies' toilets, as seen on the grand drive, are every elegant, and defy male description; and the coachmen and footmen are magnificent specimens of gentlemen, in the finest of broadcloth, and the shiniest of hats and whitest of neckties. There is a splendid surf, which buffets one about most unceremoniously, and extorts screams, half of terror and half of delight, from the merry bathers. There is something wonderfully exhilarating in the impact of the breakers on the person, and in the excitement of the scene.

Nor is Newport without its historic and poetic associations. Here, two hundred and fifty years ago, lived good Bishop Berkeley, the famous philosopher; and the Hanging Rock, a huge