

beach, the sand heaps, the sedgy meadows, the village, and the landscape in the distance,—at the other, is the snow wreaths of the breakers, the romantic cape, the majestic heaving of the swells, and the level glistening line of the horizon—while along your path shells beautiful enough for the Naturalist's Cabinet are strewn, and every rock which breaks the level of the strand, is surrounded by a little pond of water pelucid as crystal, and ornamented with delicately tinted and exquisitely formed marine plants. Or, he who dwells for a month on the sea shore, may well avoid stupidity, on a very different and more retired route. Let him wander under the majestic cliffs which are the barriers of earth and ocean, and which have established along the disputed boundary a path, fitting indeed for the lover of nature: the awful precipices which close the path from all interruption on the one side, are noble as the battlements of earth should be, when so sublime an enemy as that outside is continually sapping the walls; each curve forms a little bay, and, according to position, almost each miniature strand is of a different material and appearance,—one is of impalpable sand, one is a collection of the small "cuckoo" shell, another is formed of pebbles which glisten like so many topaz gems, and another exhibits the bare rock worn by the waves of ages until it now has the smooth appearance of molten lead. Here, the softer strata has yielded to ocean's eternal importunities, and has disappeared, leaving the superstructure which was formed of more stern materials, erect like a mighty arch, through which each high tide, flows rejoicing as a conqueror: look up as you pass beneath the grand portal, and ask yourself what perceptions could the man have, who would call this the region of stupidity. There, an immense block has withstood ten thousand storms and floods, and rises abruptly, a romantic island amid the breakers: the swells course each other around its base, or break into milk white spray and foam, on the sharp ledges which are the peaks of inferior islets: a thousand gulls settle on the brow of the island, and diversify the murmurs of ocean by their wild shrieking notes,—others, float on their snowy wings, in graceful circles,—and some still sit the swells, seeming to be rocked by the undulations into a pleasing repose: but despite Kit North, there is not a vestige of stupidity in the whole scene: all is thrillingly