

his orgies in grottos and taverns, comes forth all maudlin, to attack thine eternal purity? Forbid it, all the principles, which by touching secret springs, controul the energies of the human soul.

Beautiful ocean—" 'tis not easy to look on thee without falling asleep"—says thy traducer—but the drowsiness which rises from thy translucent plain, and which gives delightful tranquility to the gazer—is as the feeling of the lover, who, gazing on his mistress' portrait from eve to moonlight noon, falls into a delightful slumber—and dreams of paradise and of immortal beauties: or it is as the drowsiness which a long continued but soothing and sweet strain of music, conveys—until the still delighted auditor hears in soul, the music of the spheres, and the echoes of heavenly harps. Constituted as we are, there is no pleasure piquant enough, to retard "nature's sweet restorer," beyond given bounds—and perhaps there is no rest more delightful than that which he experiences, who, fanned all day by ocean zephyrs, and delightedly satisfied with ocean scenery, rests in his cottage on the cliff, lullabyed to deep deep repose, by ocean murmurs. But to aver that the sea excites sleep as a dull book, or a talkative blockhead does, is not more reasonable than to traduce the sun, because the rush light sends forth murky effluvia,—and each occasions dimness of sight; or to turn from a bed of violets, because a mouldering weed heap was offensive—and exhalations from both entered the "palace of the soul" through the one organ of communication.

"Live for a month by the sea shore, and you will be stupid for life!" says the man, who gains inspiration amid the fumes of Auld Reekie.—He, that has known intimately what coast scenery is, feels a void amid the inland landscape, not to be satisfied by all the muddy streams and pigmy banks of his neighbourhood: Tell him that the ever rolling and ever graceful smells, which burst on the sanded walks or marble floors of his former haunts, excites stupidity! he sets you down as one ignorant of the beauties which you slander, or unable to enjoy, and malignant enough to damp the delights of others. Is there any walk of earth more delightful than that along the grey strand? it is levelled with more than mathematical exactness by the retreating tide: at one side is the