HOLIDAYS

AT

BRIGHTON.

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OR,

SEA-SIDE AMUSEMENTS.

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CHAPTER I.

"EDWARD! Edward!" cried little Lewis Ashton; "when will you open your sleepy eyes? Here I am almost dressed, and you are not awake yet. You forget we are not in London, where nothing is to be seen but dull streets and black looking houses; or at school, where the first thing to be heard in the morning, is the sound

of the great bell calling us to lessons."

"No, I do not," cried Edward, starting up as though the great bell had really roused him from his slumbers: "we are in Brighton at last; in Brighton, where the king and queen live, and where there are so many grand things to be seen: but what I want to see more than all is the deep wide sea. It was so dark when we came here last night, that what papa told me was the sea looked only, as we rode along, like a line of black clouds."

"Come to the window, then," said Lewis, "and you will see that it looks bright and blue this morning. How the waves sparkle in the sunbeams! Those vessels in the dis-

tance must be fishing-boats, from their size; or is it because they are so very far away that they seem so small?"

"Some are larger than others," said Edward: "and, look! it must be a steam-vessel which is smoking so, at the end of that long bridge we see in the distance. Let us go and ask papa to take us there; it wants nearly an hour to breakfast-time yet."

Away ran both the children, Lewis wondering much what the long bridge he had seen from the window could be intended for, as he saw no shore at the further end—nothing but the wide blue sea.

Mr. Ashton told his little boys, he should soon be ready to accompany

them; and Edward and Lewis amused themselves, till he made his appearance, in looking again at the new scene before them, from the windows of their sitting-room. Lewis soon espied a strange-looking building, different from any that he ever remembered to have seen before. Edward could only guess that it must be the Pavilion which they saw, with its domes and minarets. But now papa's voice was heard from the hall, and the boys lost no time in obeying the summons.

"Which way are we to walk?" said Mr. Ashton, taking a hand of each; "we must not be gone long, your mamma says."

"Oh, papa, do take us to that strange-looking bridge. Why did

they build it there, running out into the sea ?"

Edward thought it might be for the accommodation of passengers, landing or embarking by the steam-vessels; but he did not see any occasion for its being of so great a length.

Mr. Ashton told them that the Chain-pier (for such the building was called) was used in the manner Edward had supposed; but that it was erected principally for the convenience of the visitors and inhabitants of Brighton, and that it forms one of the most agreeable walks in the town; "for, here" said he, as they passed the noble esplanade which forms the entrance to the pier, "we can enjoy the pure sea-breezes, without the

danger or difficulty of going out in an open boat."

When they reached the platform, which is erected at the end of the pier, Edward and Lewis were full of wonder and delight. Papa pointed out to them the fine view of Brighton, and the line of coast on each side; then the wide expanse of sea, and the vessels, with their white sails swelling in the breeze.

The pier that morning presented a busy scene, with the passengers embarking on board the steam-packet, for Dieppe; and the little boys turned reluctantly from the spot, when Mr. Ashton warned them that it was time they were on their way homeward.

"Dear papa," said Edward, "will

you be so good as to tell us who planned this noble pier, and how they could contrive to build it of so great a length, and yet strong enough to stand against the winds and waves?"

"Wait one moment," cried Lewis; "I have not explored the lower part of the pier yet. You *will* let us, papa:" and the boys ran down the steps, which descended to the platform beneath that on which they had been standing.

"Well," said Mr. Ashton, as they came panting up to him again, "what is the result of your researches? Edward looks as if he had something very important to communicate."

"We saw nothing but baths, papa," said Lewis.

"Yes," said Edward, "I believe I saw the piles on which this platform stands."

"You are right," said his father: "these piles are driven ten feet into the solid rock, and they rise thirteen feet above high-water mark. The four iron towers which you see, are all erected on platforms similarly raised: the towers are each two hundred feet apart. These suspension-chains are of wrought-iron: they are firmly fixed at the one end to the timber work of the pier-head, and at the other, they pass into tunnels formed in the cliff, and are secured to an immense iron-plate."

"This beautiful structure was erected under the superintendence of Captain Brown, a British naval offi-

cer: the expense of the work was thirty thousand pounds; and it was completed in the short space of twelve months."

"Well," said Edward, "I should hardly have thought, with all his precautions, it would have withstood such storms as I have heard uncle Tom speak of, when the sea runs mountains high, and breaks over the tall masts of the ship, as though it would be swallowed up every instant. I am sure uncle Tom will never make a sailor of me."

"I do not wish he should, my boy," said Mr. Ashton; "yet you must do your best to overcome your natural timidity, or you will find it a source of trouble and inconvenience to you in passing through life. But to return

to the pier. I do not wonder you should doubt its strength, judging from its light and elegant appearance; and yet, I assure you, it is better calculated to withstand the force of the waves than buildings of solid masonry, which present a greater resistance to them. However, I must honestly tell you, that the chain-pier received considerable injury only a few months back, in a very heavy gale, which blew from the south-west. Many of the caps and chains were displaced, and the planks torn up by the violence of the wind, which seemed to set directly against it."

"Were you at Brighton then, papa?"

"No; but I was once here during

a much severer storm, when few persons expected that a vestige of this elegant structure would remain."

"Oh, do tell us about it, papa!" exclaimed both the children; and Mr. Ashton, in compliance with their entreaties, began:—

"It was on the 22nd of November, 1824, that Brighton was visited with the awful tempest of which I have been speaking. The night was dark and gloomy, and the clouds which swept across the sky, from time to time, told of the coming storm. Many hands were busily employed in dragging the bathing-machines, boats, &c. from their usual places on the beach to more sheltered situations; while the inhabitants of the

cottages, on the southern coast, looked fearfully out, from time to time, into the gloom which they tried in vain to penetrate.

"The dreaded storm came at last; and it seemed as though nothing could escape its fury. Louder and louder peals of thunder burst upon the ear, while the livid glare of the lightning only made the darkness look more terrible.

"At length the day began to dawn, and revealed a spectacle more grand, yet awful, than you can well imagine. The deafening roar of winds and waters continued. In looking seaward, nothing but sheets of dazzling foam met the eye; whilst the huge breakers, now bursting on the shore, now dash-

ing themselves against the cliffs, seemed ready to swallow up all that opposed them."

"Oh! the beautiful pier," cried Lewis, "what became of it then?"

"It was safe," replied his papa: "amid the contending elements, there it stood, stretching out into the sea, now almost hidden beneath the swelling waters, now showing its graceful form uninjured above the retiring waves. Some of the outworks alone were carried away; the pier itself remained entire. But, my children, I thought less at that moment of this beautiful structure, than of such of my fellow-creatures as were wanderers on ocean's troubled breast: the thought of the hardships they must have endured in that night of

storms made me sad, whilst my heart was raised in thankfulness to Him who had cast my lot in scenes less fraught with peril."

Mr. Ashton would have told his little boys, that under the protecting providence of God we are alike safe, whether on sea or land; but he was interrupted by the rough voice of a sailor who stood by them, and seemed to forget, while listening to the gentleman's narration, that he was in any other company than his own.

"Ah! sure enough, they have reason to be thankful to the end of their days who got safe ashore. Yes, it was in that very storm my poor Will was lost, and Mary and the babies left to struggle as they could: but they shall

never want a crust while old Tom Price has one to share with them."

Mr. Ashton turned to look on the speaker. Time and care had deeply furrowed the cheeks of the old seaman, and long exposure to hardships had given a stern expression to his features; but there was something in his voice and manner which interested his hearers.

"Do you live here? Shall you ever go to sea again? Can you tell us more about that terrible storm?" with many other questions, were asked by the children; nor did Mr. Ashton take his leave until he had learned the old seaman's place of abode, and promised, before very long, to pay him a visit.

"And, now boys," said he, "for

a run: mamma will think us long in coming; and if you are as hungry as I am, you will not be sorry to sit down to breakfast."

CHAPTER II.

MANY days did not pass away before Edward and Lewis had made themselves pretty well acquainted with the town of Brighton; its principal streets, public buildings, squares, esplanades, &c.

Mr. Ashton was obliged to leave his family sooner than he had anticipated; but the little boys ever found a friend and companion in their affectionate mother, ready to enter into their plans, and assist them in any difficulty.

The children spent much of their time out of doors, but sometimes it happened, that their mamma was not at liberty to accompany them; or, worse than all, the weather would not permit their leaving the house; and there was then little passing in the streets. At such times the question was, "What shall we do to amuse and employ ourselves? If we were at home, we could look at some of the large books of prints in the library, or read some of our own, or play with our historical or geographical games."

At last mamma thought of a plan, and the boys agreed that it would be a very good one. Edward and Lewis were each provided with a little book, in which they intended to

write an account of any thing that interested them, during their stay at Brighton, Mrs. Ashton promising to assist them with any information in her power; and thus they were furnished with amusement and instruction for many a leisure hour. Then came the comparison of the memorandums each had made.

Lewis found Edward had mentioned many things that had never entered his little giddy head; at any rate, he seemed to think them not worth remembering. Perhaps you would have thought Lewis's history the most entertaining; but then there were many blotted leaves, and sentences left unfinished. Often, when he was seated at the table, intending to write very industriously, the sound

of a horn, or of a passing vehicle, would draw him to the window; then he must wait to see the passengers mount, and the coach start: then a gay party on horseback would pass, or a pretty little chaise drawn by a goat, till he found it very difficult to recall his scattered thoughts; and the memorandum-book stood a poor chance of coming in for a share of his attention. He really was sorry, however, when he compared his brother's neatly written pages with his own, and thought how much more pleasure his papa would have in looking at them.

"Edward," said he, one day, looking over his brother's shoulder, "where did you learn all this about the early history of Brighton?"

Edward confessed that he should have known very little about it, if his mamma had not assisted him, and pointed out the accounts in some of the books at the library.

Lewis looked half ashamed; for he recollected that he had had the same opportunity of gaining information.

"Now, Edward," said he, drawing his chair close to the table, "you shall tell me all you can about it; but I will not promise to write it all in my manuscript book; only the most entertaining things."

Edward was pleased with the office Lewis had chosen for him.

"First, then," said he, "I must tell you that Brighton, or more properly Brighthelmstone, is of Saxon

origin; for it is said, the Saxons invaded it in the fifth century, and afterwards settled here. It is said, also, that it took its name from Brighthelm, a Saxon chief, to whom Ella, the invader, gave the place. Many years afterwards it was possessed by the family of Godwin, earl of Kent, and from him it descended to his son Harold."

"Ah! poor king Harold," said Lewis, "I recollect he was killed in the battle of Hastings, while he was fighting against William the Conqueror. I think I shall write something about that famous battle."

Edward thought it would be well to do so, because the battle was fought on that very coast, and because Brighton changed masters in

consequence; for William the Conqueror gave all poor king Harold's possessions to his son-in-law, William de Warren.

"Perhaps," Edward said, "you will not think it worth while to notice the next thing my book mentions; which is, that a charter for a weekly market was obtained for the town of Brighton, in 1313."

Lewis thought it was a sign of its being, even at so early a period, a place of some consequence; and supposed it had been getting larger and richer ever since, until it had grown into what they saw it.

Edward told him he was in a great hurry to finish the story; but that the thievish Danes had no mind for letting Brighton alone so quietly,

whilst it remained open to their attacks, and offered so fair a prospect for their enriching themselves. After the Danes, the French made frequent warlike incursions on this line of coast, plundering and shedding blood wherever they appeared.

"But," asked Lewis, "why did not the people do something to keep away these troublesome Frenchmen? If they let them come quietly and take away their property, I think they were poor tame things, and did not deserve much pity."

"Ah! but you are mistaken there," said Edward: "though their king, Edward III., was engaged in a war in France, and had left his own country undefended, the people here established a protective guard of their

own: they were some of the bravest men among the seamen and inhabitants, and mounted on their fleet horses, they were ready at a moment's call, when danger was apprehended."

"Many years after this, during the war between Henry VIII. and Louis XII., the French appeared on the coast, with the intention of burning Brighton. Soon, however, the beacons were lighted; and the people seeing them, far and near, came together in such numbers, that the French thought it best to take themselves off without putting their cruel plan into execution. Queen Elizabeth afterwards granted some money to the town of Brighton, with which land was purchased, and a building

made to hold their stores and ammunition: beside this, she ordered four strong gates to be built, leading from the cliff to the town beneath it, and a high wall of flints, which extended on both sides of the store-house."

"Well," said Lewis, "I think they were pretty well off then, and had no need to fear the French, or any other foes."

Edward said he thought it was much better to live in peaceable days, such as they lived in, and to have no foes to fear. "But see, Lewis!" he exclaimed, "mamma is coming across the Steyne, and she has something in her hand: who will be there first, to see what it can be? Never mind the histor now;

you can have my book in the evening."

Lewis soon forgot the history and all belonging to it, and was at his mother's side.

CHAPTER III.

"SHELLS, Edward! bright polished shells and sea-weed!" cried Lewis, as he lifted the paper covering to a small basket which his mamma held in her hand; "where did you get them? not on this barren coast, I am sure; for Edward and I have searched every where, and can find nothing but common things, not worth picking up."

"And yet, Lewis," replied his mother, "I assure you some of these shells were found here; and I believe you will see among them many of the

common ones you despise so much; but the greater part were brought from foreign countries. And the beautiful little basket, that is something new too. Yes, perhaps you may hear the history of that another time. I have been to old Price's dwelling, and have promised that you shall pay him a visit this evening, should the weather continue fine. But, if I mistake not, you are ready for a walk now:—the shells will furnish us with in-door employment some other time."

The little party then turned their steps towards the east cliff.

"How I do wish, mamma," said Lewis, when they had passed the Pavilion, "I could see all that is to be seen in that strange looking build-

ing! I should like to go over it, if it were only for the pleasure of being able to say, I had seen the place where the king and queen of England live."

"Will it not do as well if I tell you all I can about it; for I think there is little chance of your gaining admission to the palace."

"Not quite so well, mamma; but still it would be very entertaining: and, perhaps, if I were to go to the palace I might be disappointed in it; as much disappointed as Edward and I were in the king and queen. Do you know, we expected to see them dressed in velvet robes, and wearing crowns on their heads; and after all, we could not have told which were their majesties, if papa had not point-

ed them out to us: they were just like any other people."

Mrs. Ashton smiled: she thought the king and queen would be much to be pitied, were they always obliged to wear heavy crowns on their heads and cumbersome dresses, such as Edward and Lewis had imagined. But she told Lewis, she did not think they would be disappointed in the Pavilion, could they obtain a sight of it, and she would do her best to describe it.

Now, thought Lewis, this will be much more entertaining to write in my book than the early history of Brighton, and Edward will know nothing about it; for Edward had run on before, and was at that moment leaning on the railing at the edge of the cliff, and looking down on the

gay parties that passed to and fro on the chain-pier beneath.

This thought of Lewis's, however, was immediately succeeded by another, and a better one, that in so doing he should not be acting kindly to his brother: so, loosing his arm from his mother's, he said, "I am just going to call Edward;" and as he ran along he said to himself, "I am glad mamma did not think of it for me; there is so much more pleasure in doing what is right of one's own accord: and though Edward would not have known I had prevented his sharing the pleasure, I should have blamed myself for it. I hardly know which is the worst, to blame one's self, or be blamed by others: but then it mostly happens, when papa

and mamma blame me, that I am vexed with myself too." Then Lewis was going on to think, how he might, much oftener than he did, avoid giving himself this unnecessary pain; but just then his brother set off to run again; so Lewis shouted, "Edward! Edward! Stop; pray stop!"

Edward turned, on hearing his name called; and he was glad he did so, though he wanted very much to see the gentleman he had been watching throw another stone into the sea, for a beautiful Newfoundland dog to bring out again.

"Look, Lewis! there they go along the shore; now they have turned that point we cannot see them, unless we were to run further on."

By this time Mrs. Ashton came

up. "You look warm," said she, "with your run: let us rest a little while on one of these friendly seats."

"Oh! mamma," said Edward, "how very, very beautiful the sea looks this morning: but what can be the reason that the colour of it is so different in different places?"

"I believe," said Mrs. Ashton, "it is partly occasioned by the inequalities in the surface of the earth beneath the water, and partly by the different colour of the soil: clouds passing over it may also have some effect upon it."

Edward said, he had been thinking a great deal of the different uses of the sea, and still he thought there must be some that had never occurred to him.

"Well, now, Edward," said Lewis, who began to think he had waited long and patiently enough, "I am not going to be cheated out of my story about the Pavilion: you know we can *look* at the sea all the while mamma is talking to us." "And," added Mrs. Ashton, "Edward shall explain what he means to me another time; and perhaps I may be able to make the matter clearer to him."

"Now, dear mamma," said Lewis, "pray begin. Did you really go all over the Pavilion yourself, or have you only heard of its wonders from other people?"

"I saw the interior of this oriental building myself, Lewis, some years ago, when I was on a visit here with your uncle and aunt Brooks."

Edward asked why his mother called it oriental.

"Because," she said, "it resembles the palaces of the eastern princes. Some say that it was modelled from a design brought from China, by lord Amherst."

"Ah!" said Edward, "our old friend, lord Amherst; he went to Batavia, you know, for help for captain Maxwell and his crew, after the wreck of the Alcesté, while all those brave men were left on the little island of Puloleat."

His mother said she was glad he remembered the story; and then went on to describe her visit to the Pavilion.

"We entered," she said, "on the western side, where the garden is si-

tuated, and proceeded at once to a magnificent apartment, called the banquetting-room. I dare say you have not forgotten the farm-house at L——, where I told you I used to live before I knew your papa; and, when you recollect the plain old-fashioned, but comfortable rooms I had always been accustomed to there, you will not be surprised to hear, that my eyes were completely dazzled by the many splendid objects that here met their gaze. I could not tell which to examine first. Our conductor pointed out to us all that was worthy of remark, and then directed our attention to the dome above our heads. It is thirty feet in diameter, and eighty-five in height; the walls of the room rising twenty feet, are

surmounted by an elegant cornice, on which are raised four beautiful arches, supported by golden columns; above these, the dome rises still higher, and represents an oriental sky, partly hidden by the branching foliage of a plantain-tree. From this is suspended, by means of various Chinese ornaments and symbols, a superb lustre, in the form of a lotus; which is a plant somewhat resembling our water-lily, and is the Eastern emblem of brightness and perfection. This apartment is in the south wing of the palace; in the north wing is the music-room; but I do not recollect any thing there that will particularly interest you. Between the banquetting and music rooms, in the centre of the building, is the rotunda,

or saloon: this is deemed the most superb and elegantly furnished apartment in the palace. It is of an oblong form. A brilliant lustre is suspended from the centre of the ceiling, and others, of a smaller size, adorn the entrances to the apartment at the north and south. A beautiful chimney-piece of statuary marble faces the central window. The draperies were of crimson and gold: ottomans and chairs, covered with ruby-coloured silk, and framed with gold, constituted a part of the luxurious furniture. The carpet was of light-blue, beautifully wrought with Chinese subjects, in gold colour. But I should quite tire you were I to describe every thing that dazzled and astonished the eye in this abode of

royalty; so I shall pass on to the king's bed-room, where there appeared something more like quiet retired comfort. Every thing in it was, as you will suppose, well arranged. The dressing-room adjoining it leads into a delightful bath, into which hot and cold water are conducted at pleasure. And now, perhaps, it may amuse you to hear something of the Chinese gallery; though I fear I can hardly give you an idea of its gorgeous splendour. It is divided into five compartments, the central one is illuminated by a dome of tinted glass, and decorated with a representation of the God of Thunder, surrounded with his appropriate emblems, as described in the Chinese mythology. Corresponding ornaments adorn the adjoining com-

partments, which are partially separated from each other, by trellis-work of iron, in imitation of bamboo. The staircases, at each extremity, are lighted by horizontal skylights of beautiful stained glass. On the ceiling of one of the outer compartments, is exhibited the *fum*, or Chinese bird of royalty; on that of the other, the imperial dragon."

Here Lewis interrupted, to ask if there really was such a bird as the fum. His mother told him, that "the Chinese are so singular a people, and so fond of mystery, that less is known of them or their country, than of almost any other nation. But travellers describe this bird as really existing, and being one of exquisite beauty, with a head much

resembling the peacock's. They say, that it is found in no other part of the world beside China, building its nest in the mountains near Pekin; and its absence for any considerable time is looked upon as an omen of misfortune to the royal family. The Chinese consider the shoulders of the fum an emblem of the virtues; their wings signify justice, their sides obedience, and their nest fidelity."

"Well, dear mamma," said Edward, finding that his mother did not proceed, "have you quite done with the Pavilion?"

Mrs. Ashton did not recollect anything else that would be likely to interest them: she was disappointed in the library, which contained but few books; the royal chapel, near the

south wing of the palace, she hoped papa would be able to show them, on his return to Brighton.

Edward and Lewis thanked her for the treat in store for them, and for the entertaining account she had given them.

"And now," said Mrs. Ashton, "I am quite rested; and we must not sit here any longer if we wish to see Kemp-Town this morning."

Edward asked why it was so called, and was told that the buildings were erected on the estate of a gentleman of that name. They include a square of great extent, opening from the centre of a crescent, which is terminated at each end by a wing; and consist of elegant and commodious private dwellings, all commanding a

view of the Channel. The fronts of the houses are adorned with Corinthian columns and entablatures, and surmounted with balustrades; and before them is spread a fine lawn, enclosed with cast-iron railings. Many of the houses, however, were uninhabited, which made Edward and Lewis think the place had an air of desolation.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Ashton, as they turned to go homewards, "you may like Kemp-Town better should you live to see it some years hence. Suppose now we return over the Downs, in order to vary our walk."

The boys joyfully assented, and the party soon found themselves above the dusty road, and out of the immediate neighbourhood of houses.

Edward and Lewis were in high spirits; sometimes they toppled each other on the turf, or ran races together; and, when tired of such active games, they gathered the wild flowers that grew on that chalky soil, or turned to admire the wide-stretching ocean which lay beneath, and to inhale the fresh breeze which blew towards the shore. Those who have roamed the hills, with a clear blue sky above them, and soft turf beneath their feet, while the light breeze played around them, will know something of the pleasure which Edward and Lewis felt during their walk over the Downs, that bright summer morning.

CHAPTER IV.

THE dwelling of old Price was not what Edward and Lewis had at first pictured to themselves a sung cottage by the sea-shore, from whose latticed windows, the dwellers might watch the ever-varying face of the ocean, or hail the first glimpse of the returning fishing-vessel; but a small house in one of the confined, back streets of Brighton, so close and narrow, that the children could almost fancy themselves in London again.

The little party did not go empty-handed: Edward carried a present

for the old man, of a well filled tobacco-box, on the lid of which was represented a ship in a storm, with the motto, "Such is Life." Lewis chose a book for the eldest boy, who had learned to read pretty well at the National School; and Mrs. Ashton did not doubt, but the frock which she had madefor little Charley, would give pleasure to the fond mother as well as to the child.

The old seaman was sitting at the low door, when his friends approached, busily engaged in cutting a small vessel from a block of wood, while his little grandsons intently watched the progress of the work.

He rose on perceiving his visitors, uttering an exclamation of surprise and pleasure; and then asked, if they

would be pleased to walk in, saying, that though his berth was a poor one, it was snug and clean; and he was sure Mary would do her best to make them welcome.

Mary now came forward, and seconded her father's invitation, which was readily accepted.

Edward and Lewis were for making friends at once with the children; but the elder boy stood looking shyly at the strangers, while the little one ran to his mother, and hid his rosy face in her apron.

The sight of the book, however, soon caused them to become sociable: little Tom could hardly believe it was for him; and when once he had obtained possession of it, he held it up above his head, lest his brother, who

stood with extended hands, should seize and tear it.

"Look here!" said Edward, as he saw that the little fellow was half inclined to cry, at being thus disappointed, "here is a pretty picture for you;" and he showed the box to the child, and bade him ask grandfather to let him fill his pipe with some of the tobacco. "Tell him it is all for him, and Charley shall give him some when he wants it."

"Well, now, how very kind this is; you are too good to us," said the old man, as he lifted the little one on his knee, and expressed his thanks in the best manner he was able, to the delighted donor.

The picture was admired and examined again and again, but the

sight of it seemed to revive some painful recollections. The seaman remarked, that the motto was a very true one; and said that life had been a stormy sea to him, though he had met with many a friendly sail on the voyage.

Mrs. Ashton here expressed a hope, that he might never be left without a pilot, to whose safe guidance he could trust; and reminded him, that all our affairs are in the hands of Him, whose voice the winds and waves obey.

The children saw that tears were in the old man's eyes, as he raised them with a serious expression, and said: "Yes, truly, Providence has been to me like the bright pole-star, when all around was dark. He will not suffer those who trust in Him to

perish; so my Bible tells me, ma'am; and I have found it to be, through his blessing, a safe guide to port."

"I rejoice to hear you say so," said Mrs. Ashton: "happy, indeed, is the mariner, who trusts not in any strength or skill of his own, to guide his bark through the troubled ocean of life."

The widowed mother did not take much part in this conversation; but Edward and Lewis observed her fast-falling tears, as she busily plyed her needle. They therefore forbore to ask any more questions about old Tom's voyages, the storms he had encountered, or the foreign lands he had visited, lest they should remind poor Mary of the husband she had

lost, and give pain to her feeling heart.

Mrs. Ashton praised the neatness and cleanliness of the little habitation; and the children admired the curious specimens of shells, fossils, and sea-weed, which were arranged on the top of an antique chest-of-drawers, over which was placed a looking-glass of the same date, so inclined as to reflect the treasures below, and draw the attention of visitors to these marine productions.

A small shelf, near the fire-place, contained a much-used Bible, and some tracts, with two or three other books. Mrs. Ashton added a few to the little store; and then, with many kind words, left the hum-

ble dwelling, amid the oft-repeated thanks of poor Tom, and his daughter Mary, for all the favours shown them by the good lady, and the young gentlemen.

Edward and Lewis were not sorry when they had quitted the narrow, confined street, to come in view of the sea once more. They rambled along the beach to the westward, enjoying the cool sea-breezes, as they had often done at other times.

The tide was now low, and many women and children were employed in shrimping, at a distance from the shore; while the husbands and fathers of some of them were busily engaged in making the necessary repairs in their fishing-nets, which were spread all around to dry. The sun,

like a vast globe of fire, seemed gradually sinking below the horizon, until it really appeared to rest upon the ocean; and then the sky and water were of the same golden hue.

Edward and Lewis looked again and again, at the splendid sight, till the sun had almost disappeared, and only the bright tints remained. When they joined their mother, who was resting on one of the seats, they found that she, too, had been watching with delight the departure of the glorious orb of day; nor did she fail to remind her children, that such a sight should inspire them with gratitude to our beneficent Creator, who "giveth us all things richly to enjoy;" and whose power and goodness are alike manifest in all his

works. "As you grow older," she said, "I hope you will find much pleasure in examining them, and I am sure that the more you do so, the more you will admire the skill and wisdom of the great Artificer. But we have loitered here so long, my dears, that we must not think of going further to-night; some other day we may, perhaps, pursue our walk along the Cliff as far as Brunswick Square."

Evening, indeed, closed in upon the little party before they had anticipated; for by the time they reached home, the last streak of golden light had faded from the sky, and the stars, one by one, began to twinkle in the deep blue.

Mrs. Ashton saw, as she sat at the

window of her sitting-room, a sight which she thought would greatly surprise and delight the children; but she waited awhile to see whether the unusual appearance was noticed by either of them.

Presently Edward looked up from his supper, which he was eating with a keen relish after their evening's ramble, and exclaimed, in a voice of astonishment and almost of alarm, "Mamma! Lewis! look! the sea is all on fire!"

Lewis's wonder was as great as his brother's: "What could it be?"

Edward's fear subsided when he had looked for a few moments on the beautiful scene; at last he said, "Dear mamma, can there be any animals in the sea that give light in

the dark, as the glow-worm does on land?"

Mrs. Ashton was pleased that her little boy tried to find out for himself the reason of any thing which he did not uite understand; and she asked, whether either of the children recollected to have seen, when the sea was clear, animals of a jelly-like substance, many of them with long tentaculæ, or arms, which they kept waving in all directions.

"Yes," said Lewis, "we have seen them. One of the boatmen told us they were called falling-stars."

"True, many of them are marked with a cross or star, and they reflect the sun's rays in a beautiful manner. These jelly-fish, or more properly Medusæ, are, with many other

marine animals, luminous in the dark, and look, as you have seen, like so many thousands of sparkling gems. There is one little animal of this kind, of which I recollect reading a very interesting account. It is called, the purple-ocean or blue snail-shell; and is plentifully supplied with a juice which is very luminous in the dark."

"Oh! mamma," said Edward, "do you think if we go down to the beach to-morrow morning, there will be a chance of our finding any?"

"No, my dear, this little wanderer of the deep never approaches the shore unless it be accidentally. Unlike many other small shell-fish, which attach themselves to rocks, it is furnished with a house that is ex-

tremely thin and light, and I think it will amuse you to hear of the curious contrivance, by which it is enabled either to remain on the surface of the water or descend below it. It is endowed with the wonderful power of raising at will a tiny bag inflated with air, by means of which it floats; but, when to descend is the object, it is lowered or cast off, and the little animal disappears. They are often seen by voyagers floating together in great numbers, many hundred miles from land."

"How surprising!" said Edward, "and how beautiful they must look, either by night or day! But I need not wish to go abroad for the sake of the purple-ocean snail-shell, when I can see so grand a sight at home."

Mrs. Ashton told Edward it was wise to endeavour to be contented with our situation, whatever it may be, and not to spoil our enjoyment of the pleasures within our reach, by wishing for those which we cannot attain; but, she added, we must not forget the obligations we are under to those adventurous spirits, who delight to brave dangers in search of what is new and curious; while we, who remain quietly at home, reap the fruits of their labours and experience.

Lewis thought there must be quite as much pleasure in travelling as would compensate for the danger and toil: "So, Edward," he said, "when I am a man and a traveller, I will send you home specimens of birds,

beasts, and fishes; and you may class and arrange them all to your heart's content; for that is dull work, if you please."

Here their mother warned them that it was long past the usual time for their retiring to rest.

"Mamma," said Edward, "may I ask you one thing before we go? Will you let me hear those lines you were repeating to papa the other day; there was something about striking the waves with an oar, and the cold flame flashing along the hand, which I could not at all understand: but now, I think I know what it meant."

"I will repeat them with pleasure, my love," said his mother, "they

describe the very scene which has delighted you so much :—

'See, as they float along, the entangled weeds
Slowly approach, upborne on bladdery beads:
Wait till they land, and you shall then behold
The fiery sparks those tangled frons' infold,
Myriads of living points; th' unaided eye
Can but the fire and not the form descry.
And now your view upon the ocean turn,
And there the splendour of the waves discern;
Cast but a stone, or strike them with an oar,
And you shall flames within the deep explore;
Or scoop the stream phosphoric as you stand,
And the cold flames shall flash along your hand;

When, lost in wonder, you shall walk and
gaze
On weeds that sparkle, and on waves that
blaze.'

CRABBE.

CHAPTER V.

"Good news! great news! Lewis," cried Edward, the moment his brother entered the breakfast-room the next morning. "If you had been up a little sooner you might have heard it too. Now guess who is coming to-day."

Lewis raised a shout of joy, and exclaimed, that it must be his dear papa.

"Yes, you are partly right; but there is some one else coming too," said Edward, his eyes sparkling with pleasure: "cannot you guess?"

"Not I," said Lewis; "I am afraid, if papa has any of his friends with him, he will not give up so much of his time to us."

"Oh! but it is a friend of ours too, Lewis, I must tell you. Papa is going to bring cousin Helen with him; and she is to stay till we return to school."

"Oh, joy! joy!" cried Lewis, "how many things we shall have to show her and tell her about! How soon will they be here?"

Mrs. Ashton said, she did not expect the travellers till evening; and advised the children to form some plan of employment for the day, that the time might not pass heavily.

"Will you help us, mamma?"

said Edward; "I always like your plans."

"Well, then," said his mother, "suppose we walk this morning, and spend the afternoon in looking at, and arranging the shells and sea-weed: perhaps," she added, seeing Lewis's look of disappointment, "I may find something entertaining to tell you respecting them; and you, Lewis, may choose our walk for this morning."

"Thank you, mamma; then, if you please, we will go along the western cliff, as far as Brunswick Square. I like that side of the town, it is so gay; besides, I see by the little map papa gave us, that there are several squares in that direction; and I want to visit them all, that I

may make a good showman for cousin Helen."

"I am sure Helen will be much obliged to you," said his mother; "but I am afraid you have undertaken more than can be accomplished in one morning, by such pedestrians as we. What say you to a ride?"

"Oh, thank you! thank you! that *will* be pleasant!" exclaimed the children; and in a few minutes they were seated by their mother, in one of the convenient little open carriages which are always to be met with in Brighton; Mrs. Ashton having told the driver that they wished to visit the Chalybeate.

"Well," said Edward, "as he sprung from the carriage, "I do not think I have seen any thing so

pretty as this little rustic cottage, surrounded with trees, since we have been at Brighton; it looks so cool and shady. But why, mamma, did you call it the Chalybeate?"

"Because, my dear, there is here a chalybeate, or mineral spring, which has been found to possess valuable medicinal properties: you shall taste the water if you please."

Edward and Lewis did so: it was very cold, but they thought it extremely unpleasant, and had no wish to repeat the experiment.

Their mother told them, that the spring had been found to contain muriate of soda, muriate of magnesia, sulphate of lime, oxide of iron, and silicia, or flint.

When the children had seen as

much as they wished of the chalybeate spring, the reading-room, cottage, &c., Lewis took from his pocket the little map of Brighton, and showed his mother that Brunswick Square might be visited on their road home. "But see, mamma," he added, "here is Adelaide Crescent; will it tire you too much to go there? it is not much out of the way. But what is this circular mark in the map intended for, with the word 'Dome' by it?"

Mrs. Ashton told them, that in that spot was situated the Antheum, or Oriental Garden; but that the stupendous dome, she regretted to say, was no longer there: it fell in with a tremendous crash only a few days after its completion. Happily, the

disastrous event took place in the night, so that no lives were lost.

This building, which was the largest of the kind ever erected, was intended as a conservatory, for the reception and preservation of the rare and beautiful plants of tropical climates; the interior was very tastefully arranged, and contained a basin for aquatic plants. The dome represented the inverted calyx of an open flower, and was one hundred and two feet larger than that of the Cathedral of St. Peter's at Rome.

Edward and Lewis, mourned over the fate of the poor conservatory, and pitied the gentleman who had projected it; at the same time hoping, that he, or some one else, would have spirit enough to recommence the

undertaking; till fresh objects of interest arrested their attention.

They both agreed in thinking Adelaide Crescent would be very beautiful when completed, and in admiring the splendid houses, comprising Brunswick Square and Terrace: Regency Square, and Bedford Square, with the noble Hotel, bearing the same name, the children had before seen.

"Edward," said Mrs. Ashton, as they passed the end of West Street, "you are fond of history; and it will, perhaps, interest you to hear that near this spot is still standing the inn which afforded a temporary shelter to the unfortunate king Charles II., after the battle of Worcester, when he fled from his rebel-subjects to the continent. His faithful friends, co-

lonel Gunton and lord Wilmot, had laid a plan for his escape, in which they were aided by a man, named Tattersal, the master of a coal-brig, who promised to conduct king Charles in safety across the Channel. Accordingly, he was brought in disguise over the hills to Brighton, to await the sailing of the vessel; but greatly to the alarm of all parties concerned, the owner of the inn immediately recognized his royal guest. Smith, for that was his name, would not, however, betray his sovereign: notwithstanding the enormous sum offered for his capture, he kept his secret inviolable; and, at five in the morning, Charles embarked with a favourable wind, and landed the next day at Fescamp in Normandy."

"That was nobly done," said Ed-

ward, "I hope, when king Charles was restored to his country and kingdom, he did not forget those who had befriended him in his misfortunes."

"I do not know," said Mrs. Ashton, "how it fared with the innkeeper; but Nicholas Tattersal's fidelity was rewarded by an annuity of one hundred pounds being settled on himself and heirs. Some of Tattersal's descendants are yet living in the town; but the pension has been, from what cause I know not, discontinued."

"Mamma," said Lewis, as they again drew near home, "can you tell me how far it is from Kemp-Town to Brunswick Terrace? for I suppose that takes in the whole of Brighton, from east to west."

"Yes," said his mother, "the distance is not less than two miles and a half; and from our present place of residence, the Steyne, to the extremity of the parish, on the London road, is about one mile and a quarter. Formerly, East Street, West Street, and North Street were boundaries of the town, so you may judge how greatly it is increased. But, Lewis, the clock has struck two, and we must lose no time in preparing for dinner."

"Two o'clock!" said Edward; "only four more hours to wait, and then papa and Helen will be here."

CHAPTER VI.

"I WONDER," said Lewis, as the basket of shells and sea-weed was placed on the table, "what can be the use of the hard names people always give to their shells. I think it would be much better to call them by some name which should describe the shell, and which every body could understand."

"And in saying this, Lewis," said Mrs. Ashton, "you have furnished an argument in favour of systems and classifications."

"How so, mamma? When you

spoke to us the other day of the little purple-ocean snail-shell, I formed a much better idea of it than if you had called it by some Latin name, which I could not understand."

"And yet, my dear, if you had wished to find this shell, and place it among your collection, the name by which I called it would have been of little assistance to you; for there are other small purple shells, which you might very likely have mistaken for the one in question: and, perhaps, the first person you asked about it, would have told you it was something quite different. Had you been in a foreign land, the English name would have been useless; and, indeed, even in various parts of our own country, things are called by

very different names. The object is to find an appellation for it, and other shells, which shall be common to all naturalists; and thus assist you, by reference to their works, to discover every thing that is known respecting them. The shell we have been speaking of, is the *helix janthina;* and when once you are acquainted with this, its Linnæan name, you may readily find, in books on conchology, such a description of it as would prevent your mistaking any other for it. I believe you already know the three great divisions into which shells are arranged, of *univalves, bivalves,* and *multivalves.*"

"Yes, mamma," said Lewis, taking up a common whelk, (*buccinum,*)

" this belongs to the first division; it has only one piece."

" And this muscle," said Edward, " is a *bivalve.* I do not see a *multivalve* in this collection."

Mrs. Ashton soon found one.

" Now, mamma," said Lewis, " before you tell us the name, will you show me how to set about finding it for myself?"

" Willingly," said Mrs. Ashton; " it is always pleasant to help those who try to help themselves: but in this instance perhaps Edward will lend his assistance; and I shall then have the additional satisfaction of knowing that he does not forget what he has once learned."

" Mamma taught me," said Edward, " that there are but three

classes in the *multivalve* division of shells; and this you see must belong to one of them, for it has many pieces. Now, Lewis, I will read to you what my text-book says about them; and you shall see which description answers best to the shell we have been looking at. First, the *chiton*, canoe or boat-shell, consisting of several segments, placed transversely, and lying upon each other at their anterior edge."

Lewis put on a considering face, and again examined the shell.

"Let me see," said he, "segment—that means part of a circle, placed transversely—cross-ways, and lying one over the other. I see nothing of the kind: besides, this is not at all

in the shape of a boat or canoe, so it cannot be a *chiton.*"

"Will you go on to the next class, if you please?"

"I have not finished the account," said Edward; "but, since you are so well satisfied, we will try the *lepas*, or barnacle."

Edward reads:—"Shell affixed at the base; and consisting of many unequal erect valves."

"That will do, so far," said Lewis, as Edward waited to see the result of his further examination. "I dare say this is a *lepas*. But, oh! mamma," he cried, changing his tone, "there are three or four orders in this class. How shall we fix on the right one?"

"By attention to the description," said his mother; "and at the end of the book here are plates, which, perhaps, will help you."

Lewis turned to the plates; and with the assistance of them, and the description given, he came at last to the conclusion, that the shell in question must be the *lepas anatifera*.

"And now," said Mrs. Ashton, "you have been very persevering, and I will endeavour to tell you something interesting respecting the *lepas*. These extraordinary shell-fish are never found detached from other substances: they adhere firmly to rocks and stones, and even to larger fish, such as the whale. The numbers which sometimes attach themselves to the sides of vessels, add so

greatly to their weight as to impede their progress; so that, you see, the inhabitant of the *lepas* is frequently a traveller, and is exposed to the violence of the boisterous waves. Now, observe how admirably the Creator has provided for this little creature's safety: here, at the entrance of its shell, is fixed a door, consisting of triangular valves, which the lepas opens or shuts as may best suit his convenience; by means of this little feathery tube the animal procures its food. I will read to you an anecdote, whilst we are upon the present subject, which I copied the other day from Mr. Roberts's Conchologist's Companion:—

"'The mention of the *lepas* is connected with an extraordinary fact that

occurred some years since at Sidmouth. A small coasting-vessel, with a few hands on board, sprung a leak, and went down within sight of several persons on the Esplanade. It was a melancholy circumstance, and as such, excited much commiseration; but time passed on and the occurrence was forgotten, till one morning the vessel gradually arose from out of the water, and was driven by the tide upon the shore. The beach was soon covered with spectators; and on inspection, the sides, the deck, the remains of the mast, in short, every part was seen bristling with barnacles. The meal-tub especially was so covered with them as to present a beautiful and novel appearance. The reason of the vessel's re-

appearing was now obvious; the long tubes of the barnacles, being full of air, had rendered the sunken vessel specifically lighter than the water; and she arose from off her watery bed after the lapse of nearly twenty years.' The author adds: 'The person from whom I heard this curious incident, was one of the spectators: he had preserved some remarkably fine specimens. It is a fact that may possibly suggest some mode of rendering vessels so buoyant as not to sink in even the most tremendous storms.'"

Edward and Lewis were much delighted with the account their mother gave them of the barnacle, and of the surprising reappearance of the sunken vessel.

"Mamma," said Lewis, "I believe I shall always know the *lepas*, the *lepas anatifera* I mean, when I see it again. Do you think you could get for us any specimens of the other orders belonging to this class?"

Mrs. Ashton promised to do so if possible.

"Lewis," she said, "I think you will not call conchology so very dry a subject another time, if I may judge from the interest you have taken in it: but perhaps you have learned enough of classification for to-day."

The children begged to be allowed to look at the shells a little longer; and again and again admired their bright colours and elegant forms.

"The most beautiful shells," said

Mrs. Ashton, "are brought from the Red Sea and the East Indies. Those which are found in the West Indies are less brilliant; and the shells of colder regions possess still less lustre and variety of colours: so that this difference may very reasonably be attributed, in some measure, to solar heat: perhaps, too, those seas in which the most brilliant shells are found, may furnish a greater supply of nourishment to the animals which inhabit them, and thus cause their shelly coverings to increase in size and beauty."

"Do you really mean, mamma," said Edward, "that shells grow?"

"Yes, my dear: naturalists tell us, that an infant shell-fish is covered with a testaceous coating, which is

gradually increased by the supply of a viscous substance, exuding from the animal, until it is furnished with a dwelling completely adapted to its wants and situation. It is very interesting to notice the great variety of habitations provided for the different species, and to see how admirably each one is in accordance with the instincts of the occupant. Some are sheltered by thick coverings, which protect them from the beating of the boisterous waves; others, which inhabit the still waters of ponds or ditches, have light and fragile dwellings. The shells of some animals are in form like little vessels, the valves of which they open to the breeze, and thus float on the surface of the waves; others, in-

closed in cases, which remind us of the diving-bell, lie hid in ocean's caves; or occasionally descend to the very bottom of the sea. The limpet, in his conical dwelling, lives like a solitary hermit on the sea-coast: the *pinna* has a shell so large as to admit other guests: the *chiton* rolls himself up in the plaited folds of his armour, at the first approach of danger; while other fish, apparently more defenceless, have shells of such a form as to enable them to make a speedy retreat from their enemies."*

Lewis wanted much to know what the armour of the *chiton* was; but just as he was going to make the in

* See Roberts's Conchologist's Companion.

quiry, the sound of a horn attracted the attention of the little party.

"Can it be six o'clock already?" cried he.

"It is, indeed," said Edward, "and there is dear papa on the coach; and cousin Helen is showing her face at the window."

But a few moments passed, and the happy children were at their father's side.

"Well, cousin Helen," exclaimed Lewis, when the first greetings were over, "how you are grown! you are almost as tall as Edward, I do believe. I hope you are not too much of a woman to play with boys now; though you have been to boarding-school since we saw you. Is not

Brighton a delightful place? Were you not very glad to come?"

"Poor Helen!" said Mr. Ashton, "you will not give her time to answer one question, before you put another." Helen's merry face showed that she was not very sorry about *any thing* just now.

"I am afraid," she said, "papa and mamma would tell you, that I am too fond of romping still."

"So much the better," Lewis said; he was very glad Helen did not love playing with dolls, except it was the sport of giving them a sail in the brook, which ran at the end of his uncle's garden.

Helen had no brothers and sisters of her own; but she had spent many happy hours with her cousins, when

they were visiting at her papa's house.

"We have no garden for you here," said Edward; "but we have a great many things to show you; and I think you will not soon grow tired of the beach, and the Esplanade, and the chain-pier."

"Nor of looking at the sea either," added Lewis; "for I think, Helen, you have done scarcely any thing else since you have been here."

"I have never seen it before, you know," said Helen, again turning her eyes towards the blue expanse of waters, as though she thought she had assigned a very sufficient reason for the silence, which she was not usually remarkable for.

"Lewis, my dear," said Mrs. Ash-

ton, "set a chair for your cousin; we will take our tea now. I am sure the travellers will be glad of it: and if Helen is not too much fatigued for walking this evening, we will go with her to the beach, that she may have a nearer view of that which seems to interest her so much."

"Thank you, thank you! I am not much tired, I assure you; I shall be quite rested when we have finished tea."

Tea was soon dispatched; and the children were ready to accompany Mr. and Mrs. Ashton.

The evening was particularly fine; and Helen admired all that she saw, quite as much as her cousins had wished or expected.

There were gay parties in plenty,

riding or walking along the cliff, and the waves sparkled as brightly as ever in the sun-beams; but Edward and Lewis had walked this way so often before, that this evening they wished to change their route.

Their mother and Helen good-naturedly gave up their desire to remain longer on the beach; and Mr. Ashton inquired which way his boys wished them go.

"Oh, papa!" said Edward, "Lewis and I want very much to see Nicholas Tattersal's tomb; mamma said we should find it near the entrance to the old church: she told us the history of Tattersal's bravely assisting the unfortunate King Charles II. to escape from his rebellious subjects,

and that has made us wish to see the spot where he was buried."

On their way to the church-yard, Helen begged Lewis to tell her all he knew about Charles's escape, and the generous behaviour of his conductor; so that by the time they reached the spot, she was as much interested as her cousins in the object of their search.

It was found to be a slab of black marble, on which was carved the following inscription, and under it some uncouth rhymes, which Edward with difficulty deciphered:—

"P M S

"Captain Nicholas Tattersal, throvgh whose prvdence, valovr, and

loyalty, Charles II., King of England, after he had escaped the swords of his merciless rebels, and his forces received a fatal overthrow at Worcester, September 3rd, 1651, was faithfully preserved and conveyed to France, departed this life 26th of July, 1674.

" Within this marble monument doth lye
Approved faith, honovr, and loyalty:
In this cold clay he hath now ta'en up his station,
Who once preserved the chvrch, the crowne, and nation:
When Charles the Greate was nothing bvt a breath,
This valiant hero stept t'ween him and death;
Usvrpers' threats, nor tyrant rebels' frowne,
Covld not affright his dvty to the crowne;
Which gloriovs act of his for chvrch and state
Eight princes in one day did gratulate—

Professing all to him in debt to bee,
As all the world are to his memory.
Since earth could not reward the worth him given,
He now receives it from the King of Heaven."

When Edward looked up from the monument, and was going to ask, whether the eight princes here spoken of were Charles's foreign allies, he saw that his auditors had left him.

His mother was sitting on some ruined steps, which led to the remains of an ancient cross, enjoying the wide-extended view which the church-yard commanded; and Lewis and Helen were together, conning an epitaph on a tomb-stone at a little distance.

Just at this moment Helen beckoned, and called to Edward to come and hear a very wonderful history.

The whole party were soon gathered round the stone, by which Helen was standing: on it was engraven a short account of a remarkable person, named Phœbe Hessel. It relates that she was born at Stepney, in the year 1713, and served for many years as a private soldier in the fifth regiment of foot, in different parts of Europe. In 1745, she fought under the command of the Duke of Cumberland, at Fontenoy, where she received a bayonet wound in her arm. Her long life, which commenced in Queen Ann's reign, extended to that of George the Fourth; from whose bounty she received comfort and support in her latter years. She died at Brighton, where she had long resided, December 12, 1821, at the

advanced age of one hundred and eight years.

"Dear uncle," said Helen, "what an extraordinary character! I do not think I could have loved a woman who had been thus employed in the destruction of her fellow-creatures. The epitaph does not tell us that she had any particular object in view in entering the army; such as seeking shelter and disguise for a time; or, that she did it from a sense of duty, like Joan of Arc."

"Whatever were the motives to such a line of conduct, my love," replied her uncle, "it is indeed to be lamented, that one, who doubtless possessed strength of mind in no common degree, should be so misguided as thus to misapply her time

and talents, which might have been rendered eminently useful, if dedicated to His service, who is emphatically styled 'The Prince of Peace.' But let us hope, that in the latter years of her lengthened existence she was permitted to see the error of her ways, and to enlist under His banner; becoming a Christian, not merely in name, but in practice also."

The children listened attentively to Mr. Ashton's remarks; and he took the opportunity of pointing out to them how instructive a lesson the prospect of so many silent abodes of the dead may afford.

"See, my children," he said, "what becomes of all the wisdom, riches,

and beauty of man, when his crumbling ashes unite with their parent dust, and all distinctions of rank and excellence are lost in that one common lot—the grave. Oh! then, may we never live as though this world were our home, instead of what it is designed to be, a preparation for a better, a more enduring inheritance!"

"Look, dear mamma," said Edward, "there is the new-made grave of a little child."

"Yes, my love," said Mrs. Ashton, "I believe I need not tell you what that should teach us."

Edward pressed his mother's hand, in token of assent.

"Aunt," said Helen, "I learned

some pretty lines of poetry, the other day, which were inscribed on an infant's tomb."

"Will you repeat them, my love?" asked Mrs. Ashton.

Helen did so.

"A little spirit slumbers here,
Who to one heart was very dear;
Oh! he was more than life or light;
Its thoughts by day, its dawn by night.
The chill winds came, the young flower faded
And died; the grave its sweetness shaded.
Fair boy, thou should'st have wept for me;
Nor I have had to mourn o'er thee:
Yet not long may this sorrow be.
Those roses I have planted round,
To deck the dear, sad, sacred ground,
When spring-gales next their leaves shall wave,
May blush upon thy mother's grave."

"Thank you, dear Helen, it is a very pretty epitaph; but, perhaps, to the mournful writer of it, Edmiston's touching lines might with propriety have been addressed.

'And thou, pale mourner o'er an infant's bier,
Brighten thy cheek, and dry the trickling tear:
This came, though veiled in darkness, from above,
A dispensation of eternal love.
He, who perceived the dangerous controul
The heart-twined spell was gaining o'er thy soul,
Snatched from thy arms the treacherous decoy,
To give thee brighter hope and purer joy:

Oh! see how soon the flowers of life
decay,
How soon terrestrial pleasures fade away!
This star of comfort for a moment given,
Just rose on earth, then set, to rise in
heaven.
Yet mourn not, as of hope bereft, its
doom,
Nor water with thy tears its early tomb:
Redeemed by God from sin, released
from pain,
Its life were punishment, its death is
gain.'"

CHAPTER VII.

"WELL, my little girl," said Mr. Ashton to Helen, one morning, when the breakfast-things had been removed, "I suppose by this time Edward and Lewis have shown you all that is worth seeing in this gay place, and have made you nearly as wise as themselves. I am quite at leisure this morning; but I am afraid there is nothing left for me to do as a chaperon."

"Thank you, dear uncle," said Helen, laughing; "you could do a great deal for us, I assure you; but

only see how very fast it is raining!"

"Yes," said Lewis, in a disconsolate tone, "there will be no going out to-day; the clouds are coming up thicker and faster."

"I believe you are mistaken there, my boy: even your weather-oracle, Tom Price, tells me, he thinks it will be fine; but if it should prove that he is mistaken for once, we will try to make ourselves happy within doors, and not waste our time in unavailing regrets. The rain is much needed, and the country will look more beautiful after it."

"Do you not think, papa," asked Lewis, who was not at all disposed to look on the bright side of the picture this morning, "that it would

be much pleasanter if the weather were always bright and calm. I am sure, if rain and storms are useful, they do a good deal of mischief sometimes, and often disappoint us of pleasure,"

"Why, Lewis," said his father, smiling, "one would think you had been studying some of the ancient poets, who wrote so much in praise of such a state as you have been supposing. But really, I cannot say I agree with you, in thinking that it would at all add to our comfort, constituted as we are, to be exempted from changes of weather and climate; even imagining that such a thing were possible. It is true, there is much enjoyment in the peace and quiet of a tranquil summer's day, when we

can leave the busy haunts of men for some secluded glen or mountain-path, while the sky above is blue and cloudless, and the broad sea looks still and beautiful. It is delightful then to listen to the sweet notes of the birds, and the low murmuring of the breeze; or even to watch the insects that sport in the sun-beams, as if they too rejoiced in their existence. But, do you think we should enjoy these pleasures, or prize them as we ought to do, if no changes in the elements disturbed the unvarying calmness of the scene? No doubt we should soon become listless and weary, tired of the sameness that reigned around, and longing for the hopes and fears that are now our motives to exertion, and

add interest to labour. Even the sea which you have often looked at with so much delight, would cease to charm, if its aspect were always the same. And in all the works of the beneficent Creator we may observe, that with perfect beauty, endless variety and change are combined."

Mr. Ashton could not tell whether his little boy was convinced of the truth of his remarks, for Lewis was very busily employed in twirling the tassel of the window-blind, as though his whole thoughts were engrossed in the employ. Helen sat down to her needle, and her uncle took up the newspaper, and began to read. Helen saw that Lewis was sorry for this; and she asked her uncle if he were reading any thing very interesting.

"No, my love," replied he; "I hope you will not interrupt me by speaking or asking questions."

Lewis gave his cousin a look, which plainly said, thank you, Helen; and going up to his father, he exclaimed, "Dear papa! I am convinced that I was wrong—very wrong. I might have known that I should have been one of the first to complain, if things were as I seemed to wish them to be: and, papa, you need not tell me of how much use the rain is to us, and the wind too, which sends vessels from one port to another, and turns the sails of mills, and does a great deal more beside, I dare say. But now, papa, if you really do not want to read, may I ask you what it was

that occasioned the thick mist, which seemed to hang over the sea last night, when mamma told us it was not fit for us to go out."

Mr. Ashton was pleased with Lewis's frank confession of his fault; but he did not praise his little boy for doing his duty; he knew that the feeling of satisfaction that attended it, would be a sufficient reward.

Laying down the paper, and shaking him kindly by the hand, he said, "Tell me, Lewis, what do you imagine water to be?"

"I suppose," said Lewis, "it is a simple fluid. I mean, papa, that it is not composed of several ingredients; unless it be the water of the ocean, which you know is very salt; and sometimes part of the soil through

which water runs, mixes with it and changes its colour."

"Many substances," said his father, "were once thought to be simple, which the knowledge of chemistry has since taught us are formed by the union of other bodies, very opposite in their natures—water is one of these: you will understand more of its properties, I hope, when we have time to study chemistry together. But now I will only tell you, that water is composed of two airs or gases; one of them is lighter than any substance we are acquainted with; it is very inflammable, and burns when flame is applied to it; the other is that part of the atmosphere which is absolutely necessary to the existence of living creatures,

whether in air or water. These two gases form water, by combustion."

"How wonderful!" exclaimed Lewis, "for water, you know, papa, extinguishes fire."

"It is, indeed, astonishing, Lewis: there is no end to the wonders which the knowledge of chemistry reveals, and no doubt will continue to reveal to us. But, now tell me, Lewis, have you ever seen water in any other than a fluid state?"

"Oh! yes, papa, frozen water is quite solid; it then becomes ice."

"And," interrupted Helen, "heated water becomes steam or vapour; though I recollect mamma's telling me, that it was a fluid still; and that even the air which surrounds us is a fluid, like water, only much less

dense; for when I moved her fan backwards and forwards, I could feel the resistance of the air very plainly."

"Well done, my little philosopher!" exclaimed Mr. Ashton. "Lewis, I dare say you have not forgotten all this."

"Oh! no papa," said Lewis, "I often wish those days would come again, when Edward and I were always at home with you, and when we used to try experiments together."

"Well, Lewis, such days may come again," said his father; "but, now let us attend to the present subject. To make it clearer to you, I must ask you one more question about our experiments:—do you re-

collect what took place when I held a cold plate, for some time, over the boiling water in the tea-urn ?"

" Yes, papa," answered Lewis, " the steam which rose from the urn was condensed; for, as you said, the particles, which had separated, again united as soon as they came in contact with the cold plate, and ran off in little streams of water."

" And what caused the separation of the particles of water ?" inquired his father.

" Heat," said Lewis, " and cold, which you told us means only the absence of heat, caused them to unite again."

" Ah ! now, papa, I think I understand what you mean. Yesterday the weather was very hot; and I

suppose the mist which we noticed was produced in the same manner as steam is; only that it is the *sun's* heat which turns the particles of water into vapour. But, papa, what becomes of it all then? for if this watery vapour is lighter than the air, it would continue to rise till it had quite disappeared."

"When the string of your kite broke, Lewis, and it soared far away, for a short time, higher than it had ever been before, what do you suppose occasioned it to fall again?"

Lewis thought for a moment, and then said, "Partly because I had no string to guide it, and partly, I suppose, papa, because the air above might be lighter, and not able to support its weight."

"Yes," said his papa, "the atmosphere becomes less dense as it is more distant from the earth; so that the vapour, which the sun causes to exhale, rises until it reaches a region of its own weight; here it remains stationary for a time, till the accumulation of fresh vapours forms clouds, and these at length becoming too heavy for the air to support, descend in copious showers of rain, to refresh and fertilize the earth."

Lewis thought he could quite understand this. "But is this wonderful process," he asked, "always going on? for, if so much rain and moisture falls upon the earth and sinks into it, does it not injure it? I should think the sun and wind would only dry the surface."

"Have you ever seen a spring?" asked Lewis's father.

Lewis said, he had seen several: there was the spring in the hill-side, which supplied the brook that ran at the bottom of his uncle's garden; and the chalybeate-spring; and his papa had once shown them how the men, who were digging in a gravel-pit were troubled with the little springs, which kept rising out of the earth. They were obliged to work night and day, to pump the water out into slanting wooden troughs, by which means it was carried down to the river."

"And the brook at the bottom of the garden," said Helen, "runs into the same river. I have often watched it, winding through the green mea-

dows, till it joined the broad stream of the Lea."

"But, Helen," asked Mr. Ashton, "is this little stream always flowing?"

"I do remember once," Helen said, when she had thought a little while, "that the brook was quite dry: we had had no rain for many weeks; the grass was dry and brown; and old Godfrey had to drive the cows a long way to the river-side, to let them drink. At last, there was a storm of thunder and lightning, and the rain came down in torrents. I recollect saying to papa, if I were Godfrey, I would put out some tubs to-night to catch the rain, that I might not have such a long journey to take to-morrow; but papa told me, there would

be water again in the brook very soon, he had no doubt. Well, it did nothing but rain for several days, till I was tired of the sight of clouds. At last they cleared away; and as soon as the grass was dry, I ran down to my favourite seat by the brook, which was bubbling on just as it always used to do."

"Then, papa," said Lewis, "the water which sinks into the ground rises out of it again in springs, I suppose; and springs supply rivers, and rivers flow on till they reach the sea. Can it really be the same water that comes back to the ocean again, after forming in turn clouds, rain, springs, and rivers?"

"Yes, Lewis," said his father, "this is indeed the case; and if you

will take the trouble to follow it through all these various and wonderful changes, you will not fear the earth's becoming saturated by the quantity of water that falls upon it; but you will clearly perceive, that it does not contain more water now than it did at the time of the creation. There is much more connected with the subject of water, which you may at some other time be interested in thinking about. But now run for your domino-box, and I will have a game with you and Helen; I was busy when you asked me to play last night."

"Thank you, papa," said Lewis, "shall I call Edward?"

"No, do not call him; I dare say he is very happy; he is helping

mamma. We will have one game, and then Helen may put on her things, and you shall go with me to the National Schools."

CHAPTER VIII.

"Now, Helen," said Lewis, as they drew near the building appropriated to the schools, "you will see Tom Price. I wish you had been with us when we went to see his mother, and grandfather, and little brother:" and Lewis was going on to tell Helen of the presents they had made, but he recollected that this would be too much like display: his embarrassment, however, was soon relieved, by Helen's asking, why her uncle called Price, Lewis's oracle?

"Because I always consult him

about the weather; and you see he was right this morning: he knows a great deal about it, as most people do who have to get their living in the open air. He is a fisherman now; for he is too old and infirm to make long voyages, though he was a brave sailor once, and has been out in many a terrible storm. His poor son was lost at sea, and now he takes care of the widow and her two little children: but here we are at the school."

Lewis and Helen followed Mr. Ashton into a large room, in which many boys were occupied: they were seated in rows, one behind the other, and were employed in writing on slates the words which the monitors, from time to time, dictated.

Lewis's father had brought some

books for the use of the institution; and while he was engaged in speaking to the master, the children watched with surprise, the uniform, regular movement of so many hands, when the head monitor told them to turn, show, or clean their slates.

Lewis was afraid of interrupting the order, by asking for his little friend; but he gave him a nod of approbation as he passed him on their way out.

"We will just go through the girls' school-room," said Mr. Ashton, "which is of the same dimensions as the boys'.—I am sorry we cannot now stay to see the mode of instructing the children: every thing appears to be in excellent order."

"Yes, sir," said the master, bowing to his visitor, "system, is every thing in a large school, such as this."

"Very true, my good friend," returned Mr. Ashton, smiling good-humouredly; "only we must remember, that children are not mere machines; and that the education we give them should be such as to render them intelligent and useful members of society."

CHAPTER IX.

When the little party reached home, they found Mrs. Ashton and Edward waiting to receive them. The sun was shining brightly; and, indeed, all appearance of rain had vanished, and an open carriage was at the door.

The children's eyes sparkled with delight as the driver assisted them to get into it; then came a large basket, which must be accommodated with a place; papa's telescope, mamma's travelling-cloak, more clothing for

the children, and lastly, papa and mamma themselves.

"Now we are off!" cried Lewis. "Papa, have you told the man which way we are to go?"

His father nodded assent.

"Edward," said Helen, "you look very knowing; I do believe you are in the secret."

"Oh! it is no secret now," Edward said: "we are on the road to the Dyke, and I have been helping mamma this morning to prepare for the trip; only I would not talk about it, for fear the weather should disappoint you."

"I will try to bear disappointments better," said Lewis, who had not forgotten the incident of the morning; "and then papa and mamma will not

be afraid of letting me know their plans."

"Well," interrupted Helen, "I must say I like excursions better when they are quite unexpected, as this was."

"So do not I," said Edward, "there is a great deal of enjoyment in thinking of, and preparing for, them beforehand."

"Then," said his father, "it seems you and Helen are both satisfied; but there is one pleasure still which may belong to us all; and you seem quite to have forgotten it."

"Oh! papa," cried Lewis, "you mean the pleasure of retrospection: every one likes the pleasures of retrospection."

"Then, my boy," said his father,

"it should be our constant desire, so to pass each day and hour as that the retrospect may, at least, give us no cause for pain."

"I think we shall all be very happy to-day; do not you, dear aunt?" asked Helen.

Mrs. Ashton smiled as she repeated:

"Say, is this a time to be gloomy and sad,
When all nature is smiling around;
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And joy springs from the blossoming ground?"

"This may well be called 'blossoming ground,'" said Helen. "Look, aunt, there is my favourite little ivy-leaved campanula, and the star-thistle in abundance."

"Yes," replied her aunt, "and if I mistake not, you will find on the hill-side, near the Dyke, the musk-ophrys, which you were wishing for, to put in your herbal, and some species of orchis."

"Helen," said Lewis, "if you care so much for such common weeds as these, I wonder what you would say to the plant captain Manning told us about the other day, with blossoms as large as—let me see—as large round as the flower-bed before your parlour-window: you would be puzzled to get a herbal huge enough for such a giant-specimen."

"I think," said Helen, good-humouredly, "I should say that you and captain Manning were laughing at me."

"Well, then, if you are so unbelieving," replied Lewis, "ask papa; I suppose you can trust him."

Mr. Ashton happened to have in his pocket, the number of the Penny Magazine which contained an account of this curious plant; and he read it to the wondering Helen:—

"In 1818, Doctor Arnold discovered, in the island of Sumatra, a flower which he named *Rafflesia Arnoldi;* and which an author has called with much justice, 'the magnificent Titan of the vegetable kingdom.' The human mind, indeed, had never conceived such a flower: the circumference of the full-expanded flower is nine feet, its *nectarium* is calculated to hold nine pints, the pistils are as large as cows'-horns, and

the entire weight of the flower is calculated to be fifteen pounds ?"

"Look, look, Helen!" exclaimed Edward, as soon as his father had ceased to read, "there must be a rabbit-warren near. There they go; two, three, four rabbits; and there are two men with guns on their shoulders coming up the side of the hill. Papa, I do wonder any one can like to make such a disturbance among the poor little creatures, just for their own amusement: it would be much more diverting to me, I am sure, to see them gambol and frolic over these green hillocks. Ah, there are their pretty young ones, running as fast as their little legs will carry them, by the side of their mother."

"Run, run, little ones!" cried

Helen, forgetting the wonderful flower, in her anxiety for the rabbits. "Now they have popped into a hole; but, oh! I am afraid it is of no use, for those sportsmen have a dog with them, and they will be sure to catch some of the innocent creatures."

"Helen," asked Lewis, archly, "do you never eat rabbit-pie when it comes to table?"

"Oh! yes," said Helen, "I do, it is true; but, Lewis, I would rather not think about that now; and if the poor animals must be killed for our food, I am sure it might be done in a more humane manner than hunting them with dogs and guns."

Lewis could not deny this.

"Papa," said Helen, "once allowed me to keep rabbits, but you may be

sure I never had any of my pets killed. It was such pleasure to watch the pretty creatures, and feed them every day; and then you cannot think how busy the old doe was in making a nest for her little ones. She chose the softest hay she could find, and when she had munched out all the hard parts, she stripped some of the thick warm down from her own breast to spread over it. At first, she covered up her young ones so closely that I could not see them; and papa told me not to disturb the nest: indeed, I should have been quite afraid to do so, for Minny, who was so gentle in common, used to try to bite me whenever I went near the nest, until her little ones grew larger and stronger and then

she would let me take them in my hand and feed them."

"This is the case with many animals, my dear Helen," said her aunt; "indeed, the attachment which some creatures manifest to their young is so strong, that they will die rather than abandon them. I recollect once reading an anecdote respecting an American sow, which pleased me much; because in her care for her offspring she evinced a degree of sagacity, which we are apt not to give the species credit for possessing. This animal was accustomed to pass her days in the woods, with a numerous litter of pigs, but to return regularly to the house in the evening, to share with her family a substantial supper. One of her pigs was, however, quietly

slipped away to be roasted; in a day or two afterwards, another; and then a third. It would appear that this careful mother knew the number of her offspring, and missed those that were taken from her; for after this she came alone to her evening meal. This occurring repeatedly, she was watched coming out of the wood, and observed to drive back her pigs from its extremity; grunting with so much earnestness, and in a manner so intelligible, that they retired at her command, and waited patiently for her return." *

The children were much amused with this anecdote.

Edward asked Helen, what became of her rabbits at last.

* Wakefield's Instinct Displayed.

Helen said, " that when she went to school, her little pets were all given to farmer Johnstone's daughter, Susan. Minny and Bob were still alive and well, and the little ones they had nursed so tenderly were grown as large as themselves."

And now Mr. Ashton told the little party, they must leave the carriage, and ascend the lofty rampart which they saw before them; and which, he said, was reported to have been formerly used as a place of security for the distressed Britons, when invaded by their powerful foes, the Romans; being still known by the designation of the Poor-man's-wall. The intrenchment, which is accessible only by a narrow projection to

the south, is surrounded by a broad ditch.

Having reached the summit of the mount, the lovely and extensive prospect which opened to the view, was an ample compensation for the fatigue of ascending. The undulating verdant downs, the boundless ocean, and the distant view of hill, and dale, and wood, altogether formed a prospect more picturesque and beautiful than the children had ever beheld.

The day was clear; and papa's telescope was in great request.

Mr. Ashton pointed out the romantic view of the extensive weald of Sussex, and parts of Hampshire, Surrey, and Kent adjoining.

At last, when the scenery, far and near, had been admired again and

again, when the boys had made the tour of the Dyke as often as they pleased, and Helen had filled her handkerchief with the musk-ophrys, and other wild-flowers, the happy party left the attractive spot, and were soon reseated in the carriage.

"Not homeward-bound yet, papa!" exclaimed Lewis.

"I thought," returned his father, "you would not object, now that we are so near, to see the little village of Poynings; particularly as there are some remains of antiquity in the neighbourhood, which, perhaps, may interest you."

"Thank you! thank you!" exclaimed the children, one and all.

The name of the village of Poynings, is derived from two ancient

British words, descriptive of its situation; *pou,* country, and *ings,* downs: that is, the plain country under the Downs. The church is a large and ancient edifice; it is built in the form of a cross, with a tower in the centre. The ruins Mr. Ashton spoke of, were those of some stupendous building raised in ancient times, which tradition relates was the seat of the barons of Poynings.

On their return, Mr. Ashton pointed out to his companions, the ruins of an encampment, called Hollingbury Castle, or Hill.

"The rampart," he said, "which was once strong and high, is now much dilapidated, Three tumuli have lately been discovered, containing some Roman coins; they were pro-

bably raised over the bodies of some who fell in battle. How different a scene these peaceful Downs now pre sent : on this very spot where, perhaps, once resounded the din of war, nothing but the pleasant tinkling of the sheep-bell, or the lark's shrill notes of joy, reach the ear. The bodies of thousands of human beings, who fell victims to avarice, ambition, or revenge, then strewed the plain, where now the solitary herd-boy tends the flock ; while beneath us, on the dark blue ocean, which once bore to our devoted land the hostile fleets of an invading foe, we may mark the sails of distant vessels, laden with the blessings of commerce, the fruits of industry and peace.

My children, how thankful we should be, that our lot has been cast in such favoured times; and, whilst permitted to enjoy these gifts, let us never forget the debt of gratitude we owe to the bounteous Giver."

CHAPTER X.

"DEAR papa," said Lewis, as he took leave of his father and mother, before retiring to rest, after their pleasant journey, "I have been very happy to-day. I am glad now that it rained this morning, because I learned a great many things from you about rain, which I did not know before; and we should not have enjoyed our ride so much, I am sure, if the roads had been as dusty as they were yesterday."

"Good night to you all," said Edward. "I am sure Helen, and Lewis,

and I shall think very often of our visit to Brighton; and, particularly of our journey to-day; and we shall have pleasure in thinking about it, perhaps, when we are far away from one another. Papa, we have only one more day to spend together."

"Well," said his father, taking his little boy's hand, "I need not tell you how much pleasure it gives us, to see you all so happy. But, I hope, my dear children, that your having been unusually entertained and interested, will not make your useful and necessary employments at school seem dull or irksome to you."

"Dear uncle," said Helen, "I do believe you are thinking of Mrs. Edgeworth's Rosamond; for she was

disposed, just as you said, to be idle and uncomfortable after her visit to Mrs. Egerton's, and the old castle: but I will try and imitate her, and not give way to an inclination to idleness; for you know, Rosamond's mother told her, it was natural for her and every human being to feel weary after unusual excitement; but that the fault consisted in not trying to conquer her feelings."

"I was not thinking of Rosamond, my little girl," said her uncle, stooping to kiss her; "but I am glad that you remember and apply so well what you have read. And now go and rest your weary head on the pillow, and sleep sweetly till morning; for we have a long journey, you know, in prospect for to-morrow; and

when we arrive at home, we may there talk over the many pleasant scenes we have viewed, and reflect upon the wisdom of the Creator, whose power and beneficence are so wonderfully displayed in all his works."

THE END.

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