

**WALTER AT THE SEA-SIDE;  
OR, FACTS AND  
FANCIES ABOUT THE  
SHORE AND THE DEEP**

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Walter at the Sea-Side; Or, Facts and Fancies about the Shore and the Deep by Anonymous

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**ANONYMOUS**

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A NARROW ESCAPE.



# WALTER AT THE SEA-SIDE;

OR,

FACTS AND FANCIES ABOUT THE  
SHORE AND THE DEEP.



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\* What hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells,  
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main? "

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MRS. HEMANS.

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EDINBURGH; AND NEW YORK.

1869.

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## Preface.

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**T**HE writer's object in the following unpretending pages has been twofold: to *instruct*, and to *amuse*. To *instruct*, by bringing before the young reader a variety of valuable details in relation to the common objects of the sea-shore and the denizens of the mighty deep; to *amuse*, by clothing these details in lively language, by illustrating them with anecdote and quotation, and by interweaving with them certain episodes of peril, enterprise, and adventure.

Many years have elapsed since Dr. Aikin and his sister composed their agreeable little narrative of "Eyes and No Eyes," yet its moral is one that requires to be constantly enforced upon the attention of parents and children. Thousands migrate every summer to the sea-side, apparently for no other purpose than to beguile the time with sea-bathing and listless promenades; or, in the case of the young, to build castles of sand and gather shells. How much more pleasantly would they pass their leisure, whether young or old, if they learned to keep their eyes open; if they studied the habits and modes of life of the strange creatures floating in the rock-pool or crawling over the



weedy beach; if they brought themselves acquainted with something of the beauty, and power, and wonderfulness of Ocean!

The writer trusts that the perusal of his little volume will be found useful in this direction, and will show the youthful student how much amusement may be derived from a visit to the sea-side by those who make a good use of their eyes. And it may serve, perhaps, as a stimulus and encouragement to the study of Natural History—that one of all the sciences which affords the most unalloyed gratification; which most clearly reveals to us the love and mercy, no less than the power and wisdom, of the Divine Creator; which forces from our souls the rapturous exclamation: “O LORD, how manifold are Thy works! In wisdom hast Thou made them all! The Earth is full of Thy riches!”

From idler pastimes let us turn awhile  
Where Nature glows in Heaven's irradiant smile:

But not to dell or glen, or vale or bower,  
Do we now dedicate a passing hour:

Not to the swelling hills, that greenly rise  
To catch the lights and shadows of the skies:

Not to the forest dense, that proudly bears  
The burthen of a thousand tolling years:

Not to the stream, that sparkles through the shade,  
And fills with music all the echoing glade;—

But to the Ocean, with its voice of might,  
Its depths sublime, its face of glorious light:

The long bold line of cliffs, the weedy strand,  
The level surface of the ribbed sand:

The rocky pools, that teem with novel life;  
The clanging breakers, and their ceaseless strife:

To these we turn, and, worshipping, adore  
The Power Divine that bade such marvels be;—

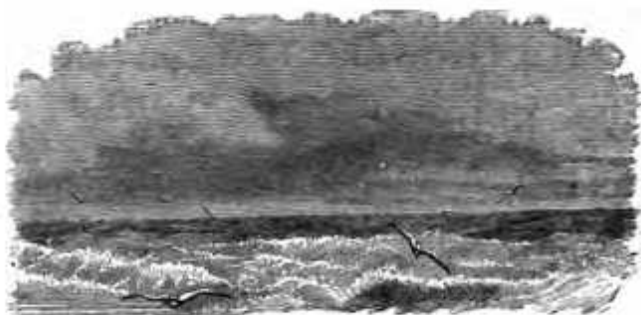
The wonder and the beauty of the Shore,  
The glory and the mystery of the Sea!



## WALTER AT THE SEA-SIDE.

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### CHAPTER I.



**I** DON'T think I shall ever know much of natural history," said Walter Somerville to his cousin, as they leisurely paced along the High Street of a favourite watering-place in the south-west of England,—“I don't think I shall

ever know much of natural history—zoology—or whatever you call it. Oh, it is such dull work!”

“Dull!” exclaimed young Arthur Vernon—“dull! Why, it’s the most agreeable of studies; and, by-the-by, I don’t know any better place for pursuing it than the shore of the ‘mighty and mysterious main.’”

“Oh, its hard names are enough to frighten any fellow! I tell you, Arthur, I must give it up. I have tried it, and can do nothing with it.”

“That, I am afraid, is because you have not got a sufficiently keen edge to your sword Balmung.”

“Sword!—Balmung! Come, Arthur, that’s another of your puzzles. Now, tell me what you mean by *that*.”

“Well, in an old, very old, German poem called the *Nibelungen Lied*, you may read of the doings of a heroic knight named Siegfried. This knight was the fortunate possessor of a wonderful enchanted sword—the sword Balmung—which had been forged by the famous smith Mimer. And when he forged it, Mimer determined it should be the sharpest sword in the