

Brighthelmstone, Sussex.

THE  
ANCIENT AND MODERN  
HISTORY OF BRIGHTON,

WITH A REPRINT OF

“The Booke of all the Auncient  
Customes, 1580.”

ALSO  
NOTICES OF CELEBRATED RESIDENTS AND VISITORS, AND A TABLE OF  
CHRONOLOGICAL EVENTS, FROM 693 TO 1862.

BY J. A. ERREDGE.

With Articles on the Geology, Climate, Botany, Fisheries, and  
Ornithology, of the Town and Its Vicinity.

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of Rooks annually took up their abode in a large elm tree which stood in the small burial-ground of that place of worship. The Jackdaw—*Corvus monedula*,—and the Starling—*Sturnus vulgaris*,—in various parts of the town are annual visitors, year after year occupying the same blank chimneys or neglected gables.

All Naturalists attached to the scientific expeditions for the exploration of the Arctic regions, speak of the myriads of water fowl met with, in those immense reservoirs of snow and ice, the accumulation of ages, where, in the midst of plenty, they rear their young, unmolested by man. There, amongst lagoons, and bays, and swamps, and lakes, and where an impenetrable barrier is firmly fixed to the prying eye of man, they find an asylum to propagate their different orders, and genus, and species, surrounded by a profusion of food; and, at the end of the long Summer day of weeks of unsetting sun, with instinctive knowledge they gather together their separate families, in innumerable flocks, and proceed southward, to replenish the warmer regions of the globe, and to furnish man with some of the luxuries of life.

Brighton and its surrounding locality, including Lewes, have obtained considerable repute amongst entomologists for producing a great many rare insects, owing, no doubt, to there being several persevering and good collectors in the district.

. There are only sixty-four indigenous Butterflies in England,—certainly very few when compared with the number of species found in Europe. Of those sixty-four, Brighton and its neighbourhood contribute forty-eight, and of Moths,—of which there are upwards of two thousand found in England,—nearly the same proportion. It is a curious fact in Natural History, that some families, which years ago were rare in England, have now become common; and, others which were frequently met with, are very rare; some species have disappeared altogether, while new ones,—owing to the great addition and perseverance of collectors,—are every year discovered and added to the lists.

The Holmbush,—about eight miles from Brighton, and the commencement of the Weald of Sussex,—has hitherto been the great emporium for moths, and a good many butterflies, particularly the *fritillaries*, whose resort is in and near the large woods there.

A few years ago, the Wood White,—*Leucophasia sinapis*,—in June could be found there in abundance. Now the species is rarely seen; but, being a denizen of the interior of the woods, and the woods all about there being strictly *tabooed*, the collector has not the opportunity to get them he formerly had.

The Green-veined White,—*Pieris napi*,—the pretty little Orange Tip,—*Anthocharis cardamines*,—and the Brimstone Butterfly,—*Gonepteryx rhamni*,—are common in that locality; but for the Clouded Yellows,—genus, *Colias*,—Brighton must be closer approached in the clover fields, about August. They are of a rich golden colour, banded with black; and there is a variety called *Helios*, which are considered a prize to any entomologist. The great prize, the Queen of Spain,—*Argynnis lathonia*,—has been taken in a garden at Kemp Town; but like "Angels' visits," they are very "few and far between." The gorgeous Large Copper,—*Polyommatus hippothoe*,—whose wings, edged with black, shine like burnished gold, and cast into shade any colour which the device of man can create,—was once plentiful in two counties of England, Cambridgeshire and Huntingdonshire; but it is now considered by our best entomologists extinct in this country.

The Purple Emperor,—*Apatura iris*,—may be seen in all his glory on a hot Summer's day, the first week in August, in the above locality, soaring round the high oaks, in all imaginable grandeur. He is rightly termed Emperor, as no other butterfly dares to invade his imperial aerial realms. His magnificent purple wings defy the highest skill of the artist to imitate. These simple, beautiful butterflies whisper in reason's ear, truths, which, alas! humble the pride of man. There is the Painted Lady,—*Vanessa Cardui*,—but she will not do for the present fashionable generation, as she does not wear crinoline, and her food is of the most vulgar description,—the common thistle, from which she derives her specific name.

The family of the Argus Butterflies,—the Hair Streaks,—genus *Thecla*,—are of five distinct species, three of which are obtained near Brighton. Their haunts are likewise amongst the large oak trees, where they play and gambol in the hot sunshine, the live-long day. The last family of the butterflies are the Skippers,—in science, *Hesperidae*,—or, to use the generic name for

this family—*Hesperia*. The first is the Grizzle—*Syrichthus oleeolus*, whose specific name means chequered, the spots on the wings of the Imago, being somewhat like a chessboard, the fore wings being black, interspersed with about fifteen or sixteen squarish white spots. The next is the Dingy Skipper—*Hesperia paniscus*,—and then the Large Skipper—*Hesperia Sylvanus*,—from “Sylvan,”—being found in the woods. The Pearl Skipper—*Hesperia Comma*,—takes its name from a mark on the fore wings, and is found in low swampy situations, and in almost every locality for Butterflies. Then, there are the Small Skipper—*Hesperia Linia*,—and the Lulworth Skipper—*Hesperia Acteon*. The latter derives its English name from the only place where it has been found, viz., near Lulworth Cove, on the Dorsetshire Coast; and it receives its Latin name, Acteon, from his being a great hunter.

This ends the list of the British Butterflies in the vicinity of Brighton, with the exception of that which was taken by one of the most honest and persevering collectors, in August, 1860, near Kemp Town. No one doubts of its being taken there, as several entomologists of the highest respectability, saw it on the spot *alive*, immediately after it was taken; but a very small clique of savans will not allow it to be put on the list as a new British Butterfly, because they have a theoretic fancy that it might be blown over from the coast of France, a distance of nearly a hundred miles, across the English Channel. The idea, however, is absurd. A little delicate butterfly, with all the appearance of having just emerged from the chrysalis, to be blown that distance without apparently ruffling a feather, is out of all character. If it had been a new bird that had been obtained on our shores, the ornithologists would have been only too happy to have had the opportunity of adding it to their list, as a new British species.

Mr. Edward Newman, of Bishopsgate Street, the great naturalist, and prince of writers, and publisher of works on Natural History, has stood sponsor to this new British Butterfly, and named it—The Brighton Argus—*Lycaena Batia*.

Bewick has expressed the wish that mankind could be prevailed upon to read a few lessons from the great book of Nature, to see the wonders which the Universe presents, and to reflect