

**HOLIDAYS AT
BRIGHTON; OR, SEA-
SIDE AMUSEMENTS**

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Holidays at Brighton; Or, Sea-Side Amusements by Anonymous

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1834.

HOLIDAYS AT BRIGHTON.

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