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# A Visit to Brighton.

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SKETCHES  
OF  
YOUNG PEOPLE;  
OR,  
A VISIT TO BRIGHTON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

*The Grandfather, Friendship, The Schoolfellows, &c. &c.*

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All hail, ye tender feelings dear,  
The smile of love, the friendly tear,  
The sympathetic glow:  
Long since would this world's thorny ways  
Have number'd out my wearie days,  
Had it not been for you!

BURNS.

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1822.

REVISED

THE HISTORY OF THE

A HISTORY OF BRITAIN

BY

JOHN HAYES

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I

FROM THE EARLIEST PERIODS

TO THE PRESENT

BY

JOHN HAYES

LONDON

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## P R E F A C E.

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THE following Sketches are intended to convince my readers of the advantages of a good education. In Miss Penton they may see the evils attendant on an uncultivated and covetous mind. They who possess such a disposition, know neither the satisfaction in obtaining knowledge, nor the happiness of sharing their pleasures with others. Mean and selfish, their ideas extend not beyond themselves; and their gratifications are of the lowest kind, that of surpassing their

companions in outward appearance, and the glittering show which riches may purchase.

Miss Dobson's example affords a proof that, without rectitude of conduct, there can be no happiness. But for the sincerity and advice of Caroline, her whole life might have exhibited the same character of which Miss Penton's was only an epitome.

To obtain finer clothes than her companions, Miss Dobson disobeyed the command of her father, and the laws of her country. Her acquaintance with Caroline shows the benefit of true friendship, and the advantage of obtaining a real and judicious friend.

Without care and attention, Caroline and Harriet would have been like their companions. May their history teach my young readers, who are so happy as to possess the same advantages, to be truly grateful for them. And as they have opportunity, may they not only imitate Caroline, who, by mild and gentle remonstrances, led her friend to see the error of her conduct, but also learn, as she did, to observe and amend their own.



SKETCHES  
OF  
YOUNG PEOPLE, &c.

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CHAPTER I.

*Birth of a sister.—The question, whether boys or girls are to be preferred, examined and discussed.*

CHARLES and Caroline Hamilton were one fourteen and the other twelve, when they met to congratulate each other on the birth of a sister, who had just made her appearance in the world.

“How happy I am,” replied Caroline, the youngest of these children: “I long to see my mother and sister. I am so glad it is a girl!”

"I wish it had been a boy, do not you, papa?" asked Charles.

Before I proceed in my tale, I must acknowledge that Caroline Hamilton had a fault. It was a jealousy of disposition, which led her to imagine that her brother was a greater favourite with their parents than herself, because he was a boy; and she became uneasy if she received not the attention from them which she thought her warm affection deserved. Caroline, therefore, waited with some anxiety for her father's reply, hoping to discover from it his real opinion respecting boys and girls.

"That is a foolish question, my dear boy," said Mr. Hamilton. "Had it been a boy, I could not have been happier than at present: it depends on the future conduct of the little damsel, to add further to my happiness. If she gives me as little cause of uneasiness as my Caroline here," drawing her towards him, "I shall have no cause to regret her not being a boy."

"Oh, papa!" replied the delighted little girl, as he affectionately kissed her,

“thank you for saying this. I was almost afraid that you liked boys better than girls.”

“I have seen this for some time, my child,” said he, with a smile; “but beware, lest I make an ERRATUM to your words, and say, for *afraid* read *jealous*. There is a considerable difference between fearfulness of not deserving love, and a jealousy of others who have an equal right to my affection. Charles, my boy,” continued he, “you shall have the pleasure of announcing the arrival of the young stranger. Run to your grandmother, and tell them this morning’s joyful news.”

Charles caught up his hat, and ran off without his breakfast, happy to convey such pleasing intelligence. The affectionate father then seated himself, and taking the hand of his daughter, began to kiss the blushes from her cheek, which his gentle rebuke had occasioned. “I see, my dear,” said he, “that you are not at a loss to understand my meaning. A few words will suffice to show the folly of this weakness, which, if you continue to indulge it, will not only make your-

self uneasy, but every one with whom you are connected. Though Charles must necessarily be more my companion out of the house, are you not convinced that, when at home, I am equally pleased to converse with *you*? You both deserve my love; but boys require different treatment from girls. Their education is different. They must be more in the world—acquire a fearless habit, and a degree of boldness, which, though accompanied with modesty in the company of men, should enable them to act with courage and prudence, in difficulties which a female is not likely to encounter. I therefore encourage in him a familiarity with others, which I would check in you; and allow him to converse with my friends, that I may judge of his abilities, and how he is likely to conduct himself in future. But I should be a very bad father were I to act thus towards *you*. A modest reserve is most becoming in females; and it would be doing you equal injustice to bring you forward in all companies, as it would be to keep your brother

back, while I see that he acts with propriety."

This speech might betray a little too much fatherly partiality, and it is evident that Caroline thought so; for, casting her eyes to the ground, she said, "You are proud of my brother, papa, but in *me* you see nothing to value."

"Is my daughter endeavouring to gain a compliment?" returned Mr. Hamilton; "if so, she does not deserve one. Besides, a parent never compliments his children. If he is pleased with them, his actions show it. And did mine ever express dissatisfaction with my Caroline? Not even when I reprove her am I displeased; but I wish to raise her mind above these little weaknesses, and convince her that, though not a boy, she is equally beloved, and in her station can be as useful as the other sex. Home is the sphere of females. And their male relations feel and confess their value, when they acknowledge their happiest hours are spent in their society. Though we may wander

abroad in search of pleasure or of profit, happiness is found with the least alloy by our own fire-side, where the kind attentions of our female relatives will lessen our cares, and make us forget the rough asperities of human life."

"Oh, my dear father," exclaimed Caroline, enchanted with the picture he had drawn, "may I hope to deserve such a character? I will endeavour to add to yours and my brother's happiness. Forgive my foolish fears. I hope they have not made you very uneasy, though you say you have observed them some time."

"They would have done so," he replied, "had I not hoped that they proceeded less from jealousy than from an affectionate disposition; and that, by a little expostulation, you would be convinced there was no cause for them. Every virtue is commendable, if kept within due bounds; but suffer them to extend beyond these, and they become faults. It is right you should love your friends; yet if, from affection to them, you are jealous of

their loving another, it must no longer be said you love them, but yourself; for jealousy is the effect of self-love. Your mother has now another child, who will at present engross much of her attention; and her love, though not lessened for you, must be extended to another object. Will you suffer this tormenting jealousy to interfere with your duties towards her, who must look to you for assistance in the arduous task of nursing and attending to family affairs?"

"Oh no, my dear father," said Caroline, with earnestness: "I will endeavour to lessen all her cares, and shall be very happy to nurse my little sister." She then prepared the breakfast; and before they had finished their meal, Charles came back, panting for breath, (he had run so fast,) his face glowing with health and good-humour.

"And how are my mother and my sister, by this time?" said he. "I am to run back in a few hours, and carry them further intelligence, when my grandmother wishes to know if she may return with me. Ah, Caro-

line, I will not regret our little stranger's not being a boy," continued he, as he ate his breakfast. "Girls are very useful, when they can make such good tea as this is, and spread the bread and butter so nicely for an hungry brother."

In the course of the day, Charles escorted his grandmother and two aunts to his father's house, who, after paying a short visit to the invalid, and taking a peep at the baby, returned to the drawing-room, to congratulate the happy father. They were accompanied by Caroline, on whom Mrs. Wilmot and her grandmother bestowed many praises, for the attentions she had already shown in the sick room. "I trust she will make a good nurse," said the old lady to Mr. Hamilton, "one of the chief excellencies of our sex."

"Another character in which my Caroline may shine," replied he, "and secure the affections of her friends, without being a boy."

"What, does she wish to be a boy?"

asked Mrs. Wilmot. "No, surely, my dear: you are better off as you are."

"I wished to be as clever and as useful as my brother," said Caroline, blushing.

"And depend upon it you are so," returned her grandmother, "though not in the same way. You have each a place to fill up in the world, and several duties to perform. But it would not become you to act as he does; nor him to take a part in domestic affairs, while there is a female who can perform them."

"I see it is wrong, my dear grandmother," said Caroline; "and while I am assured that you and my father and mother love me, and that I can be useful to them, I think I will no more envy my brother, which I own I have been apt to do."

At the expiration of a few weeks, the child was taken to church, and received the name of Harriet. Mrs. Hamilton, thankful to the Almighty for her perfect recovery, returned to her usual duties, and regulated the employment of herself and daughter, as

she thought would best promote the happiness of her family.

A room was fitted up as a nursery, and a proper servant hired to attend to the infant; though Mrs. Hamilton was too good a mother to leave it entirely to her care.

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## CHAP. II.

*Education of Charles and Caroline.—Domestic happiness.*

WITH much pleasure Caroline frequently obtained permission to nurse the baby; but the awkward attempt of Charles to follow her example, made the nurse tremble, and at length she refused to resign it to his arms, "You are not used to nursing, Sir," said she: "indeed, you will let it fall."

"I tell you not," replied he: "the little creature will cling like a kitten, if you will but let me have her."

"She must only lie in your arms at present," said his grandmother, who was often witness to these altercations: "she cannot sit upright yet."

"Oh, the little lazy thing! What, nearly two months old, and not sit up! Why, how long may it be before I may toss her up in the air and catch her again?"

"Oh, brother! you make me shudder," said Caroline. "What, make a ball of her?"

"Never, never," returned his grandmother, while the nurse stood aghast, lest he should immediately put his threat into execution.

"Let me never hear you talk of attempting this," said his grandmother to him, very seriously: "it might kill her in an instant, disturb her brain, or put all her bones out of joint!"

"Oh, the tender mortal! This is because she is a female, I suppose. A boy would bear it better. But ladies are so delicate."

"Not more so than yourself, at her age," replied his grandmother. "What do you think would have become of you, had you been treated thus, when a baby?"

"My brains would have been shaken out of their proper place, I suppose," returned he, smiling. "But thanks to your care, my good grandam, these *valuable articles* were

preserved in good order within my *pericranium*."

The nurse, who had not been accustomed to his youthful mirth, was rather inclined to doubt if they were quite as they ought to be at that time; and on his quitting the room, again cautioned his sister not to put the child into his arms. "He is not steady enough, indeed, Miss," said she, "to be allowed to hold it."

Caroline assured her he would do it no harm. "Though he talks in this way," added she, "were you to let him hold her, he would be as gentle as papa, and more fearful of letting her fall. He only says this to frighten us, if he can."

Mr. Hamilton was in an extensive and well-regulated business in London. He thought it no derogation to his consequence to employ himself at his counting-house, and frequently to visit the warehouses in which his goods were kept. In him were happily blended the manners of a gentleman with the skill and information of a tradesman;

and though he might not deserve the appellation of a scholar, he possessed much literary knowledge, and was not unacquainted with classical works.

It was Mr. Hamilton's wish to give his son a similar education, without placing him at a school, where he might form acquaintances, which would give him a dislike to trade, yet not enable him to live without it. He was well convinced, that it is not the situation a man moves in, but the manner in which he performs the duties of his station, which renders him respectable or otherwise.

Charles was therefore sent to a private school, in the neighbourhood of his father's house, kept by a gentleman well acquainted with the learned languages; and he was assisted by another, who taught accounts and commercial affairs. To these, Charles attended three days in a week; and to what are called more liberal pursuits, on the others.

His disposition led him to prefer those avocations which, from his infancy, he had seen his father follow. He knew trade was

to be his future support, and endeavoured to obtain a perfect knowledge of it. Literary pursuits might sometimes gain his attention, and he would regret he could not become better acquainted with them; yet, when his father asked him a difficult question relating to trade, he found greater pleasure in replying to it. In short, he could better solve a problem in arithmetic than one of Euclid's; and though he knew enough of Latin to understand an allusion to an ancient author, made by his more classical companions, and could enjoy their beauties when he read them, he did not allow his acquaintance with Horace and Virgil to draw his attention from studies more suited to the plan of his future life. His unusual flow of spirits might also contribute to lessen his love for these more abstruse studies. They chained his attention too long, and did not so readily gratify his mirth as the "Rejected Addresses," "Letters of the Fudge Family," and others in that style, at which his mother and sister could laugh with him; and Charles

was always best pleased when he could see others entertained as well as himself.

“We need something light and cheerful, as a relaxation,” would his father say, “when we retire from the fatigue of business and endless calculations, which, however we are accustomed to them, engross and weary the mind, when long attended to. I am, therefore, better pleased my son should be amused with these trifles, than engaged in deeper studies. Though the pleasure these afford to the learned professor may amply repay his attention, Charles must attend to other things: nor would he willingly return to mercantile affairs, were he too eager to explore the paths of literature. I cannot flatter myself that *I* am a *scholar*; yet my books afford me an amusement I would not resign. In my counting-house they seldom enter my mind; but on returning to my parlour for the evening, I can almost fancy myself a learned man, when I see a new work spread before me, and my wife and daughter waiting to hear my opinion of it. Learned men may laugh at my presumption; but I think I have taste

and judgment to admire their beauties, although my morning has been spent in calculating the price of sugar, and other staple commodities."

Most of the periodical works, which have stood the test of time, were in Mr. Hamilton's parlour; and when Charles did not bring home a new book from the library, these and poetry afforded them amusement for the evening.

The education of Caroline was on the same plan as her brother's. She attended a lady, who instructed a limited number of young people in the English and French languages, geography, and other branches of useful knowledge. What are usually called accomplishments, Mrs. Hamilton did not wish her daughter to acquire. "Music would occupy too much of your time," said she, when Caroline expressed a desire to learn it. The evening would be the only time you would have to practise; and unless you played well, it would not afford your father the entertainment a book does. When

he is at home, we should consult his pleasure, rather than our own." Caroline gave up the wish, and was content with learning to dance, an amusement her mother thought necessary for her confined mode of life. As no public days, or dancing-master's ball, were allowed at this school, the vanity and envy of the young competitors were not excited: they danced more to please themselves, than to obtain praise; and if their master approved, they did not expect admiration from others, for their elegant steps or graceful motions.

After the birth of the baby, Caroline was glad she had *not* learned music; for her time was fully occupied in nursing, preparing her sister's clothes, and assisting her mother in domestic affairs. Her father and brother were continually requiring her attendance, and no time hung heavy on her hands.

Caroline's school-hours were from ten till two. Early after breakfast she walked with the servant, who carried the baby; and, on returning from school, sometimes accompanied her mother in a few morning visits, or

called on her grandmother and aunts, till, as her age increased, she found more to occupy her attention at home.

Charles's school-hours were the same as his sister's, except that he attended from six till eight o'clock, before breakfast. Nor did Caroline spend these hours in bed: she had lessons to learn, and exercises to write and prepare for the inspection of her governess. These were her earliest employments. Her morning walks were never omitted, when the weather allowed of them, as her parents thought exercise necessary for her health; and, inured to the atmosphere of London, she found as much pleasure in walking in the gardens (which even the city affords) on the banks of the Thames, as children who are used to the country experience in the open fields.

Rural scenes and pleasures were unknown to Caroline and her brother, except that they had read of them in books. They thought these accounts very pretty, but did not give them full credit; as they had heard from many of their father's acquaintances, that

the country was either dry and dusty, or wet and dirty, and always very dull. Their utmost wishes for a walk, therefore, extended no further than to the Parks or Kensington Gardens, where, on a public holiday, or when not closely engaged in business, their father accompanied them; and a carriage was sometimes hired, which enabled Caroline and her mother to visit the favourite villages in the neighbourhood of London.

Some of Mr. Hamilton's acquaintances accused him of extravagance, because he kept his saddle-horses; and he was often asked "what a London tradesman could do with them." "It is true," thought he, "few know how to use them;" but it was his ambition, that neither himself nor his son, though born and bred in London, should, in this respect, be a *cockney*. His health was established by the air and exercise they afforded him; and he judged it better to pay a groom than a physician.

On a summer's evening, Charles constantly accompanied his father in his ride; but when a school-boy, his morning hours were other-

wise employed. Mrs. Hamilton also had her *friends*, who attempted to insinuate, that a carriage would have been better for the family, as then all might partake of the benefit of it; but their opinion had no weight with her. When she wished to go further than she could walk, a conveyance was easily obtained; and after the birth of her little Harriet, she found more pleasure in nursing and attending upon her, than an airing every day would have afforded.

Mr. Hamilton left his counting-house at four o'clock. They dined at five; after which, the baby engaged their attention, till it was her hour of going to bed. The tea was then brought in; and when this was removed, and his mother and sister had taken their work, Charles read aloud. The happy father resigned himself to the luxury of ease and parlour comforts, which can only be enjoyed among affectionate relations, where each finds pleasure in the same employment.

## CHAP. III.

*Education of Harriet.—Mrs. Hamilton indisposed.  
A visit to Brighton.*

THREE years passed away in this uniform manner. At the age of fifteen, Charles had left school, and had been taken into the counting-house. Caroline was now of that age; and, freed from the restraints her own education required, she endeavoured to make it useful to her sister, by teaching her all she knew herself, as far as the infant mind is capable of receiving it. The little girl was already acquainted with the alphabet, and had begun to handle a needle; never better pleased than when she could imitate Caroline, and receive her commendation.

It was a comfort to Mrs. Hamilton, as she found her health declining, that her eldest daughter was so capable and willing to instruct the younger one. This amply recom-

pensed the pains she had formerly taken with Caroline, in her early years.

Hitherto Harriet had been the play-thing of her father and brother, and the darling of her grandmother and aunts, to whom she paid a daily visit; but it was now time she should learn subjection, and to obey those who were older than herself. She was no longer allowed to make all the noise she liked, when seated on her father's knee; nor to stay in the parlour longer than the allotted time. Regular hours were appointed for her instruction; and these, with her hours of rest, were never broken into, except on very particular occasions.

Nothing contributes more to the health and happiness of children, than a uniform distribution of their duties and pleasures. A constant attention to their education, with no time allowed for recreation, defeats the purpose for which it is intended: instead of increasing their knowledge, it deadens their faculties and makes them dull of apprehension. But without regular and early tuition, the seeds of evil will spring up; and it is equally

difficult to eradicate ill habits, as to acquire good ones. Much depends on the capability of children; and their natural disposition should be attended to, in regulating their due proportion of instruction and amusement. If disposed to learn, the infant mind should not be made weary of what ought to give it pleasure; neither should children be so far consulted, as to allow them to leave their lessons, without having made some addition to their stock of knowledge, however small this may be. When something is learned that was not known before, if only another letter in the alphabet, or an additional word in spelling, they will find a pleasure in having acquired it, and will not readily give up the pursuit till this acquisition is made. Their abilities will strengthen with their attention; and the satisfaction they feel, increase in proportion to their knowledge.

Caroline soon found this to be the case with Harriet, who was never content unless, after every lesson, she could tell her mother she had learned a little more than she knew the day before. As her mind expand-

ed, her eagerness to improve became greater. The early lessons of Mrs. Barbauld and Mrs. Guppy were put into her hands, before many children of her age were acquainted with the alphabet. The only alloy Caroline found to this delightful employment, was the frequent indisposition of her mother, to whom her affectionate attention became daily more necessary. Mrs. Hamilton concealed her illness from her husband and son as long as she could, whose increasing trade and connexions required more than usual attention. But her state of health could not long be hid from the observation of such affectionate friends; and Mr. Hamilton insisted on her having medical advice.

On this day Harriet was four years old; and, for the first time, her lessons were neglected. Caroline felt too much anxiety for the health of her mother, and what might be the opinion of Dr. F. (whom her father was determined should be consulted,) to think of any thing else. When she met her brother in the breakfast-room, where now Mrs. Hamilton could seldom join them, and their

father had not yet appeared, she reminded him, with a dejected look, of their happiness on that day four years before, when they were rejoicing at the birth of Harriet, and the prospect of their mother's recovery. "But now," said she, "my fears exceed my hopes. Oh! Charles, what shall I do, if Dr. F. pronounces her in danger?"

"And what, my dear sister, shall we all do, if that should be the case?" said he, nearly equally affected, as he kissed a tear from her cheek. "But let us hope still. I cannot wonder at your uneasiness: it is impossible to be otherwise; yet, mention not your fears to my father, lest you add to his anxiety. Tell me how long you have thought my mother ill. I know she has suppressed her complaints, because she would not make us unhappy."

"Alas!" replied Caroline, "I have been so engaged with poor little Harriet, that I have not paid the attention I ought to my dear mother. I am afraid she has been long ill, without my noticing it; and this grieves me more than I can express."

“No, Caroline, I cannot think you, who are so attentive to the wants and wishes of all your friends, would be less so to the comforts of a mother, when you are constantly with her. You blame yourself unjustly, my dear girl. Let me beg of you to restrain your feelings, and appear with cheerfulness before my father, or he will think our dear mother worse than she really is.”

“Nay, brother,” returned she, “even you, who are generally cheerful, cannot appear so at the present. But I will endeavour to be composed, and not make a parade of my uneasiness.”

“You are right, my dear. Remember the praise you obtained on this day four years: it was prophesied you would be a good nurse; and you will not now forfeit the character.”

Mr. Hamilton then entered the room. After having spent some hours in his counting-house, he had returned to breakfast; and, as was usual with him, visited his wife before she left her dressing-room. “Your mother seems better this morning,” said he, “and almost smiles at the idea of the physi-

cian. I believe she wishes to delay his visit; but I have already written to Dr. F. and am determined he shall come. Caroline, you will be with your mother when he arrives; and I will contrive to be at home, to hear his opinion."

"Thank you, papa. Oh, may it be propitious!" returned Caroline, as she brushed a tear from her eye, and prepared to make the tea. The rest of the morning was spent by her in silent anxiety. She assisted her mother into the drawing-room, and took every trouble, which domestic affairs might occasion, off her hands.

Little Harriet had been sent with her maid on a visit to her grandmother and aunts. It being her birth-day, they had solicited a holiday for her; and she had, for many days, been anticipating the pleasure of spending it with them. Their fond indulgence to all her wishes would have spoiled her for any other society, had she been often their visitor, and entirely destroyed her happiness, which the plan adopted by her mother and sister was intended to promote.

At the appointed time, Dr. F. arrived; and, with the kind attention for which he is peculiarly eminent, inquired into Mrs. Hamilton's complaints. They were found to proceed from a general debility, too long neglected. After writing a prescription, he recommended her trying the air of Brighton for a few months, as the summer was far advancing, and the confinement of London very injurious to her present state of health. Mrs. Hamilton did not very readily accede to this proposal, and was unwilling to leave home; but, at the earnest entreaty of all her family, who hoped it might prove beneficial, she consented that lodgings should be taken, if both her daughters might be allowed to accompany her. This was readily granted; and on the following day Mr. Hamilton went to Brighton; engaged a house every way suited for an invalid; and, after taking an early dinner there, returned to town on the same day\*.

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\* The road from Brighton to London is so good, and the travelling so expeditious, that, though above

His family were agreeably surprised to see him enter the parlour a little after tea in the evening, and could scarcely believe he had executed his commission, till he produced the numerous cards he had already received from the different tradesmen of the place, who, the moment a lodging-house is taken, annoy the company by soliciting their custom. "This," said he, "in the language of Brighton, where the fishermen, its original inhabitants, have a dialect peculiar to themselves, is called *touting*; and a great influx of company they term a good *hauling*. I had no difficulty in procuring you a lodging, except what arose from having so many to choose from. They are, most of them, well furnished; and, in the one I have taken, I hope you will find many of the comforts you leave at home."

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fifty miles distant from each other, several coaches perform the journey in one day, and allow their passengers two or three hours between the time of their coming in and returning.

“All but your society, said his wife, with a faint smile.”

“And think,” replied he, “how readily you may obtain that, when I can be with you, at any time, within eight hours. Dr. F. could not have sent you to a more convenient place, on this account; but you must not delay your journey. The people of Brighton, like their tide, ‘will wait for no man.’ I could not secure the house without engaging it immediately. It is on the Marine Parade, which commands a full view of the sea; a recommendation they fail not to mention in all their advertisements, if but one glance of that variable element can be obtained. As the weather promises to be very warm, I thought a marine residence would be pleasanter; though I was told St. James’s-street is styled the Montpelier of Brighton, whither all the invalids resort during the winter.”

“And is the sea so very tremendous, papa?” asked Caroline, who had laid aside her work, and was attentively preparing the refreshment she knew most agreeable to him;

while Charles procured his easy chair and slippers.

The table was soon spread, and he would have forgotten his long journey, in the domestic happiness he then enjoyed, had not the languid looks of his wife reminded him how soon it must be interrupted.

“You will soon judge for yourself,” said he, in reply to Caroline’s question; and then endeavoured to reconcile Mrs. Hamilton to the approaching separation, though he regretted it no less than herself, by repeating his hopes that it would be a means of restoring her health. “It will be of service to me, also,” continued he, “as I shall visit you very often. Charles must likewise have a holiday, and I shall allow him to spend a week with you.”

“My mother wishes you to dine with her every day, during our absence,” said Mrs. Hamilton. “She would be glad for you to make her house your home, if agreeable to yourself.”

“I am obliged to her,” returned he, “and have already settled that matter. Charles

and I will take our breakfast there; but when the business of the day is over, though we shall miss you and Caroline as companions, home will be pleasanter to us than any other place where you are not."

"Will you allow my sister Mary to be your house-keeper, then?" asked his attentive wife. "I know you will find a female necessary; and our servants, though very trust-worthy, will want a mistress in my absence."

"If it will make you at all more comfortable," said Mr. Hamilton, "I shall readily accept her offer; but I fear she will find it very dull, as we must necessarily be much from home."

"Mary will not mind that," said she; "and my mother and sister will often visit her."

"Well, then, I shall be thankful for her company; and, by way of recompence, will contrive *she* shall also pay you a visit at Brighton."

This point being settled, and Mrs. Hamilton made quite easy on their account, an

early day was fixed on for their journey, and the family retired to rest.

A few hours, the next morning, sufficed to settle the plan. Harriet's maid was to accompany them; and another servant was sent down the day before, to prepare the house for their reception. Mrs. Hamilton's domestic concerns were so well regulated, that she had little to do to leave them in order, and Miss M. Wilmot was empowered to act as her deputy. Harriet could think and talk of nothing else but their journey to Brighton; while Caroline, more mindful of the cause which carried them, felt less pleasure in the expectation, than anxiety for the event.

On the appointed day, Mr. Hamilton, not content with sending a servant before, was at Brighton, to receive his wife, and see every thing in readiness for her reception. A post-coach conveyed Mrs. Hamilton, her two daughters, and the maid. Charles and his aunt saw them depart with mingled hope and sorrow. The servants expressed their earnest wishes for their mistress's recovery,

and all united in sincere declarations of regard. Mrs. Hamilton could only smile. Her countenance bespoke her thanks, but she felt too much to express them. Caroline suppressed her own emotion, that she might not add to her mother's; and when they were out of London, endeavoured to direct her attention to whatever she thought amusing.

They travelled slowly, on account of the invalid, and had time to observe all they saw. The fields were full of hay-makers, and to their view every thing appeared full of life and activity. Nothing escaped Caroline's observation. The manners of the country people, their language, and the tone of their voice, were all new to her, and very different from what is heard in London; where those who have nothing else to do but attend to all they see and hear, as they pass through the streets, are struck with the similarity of voice and manners, which each distinct set of people, from the mechanic to the fashionable loungeur, appear to have among themselves, and to hold as their peculiar distinction.

In like manner, the country people, in different counties, have their distinct languages and peculiarities. Those in Sussex, talk of "de cows in de fil," instead of "the cows in the field." If one of a party is relating any eventful story, they show their attention by exclaiming, "Oh, sure! he did, did he;" or, "to be sure!" And when they fully understand the meaning of what is said: "Oh, ah! I believe ye."

They say *yos* for yes; and *hay*, when they do not understand what is said to them. This is the dialect of the ploughmen and labourers; but among those who fancy themselves a little higher in the rank of society, every thing is "*uncommon*," with the word "*surely*" tacked to the end of it. Let them speak of what they will; the weather, the harvest, a prospect, or their dress, the same expressions are used, only varying the adjectives to suit their subject\*. "I fancy 'tis

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\* The author once heard an ignorant person declare, of the bonnet she wore, it was "*uncommon common*, to be sure.

good;" or, "'tis pretty," are their notes of approbation. Nothing of this was lost to our travellers, who derived amusement and matter for reflection from all they met. Yet, notwithstanding their rusticity, they thought they could perceive among the country people a good will towards each other, that bespoke the friendliness of their disposition.

"And as for me," said Caroline, "if I were alone, and had lost my way, I should not be afraid to put myself under their guidance: their countenances bespeak kindness and protection." So easily is the youthful, unsuspecting mind led to declare itself in favour of that which it has not tried. Nor till there appeared a greater necessity for caution than at present, Mrs. Harrison did not wish to divest her of this pleasing trait of an ingenuous mind. "Alas!" thought her mother, "she will too soon learn from the experience of others, if not from her own, that appearances are not always to be trusted."

It was nearly five o'clock when they

reached their new abode. Mr. Hamilton was at the door to receive them, and supported the trembling steps of his wife to the drawing-room, where every thing bespoke his attentive care; while Caroline, who till now had never been so far from home, began to feel a secret fear, lest the variety she had already viewed, and the many objects still appearing, should distract her thoughts, and draw her attention from the arduous duty she had undertaken, in promising to be her mother's principal nurse and attendant; yet, on seeing the kind concern of her father, and the varying looks of her who was the chief object of it, she rejected the idea. "It is impossible," thought she, "though all abroad is new to me, that I can ever lose sight of what is the first wish of my heart—my mother's recovery. Wherever she is, there is my station; and I can never forget what is incumbent on me to perform, in order to promote so desirable an end."

After the invalid had recovered from the agitation of her arrival, a comfortable repast

was placed before them; and, willing to remove the anxiety of her companions, she declared herself less fatigued than she expected, and already refreshed by the reviving breezes which the open window admitted. The eyes of her affectionate daughter evinced the pleasure she felt from this declaration; and as she looked from the wide-spreading ocean to her mother, she felt a contending emotion of pleasure and pain, which she could ill define. Harriet was sufficiently delighted on finding her father at the end of their journey; and, whether at home or abroad, felt perfect happiness when with him.

After dinner, Caroline accompanied her father to view the sleeping-apartments, and was pleased to find her mother's room large and airy, with two beds in it, one of which she was determined to occupy when her father was not there. After expressing her satisfaction at finding every thing so comfortable, she begged to be left alone a little while, that she might unpack her mother's

clothes, and arrange them properly for the night.

“But don't you wish to take a nearer view of the sea?” said he.

“Not till I have attended to the accommodation of my mother, my dear father,” she replied: “let me first see things in proper order for her, and then I shall enjoy a walk, if we can leave her comfortably.”

Her father was highly pleased with this attention, as he thought few young people, new to the delights of variety as Caroline was, would have delayed the gratification of their curiosity, to perform these little services, which might have been deferred to a later hour, or left to a servant; and she was more than repaid for so small a sacrifice, by the thanks of her mother, and her father's praise.

On returning to the drawing-room, she found the former reclined on the sofa, which had been drawn towards the open window, enjoying the view of the sea; and, to use her

own expression, "inhaling health and vigour from every breeze."

The tea was then ordered; and Mrs. Hamilton insisted on being left, while Caroline and her father took a walk by the seaside; though she regretted not being well enough to accompany them, and to witness the pleasure so grand an object would afford her daughter. It was but a momentary murmur; and she dwelt on the satisfaction it would afford her, on their return, to hear her remarks on so new a scene. They therefore consented to leave her, for a short time, to her own contemplations; as Harriet was too tired to be her companion, and had desired to be sent to bed, her fatigue having overcome even the pleasures of novelty.

It is impossible to describe the pleasure and surprise of Caroline, on first beholding the extended ocean. The evening was beautifully mild and serene; the sky without a cloud; and, for some time, she stood lost to every other object, leaning on her father's arm, who silently enjoyed her admiration.

At length her thoughts reverted to the dear object of their care, whom they had just left. "May this gentle air prove beneficial to my mother!" said she.

Mr. Hamilton expressed the same earnest wish. "But what say you," added he, "to her trying the influence of the water in another way? Do you think she would like to bathe?"

"Did Dr. F. recommend it?" asked Caroline, half startled at the idea.

"He said it would be of service, if she was not unwilling to attempt it. I think also it would do both you and Harriet good. Tomorrow morning you will see a number of females and children dipping their heads beneath the wave. I would advise you to follow their example while you are here."

"I fear I shall want courage," replied Caroline.

"Not when you see so many going fearlessly in, and the bright waves, glittering and shining in the morning sun, dancing to receive you. Will you want courage then?"

"I must take time to consider of this,"

said she: "Let me at present admire its wide expanse, and not confine myself to the little waves which roll towards my feet. They remind me of a small extract from Mason's English Garden:

' The wind was hush'd,  
And to the beach each slowly lifted wave,  
Creeping with silver curl, just kiss'd the shore  
And slept in silence.'

"Or rather," said her father, "of one of Gray's letters, which we so much admired when we read them; though, I believe, that related to the sun's rising, and now it is setting: 'too glorious,' as he expresses it, 'to be distinctly seen.' I do not remember all he says on the subject, except, 'it was odd it made no more figure on paper: yet HE should remember it as long as the sun, or at least as long as he himself endured.'"

Some young ladies, as fond of reading as Caroline, would have come to the sea full fraught with extracts suitable to the occasion; but though she had many of them floating in her brain, she could not suffi-

ciently collect her ideas to repeat any. In short, she was lost to every thing but the view before her, and the mother she had left; to whom, though charmed with what she saw, she was impatient to return, lest she should think their absence long.

“Are you returned so soon?” asked Mrs. Hamilton, with a cheerful air, as they re-entered the drawing-room: “already satiated with the charms of Brighton?”

“By no means, mamma; but we did not like to leave you longer alone. I have as yet seen only the sea, which must, I think, be the chief attraction of the place. Indeed, I could not have imagined it half so beautiful; and to have it always in view, must, indeed, be charming?”

“And have you not visited the Steyne?” said her mother: “our London friends will think you different from every body, if you do not walk there on the first evening.”

“It cannot have more attractions than the sea, mamma; and I would rather stay and look at that with you, than walk on the Steyne to-night.”

“ But your father, who will probably return to town to-morrow, will not say so.”

“ I certainly should, replied he, if I were to leave you so soon ; but that I mean not to do ; and therefore, if Caroline likes to go, I am ready to attend her.”

“ I am impatient to hear her opinion of this famous place, and the strange variety usually exhibited there.”

“ We seem to have been completely silenced by the scene we have been viewing ; but as our descriptive faculties will not be so awe-stricken by the sight of fine ladies and gentlemen, however gaily dressed, we may be able to speak of what we have seen, when we return, and bring you home some amusement.”

“ And do not you want our company, dear mamma, that you are for sending us out again ?” asked Caroline.

“ Not till you can bring me some account of what has engaged your attention,” returned Mrs. Hamilton. “ It is not yet our supper-hour ; and this sweet air quite enlivens me. Let me enjoy it one half hour longer ?” con-

tinued she, seeing Mr. Hamilton about to shut the window.

“It must not be,” replied he, with a smile. “I am sure Dr. F. would not allow it to be open longer. See, no part of the view is excluded: the windows are down to the ground, and you may sit here and fancy yourself in a state-cabin.”

Caroline gave her mother an affectionate kiss: then ran to see if their little Harriet was asleep, and afterwards joined her father in the front of the house.

They were not far from the Steyne. But oh, what a motley group was there! It was an immense crowd. The military band was stationed before the library. The Castle rooms were opened for a promenade concert, from whence the piano and the harp resounded, whenever the louder instruments ceased. Musick was heard in the library; and from several bands of itinerant performers, the sounds of fiddles, pipes and tabors, and hand-organs, came echoing through the different streets. In another place, one or two French women were exerting their voices to attract

attention. The mania of music seemed to have seized the whole community.

“This is, indeed, a mingled world of sounds,” said Mr. Hamilton: “it is music, but not harmony. We might be almost tempted to exclaim, with the expressive Collins:

‘O music, sphere-descended maid!  
Friend of pleasure, wisdom’s aid,  
Why, goddess, why to us denied,  
Lay’st thou thy ancient lyre aside?’

“The attention of the multitude is divided between so many attractions. Let us not attend to them, but look at the ladies, who walk, by dozens, up and down this red brick-walk. They smile, and fancy themselves still more charming than they really are; and the men are not a whit behind them in admiration.”

There were loungers of every description; and those ridiculous characters (or figures it should rather be said) called Dandies; for character they have none, except it be for smiles and simpers.

With what inimitable grace did one of these self-admiring pretty things fancy he lifted up a hat, from a head of hair curled at all points, when he wished to attract the notice of a lady "*passing fair*;" but not fairer than himself, whose painted red and white rivalled her blooming cheeks. His arched eyebrows, pencilled for the occasion, the curled mustachios, and a speck of black on his chin, were intended to give him a manly appearance. He moved among the crowd as well as his tight stays, short-waisted coat, and stiffened collar would allow; and imagined all who looked upon him were admiring the perfect symmetry of his graceful form\*.

"Among all these self-admiring creatures, none seems so well pleased with themselves as this delectable youth," said Caroline: "But what means the confusion of voices I hear from within the library?"

As they stood before the door, not attempting to make their way through the

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\* Taken from life, May 1, 1819.

crowd who were entering it—"One, two, three, four. Will you take a number? Thank you, madam. Two, three, four; only three chances left. Thank you, madam. Two, three. Pray, madam, take a number."

"What does it all mean?" continued Caroline, as these phrases were repeated again and again.

"This is, by some, called gambling," replied her father: "it is the loo-table, of noted celebrity; at which, if a lady ventures a shilling for a card, she may gain a trinket worth seven or eight, or lose as many more in endeavouring to procure it."

"And can people," said Caroline, "prefer sitting in that hot place, and listening to the din of such a continual noise, to walking by the sea-side? or even to parading up and down these bricks, where, at least, there is more air, if not greater variety?"

"But what will not the love of gain tempt them to do?" replied her father, "These ladies all hope to get some pretty thing or other, for which they give shilling after

shilling, with all imaginable avidity; and think themselves lucky, if in ten or twelve trials they gain a bauble, not worth half the money they have paid for it. You must subscribe to a library while you are here; but as reading will be your chief motive for doing so, we must go where there is the best collection of books. You will not wish to spend much time away from your mother; therefore it is unnecessary for you to put your name down at each library, as many do, that they may have free access to all."

"No, indeed, papa; it will give me more pleasure to read to her, than all the variety these places afford; and, if you please, we will return to my mother now, as it is getting very late." The close of the evening would not allow them to take more than a cursory view of the Pavilion, which stands on one side of the Steyne. Its minarets, pagodas, domes, and turreted pillars, were nearly lost in the gloom of twilight; but it required a better knowledge of architecture than Caroline or her father could boast, to give any account of it. They even doubted

if the architect himself was fully acquainted with what it intended to represent.

“Let it suffice us to know, it is designated the Chinese style,” said her father, “and endeavour to be satisfied with what we cannot comprehend.”

On a nearer view, they saw nothing, in their opinion, so worthy admiration as the beautiful net-work which adorns the front of the building. To view the inside was more than they could hope, as they had no friend at court to procure them admittance. The general report was, that it exceeded in magnificence, elegance, expence, and show, all that was ever thought or written, except in the Arabian Nights Entertainment, And with this account Mr. Hamilton's family were obliged to be content,

## CHAP. IV.

*A Letter from Charles.—Visit from a London acquaintance.—French singing women.—The sea.*

IN a few days after she had been at Brighton, Mrs. Hamilton found her health gradually amending; and Mr. Hamilton returned home, with the pleasing hope it would be of service to her. All their friends in town rejoiced at this intelligence, and Charles was the first to write his congratulations. The mother and daughter pursued the same regular plan they had adopted at home. And though Harriet and her maid spent much of their time on the sea-beach, where the former was busily employed in picking up the pebbles, which she supposed would be acceptable to her London friends, her education was not neglected. Caroline attended to her at the usual hours; and afterwards devoted her time to reading to her mother, having found the library her father had recommended, contained books

far superior to any usually found in collections of this sort.

Mrs. Hamilton was soon well enough to bathe, and to walk or sit several hours by the sea-side. Harriet and her sister also went into the water, and, contrary to their expectation, found it very pleasant.

As I imagine Charles's letters will amuse some of my young readers, I shall transcribe a part of them; especially as they may serve to show how greatly good-humour enhances every earthly blessing, and helps to lessen the many uneasinesses of human life. Caroline had written to him a full account of all she had already seen and heard in this fashionable place; and he returned her an answer, full of thanks for her communication. "Not but I hope," added he, "to come and see all these things for myself; as I shall not forget to remind my father of his promise, to let me spend some time with you, when I see *business* will permit. You may rest assured I will not leave a corner of Brighton or its vicinity unexplored. I long to see whether

it is at all like Mr. Wilson's description of it, full of bow-windows and virandas: here a row of houses and there another, placed without any regularity, one above another, on the sides of their hills: small houses and great ones mixed together; and every window decked out with geraniums, but scarcely a flower worth seeing in any of their gardens. And as for a tree, he says you may offer a hundred pounds for one, and not find it in the neighbourhood, except what is confined within the precincts of royalty. Some say it is London in miniature; but I fancy I shall find it but a very small epitome. You and I, who can boast of scarcely being out of the sound of Bow-bell in our lives, can tell them better; and though others may jeer at us for this circumstance, why should we not boast of it, since others are proud of what is much more disgraceful?

“I know it will gratify my dear sister, and I do not fear of making *her* vain, by saying how much I miss her society at home. Nay, I cannot tell *how much!* Every time I enter the door, I want some one to attend to a

quaint conceit, or just remark on what had met my ear or eye, as I returned from the counting-house. As to what passes there, you know I never utter a joke upon it; except when Morris happens to push his wig a little too far back, in endeavouring to place his pen knowingly behind his ear: then I cannot help laughing, as he would not have it known that his hair does not grow on his head. The withered flowers which he constantly wears in his button-hole, remind me of himself, who, though he is above fifty, wishes to be thought young. However, he is an honest fellow, and I respect him much in his *vocation*, Caroline; but, for a companion, there cannot be a duller one: though no one shall laugh at him but myself. He told me, yesterday, the reason he wore these fragile emblems of mortality in his bosom, was because the late Lord Ellenborough always had a large bouquet before him, when he sat as judge. The scent of them helped, Morris says, to invigorate his faculties: he therefore concludes his own powers of reckoning will be increased by smelling to a few faded flowers.

“ Have we not somewhere read, that man is an *imitative* animal? Sufficient proof, I am sure, I give of this; for here am I, endeavouring to write in the style of some of your idle authors, who have nothing else to do than scribble as their fancy directs, while I have pounds, shillings, and pence innumerable to calculate. A *solecism* this, for were they innumerable I could not calculate them. But let it pass: it is from your brother; and you, who know me so well, will be convinced it comes from myself, when you have such indubitable marks of its authenticity.

“ But from what subject have I thus wandered? I must turn to my last page to recover it. Oh! it is the loss I feel of your valuable society. Aunt M. is very kind, attentive, and all *that*. We have every thing in due order, and with regularity; but she is so grave, and so (what shall I say? not *stupid* for the world, but so) attentive to our comforts, that, do you know, I was reading to her last night one of the most diverting, interesting things imaginable; and when I expected her to be much amused, (for my story

would have made those laugh who never laughed before, had they attended to it,) she rummaged her work-basket, then jumped up and rang the bell. At first I thought she was eager to find some extract similar to my tale, or something which might illustrate it, as you, my dear girl, would have done. But no: it was aunt Mary; and she interrupted me to tell the maid, who answered the bell, to go up stairs and look in her right-hand drawer, (no, her left-hand one,) for a wristband she wanted to put on the shirt she was making. Do you think I finished my story after this? I know you do not. And aunt Mary never asked how it ended; but dear, good, notable creature, set on *her* wristband, or *mine*, or whosoever it was, without expressing the least curiosity or regret, except that her needle cut in the eye. Now, Caroline, I dare say *you* meet with the same difficulties: your thread breaks; and your needle snaps; and you do a great deal of work, or I am much mistaken, for your fingers seem to move very quickly; yet, when I read, you attend. You laugh with me, and

often produce something to increase our mirth. But if it is, as the poet says, that wit is brightened and made sharper by collision, and, without it, gets rusty and unfit for use; so I, if I have not *you* to laugh with me, shall grow as dull and melancholy as the whole string of similes used by Falstaff and Prince Henry, to illustrate that pernicious quality. Well, I'll say no more on so dull a subject: it infects me already. Rather let me congratulate you on the amended health of our dear mother. This is an exhilarating topic, and I long to tell her so in person. If she gets quite well in Brighton, and I were a poet, I would write something, in its place, which should far exceed Miss Lloyd's poem, or all the novel-writers who have made that famous place the subject of their lucubrations. But I am no author: I can, therefore, only return my sincere thanks to the 'bounteous Giver of all good;' and to you, with my dearest mother and dear little Harriet, the best affections of your loving brother,

“ CHARLES HAMILTON.

“ *P. S.* Now could I write a great deal more of the little playful gipsy just mentioned, for I miss her too; but time will not permit me to say how much. What can there be in all you females, that we are so at a loss without your society? Why, I miss even Hannah the maid.”

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Mrs. Hamilton was much entertained by this letter. “Your brother might well say you could not doubt its authenticity,” said she: “but his aunt Mary is little aware how she has offended him. In all the letters I have received from her, she speaks in the highest terms of his good-humour and attention. Whilst his pleasantry does not make him rude and uncivil to his friends, I know not how to wish it checked, it affords us so much entertainment.” Perhaps Mrs. Hamilton thought and spoke as a partial mother. But my readers must be told, that without good-nature and good understanding, such a talent is rather to be dreaded than encouraged. Ridicule too often incurs the censure of the wise, and makes those who possess it

an object of dislike to others, who, while they join in the laugh it creates, cannot help fearing that they may themselves be the next subject for such ill-judged mirth.

A rap at the door now announced a visitor to the mother or daughter, and they were surprised to see some London acquaintance enter the room. It was a Mr. Mrs. and Miss Dobson. The former had been an eminent silk-mercantile in the Strand, but for the last few years had left the cares, or rather the advantages of trade to his son; for though he had now no share of the business, he could not leave the shop, but continued to fold silks and roll ribbons, as usual, till he was told a visit to the sea-side was necessary for his health, and the only thing to prevent his having a long apothecary's bill to discharge.

He had an invincible dislike to parting with his money at any time, and said it was bad enough to pay an extravagant price for the *good* things of this life; but to pay enormously for physic, which no man would take for pleasure, was more than he could con-

sent unto: he therefore employed a friend to take a house for him at Brighton; and it not being a very busy time with his son, who probably preferred his absence to his assistance, he agreed to visit it for a few weeks.

On resigning business, Mr. Dobson had taken a house at Islington, which he considered as an agreeable distance from town. From hence he could be conveyed to the shop, in which all his affections still centred, for a small price, or he could walk when he chose it. He boasted that he had acquired a fortune by his own *exertions*, and was now assisting his son to do the same; but as he could expect neither advance of riches nor credit from his wife and daughter, they were considered rather as dead weights, or necessary incumbrances, than any addition to his happiness or convenience.

To save the bill which he so much dreaded, he took them this year to Brighton; but they found it impossible to reconcile him to the expence of the place. "The most expensive

extravagant town in all England, madam," said he to Mrs. Hamilton; "why we should be much better accommodated at Margate, for half the money which we pay here. Four guineas a week for a house, with not one room in it large enough to swing a cat!"

"My dear, we did not take it for that purpose," said Mrs. Dobson, smiling: "it is quite large enough for our family, and pleasantly situated."

"But the price! Mrs. Dobson; the price!" repeated he, raising his voice: "this is what you women never think of! But depend on it, you will not stay so long for it. A fortnight will do for us here, when we might have staid a month at any other place."

"But, my dear, you know Mr. Wilson took the house for a month; and the people will not let us off: we must pay for that time, whether we stay or not."

"Better to pay for it than stay here, where every article of provision is nearly double what it is in London. Do not you find it so, Mrs. Hamilton?"

“Meat and vegetables are dearer,” returned that lady; “but bread is cheaper.”

“But *fish*,” replied he, “what do you think of that? Here, in the very place where we might expect to have it for nothing, they ask more for it than they do in town. Poultry, butter, and eggs also! Why, we need have a purse twice as long as my arm to stand all these expences.”

“Well, but papa,” said Miss Dobson, who generally undertook to calm his perturbed spirits by flattery, “nobody can say you are a bad market-man. I know you buy butter cheaper than any body; and by talking to the people as you do, you get meat a penny a pound less than the usual price.”

“Ah! and if I did *not* talk to them, I might pay a penny a pound more. These *Brighton sharks* don't care what they ask, when they find people will pay it.”

“How long have you been here, madam?” (the usual question at all watering-places,) asked Mrs. Hamilton, addressing Mrs. Dobson, willing, if she could, to change the conversation.

“Only a few days,” replied she; “but we are delighted with the place. Are not *you?*”

“I think it very pleasant, and bathing has been of great service to me. If Mr. Hamilton were here, I do not know whether I should not be tempted to go a little way on the water.”

“Don’t do it, madam; don’t trust yourself with these blue-trowsered fellows, who know nothing but how to catch fish: they charge an immoderate price for their vessels; and then risk the lives of all the parties in them, by trying which can sail fastest. I saw a competition of this sort, the first morning after our arrival; and determined to give them no chance of trying, by this method, whether I was born to be hanged or not; as they say, those who are, can never be drowned.”

This effort of his sportive fancy was accompanied with a laugh from himself, which made the company smile. His daughter hailed it as the token of returning good humour, and began conversing with Caroline

on the scene which the window presented; and first, the company attracted her attention. "What a variety of people we see here," said she: "I think they are much more amusing than in the streets of London: it is like a camera, where the objects are brought into a much narrower circle."

"And in general," returned Caroline, "they are better dressed than those we see in the city. Besides, the haste with which every body is obliged to walk there, and the continual crowd they are in, prevents their being seen to advantage. Here nobody seems to have any thing to do, but to walk about and show themselves."

"Upon my word, Miss, you are right," observed Mr. Dobson, who seemed to think it a point of civility to join in conversation with whoever was speaking. It does appear *all* that people come to Brighton for. It is no place of trade: no manufactory is carried on here: the people of the place think of nothing but how to get the most money from your pocket; and those who visit it, are only occupied in

spending it, and endeavouring to make others believe they possess much more than they really have."

"But this is not *your* case, papa," replied Miss Dobson, who seemed determined to show how well she understood his reigning foible. "You wish to make people think you have less than you really possess. It is well known you have plenty of money, if you had but the inclination to spend it."

Her father smiled; and though he affected to deny having what may be called a fortune, it was evident he was not displeased at her assertion.

Mrs. Dobson, whose interest it was to have him in good humour, was too apt to overlook the means by which he was kept so; and although, in her better judgment, she could not approve of such an artful method of conciliation, she forbore to recommend a different conduct to her daughter, because she feared none other would succeed. It was, therefore, Miss Dobson's misfortune, that she had never been told, flattery of this kind is no less disgraceful

to the person who applies it, than to him who can be pleased with such an offering.

“Now you speak of the camera,” said Caroline, again addressing her, “have you seen that at the bottom of the Steyne?”

A frown from Miss Dobson, who directed her looks towards her father, as he stood with his back towards them, showed it was an embarrassing question; but as his ears were ever open to any thing likely to cause expence, he saved her the awkwardness of a reply which she did not wish him to hear.

“See *that*, indeed!” he exclaimed, abruptly turning round: “no, no, young lady: why should any one give a shilling to view what you may see just as well for nothing?”

“I have though,” replied Miss Dobson, in a whisper, seeing him engaged in conversation with Mrs. Hamilton; “but papa is not to know it; for he thinks so much of every expence, that he would be quite angry. It is well worth seeing.”

The attention of this splenetic gentleman was next attracted by the packet, which was

then waiting for passengers to France. "Ah! there's the ruin of this country!" said he, as he looked towards her: "Every body is running over to France, because they live cheaper there, forsooth; but, in my opinion, it would be better for them to stay in their own country, and spend what money they have with us. Nothing will go down now but French goods, madam," continued he, raising his voice. "These things ought not to be allowed: the packets should be put down. What have we to do with France? or France with us?"

"I wonder to hear a person in trade ask that question," said Mrs. Hamilton. "What supports our commerce, but the interchange of commodities between the neighbouring nations?"

This was beyond Mr. Dobson's calculation, whose ideas of trade did not extend further than his own shop. However, he would not relinquish his argument; for to be ignorant, and allow of it, he thought beneath a man of his consequence.

"I say, madam," continued he, "what

with the rich going to France, and the poor to America, old England will be depopulated at last. Mark my words else. And pray, what right have we to encourage the sale of French silks, or French toys? Supposing they *were* better than our own, which I will not allow, I do not find they encourage us. And as for their silks, half the people who buy them don't know them from the Spital-fields manufacture; nor is there any difference: it is a folly to think so. And as for their toys and gimcracks, they are only fit for children to play with. Pray, why is not the Tunbridge-ware quite as good for that purpose? Then those impudent women, who go bawling about our streets in a language nobody understands! Is it not quite a shame that they should have so much money thrown out to them, while we have poor starving beggars of our own? I believe they are laughing at us all the while; and perhaps abusing the English in the songs they sing, while we stand gaping and admiring their fine voices, as if we had no good singers in England?"

“I think as you do,” replied Mrs. Hamilton, “that it is foolish to give them so much encouragement; but then they are foreigners, and it is right to be kind to strangers.”

“Not when they come voluntarily into our kingdom, and merely to pick our pockets; for I can call it nothing better. ‘Charity begins at home:’ that is an old saying, and a wise one,” continued he.

“It is at your own option, papa, whether you give them any thing or not,” observed his daughter, who seemed to think herself better able to answer his objections than any one else; “*you* are, therefore, in no danger of losing by them.”

“True, true,” replied he; “for I never give them any thing, and I forbid your doing it. Indeed, I don’t like to see you bestow so much attention on them as you do: you stood at the window nearly an hour this morning, listening to their squalling. I’ll venture to say, if it was English you would not have staid half so long.”

“It was a pretty French song,” said she, “and I understood it all. I rewarded them

also," added she, whispering to Caroline, "or they would not have sung so long; but papa must know nothing of this neither."

Caroline felt very happy she had not such a father; and did not promise herself much pleasure in renewing her acquaintance with this young lady, who proposed calling on her for a walk the next morning, and introducing her to one or two of her Brighton friends. She would have made the attendance on her mother an excuse; but Mrs. Hamilton would not allow her to do so, and insisted on her accepting Miss Dobson's invitation.

Their visitors then left them, and Mrs. Hamilton retired to write letters, while Caroline found sufficient amusement in contemplating, from the windows, the varying aspect of the sea and clouds, which were continually changing their form and colour, scarcely ever appearing the same. Sometimes a dark track appeared on the ocean, rendered still more conspicuous by the light which streamed from the distant horizon: at others, it was one continued sheet of brightness. Each sparkling wave came dashing over the other,

as if in sport they pursued each other to the shore. Here they seemed to meet an invisible barrier, and, spent and exhausted, retired to the place they had left. To an attentive observer, the sea affords a striking proof of that Almighty Power who alone can still its turbulent motion, and say, "Hitherto shalt thou go, and no further." The clouds are as variable as the ocean; and to Caroline, who had never been out of London, nor viewed their fleeting changes, but through the smoky atmosphere of the city, they afforded ample room for admiration. In many philosophical works she had read the causes to which learned men had attributed the motion of the waves, the change of tides, and the ocean's swell; but when these are known and examined by a mind taught to acknowledge the hand of a Divine Creator, we are more powerfully convinced of His wisdom and goodness, who has destined these secondary causes to promote and support the work he has ordained from the beginning. Through the lapse of succeeding ages, the sun has lost nothing of its heat and splendour;

the waters of the ocean still remain fixed within their bounds, the winds are not exhausted, and the earth still brings forth her annual produce. Caroline acknowledged these were indubitable marks of an All-powerful Director, and felt a grateful sense of his goodness.

## CHAP. V.

*A walk on the Steyne.—The Pavilion.—French Shops.—Remarks on Miss Dobson's conduct.—Second letter from Charles.*

THE next morning, agreeably to her promise, Miss Dobson called. Some Brighton ladies, she said, were impatient to be introduced to her friend; and, with the idea of walking further than she had hitherto done, Caroline accompanied her, leaving Harriet, who promised to be a very good girl, to repeat her lessons to their kind mother.

On the Steyne they joined Miss Dobson's companions, who were genteel-looking girls. They paid particular attention to Caroline; but instead of going by the sea-side, or on the hills, as she hoped they would, their walk extended no further than the Steyne, and from the middle of North-street to the top of St. James's-street, looking in at the

various shops, and giving their opinion of the people who passed. Caroline admired the distant hills, with the windmills on them, which are seen above the houses on the Steyne, and expressed a wish to go into one of them while it was at work. The ladies, to whom their outsides were no novelty, had never thought that any thing within them could be worth seeing. "I know they grind corn there," said one, "between two huge stones, which are moved by the vanes or fliers; but it would deafen you to be so near the noise of it, besides covering your clothes with dust. Windmills are a common sight to us, though to you London ladies they appear to be objects of attention."

Caroline next admired the parish-church, which was seen through an opening, and said, "the prospect from thence must be delightful."

"It is very beautiful," replied the young lady; "but who can drag up that hill this hot weather? I always go to the Chapel Royal of a Sunday. You see so much com-

pany there; and every body is so handsomely dressed."

Caroline at least gave her credit for her candour, as she had not yet been enough initiated in the fashionable world to know, that such a motive for going to church was quite consonant to the modes of high life. Her mother's ill health had obliged her to take a seat there; and Caroline had hitherto confined her walks to the east end of the town, it being nearer their residence; but she now determined on taking her sister and the maid to the church-yard, the next morning.

Their conversation next turned on the Pavilion. "Do you not admire it?" said another of the ladies: "it is the glory of the place."

"Undoubtedly Brighton owes much of its celebrity to its royal owner," answered Caroline; "but I do not know whether I admire it so much as I should a modern English mansion."

"Hold! hold! say no more for the world!

Here is the king himself coming on horseback. Don't you see him?"

"Yes," said Caroline, smiling; "but I apprehend, if he heard my opinion, he would not think it worth attending to. I should like to ask him of what order of architecture the building is, if I might take so great a liberty."

"I believe it would puzzle him and every body else to tell you," returned the lady. "All I know is, that the south pagoda contains the eating-room, and the north one is the music-room: both superb and magnificent in their size and decorations. But as for the domes, the columns or pillars, with the towers on the top of them, I can give you no account of these. That range of buildings, whose front is in Castle-square, is all the cooking apartments, where the wonderful steam-machinery, and conveniences of every sort, for that most important of all occupations, providing for the king's table, excite the astonishment and admiration of all beholders."

At Caroline's request, they walked round the outside of the royal domains. The rookery, the lofty trees, and the stables, with their elegant and extensive dome, attracted her attention; and she entertained a hope, that, with her father and brother, she might be admitted to see the inside of the latter noble building.

Caroline returned from her walk more fatigued than when she had been a greater distance; and was highly gratified by hearing a good account of Harriet's behaviour during her absence.

"And how did you like your companions?" asked Mrs. Hamilton: "are the Brighton ladies agreeable?"

"They very politely showed me every thing they thought worth seeing," answered Caroline, "and directed me to the best shops in the place; but as I did not wish to make any purchases, this was of little use. Miss Dobson would go into some French shops on the cliff; and looked at so many things, without buying any, that, complaisant as the owners are, I fancy they will not be very glad to see such visitors again. I could not

bear to give them so much trouble without purchasing something; and as I doubted not I should find Harriet a good girl on my return, I have bought a doll, for which the French woman returned me a thousand thanks, and paid me many compliments; took my address, and promised to send it home in half an hour."

Harriet was delighted at this intelligence, and would have expressed her pleasure and impatience, had she not been properly taught not to interrupt the conversation of others; but she retired to the window, to watch its approach, and endeavoured to calculate, in her own mind, how long it was since her sister came from the shop.

"The ladies told me, many went to these shops by way of perfecting themselves in the French language," continued Caroline; "though I imagine the dialect of French milliners and toymen not very improving."

"Why, no," said Mrs. Hamilton, "I am inclined to think not. In the time of the French revolution, when their nobility, and some of the first characters in France, were

obliged to emigrate, and commence teachers of that language, or any other avocation by which they might obtain support, it was very different: their conversation afforded amusement and instruction; and the English showed themselves capable of appreciating their characters, by the liberality with which they treated them. But, my dear Caroline, tell me what you think of Miss Dobson."

Caroline blushed and hesitated. "I scarcely know what to say, mamma. She is clever and good-natured; but I cannot like all she does. Should she not conform to her father's opinion in conduct, as well as in word when she is talking to him?"

"Undoubtedly she should, in the instances to which you allude: although his prejudices against the French people and their trade may be wrong, she should not encourage them, contrary to his inclination and commands."

"Did you hear her say she gave something to the French women who sing in the street, mamma?"

"I saw her say it," returned Mrs. Hamil-

ton, "and was convinced they would not sing under their window half an hour without being rewarded. It was the doing it against the will of her father which was wrong, not the act itself."

"This morning," said Caroline, "she showed me, as a great favour, a small house, where the best smuggled silks and laces are to be bought; and said her mother and herself had purchased a large quantity, unknown to Mr. Dobson, who would never discover it, as his eyes were not good, and they intended to wear them only by candlelight. Besides, she said, he will never suspect us, because we pretend always to be of his opinion in these matters."

"Such conduct is very disgraceful," returned Mrs. Hamilton; "and particularly wrong in her, whose brother sells the same articles of British manufacture."

"Another thing, mamma, I wish to ask if she was equally wrong in; and that is, visiting the camera, when her father forbade her going? Was not he wrong to do so, when the expence was so very small?"

“We must remember, it is *her* conduct we are speaking of, and not *his*,” replied her mother. “The restriction might appear hard, and the money as nothing; yet, as he had forbidden it, she would have acted more properly if she had not gone.”

“But then, mamma, we must allow, Mr. Dobson is so afraid of spending his money, she would see nothing if she waited for his consent.”

“I don’t know that. Some of her friends, observing her obedience to his commands, would willingly take her in their party; and if his only objection to her going was the expence, this would be obviated. But she could not tell,” continued Mrs. Hamilton, “that there was not another reason for his refusal. She might have seen something very improper; or the company might not be fit for her to be in.”

“I fancy Mr. Dobson’s dislike to spending his money is too well known, to make any supposition of this sort necessary,” said Caroline, smiling. “Besides, she very well

knew what a camera was, and that the best company are seen there every day."

"This does not justify her conduct, Caroline. You seem disposed to hold an argument, and, like the counsellors, think yourself obliged to plead, though in a bad cause. I must still maintain, that, much as she might wish to gratify her curiosity, she would have acted with more propriety, had she waited till she had gained her father's consent."

"And had she never obtained it," said Caroline, no longer willing to make the worse appear the better reason, "she would, in my opinion, have been happier than by gratifying it at the risk of his displeasure."

Their conversation was now interrupted by little Harriet, who remained fixed at the window, and could no longer restrain her joy on seeing a boy, with a small parcel shaped like a doll, drawing towards the house. "It is coming, sister, it is coming," said she, jumping with pleasure. "How glad I am! and what a good girl I will be!"

"You are that already, my dear," replied Caroline, affectionately kissing her; "and

I am happy to give you pleasure, because you so well deserve it."

When the parcel was brought in and opened, she was still more delighted. "Oh, what a pretty creature!" said she. "How happy I shall be! And so shall *you*, my pretty creature; for I will be as kind to *you*, as my sister is to me."

"And so you think you can do for her, what your sister does for you?" asked Mrs. Hamilton.

"Ah! no, mamma; I cannot teach her any thing, because she cannot learn; and I cannot make her clothes, because I cannot work well enough; but I can hem and sew, if my sister will get it ready for me."

"And I," said Caroline, "will do all the rest; for I shall be as well pleased to work for my Harriet's doll, as for herself, while she is a good girl."

Harriet worked very hard, and scarcely allowed herself time for any other amusement till her doll was completely clothed; and when all was finished, she thought it still more beautiful than before, and was doubly

attentive to her lessons, to show her gratitude to her sister.

The next week their father paid them a visit, and was agreeably surprised to find Mrs. Hamilton's health amended, even more than his most sanguine hopes could have expected. Her appetite and strength were returned; and, with the help of his arm, she could walk to some distance without being fatigued. "This alteration is astonishing!" said he, with unfeigned pleasure. "I shall never think I can say enough in praise of the Brighton air. To see you thus benefited by it, makes up for all I have felt in our absence."

At this moment they were joined by the Dobson party, who were also walking on the cliff. Much as Mr. Hamilton might have wished to avoid company, these would not be shaken off; and Mr. Dobson congratulated him on Mrs. Hamilton's amended health.

"I was just expressing my pleasure and astonishment at it," returned he. "We

certainly ought to speak well of Brighton: and *you* also, I think, are looking much better than when I saw you in London," continued he.

"Oh! Sir, I believe there was nothing the matter with me; only my wife and daughter wanted to visit Brighton: so they persuaded me, I needed the air. This I know, if my health is better, my purse is worse. Nothing shall induce me to stay after next week, when the time will be up for which the house was taken. Four guineas a week, Sir, when when we have a better house at home, and in a better situation. *You*, to be sure, who are still confined to the city, may like this better than your usual residence. I beg pardon, Sir," added he, "you doubtless know what you can afford; but in my opinion, if you have your horses here, you will find the men at the livery-stables very imposing."

Mr. Hamilton thanked him for his caution, and assured him he had not brought them to Brighton.

Mr. Dobson then continued. "When I was in business, I could do many things I

have not money for now. A settled income, Mr. Hamilton, is a different thing from the flux and reflux of trade."

"I imagine so," said Mr. Hamilton, who could scarcely refrain from telling him, if his income was ten times larger than it was, he did not envy him, since he knew not how to spend it.

The line of commerce Mr. Hamilton was in, was far more extensive than Mr. Dobson's had ever been; but he would not have despised his acquaintance on this account, had not the pride with which he spoke of his acquired riches, and his parsimonious spirit, rendered him disgusting to a man of liberal ideas. He wished to avoid his company; but this was not so easily done; for Mrs. Dobson, weary of the tiresome frugality of her husband, continued to walk and talk with Mrs. Hamilton: her daughter also took the arm of Caroline; and there was no escaping their conversation but by entering the library, whither Mr. Hamilton thought they would not accompany them, not supposing Mr. Dobson had been so extravagant as to subscribe.

“Six shillings a month for the liberty of walking in and out here is very dear,” said Mr. Dobson; “but my daughter made me think it necessary: she said, none of our acquaintance would find us out, unless our names were in this book. But I had another motive,” continued he, holding Mr. Hamilton by the button, “which I did not tell her. In my son’s business, you know, there are many customers that don’t pay. You understand me. They leave long bills in town, and run down here to dash away with the little money they have. Now I thought, by looking over these books, I might find out a few of them, and take the liberty of calling on them in my son’s name. You understand me, Sir?”

“Exactly: you meant to make business go hand in hand with pleasure.”

“Ay, ay, I have hunted out one or two, who make a great figure here, but are ashamed to show their faces in town; and cautioned the Brighton tradesmen against them.”

Mr. Hamilton turned away, not much interested in this discourse, and made some

purchases for his wife and daughter; when Mr. Dobson again took the liberty of expostulating with him on his extravagance, affirming, he might buy them much cheaper at any other place.

Several subscriptions for charitable institutions lay on the table, to all of which Mr. Hamilton put his name, and an appropriate sum; not forgetting the dispensary and sea-bathing infirmary, to which he gave a handsome donation, with thankful gratitude for the benefit Mrs. Hamilton had received from the sea, and the air of Brighton.

“A man ought to be made of money to come here,” said Mr. Dobson: “for my part, I never look at these things. My plan is, that every place should support its own charity. If I subscribe to those in London, I think I do enough.”

“Those who have found their own health restored,” said Mr. Hamilton, “or have had the pleasure of seeing those they love benefited by coming here, will be desirous of assisting others, who are poorer than them-

selves, to obtain the same. I heartily wish success to the 'Sussex General Infirmary;' and wish all that come may experience the happiness I do now." Then taking the arm of his wife, he was about to touch his hat, and say 'good morning' to his tiresome acquaintance; but the distressed looks of Mrs. and Miss Dobson checked his purpose. Turning to them, he said, "I do not think Mrs. Hamilton should be too long out this morning, as she intends honouring the promenade concert this evening with her presence. Will you join her party?" Their eyes brightened at the proposal; and, without consulting Mr. Dobson, they thankfully accepted his invitation.

The next day Caroline had an opportunity of giving a lesson to Miss Dobson, without directly taking on herself the office of a reprover. The latter had often observed, the sun and air of Brighton had greatly injured the bonnet and spencer of her friend; and Caroline had acknowledged they were shabby. "But I have been extravagant," said she, "and spent my quarter's allowance;

therefore I must wait till the next, before I purchase any thing new."

"Then you will be in London, and not want it half so much as you do here," said Miss Dobson; "and your father is so generous, that he would think nothing of the money these trifling articles would cost."

"I don't call them trifling," returned Caroline: "though I do not fear his refusing me this sum, nor a much larger one, if I required it. But I ought to make my allowance do: it is a very handsome one; and now the expences of my father are so much increased by our being here, I would by no means ask him to add to it."

"If *my* father was like yours, I would not hesitate a moment," replied Miss Dobson, "about asking him for money; but as he is not, my mother and I are obliged to cheat him, by using some of that which he allows for housekeeping, on our own wants; and if he finds it out, which is not very often, it is but one *good* storm, and then it is over." Seeing Caroline about to disapprove, she added, "You know he can very well afford

it. It is not because he wants money, but he cannot bear to part with it. We are obliged to do so, or we should get nothing that we want."

"Have you not an allowance as well as I?" asked Caroline.

"Yes, but it is not enough for my expences," replied Miss Dobson. "I have no notion of hoarding up money, as my father does."

"Every one has a right to do as they will with their own," said Caroline; "and were my father like yours, I could not act as you do. I might be sorry; but I would comply with his disposition, and act as I thought would please him."

"Why, don't you see that *I* do this?" said Miss Dobson, laughing. "I agree to all he says; and he thinks I am exactly like himself."

"But when he finds this agreement is only in word, not in deed," said Caroline, "don't you think he will be much hurt, if not very angry? And *you*, shall you not be ashamed?"

"Oh! no; why should I? There is no

harm in spending money, when we have so much of it."

"But it is wrong," said Caroline, "to deceive any one, especially a parent."

"You don't know what you would do, if you were in my situation," returned her friend.

"True; *I* might act with less propriety than you; yet this would not sanction *your* conduct. Nothing can justify deceit; though existing circumstances may, in some measure, extenuate the guilt of it."

A wise speech! thought Miss Dobson; but it had no other effect than to silence her for the present; and as she found Caroline would not give up *her* opinion, she endeavoured to conciliate matters, by offering her the choice of any of the French silks she had bought, which she might pay for when she returned to town.

"By no means," replied Caroline. "My father has as great a dislike to these articles as yours; and I would rather want a spencer, than obtain it in this way, or without his knowledge."

“Well then,” said Miss Dobson, “if you tell him my offer, and that you refused it on this account, he will be so pleased with your conduct, that he will present you with one immediately.”

“I would not practise on his generosity in such a way,” returned Caroline, rather indignantly. “No, I am content to wear my shabby spencer, till I can afford to buy one; or till it is the voluntary act of my parents to give me another. Let us therefore drop the subject. I think it has already taken up too much of our time.”

The few days Mr. Hamilton staid with his family passed happily away. Mrs. Hamilton would gladly have returned to town with him, and thought her health sufficiently re-established to do so; but he insisted on her staying another month, to complete the cure. “Besides,” said he, “you have not received all your visitors yet. Charles must come down for a few days; and your sister Mary, whose good offices, as housekeeper in your absence, merit all my thanks.” She thanked him for his affectionate attention to

herself and family; and on these considerations consented to remain, though still willing to hope it was not necessary on her own account.

A few days after Mr. Hamilton had left them, a letter arrived from Charles, with the pleasing intelligence that his father had given him leave to spend a week with them; "and, as Lord Byron has it," continued he,

'Tis vain—my pen cannot impart  
My almost drunkenness of heart:

"as I anticipate the time,

'When first this liberated eye  
Shall view earth, ocean, sun, and sky.'

"I have," added he, "altered a few words, to make the quotation suit my purpose; but should the noble poet find it out, I hope he will forgive me. I really am so delighted with the intelligence, that I fear aunt Mary is alarmed for my intellects. While writing this, I am enquiring if all my clothes are ready; and though she assures me, over and

over, 'they are,' I still make the same inquiry. Dear good creature! she has absolutely laid down her needle, that she may look at me; and is, I really believe, devising some composing draught to still my agitation. No, no; she was not. I have just heard the result of her cogitation. Be it known unto you, that having made and mended all the shirts she can find in the house, she has lately employed herself in working a flounce, (I think it is called,) either for you or my mother; and was debating, in her *princely mind*, whether she should hurry the finishing stroke, and forward it by me, or wait till she is herself the bearer of it; having heard, with all the equilibrium of her *equal* spirits, that she is to pay you a visit after my return. 'Oh! keep it till you go yourself, aunt Mary,' said I. 'I may not take care of so valuable an article. Besides, they will be so glad to see *me*, that they may not receive it with the thankfulness they ought.' 'As much as to say,' replied she, 'that *you* will not want any thing to make

*you* welcome, but that *I* shall.' Was not this a ready reply of my aunt Mary? And all from having so much of my good company. I assure you, she has gained a deal of pleasantry from my conversation. 'Conceited boy!' I think I hear my mother exclaim. But let my joy be my excuse. The day after to-morrow, you may expect me to take a walk with you, before dinner, on the Steyne. To-morrow I must work hard in the counting-house, to leave all settled in my department. Aunt Mary will pack up my clothes; and I have already prepared several little extracts, quotations, and such sort, for your attentive ear. These are folded together, in expectation of our meeting. Gather up all your strength, as I shall expect you to walk half over the country with me. Prepare the Brighton Guide, and we will see all that is worth seeing within ten miles of the place. Where our legs won't carry us, the donkeys or the ponies shall, which, you say, are in such abundance before your house, soliciting you to take a ride. They shall not solicit

*me* in vain; for my father has well supplied my pocket; and, under your auspices, I shall spend my money to his satisfaction.

“Adieu! till we meet. Best, best love to all.

“C. H.”

## CHAP. VI.

*Charles's visit to Brighton.—The curiosities of the place.—Disaster of the Dobsons.—The consequence of buying smuggled goods.*

THE hearts of Caroline and Harriet beat high with expectation; and every pleasure, except that of talking of their brother's coming, was put off till his arrival, that he might share it with them. Long before the coach could have entered Brighton, Harriet was at the window, still more eager for his approach, than she had been for her new doll. In the eagerness of her expectation she would have walked to meet him, and could scarcely be persuaded it was best to stay at home till he arrived. When he appeared in the street, she was the first to see him. "Here he comes!" exclaimed she, "dear brother Charles!" And before he could reach the stairs, she was in his arms. On entering the drawing-room he relinquished

her, to salute his beloved mother and Caroline. For a moment his exuberant spirits were suppressed, while, with grateful emotion, he congratulated the former on her recovered health.

As he was taking some refreshment, he said, "I have a sad tale to tell you;" but his looks were too happy for his words to create alarm. "Are not the Dobsons gone to town to-day?"

"Yes," replied Caroline. "What of them?"

"Oh! only they have been detained upon the road," said he.

"By illness, or any accident they have met with?" enquired Caroline; "but I think you would not look so merry, were this the case."

"By the custom-house officers," returned Charles. "We met the coach where we stopped to change horses; and there was such tumult and confusion, as you can have no idea of. The passengers were grumbling and quarrelling; the coachman swearing; the ladies weeping; Mr. Dobson protesting;

while the officers produced their warrant, and insisted on searching the boxes of every passenger\*. 'You may see all I have,' said one; and, 'My luggage will not give you much trouble,' said another. Mr. Dobson declared there were no French goods among his packages, for he detested the very sight of them; but whether his wife and daughter have the same aversion, I do not know. They shed many tears, and appeared much alarmed. As our coach was ready, we drove off before the search was ended, wishing them well through the business."

"Oh, poor Mrs. and Miss Dobson!" said Caroline. "What will they do?"

"Are they guilty then?" exclaimed Charles. "I thought they looked rather conscious. If they have any smuggled goods in their boxes, woe betide them."

"What will be the consequence?" asked Caroline.

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\* The author was once witness to a similar scene, on the road from Hastings to London.

“The seizure of the coach and horses,” replied he; “and the old gentleman will have a large penalty to pay, besides redeeming them.”

“Is it really so?” she enquired, dreading the effect such an event would have on Mr. Dobson’s sordid mind. “Poor Mary Anne! she will now see her error. And what will her father say, when he finds how she has deceived him?”

“She must take the consequence of her conduct,” said Mrs. Hamilton. “I wish it may convince her how wrong she has acted; and teach Mr. Dobson not to set so great a value on money.”

“Depend upon it, my dear mother, it will make him value it a great deal more,” said Charles. “I have somewhere read, that avarice is a vice there is little hope old age will mend.”

“Oh! he will be more penurious than ever,” observed Caroline; “and instead of allowing his daughter the liberty she has enjoyed, he will never believe she acts right, or means well, when she really does so.”

“They must both receive the punishment they deserve,” answered Mrs. Hamilton; “but let not your anxiety for them, prevent your enjoying your brother’s company.”

“True, my dear mother,” returned Charles. “And now, my *good* Caroline, show me my toilette, where I may make myself fit to attend you and my mother, in your morning or *noontide* walk: which is it?”

“And may not I go too, brother?” asked little Harriet, who had kept close to his side since he came in.

“Undoubtedly,” he replied, “if mamma and Caroline have no objection.”

They could not refuse her pressing entreaties, though it was not her usual hour of walking. She accompanied them as far as Mrs. Hamilton would go, and then returned home with her; while Charles and Caroline extended their walk far beyond the houses on the east side of the town. They kept by the sea-side till they were out of sight of any building, and could almost fancy themselves shipwrecked mariners, cast upon some desert coast; so lonely and uncultivated did the

extensive downs appear, while the white and chalky cliffs, small in comparison of those in other parts of England, served to add force to their vivid imaginations.

“Now,” said Charles, “had I the power of Prospero, I would raise a *tempest*. I should like to behold the sea in a storm. Tell me: have the winds roared, and the billows beat, since you have been here.”

“Not to alarm even such a fresh-water sailor as I am,” returned Caroline. “I have only seen it at high tides, when it is very beautiful. The waves are larger, and flow more abundantly; but the noise is deafening to *unnautical* ears. I am told, when a violent storm arises, most of the windows are broken in the houses near the sea. This was the case in 1816, when there was scarcely a whole pane of glass left along the cliff.”

“Well! could I do it without injury to my fellow-creatures,” returned Charles, “I should like to ‘raise the wind,’ till the foaming ocean beat down all before it.”

“Oh, brother! think what the poor

sailors would suffer from it. Do you not remember Thomson's dreadful description?

'Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine  
Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn:  
Meantime the mounting billows to the clouds  
In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,  
Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,  
And anchor'd navies from their station drive.'

"I am like many other foolish people," said Charles, "wishing for what I cannot have, instead of what is before me. Why cannot the green and glassy sea, as it now appears, content me? It is a beautiful sight! You have not said too much, in any of the descriptions you have given of it."

They then walked slowly home. At every step the prospect changed before them. The fleeting clouds cast their shadows over the romantic downs, and partially darkening the waters, added to their beauty. The minds of the beholders became in unison with the scene; and, instead of laughing gaiety, a pleasing pensiveness stole over them.

"The sea has a wonderful effect upon me," said Charles, on returning to his mother:

“it makes me serious, not melancholy;—reflective, not sullen. But the gaiety of the Steyne will soon restore my usual cheerfulness.”

He was not mistaken: between dinner and tea he walked there with his sister, and found sufficient food for mirth, till his wild and quaint remarks made Caroline fear the attention of the company would be drawn towards them. She need not have been thus alarmed: they were all too earnest in their pursuits, and too well satisfied with their own appearance, to guess he was amused with them. Every one laughed at the other; but none thought themselves the objects of mirth. Thus it is with the sons and daughters of men: unable to see their own weakness, they ridicule, in others, faults and follies which they cherish in themselves.

While Charles staid at Brighton, Caroline accompanied him in all his walks, “up hill and down dale.” They went to the Beacon-hill, the Race-course, Horse-barracks, and Hollingbury-hill, on which are seen the remains of a Roman encampment. They also

visited the chalybeate spring; and the ruins of Aldrington church, standing alone in a field near Brighton, and which has been fixed on as the *Portus Adurni* of the Romans, or Harbour of Adurnum, which might be one of their landing-places in Britain. The discovery of a Roman military way on St. John's Common, near this place, the encampments, and other antiquities, particularly some coins inscribed Antoninus, appear to confirm this opinion\*.

On the west side of the town are found a great many barrows, or circular ridges, in which were deposited the remains of the ancient Britons, several human bones having been found there.

One day they accompanied their mother and Harriet to Lewes, and were much gratified by the romantic views which this ancient town affords. The hanging hills which partly surround it, and are a continuance of the Brighton downs, seem to threaten de-

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\* These remarks are copied from Wright's Brighton Ambulator.

struction to the houses built beneath them. The castle stands in the middle of the town, and is supposed to have been built in the time of Alfred. It commands a beautiful and extensive view of an highly cultivated country; yet *that* they saw the next day, from the Devil's Dyke, (a place of fashionable resort, seven miles from Brighton,) was still more enchanting. From thence, with a good telescope, they could see thirty parish churches, and sixteen with their naked eye. The place receives its name from an excavation in the downs, long, narrow, and of a great depth; and is said to be the work of the above-named personage, who, had he never exerted his powers in a more mischievous manner, would not have produced the evil he has brought into the world.

Charles did not leave Brighton without visiting the church-yard, noted for the fine prospect it commands. From the numerous tomb-stones it contains, he collected a few epitaphs; some remarkable for their eccentricity, others for their allusion to historical events: particularly that on Captain Nicholas

Tetersell, famous for effecting the escape of Charles the Second, at the Revolution of 1651, from the coast of Brighton to the continent. Tetersell was then master of a coal-brig, and chosen by the friends of the unfortunate monarch, as a person fit for the important enterprise. Although they had not informed him of his rank in life, only craving his assistance for a few royalists, and offering a large sum of money for their passage, he was no sooner admitted into the stranger's presence, than he knew him to be the king; and, influenced by gratitude for a kindness which Charles had formerly shown him, in ordering his brig to be released, when, some years before, she was detained by a royal squadron in the Downs, he immediately engaged to risk his life for his security. He succeeded in landing him on the coast of France, without meeting any alarm or obstruction during their short voyage. After the Restoration, he was not forgotten by his royal master. His brig, enlarged and ornamented, was reckoned as a fifth rate,

and named the *Royal Escape*, to the command of which he was appointed; though she was never called into service. The same sinecure was granted to his son after him. And the *Royal Escape*, after the king's return, was moored in the Thames near Whitehall, where it received the veneration of the multitude; till, the monarch becoming unpopular, she was suffered to fall into decay, and dropped down to Deptford, where she remained till 1791, when her mouldering remains were broken up for fuel.

The author of the *Brighton Ambulator* relates, as a traditional story, that before his escape, the king lay concealed, for a few days, within a false wall or partition, at Ovingdean, a small village between Brighton and Rottingdean. It is also said, that while he was waiting for a summons from Tattersell to embark, he entered a small public-house in the West-street, Brighton, then called the *George*, but since known as the *King's Head*. Although in disguise, the owner of the house, named Smith, recognized his sovereign; but, faithful to his monarch, he

promised and observed the most honourable secrecy. It does not appear this man received any reward for his fidelity after the king's return, except that he made a considerable sum of money by showing the cooking implements, used in his majesty's service while he was in his house, and the presents he received from the nobility for his loyalty. The above author states, that a few of these culinary articles are yet to be seen in the present house, which, though it has undergone several alterations, still retains the corner where the king sat to eat his meal. It has also an original portrait of Charles the Second, painted by Sir Peter Lely.

Charles made a point of visiting this house; and, for its connexion with history, we transcribe part of the inscription on the tomb of Captain Tattersell. The poetical part we omit, as it has no beauties to recommend it.

“ P. M. S.

“ Captain Nicholas Tattersell, through whose prudence, valour, and loyalty, Charles

the Second, king of England, after he had escaped the sword of his merciless rebels, and his forces had received a fatal overthrow at Worcester, Sept. 13, 1651, was faithfully preserved and conveyed to France. He departed this life 25th day of June, 1674."

His wife lies buried in the same tomb, of whom it is recorded, "that having, by her importunate entreaties, wrested from him the secret with which he was entrusted previous to the king's embarkation, she exhorted him, with true heroism, to perform the duty he had undertaken with fidelity."

In the last lines of the poetry, on their monument, she is thus mentioned :

"In the same chest one jewel more you have,  
The partner of his virtue, bed, and grave."

Their tomb-stone was erected by their son, who certainly did not forget to eulogize his parents.

Charles next examined the antique font in the parish-church, said to be of Saxon

origin, and placed there before the conquest.

A very pretty house and pleasure-grounds, within half a mile of the town, formerly belonging to the royal establishment, and called the Prince's Dairy, with the rural village of Preston, convinced him trees *would* grow in the vicinity of Brighton; though the contrary opinion has been generally received. The inhabitants appear, of late, to have laid aside this notion; as, within the enclosures of the two new Steynes, towards the north, they have planted several trees and shrubs, which bid fair to add to the beauty of the place.

It is now necessary to mention Mr. Dobson's family, and how the affair ended which Charles had related to his mother and sister. A large quantity of French goods were found in their possession, which, of course, were seized; and the coach and horses forfeited to government, which could only be restored by Mr. Dobson's giving security for a large sum of money. This the coachman, who was

also proprietor of the coach, obliged him to do before they proceeded on their journey. A large penalty was also exacted from him, for having contraband goods in his possession.

Of this the newspapers informed the public; but the family quarrels which such an event occasioned, the disgrace of the ladies, and the anger of Mr. Dobson, could only be imagined by those who were acquainted with them. He could no longer place any confidence in either wife or daughter; allowed them no superfluous money; and, from that time, their annual visits to watering-places were given up. They were deprived of every recreation, except what their house and garden at Islington afforded, or occasional visits to their brother's shop. Every time things went wrong with Mr. Dobson, he obliged them to listen to his repeated aggravation of their fault. If his daughter attempted to conciliate, he silenced her by saying, "You deceived me once, but you never shall again."

Sincerely did she repent having attempted to gain an undue influence over him; and Miss Hamilton's counsel returned with double force on her mind. She could not but acknowledge her superiority; and often repeated to herself, "different as our fathers are, I should not have so entirely lost the favour of mine, had I acted as she advised me."

## CHAP. VII.

*Mrs. Hamilton's return to town.—Animadversions on Mrs. and Miss Dobson's conduct.—Visit to that young lady.*

THE time now drew near for Charles to return to town. He had made the most of every hour during his stay at Brighton. The air and exercise he had enjoyed added greatly to his health and spirits; yet he did not regret leaving so pleasant a scene; for he wished to show his father he could enjoy a holiday, and return to business with equal willingness. His mother and sister also saw him depart with less reluctance, as they hoped a few weeks more would restore them to domestic society, in which they could daily witness his good humour.

Aunt Mary next arrived, whose visit passed off in a less bustling manner. Her search after antiquities, fine views, and curiosities, was not so earnest as her nephew's;

and she was content to walk where her nieces led her, and to admire all which they deemed worthy of admiration.

At the time appointed, Mr. Hamilton came down, and escorted the whole family to London. They left Brighton with feelings of gratitude towards the Supreme Being, for the benefit Mrs. Hamilton had received there; and were equally thankful for the happiness which awaited them at home.

On their arrival, they were agreeably surprised to find the house painted, and newly furnished. Particular care had been taken to place in Caroline's apartments every thing which could add to her pleasure or convenience, in return for the attention she had paid her mother during their absence. Mrs. Hamilton's sitting-room was also newly decorated; and their house, though in a confined part of the city, contained every accommodation they could wish for.

Charles and all their friends, both in and out of the house, among whom their servants were included, received them with the sin-

cerest pleasure; and the congratulations of the latter, on the amended health of their beloved mistress, came from the heart, and afforded proofs of their attachment to the family.

It may be useful to observe the contrast between Miss Dobson's return from Brighton and that of Caroline. Can any one say that good or ill behaviour does not, sooner or later, meet with its reward or punishment? Though in some instances the recompence may be longer delayed, are they not, to an attentive observer, equally apparent? And if, for a moment, we suppose the conduct of each was unnoticed by their parents, still would Caroline have had the greatest reason to rejoice in the approval of her own mind; while Miss Dobson, though she might exult in having escaped detection, must have been conscious she deserved the severest censure.

On being settled at home, Caroline returned to her former avocations; and as her mother could now superintend the family concerns, as she had done before her health

declined, Harriet's education was attended to without any interruption.

Caroline waited with patience for a favourable opportunity of seeing Miss Dobson, who did not call upon her; though she had received visits from several of her young acquaintance on her return. Among these, Miss Dobson's adventure and disgrace were always the principal topic of conversation, particularly with a Miss Perry, who seemed to think she could never say enough upon the subject. "You have brought no French silks with you, I hope," said she, laughingly, to Caroline; "or, at least, you have escaped the custom-house officers."

"I had no reason to fear them," returned Caroline; "and had I wished to purchase any, poor Mary Anne's fate would have prevented me. She has, I trust, lost her predilection for French goods by this time; and, for the future, will be content to wear English silks."

"Oh! I assure you, it will be well if she can get *stuffs* in future. Silks indeed! Her father is such a *miser*, (I can call him by no

other name,) that he has curtailed her quarterly allowance. She tells me, she has but half the money she had before; and he obliges her to give him an account of every farthing she spends! Did you ever hear of any thing so mean and arbitrary?"

"I am sorry she has brought it on herself," said Caroline, with more coolness.

"Brought it on herself!" repeated Miss Perry. "Why she is not the only person who has bought French goods, and had them taken away from them."

"No; but she knew her father's objection to her buying them, and *pretended* to have the same dislike."

"And who would not act thus," asked Miss Perry, "if they thought they could get any thing by it? There is no harm in deceiving a cross, stingy old man, so that you can but please him."

"He is only pleased till the deceit is discovered," returned Caroline; "and then how much more cross is he?"

"You think Mary Anne rightly punished then?" asked Miss Perry.

“ I think it a pity she laid herself open to be so treated ; and I cannot wonder at what she has met with. Even supposing she had not lost these silks, she could not have worn them with pleasure, lest her father should have known it; and had I been in her case, I would have worn muslin, or English silk, rather than risk his anger.”

“ I see which side of the question you take,” said her visitor: “ you are for *implicit obedience!*”

“ To commands so reasonable as his were, I am,” continued Caroline.

“ But surely it could be of little consequence to one so rich as Mr. Dobson?” resumed Miss Perry.

“ It is not of little consequence to the community at large, since every member of it is obliged to pay something towards making up the deficiency to the revenue.”

“ Oh! now you take an extended view of the subject! I cannot reason with so able a casuist. But I still think every one has a right to do the best for themselves; and if I

could get a silk gown from the smugglers, cheaper than in the regular trade, I would do it?"

"In defiance of all laws to the contrary?" said Caroline, smiling: "then you must not grumble at being called on to pay the penalty for breaking them, if you are discovered."

"Certainly not; but Mr. Dobson does, you know."

"You forget," replied Caroline: "it is not he who has broken them, but his daughter; and that in defiance of his law, as well as her country's."

"Well, there is no reasoning with you," said Miss Perry, and changed the subject of conversation.

The next morning Mrs. Hamilton hired a carriage, to pay Mrs. Dobson a visit, and took Caroline with her, without knowing what had passed between her and Miss Perry. They found the mother and daughter alone, and had determined not to mention the unfortunate subject; but Mrs. Dobson quickly began it. "You have heard of our great loss, I dare say," said she: "I mean

all the French silks we bought at Brighton. Mr. Dobson has paid so much money, and is so cross about it, that we have never been comfortable since."

"I am sorry to hear this," returned Mrs. Hamilton; "as I do not suppose you will ever give him cause to be so offended again."

"What, you have heard how he has curtailed our expences?"

"No, I have not; but I conclude you have suffered enough from this error, to avoid falling into the same another time."

"For my part," cried Miss Dobson, "I shall hate the name of French silks for the rest of my life. My father is for ever speaking of them, with peculiar *emphasis*, when any thing is talked of which leads to expence. But here he comes," added she, hearing his rap at the door. "Now you will hear enough of it."

After the usual salutation on entering, Mr. Dobson began, as his daughter had predicted, and expatiated very largely on the affair, which had given him so much uneasi-

ness. "I'll take care that my wife and daughter shall serve me so no more," continued he. "If ever I take them to Brighton again, or any other place, may I forfeit another sum of money! No, no, madam: Islington is the place for them; and here they shall remain, as long as I am master of them and the house."

"Well, Mr. Dobson, we do not desire to go any where else," said his wife: "you need not repeat your determination so often."

Caroline observed, with pleasure, that Miss Dobson, who formerly had an answer always ready for him, now continued silent, and left her mother to reply, who, though she did not excel in the art of coaxing, failed not to silence his rebukes, because she unfeignedly acceded to all he said. If this was not done with the *seeming* readiness her daughter had adopted, she intended to comply; while the latter only meant to *deceive*.

After some further conversation on the same subject, (for Mr. Dobson could talk of nothing else,) Mary Anne offered to show her

friend the garden, and there bitterly lamented the restrictions she lay under.

“But, my dear,” returned Caroline, “cannot you see that your own conduct has, in a great measure, occasioned them?”

Miss Dobson was compelled to be silent, conscious that even her mother would not have thought of making these purchases, had it not been by her suggestion. “I was very foolish,” said she, “to buy so much: it was not worth running such a risk.”

Caroline thought her conduct to her father was still more deserving of blame, but forbore to speak of it. She only replied, she was glad she saw it in that light; and hoped, for the future, she would not act contrary to his wishes.

“I cannot, if I would,” returned the other, with a dismal countenance; “for I am scarcely allowed to put my head out of doors, or to speak to an old acquaintance; and must account to him for every shilling I lay out.”

“When he finds you willing to do all this, and that you have no wish to deceive

him," said Caroline, "this strictness will wear off, and you will again be permitted to do as you like." She then endeavoured to lead her mind from so disagreeable a subject, by asking what she had read lately.

"Nothing new," replied Mary Anne: "my father has prohibited our subscribing to a library; and as for buying new books, we might as well think of going to France. Our library contains very few, and I have read them till I am tired."

Caroline then offered to lend her some; and, the next day, sent a variety, which gave Miss Dobson a new employment, and removed her thoughts from what had so long occupied them. With the same end in view, she read them again, aloud, to her mother, and imperceptibly began to find pleasure and instruction in the pursuit.

Her father did not object to her reading, when he found the books cost nothing; but of this he could not be fully satisfied, till he had seen the note Caroline had sent with them, and enquired of Mrs Hamilton if they were really her own. So difficult is it to

retrieve a character once lost by deceit and chicanery.

“Young people,” said he, “are apt to assist each other to deceive their parents, when they wish to obtain their own way.” But on being convinced Caroline was of a different disposition, he promoted his daughter’s acquaintance with her; though he forbade her visiting elsewhere, and particularly at Miss Perry’s, whose animadversions on his conduct had often been repeated to him, with considerable exaggeration.

## CHAP. VIII.

*Caroline's weakness.—Mrs. Hamilton's remonstrance.—A visit from Miss Dobson.—Caroline's superiority.—A grandmother's indulgence.—A child's vanity.*

THE ensuing winter passed over, and Harriet entered her sixth year. She improved greatly under her sister's tuition; but Caroline's partiality towards her, often produced disagreeable occurrences. Although she seldom allowed her pupil to commit a fault, or neglect her lessons, with impunity, she could not bear that any one else should reprove her. The least expression of blame, if it alluded to Harriet, was sufficient to make her uncomfortable; nor could she entirely subdue the jealousy which had tinged her disposition from childhood. If the sister, whom she so much loved, appeared to prefer the company of others, even in their own family, to hers, she thought herself neg-

lected, and regretted her love was not returned with the ardour it deserved.

At times, Caroline felt this was a weakness, and endeavoured to conquer it; but she often failed in the attempt, or rather gave way to the propensity, and afterwards regretted having done so. Her father was not at home every time it showed itself, or his mild remonstrances might have had some effect; and her mother was more solicitous to avoid calling it into action, than to reprove her for it when it did appear. She was tenderly attached to her daughter; had experienced her usefulness; and was convinced she possessed sense and understanding enough to see the folly of such conduct. She therefore left her to the workings of her own mind, trusting, that when she saw her error, her endeavours to remove it would not be unsuccessful.

Miss Dobson, who now became a frequent visitor at their house, had likewise observed Caroline's failing, and felt a secret pleasure, that one so perfect as she had been taught to think Miss Hamilton, had faults as well as

herself; but such were the advantages she found in her friendship, that, for some time, she forbore to notice it, till her long-cherished inclination to obtain an undue influence over others, led her to attempt gaining Harriet's notice by repeated attentions, that she might see the effect it would have upon her sister. Not that she hoped, or desired, to estrange her affection from Caroline; but she had discovered the weak side of the latter, and, with a disposition which can by no means be commended, rejoiced to bring it into action.

Not so Mrs. Hamilton. If she saw the little girl at all unmindful of her sister, she would recall her attention by gentle hints, or contrive some trifling service, by which they should be engaged in the same pursuit.

Caroline frequently observed this; and, with the folly attached to human nature, was often ready to refuse those attentions, and that regard, which appeared not the result of inclination, but the dictates of another.

On the other hand, Miss Dobson, without

any sincere desire to gain Harriet's affections, would often attract her attention, when she knew her sister wished to engage it; and, whenever she heard her reproved, would justify the child, however wrongly she had acted.

The mind of Caroline was too superior to be hurt by such behaviour; nor was she so warmly attached to Miss Dobson as to feel it, as she would have done, had one of her own family acted thus. Instead of having the effect Miss Dobson designed, it made her more ashamed of her weakness, and more earnest to subdue it. "It is a folly," thought she, "which all who know me can observe; but they shall also see, I am not myself blind to it. "Mamma," said she to Mrs. Hamilton, after making this determination, "I see your motive for giving this silk to Harriet and me to wind: I am ashamed it should be thus necessary to humour my weakness."

Mrs. Hamilton smiled, but was silent.

"You think," continued Caroline, "it will keep my sister close to me, and prevent her

bestowing those attentions on any one else, I would have exclusively shown to myself?"

"Do you see this as a weakness?" replied Mrs. Hamilton.

"Indeed I do, mamma. I begin to think Gay was in a querulous humour, when he said,

' Friendship, like love, is but a name :  
Unless to one you stint the flame.'

He could not mean it to the exclusion of family affection, or the general good will and attention we should show to others."

"I think not," returned Mrs. Hamilton. "Yet there is one person to which each of us feels more warmly attached; and that is the one to whom we are mostly obliged: at least, this will be the case with a truly generous and liberal mind; such a mind as Harriet, I hope, possesses. To whom then, do you think she will be most attached?"

"Next to yourself, to me, mamma," answered Caroline, with a blush of conscious usefulness.

"Nay, she is even more obliged to

*you*, than to me," replied Mrs. Hamilton; "since you have so largely contributed to her happiness, by giving her instruction. I know she loves *you* dearly; yet I do not doubt her love for me also. Her father and brother share her affection; and she would be ungrateful, did she not return the love of her grandmother and aunts, who are so very fond of her. Every one, who treats her with kindness, is for a time the object of her love; and we should not wish to see it otherwise, at her age, when the heart should be open to kind and gentle impressions. By and by she will distinguish her real friends, from those who only humour her to gratify their own inclinations. Have you ever considered, what would be Harriet's grief, if you were taken from her, supposing she loved you, and *you* alone?"

"No, mamma; but it must be very dreadful. This will, I hope, convince me of my folly. For the future, I will never wish to engross her affections; but allow her to love other friends, and try to subdue my jealousy."

From this time she endeavoured to be content when unnoticed by Harriet, sensible that, as by necessity she must be more with her than with any one else, and receive greater proofs of her regard, so would her affection be more ardently returned. She reflected also, that, by endeavouring to retain her love in an undue degree, she would ultimately defeat her own wishes; for no one can long regard another who is continually doubting their affection.

The next time Miss Dobson paid them a visit, she no longer endeavoured to attract Harriet's attention: her own was exclusively paid to Caroline, whom, it was evident, she much wished to please; and that she had some end to answer by doing so. "Have you seen Miss Perry," said she to her, "since her return to town?"

"No, I did not know she was come home," was Caroline's reply.

"Yes she is, and I wish much to see her. I know also she is desirous of seeing me; but my father has objected to my being acquainted with her."

“So I understand,” said Caroline.

“But do not you think this is very cross of him? I cannot believe it right to give up an old friend to please him. Do you?”

“Ah! Mary Anne, I thought you knew me too well to make that question necessary. You cannot suppose I have altered my opinion.”

Miss Dobson blushed, and bit her lips. “But what harm can her acquaintance do me? She cannot lead me into expences, for she knows I have no money to spend. I am determined to see her, in spite of my father.”

“Is there no other fault into which she can lead you?” returned Caroline. “Does she not inflame your mind against your father, and encourage you to think yourself ill-treated by him?”

“Who told you this?” asked Mary Anne, colouring still more deeply.

“Herself,” answered Caroline. “I have heard her speak of him to you, in such a disrespectful way, that, had he been my father, I would not have borne it.”

"*Your* father! He does not act towards you, as mine does to me."

"Nor have I given him the cause, which you have given yours. Excuse my saying this," she added, on seeing Mary Anne unusually angry, who replied,

"Some people can see every one's fault but their own; but surely it would have been more kind of you, not to remind me of what I have so severely suffered for."

"If you have," replied Caroline, "why risk your father's displeasure a second time?"

"He will not know I visit her, if you will let me go with you."

"Not without his consent," replied Caroline.

"Then you cannot refuse my coming to your house, when Miss Perry calls on *you*?"

"If she comes to meet *you* here, her visit will be to you, rather than to *me*," answered Caroline.

"This is your prevailing fault," said Mary Anne, exultingly: "you are always afraid of

not receiving proper attention: you must be every thing or nothing with all your acquaintance. You cannot see this."

"Yes I *can*," replied her friend, rather nettled in her turn; "but you may depend on it, *Miss Perry* is not one with whom I should wish to be every thing. I do not envy you her friendship; but wish to guard you against the error I hoped you had forsaken, that of acting contrary to your father's inclination, in the expectation of his not knowing it. Once for all I repeat, I will not assist you in any such scheme; nor is *Miss Perry* your friend, if *she* does."

"And who is *your* friend," asked *Mary Anne*, "who will tell you of your jealous disposition?"

"You are," replied *Caroline*, recovering her temper and recollection, "if you do it with a view of my amending it. Let us make an agreement, that, for the future, whenever you see this fault prevailing in me, (to which I allow I am too much given,) you shall tell me of it in friendship, not by

way of recrimination, or to cover your own errors; of which I, with the same candour, will inform *you*. Thus we may prove our friendship, not our enmity, by recurring to the faults of each other."

The superiority of Caroline's conduct was too plain not to be acknowledged even by Mary Anne, though she could not bring herself to imitate it; but, on finding her so positive in her determination not to assist her to deceive her father, she gave up the idea of meeting Miss Perry through her means, and endeavoured to attach herself more closely to her new friend, who, in consequence of her doing so, felt a greater pleasure in her society.

Miss Perry made a few attempts to see Miss Dobson, at the houses of one or two of their acquaintance; but, when told she was allowed to visit none but Miss Hamilton, gave up the pursuit, as she was well aware what that young lady thought of her.

After the altercation before mentioned, the two friends went on, for some time, very amicably. Mary Anne no longer endeavoured

to gain Harriet's attention, when she found it ceased to give uneasiness to Caroline, who no longer appeared to wish to engross her affection. The former began to find pleasure in obeying her father, and no longer dreaded his speaking to her, lest he should mention something or other she wished not to hear. Insensibly she became interested in the pursuits of her friend, and felt more peace of mind, than while she was continually contriving some new scheme to bring her father to her way of thinking, or induce him to comply with her desires. These were now more limited, and she found the advantage of having fewer wants, as they were easily satisfied. She became better tempered, and her mother more comfortable; though there was little prospect of their being under less restraint. They had learned to make their wills subservient to Mr. Dobson's; and, in return, he treated them with greater confidence, and felt more pleasure in their society; though his love of money still prevailed over every other feeling.

It is now necessary to introduce Harriet a

little more to the reader's notice. At her age, the mind begins to show itself, and some idea of the character may be formed.

It was scarcely possible a child so much the object of attention to all her family, should not have a higher opinion of her own consequence than became her; and Harriet, when at her grandmother's, with whom she spent several hours almost every day, was considered as a little *oracle*, whose every word and action merited attention. All she said was registered in the memory of her doating friends; and to every visitor who came in and admired her manner and appearance, they could not forbear repeating her remarks, and expatiating on her wonderful attainments; for such appeared, to them, the knowledge she had acquired from the unlimited attention of her sister. On returning from one of these visits, she was more than usually elated. "Oh, sister!" said she, "what do you think? Mrs. Penton was at my grandmother's; and she has asked me to come and see her daughter, who is of the same age as myself."

“Indeed,” replied Caroline, “and has she fixed on any day for the visit?”

“No; but it must be soon, for she is determined to send her to school. She says, she does not know half so much as I do, and that she is quite ashamed of her ignorance.”

“And pray, how has Mrs. Penton been informed of your knowledge?” asked Caroline, smiling.

“Grandmother told her what pains you had taken with me, and how well I learned. I repeated my geographical lesson to her. She held her hand before her face, and said, ‘Oh! my dear Mrs. Wilmot, I only wish my little girl knew half as much.’”

“She might have wished her to have known a great deal more, without doing her any injury,” observed Caroline.

Harriet was too full of what had passed during her visit, to attend to this reproof; and continued her story. “Grandmother told her how well I could spell; and made me show her the writing-book I have just finished. I was glad I had it with me. And

Mrs. Penton said, she never knew a child of my age write so well. Her little girl cannot make a single letter."

"She cannot be *proud* of it then," answered Caroline. "How happy I am there is nobody present to hear you talk thus! Can you think it right for a little girl thus to sound her own praise? Nothing can be more disgusting. And even if you *had* all the perfections which your partial grandmother imagines, and Mrs. Penton's little girl has *not*, your being so ready to tell of them spoils all."

"I did not tell Mrs. Penton, sister; it was grandmother; and I only told you what they said."

"You should have left that for some other person to do, since they made you the subject of conversation. Let me again remind you, your grandmother and aunts are so fond of you, that they think you much more clever than you really are; and will lead you to think so likewise, if you are not cautioned against it."

"But may not I go to Miss Penton's?"

asked Harriet, still unmindful of her sister's advice.

“Not till I see you more sensible of your fault, and less ready to pronounce your own panegyrick.”

“I will be more careful, and never tell you when any body commends me. Yet, sister, the praise is due to you, rather than to *me*; for if you had not taught me, I should have known no more than Miss Penton.”

Caroline smiled, and kissed her. “No praise is due to either of us, my dear,” said she, “but much thankfulness to the Almighty, who has given me time and inclination to instruct you, and made you able and willing to learn.”

## CHAP. IX.

*Check to Harriet's vanity.—Her visit to Miss Penton.—Rustic manners.—Ill effects of putting children to be nursed in the country.—A rescued bird.*

A DAY or two after this, Harriet received an invitation to visit Miss Penton; but, much against the inclination of Mrs. Wilmot, and to Harriet's disappointment, Mrs. Hamilton would not allow her to accept it. Caroline had told her what had passed; and this excellent mother immediately saw the danger her child was in: her vanity would be fed by the adulation of Mrs. Penton; and the high opinion she entertained of her own attainments would be increased, on observing the ignorance of her daughter, which, many of Mrs. Hamilton's friends had told her, was remarkably conspicuous.

"Little girls," said she to Harriet, who was almost ready to dispute the point with

her, "should never go where they cannot learn any thing. Miss Penton is too ignorant to teach you; and you are much too young for your acquaintance to be of any advantage to her."

Harriet pouted, and, for once, thought her mother harsh. On going to her grandmother's, she found all there ready to take her part. "It was hard she might not have a play-mate of her own age. Miss Penton could teach her no ill; and children did not visit to be instructed, but to amuse each other." These partial friends had never seen the young lady they wished to introduce; and were not aware, that, to a child accustomed to observe all that she saw, every scene was a school, in which she might learn something that might tinge the colour of her future life.

Evil is most consonant to the soil of human nature: it is, therefore, doubly needful to prevent its taking stronger root by ill examples, or a judgment misinformed. For this reason Mrs. Hamilton wished, that when

Harriet *did* make an acquaintance, it should be with some one better informed than herself, as a check to the vanity her grandmother's indiscreet praises had occasioned. Her brother had also inadvertently fed the flame, by frequently calling her his clever little Harriet; till, seeing the effect it was likely to produce, and more inclined to blame her than himself, instead of endeavouring to convince her of the fault, he was continually laughing at her for it.

Ridicule, as I have before said, is a dangerous weapon, and requires a delicate and well-directed hand. Charles's fondness for mirth often led him to use it in too sharp a manner. He appeared to be cutting at the errors of a woman, rather than the follies of a child; and Harriet could ill bear such a change in his conduct. "What," said she to Caroline, "can be the reason brother Charles is so cross and unkind to me? He calls me conceited, and is always laughing at my knowing so much. Don't let me learn any more, if he is angry at it."

"You must not imagine, my dear, that

he wishes you not to learn; but he would like to see you less vain. Last night, when he was talking to me of Spain and Portugal, you said, 'I know where that is,' and began repeating your lesson. It would have been better to have kept your knowledge to yourself, unless you had been asked for the information, which you could not suppose we were ignorant of. But Mr. Stanly was sitting by, and you expected him to say what a clever little girl you were! Was not this the case?"

Harriet blushed, and would have answered, "No," had not she recollected, she was rather disappointed he did not notice her.

"Till you lose this high opinion of yourself, which is, indeed, ridiculous in one whose knowledge extends no further than yours, you will be very disagreeable, not only to Charles, but to every one. Are you afraid we shall not find out your great abilities, unless you inform us of them? Indeed, my dear, you take a wrong method; as the vanity you exhibit, proves them very small."

Harriet now began to comprehend a little

of what her sister meant, and again promised to be more cautious. In the evening, when Charles returned from the counting-house, she hastened to meet him, with her usual good-humour; but, instead of giving her his usual salute, he turned to address his mother. Caroline observed this neglect. "Oh! brother," said she, "won't you kiss Harriet? She will not be so conceited for the future."

"I do not like little girls who are always telling me how much they know," he replied.

"I will never do so again, brother," exclaimed Harriet, half broken-hearted. "Pray, pray forgive me. If you won't love me, what shall I do? Oh! dear mamma, what shall I do?" Her distress was unaffected, and he could not withstand it. Taking her in his arms, he repeatedly assured her of his affection, and could scarcely refrain from once more calling her his clever little Harriet. She was again the object of his attention; and the lesson, though sharp, had been so short, that in a very few days

the little girl stood in need of a second reproof.

The following week, on visiting her grandmother, she found her and one of her aunts preparing to go out; and, certain of not being refused any thing she asked them, she begged to be of the party. They looked at each other, and said they had a great mind to take her. Miss Wilmot said there could be no objection; and if there was, it was really so foolish, it ought not to be attended to. Harriet listened to these remarks with some uneasiness; for she thought they alluded to her mother, and could not bear to hear her spoken of so slightly.

“We are going to pay a morning visit to Mrs. Penton,” said her grandmother. “Your mamma will not mind your going there for so short a time. We shall not stay half an hour; and Miss Penton has so many birds and pretty things, that I know you would like to see them.”

This account raised Harriet’s curiosity. “I should like it very much,” said she; “yet

I would rather have mamma's consent." This avowal, though it was no other than every well-instructed child would make, drew forth the praises of her indulgent grandmother and aunt, till she was inclined to think herself the best little girl in the world.

"We are to pass your house," said her aunt, "and will look in and ask her. I am sure she can't refuse, when she knows how scrupulous you are."

Accordingly, the carriage stopped at Mr. Hamilton's; and Harriet, with her aunt, alighted to make the request. Her scruples were repeated, with all her aunt's former encomiums; but Mrs. Hamilton only said, she had acted right. "I hope she will always remember," continued she, "that I am the best judge of what is proper for her to do; and now that I hope she has, in some measure, seen the folly of being conceited, I will, for once, let her accompany you. By the effect this visit will have, I shall see whether she is yet capable of comprehending, that all things are little or great

by comparison. Miss Penton's ignorance will prove to her how much she is obliged to her sister that she is otherwise."

Having obtained her mother's consent, her aunt would have next suggested an alteration in Harriet's dress, as it was a first visit; and as Miss Penton was always dressed so very nicely, she thought it would be best for Harriet to have another frock on. "By no means," said Mrs. Hamilton: "that she now wears is quite clean. It was good enough to come and see you in, and will do very well for any other visit."

This point being settled, they returned to the carriage, and proceeded to Mrs. Penton's, where Mrs. Wilmot and her *sweet* little granddaughter were received with affected rapture. Mrs. Penton introduced the latter to her daughter, as the clever young lady she had mentioned to her; "and when *you* go to school," added she, "I hope you will endeavour to be like her?"

"I shan't tho', I know: I'll have a better frock than she ha' got on," was Miss Pen-

ton's polite reply, uttered in the most vulgar tone imaginable.

"Oh! Maria, you make me blush," said her mother. "You must excuse her, ladies: she is quite a little *rustic*. I was to blame to let her stay so long with her nurse in the country, though I did it for her health's sake; and now she is returned, there is no breaking her of this rough dialect. We were amused with it at first, but now it becomes quite disgusting. My dear Maria, I wish you would learn to speak like this young lady," again endeavouring to bring her and Harriet together.

"I sha'n't speak to her, I know. I want Betty to put on my *t'other* frock."

"What do you mean, Maria? You will make me quite angry with you. I insist upon your being very attentive to this young lady, and hope she will be so good as to spend the day with you."

"I don't want her company. I'll *lay* she can't run so fast as I can, if I was out in nurse's garden. I used to beat Jack at running."

“Miss Hamilton can do much better: she can read and write, which is more than you can.”

“And what’s the use of that, supposing she does: I’ll lay she can’t write better than Jack.”

“Jack is her nurse’s son,” said Mrs. Penton, “whom she is bringing in on all occasions.”

“That he *ben’t* now; for she’s *his’n* granny.”

“Did you ever hear such language?” said Mrs. Penton. “It is quite distressing. My dear Mrs. Wilmot, I can scarcely expect you will permit your grand-daughter to associate with her.”

The old lady began to be of the same opinion, and no longer wondered at Mrs. Hamilton’s objection to their becoming acquainted with each other. “All this will wear off in time,” said she: “a school will greatly improve her.”

“I wish it may,” returned Mrs. Penton. “I am determined she shall go, as soon as I can rub off a little of this rust; but, at present,

I fear she would not be admitted among genteel children."

The ladies were of the same opinion, but remained silent; while Harriet stood in perfect astonishment, at this strange specimen, of what she might have been without instruction.

"Come, Maria," continued Mrs. Penton, "be a good girl, and behave as well as you can. Take this young lady to see your birds, and the squirrel and dormouse you brought from the country."

"I shan't, I know. Can't ye go with her yourself? I wants Betty.

"But, my dear, I say you *must*. Don't you know I will be obeyed?"

"I *won't* then," said Miss, and went out of the room, shutting the door hastily after her.

"Was there ever such a child!" exclaimed her mother. "Upon my word, I never saw her behave so ill before: she gets worse and worse. This good little lady blushes for her. But, my dear," continued she, taking Harriet's hand, "you shall not be disap-

pointed. I will show you the birds. Any thing that comes from the country, is a rarity to us townfolk."

Miss Wilnot accompanied them; but the old lady preferred sitting in the drawing-room till their return. They had no sooner entered the room, which was at the top of the house, than their noses were offended with the stench of the miserable animals confined there. The birds were in dirty cages, some without water, and others with withered groundsel hanging over their heads. Their appearance was truly melancholy; and the heart could not but sigh, at seeing the pleasures of the country thus metamorphosed into nuisances in town.

In the midst stood Miss Penton, turning over a box of ribbons. "My blue sash, I tell ye, 'tis *he* I wants," said she, "and *he* I will have. No, I won't, I'll have this pink *un*. I'll lay she ha'n't got such a pretty sash belonging to *her*. Oh, here she be, I declare! Tie *un* on, Betty: make haste, I say."

"Maria," exclaimed her mother, "have

not I always told you to speak civilly to your maid. Miss Hamilton would not speak to to her servant so, I am sure."

"What signifies whether she *woud* or no; and what be come here for?" was the young lady's answer.

"Oh, shame upon you! I am come to show Miss Hamilton your birds and your squirrel."

"You'll have a hard matter to show *he*. The squirrel's dead; and I should not care if the birds *was* too, for they won't sing a bit now."

"That is because they are so neglected," said her mother. "Miss Hamilton would not treat her birds so."

"She got none, I'll lay: have she?" addressing Miss Wilmot, rather than speak to one who had been so often held up as a pattern for her.

"No, my dear; but if you will give her one of these, I will venture to say she will take great care of it."

"But I won't, tho'," replied she; "hang me if I do."

Here her mother and Betty both laughed at her earnestness; though the former affected to be very angry, and insisted on her giving a bird to Miss Hamilton; "and it shall be this," continued she, taking down the one she thought the prettiest.

"She shan't have *he*, I tell you," vociferated Miss Maria. "If she must have one, it shall be *that*," pointing to another; "for I think he'll die to-morrow."

"Oh! let me have *that*," exclaimed Harriet, who felt only compassion for the poor little sufferer: "I will see if I cannot save its life."

In spite of Miss Penton's declaration to the contrary, her mamma persisted in saying Harriet should have one bird at least; and if Mrs. Hamilton would give her leave, she should be happy to send her more, as she knew such a *good* little lady would take care of them.

"And so shall I," said Maria, "when I likes; and if *I* don't, Betty will."

Though Mrs. Penton gave her young visitor

her speak like other young ladies, and not like the little *rustic* which at first afforded them so much amusement.

When Mrs. Penton returned with her visitors to the drawing-room, where sat Mrs. Wilmot, vainly endeavouring to guess what the tremendous screams that had assailed her ears portended, Harriet bore the cage, dirty as it was, in her hand, and the poor languid bird within it. This was a sufficient explanation of the cries her grandmother had heard, who expressed a hope she had not taken it contrary to Miss Penton's inclination.

"Mrs. Penton gave it me, grandmamma," said she, "and I hope I shall save its life!"

"Dear *good* little creature!" observed Mrs. Penton. "Indeed, madam, I would not have given her such a poor shabby-looking thing; but she made choice of it herself, from motives of compassion."

"Miss Penton was not willing to part with it, I fear," replied the old lady.

"Oh! madam, she is a very naughty girl. I beg you would not mention her. You

may see that she cares nothing about the bird, by the way in which it has been kept."

Miss Wilmot again offered to return the cage, but Mrs. Penton would not hear of it; and the visitors soon after took their leave, as Harriet was impatient to return home and supply the wants of her little charge.

On entering the carriage, the elder ladies declared they had never seen so rude a child. "Your mother was quite right, my dear Harriet, in wishing you not to become acquainted with her," said Miss Wilmot: "she is completely vulgar in mind and manners. I am glad we have at least saved this poor little bird from her clutches: and your mamma cannot be angry, when she knows your motive for taking it."

"I don't think she will," returned Harriet; "and if it does but live, I will do all I can to make it comfortable. It shall have fresh water and a clean cage every day."

The carriage stopped at Mr. Hamilton's; and the moment Harriet was in the house, she ran to her maid, and begged her to boil

an egg for her sick bird, and get every thing she thought would do it good. Fresh water was procured, which seemed to be what it had not enjoyed for some time, and clean sand strewed over the bottom of his cage.

“His eye is brighter already,” said Harriet, as she brought him to her mother’s sitting-room, where her grandmother and aunts had arrived before her.

They were describing Miss Penton’s behaviour, and expressing their disgust at what they had witnessed.

“I never will wish Harriet to go there again,” said her grandmother. “She is more than ignorant: she is vulgarity itself.”

“I had heard so before,” replied Mrs. Hamilton; “and judged that such a little girl could only produce aversion in any one who had the least knowledge of good breeding.”

“But, mamma,” said Harriet, “you *will* let me keep this poor little bird? Won’t you? You have no idea how miserable it was when I first saw it?”

“It is one out of many doomed to die,”

observed her aunt, "unless Harriet's care can save its life. Never was such a dirty place as these poor creatures are kept in: it is quite a grief to see them."

"I consider it a crime not to take proper care of every animal, when we have engaged to do so by making it our own," replied Mrs. Hamilton, "and shall be much displeased if Harriet does not pay a proper attention to this. All circumstances considered, I do not blame her for accepting it; though it was not my wish she should keep any thing of the sort."

"Thank you, mamma," said Harriet. "I will try all I can to save its life, and make it happy. I shall not care if it never sings. I know I shall love it."

"Because you have rescued it from misery," returned Mrs. Hamilton. "We generally love those to whom we have been enabled to do good, unless they prove very ungrateful for our kindness. Your bird will not be so. It is somewhere said,

'Brutes leave ingratitude to man.'

Harriet was going to reply, "It is in 'Cotton's Visions,' mamma;" but recollecting her sister's admonition, she checked herself, and again caressed her bird.

After its wants were all supplied, it was hung up in the room in which Caroline and she usually sat. It ate egg and fresh food every day, till it was quite restored to health; and rewarded its kind mistress with a song, which pleased *her* ear, although there was little music in the sound. At length it became acquainted with the whole family, and was a general favourite. It walked in and out of its cage; ate out of their hands; and twittered its humble notes, as if endeavouring to show its thankfulness for the favour shown it.

## CHAP. X.

*Charles goes to Amsterdam.—His letter from thence.*

ABOUT this time Mr. Hamilton had an advantageous offer for his son, which he was inclined to accept. He had long had commercial connexions with a respectable merchant's house in Amsterdam, who now had a vacancy among his clerks, and wished for a young Englishman to fill it. Charles, to whom every thing that offered variety was charming, was eager to embrace the offer, till he recollected that he must leave behind him all those to whom he was united by the strong ties of natural affection; and had not his father convinced him of the benefit it would be to himself, as well as to their trade, would have preferred remaining at home, rather than encounter the pain of parting from them. When once assured of the

advantages to be derived from such a plan, he needed no further arguments; though many were necessary to reconcile Harriet to his departure. Her views were contracted to their family circle, and she could see no reason he should leave it.

Some weeks were spent in preparing his wardrobe for so long an absence. His sister and all her friends were desirous of filling his boxes with some token of their regard, by which they might be kept in his remembrance.

“Never fear,” said he, smiling, “that I shall forget old England, or any of the friends I leave here. No, no. After a residence of four years in Amsterdam, the time appointed for my stay, I shall return to my native country with increased pleasure, and doubly convinced of her advantages.” He promised to write to his sister an account of all he saw, and, to his father, every thing which related to trade and the purpose for which he was going.

“My dear boy,” said his father to him, “always remember that you are in pursuit

instruction, and not of pleasure. Though I would wish you to enjoy every innocent amusement offered you in the family you are with, or among the acquaintance you may form, let it be your chief concern to gain the information requisite for a commercial man. Pursue the plan you have hitherto adopted at home. Let your chief resources for pleasure, as well as reflection, be within your own power. Be the caterer of your own enjoyments; and see that they are such as will afford you pleasure in the hour of retrospection."

A few days were allowed him to take leave of his numerous friends and acquaintance; and none could bid him farewell without regretting that his absence would be so long. It was impossible he could retain his usual cheerfulness. Their kindness made him melancholy; and even his grandmother's attentive cautions, as to the care he was to take of his health, were received with grateful acknowledgments.

After receiving the blessing of his mother, and the parting tears of his sisters, who could

ill conceal their sorrow at being separated from him, the servants were all in readiness to offer him their good wishes; and he could scarcely find words to thank them for their kind attention. His father, who had given him indubitable proofs of affection, by amply supplying his purse, and providing for all his wants, accompanied him on board the vessel which was to take him from England; and when he had spoken his last farewell, and saw him re-enter the boat to return to shore, Charles felt as he had never done before. He could have wished to have been entirely alone, where he could sit and think of all whom he had left; but this could not be: the vessel was too small to allow of retirement. The conversation of the captain and other passengers roused him from his reverie; and he endeavoured to anticipate future scenes, rather than reflect on those he had passed.

Our book would be too large, were we to give an account of what passed during the passage, or the reception Charles met with from the Amsterdam merchant. It is suf-

ficient to say, he found both pleasanter than he expected; and, in his first and second letter to his father, expressed himself entirely satisfied with his situation. He had been nearly a month there before he addressed his sister.

After relating to her the first impressions made on his mind by the appearance of a country so different as Holland is from that he had left, Charles thus continues: "You will expect me to give you some account of the situation and family I am in. Indeed, the Hollanders whom I have hitherto met with, are not so phlegmatic as they are generally represented. Mr. Van Boorst is reserved; but he is very kind, and has introduced me to two young men, who are deputed to show me the wonders of this famous place. You remember the accounts given of it in various authors, which we read together, as it was known I was to come to Amsterdam; and I can only confirm what they say. *It is* built on piles of wood; is very neat and clean; and the canals, which

run through the streets, with the walks under trees planted on their borders, make it very pleasant; but I feel it is not London or my home. Here are some young Frenchmen, with whom I am inclined to associate; and if the Dutchmen are too grave for me, these are full of life and spirits. But my time is much occupied in the counting-house; and already I find the influence which, either the air of the place or the aspect of its inhabitants, has over me. I am not half so volatile as I was; and if this effect continues, I shall return to England as grave and reserved as Mr. Van Boorst himself. But money shall not be my idol. We have read, 'it is worshipped in this country, where it supplies the place of birth, wit, and merit.' This remark is too severe. I will not believe it of all whom I have seen; though their attention to business is very great, and they do not approve of any in their connexion who do not make it their principal aim.

"I have already been to Haarlem, which is ten miles from this place, and heard their

famous organ, which you remember we read of. I think it must be, as they say, the finest in Europe. It has six thousand pipes, some very large; and sixty-eight stops, one of which is an exact imitation of the human voice, and very beautiful. I do not wonder at the church being always crowded, though it is considered the largest in Holland.

“ At Haarlem are manufactories of silks, velvets, linen, threads, and tapes; and it claims the invention of printing, as Koster lived here in 1430, to whom the Dutch ascribe the art, though others say he only engraved letters on wood.

“ Haarlem Mere is a beautiful lake, between Leyden, Haarlem, and Amsterdam, which I have also seen. I am likewise to visit Rotterdam, which is thirty miles south of Amsterdam. There I expect to meet with more of my own countrymen than I do here, as that part is much frequented by British merchants.

“ By the bye, the inhabitants of this place are not very fond of talking of the late war. They certainly favoured the French at first;

but suffered very severely for their easy submission to them; and are now, I believe, heartily glad that they are got from under Buonaparte's rule.

“It was well fortified in 1672, when Louis the Fourteenth invaded it, and the fortifications are still in good repair. The walls are high, and the bridge over the river Amstel a very fine piece of architecture. The churches are handsome, and all religions are tolerated here. The Exchange is a noble building, and the harbour large and spacious; and though the bar at its entrance makes it difficult of access, it is a security against foreign enemies.

“I think now, my dear sister, I have confirmed all we have before read of this place, which I much admire; and, on the whole, am pleased with my situation. I hope it will make me more useful to my father on my return, and enable me to go through the world with greater credit and advantage to myself. The style of this letter will convince you I am grown *grave* since I have been here; but, assure yourself, not

dull or unhappy; and when you see me again, I hope you will not have to say the Hollanders have spoiled me. Nothing can alter my affection for my dear father, mother, and sisters; and believe me, my dear Caroline, your truly affectionate brother,

“ C. HAMILTON.”

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In a little time his sisters were reconciled to his absence; and two years passed away, in which Harriet made great progress in her education.

## CHAP. XI.

*Improvement in Miss Dobson, and of her situation.—Death of Mrs. Wilmot.—Return of Charles.—Conclusion.*

CAROLINE did not neglect her old friend Miss Dobson, to whom she became very useful. She led her to see the folly of her former conduct, and encouraged her endeavours to alter it in future.

Mr. Dobson became old, and unable to attend to business, which he was now more inclined to leave to his son, as he found that he strictly pursued the plan he, in his superior wisdom, had laid down for him. More of the old gentleman's time was spent at home; and he grew more attached to his daughter, whose improved disposition and behaviour he attributed entirely to Miss Hamilton's influence; and he therefore still encouraged their acquaintance, with all the rhetoric he possessed.

On finding his health was decaying, he himself proposed another visit to the sea-side; but Brighton was not to be the place. He could not forget the disgraceful circumstance which had happened on the road from thence, or suppose that it was not yet fresh in the memory of all the inhabitants. His wife and daughter were too well pleased at the idea of getting from the neighbourhood of London for a little while, to be very anxious about the place they were to visit. He therefore fixed upon Margate, and they readily acceded to his proposal.

A few letters passed between Caroline and Miss Dobson, in one of which the latter expressed herself greatly obliged by the advice of her friend.

“My father and mother,” added she, “are continually attributing to your advice and example whatever good they see in me; and I assure you I now find more pleasure in consulting their happiness, than I formerly did in pursuing my own. You told me that I should soon be satisfied to wear English silks. What think you? My father is grown

generous! Yesterday we visited Canterbury, and he presented my mother and me each with a silk gown; (of English manufacture, you may be certain;) but I am more pleased with this gift, than if it had been doubly or trebly French; as I think it is a proof that he is pleased with our conduct, and shall wear it with greater pleasure on that account."

In Caroline's reply she congratulated her on this addition to her wardrobe, but still more on her father's returning kindness. She did not accompany this with an exhortation to continue to deserve it; because she hoped that the satisfaction Mary Anne already felt, from right conduct, would be a sufficient inducement to her not to relinquish it.

About this time Mrs. Wilmot, who was grown old and infirm, died, after a few days' illness; and Harriet felt the first severe check to her happiness in the death of her grandmother, who had ever been her affectionate and most indulgent friend. Her aunts continued to live together in the same house.

They were equally attached to our heroine; but it was a long time before she could visit them without tears, as she recollected the kind and smiling looks of her aged parent, whose happiness seemed bound up with her own; and whose countenance never expressed more pleasure than when she heard Harriet commended, or that she had enjoyed what was intended to give her pleasure.

“I have experienced my grandmother’s love and kindness from my infancy,” said Harriet: “can I ever cease to grieve for her!”

Caroline thought that she would; for she had seen and heard enough of human nature to know, that “time is the surest assuager of grief;” and it is right it should be so. Were we always to mourn the dead, our duties to the living would be neglected; and Harriet soon found her sorrow meliorated by the prospect of seeing her brother, who was soon expected to return home, after being absent from it four years.

The whole family looked forward to this event with pleasure: Harriet, perhaps, with more anxiety than the rest. She remembered when he had called her *conceited*, and dreaded lest any part of her conduct should again deserve such an appellation. She spoke of it to her sister; and it was some encouragement to hear Caroline affirm, that she hoped she had entirely lost all claim to it. "I trusted," said she, "that as you grew older, and found how very shallow your attainments are, in comparison with others, you would be convinced you had no cause for vanity;—that the more you knew, the more you would discover your ignorance of things still unknown to you."

At the time appointed, Charles returned, who, on his first meeting with Harriet, was inclined to take her for his eldest sister. He had left her a child, and found her almost grown to womanhood. The lapse of time was not so conspicuous in Caroline. In her he recognised the same kind and affectionate friend he had parted with four years before.

But in himself the change was still more remarkable. He appeared to have acquired a perfect knowledge of business, and with it, all the steadiness and attention to trade which is ascribed to the Hollanders, without their frigidity. His heart was still open to all the kind affections; but his spirits were less exuberant, and his mirth not so voluble.

He was now nearly twenty-five years of age, and his father had the pleasure of finding him all he could wish, very capable of managing their extensive concerns; and Charles earnestly endeavoured to take the fatigue of business off his mind.

When Mr. Hamilton found its cares too oppressive, he attended to the suggestion of his son, and bought a comfortable house in the country, to which he retired with his wife and daughters. Here he cultivated a few fields and his garden, and, in the society of his family, ended his days as they had begun, in peace and domestic happiness.

The affectionate attention of their children

rendered their excellent parents happy, and gave to themselves a lasting satisfaction.

Charles Hamilton continued in the business which his father had left; and, by his unremitting attention and respectable conduct, the credit of their house remained undiminished, and his own reputation became thoroughly established.

THE END.

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