

**The Book Title: Jemima Placid
or, The Advantage of Good-Nature**

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JEMIMA PLACID;

OR, THE

ADVANTAGE

OF

GOOD - NATURE.

**EXEMPLIFIED IN
*A VARIETY OF FAMILIAR INCIDENTS.***

A NEW EDITION.

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PREFACE.

It has been often said, that infancy is the happiest state of human life, as being exempted from those serious cares, and that anxiety which must ever, in some degree, be an attendant on a more advanced age; but the Author of the following little performance is of a different opinion; and has ever considered the troubles of children as a severe exercise to their patience; when it is recollected that the vexations which they meet with are suited to the weakness of their understanding, and though trifling perhaps in themselves, acquire importance from their connexion with the puerile inclinations and bounded views of an infant mind, where present gratification is the whole they can comprehend, and therefore suffer in proportion when their wishes are obstructed.

The main design of this publication is, to prove, from example, that the pain of disappointment will be much increased by ill-temper; and that to yield to the force of necessity will be found wiser than vainly to oppose it. The contrast between the principal character, with the peevishness of her cousin's temper, is intended as an incitement to that placid disposition which will form the happiness of social life in every stage; and which, therefore, should not be thought beneath any one's attention, or undeserving of their cultivation.

JEMIMA PLACID;

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As I had nothing particular to do, I took a walk one morning as far as St. James's

Park, where meeting with a lady of my acquaintance, she invited me to go home with her to breakfast; which invitation I accordingly complied with. Her two daughters had waited for her a considerable time, and expressed themselves to have been much disturbed at her stay. They afterwards fretted at the heat of the weather; and the youngest happening accidentally to tear her apron, she bewailed it the succeeding part of the day with so much appearance of vexation, that I could not help showing some degree of astonishment at her conduct; and having occasion afterwards to mention Miss Placid; I added, that she was the most agreeable girl I had ever known.

Miss Eliza, to whom I was speaking, said, That she had long wished to hear something farther concerning that young lady, as her mamma very frequently proposed her as an example, without mentioning the particulars of her conduct; but as I was so happy as to be favoured with her intimacy, she should be glad to hear a recital of those excellencies which acquired such universal approbation.

In compliance with this request, I wrote the following sheets, and dispatched them to Eliza, and by her desire it is that they are now submitted to the world; as she obligingly assured me, that her endeavours to imitate the calm disposition of the heroine of this history, had contributed so much to her own happiness, and increased the good opinion of her friends, that she wished to have so amiable an example made public for the advantage of others. I shall therefore present these memoirs to the world, just as they were sent to my young friend; and sincerely wish they may meet with as favourable a reception from the more general, as they did from a private perusal.

The high opinion, my dear Eliza, which you entertain of Jemima Placid, would, I assure you, be much increased upon a more intimate knowledge of her worth. The sweetness of her temper has made her the object of particular estimation among all her acquaintance; and I had the happiness to be admitted of that number at a very early period of her life. Mr. Placid is a clergyman of distinguished merit, and has been for many years the vicar of Smiledale. The situation of the parsonage is truly beautiful, but the income of the living is not very considerable; therefore, as the old gentleman has two sons with the young Jemima to provide for, it is necessary to be rather frugal in his expenses. Mrs. Placid was remarkably handsome in her youth, but the beauty of her person has been much impaired by a continued state of ill health, which she supports with such a degree of cheerful fortitude, as does honour to human nature. As she has had the advantage of a liberal education, and has been always accustomed to genteel company, her conversation is uncommonly agreeable; and her daughter has derived from her instructions, those engaging qualities, which are the most valuable endowments a parent can bestow. The eldest son, whose name is Charles, is about three years, and William, the youngest, near a year and a half older than his sister. Their dispositions are not in all respects so gentle as hers; yet, on the whole, they form the most agreeable family I have ever known.

When Jemima was about six years old, her mamma's health rendered it necessary that she should take a journey to Bristol; and it being out of her power to have Jemima with her, she left her with an aunt, whose name was Piner, and who had two daughters a few years older than their cousin. Miss Placid, who had never before been separated from her mamma, was severely hurt at the thought of leaving home; but as she was told it was absolutely necessary, she restrained her tears, from fear of increasing the uneasiness which her mamma experienced.

At last the day arrived, when her uncle (whom I before forgot to mention) and his wife came to dinner at Smiledale, with an intention of conducting Jemima back with them. She was in her papa's study at the time they alighted, and could not help weeping at the idea of quitting her friends; and throwing her arms around her brother William's neck, silently sobbed forth that grief she wanted power to restrain. The poor boy, who loved his sister with great tenderness, was nearly as much agitated as herself, and could only, with affectionate kisses, every now and then exclaim, Do not cry so, Jemima! pray do not! We shall soon meet again, my love! pray do not cry!—When she had relieved her little heart with this indulgence of her sorrow, she wiped her eyes, and walked slowly up stairs to have her frock put on.—So your aunt is come, miss? said Peggy, as she set down the basin on the table to wash her hands.—Poor Jemima was silent.—I am sorry we are going to lose you, my dear, added she, as she wiped the towel over her forehead, Peggy's hand held back her head, and at the same time supported her chin, so that her face was confined, and exposed to observation. She wanted to hide her tears, but she could not; so at last, hastily covering herself with the maid's apron, and putting her two hands round her waist, she renewed the sorrow which she had so lately suppressed.

Peggy was very fond of her young lady, as indeed was every servant in the house; but there was a good woman, who went in the family by the name of Nurse, for whom Jemima had a still greater attachment. She had attended Mrs. Placid before her marriage, had nursed all her children from their births, and Jemima was the darling of her heart. As she entered the room at this time, she took the weeping girl into her lap, and wept herself at the reflexion, that it was the first time in her life she had slept without her!—And so pray, my dear, said she, take care of yourself, and when you go to bed, mind that they pin your night-cap close at the top, otherwise you will get cold; and do not forget to have your linen well aired; for otherwise it is very dangerous, love; and many a person, by such neglect, has caught a cold which has terminated in a fever. Sweet child! I do not like to trust it from me, added she, hugging her still closer, and smothering her face in a check cotton handkerchief, which she wore on her neck. Jemima promised an observance of her injunctions, and being now dressed, attended a summons from her mamma, who was alone in her chamber, the company having left her to walk in the garden, whither she was unable to accompany them.—I see, my dear girl, said she, holding out her hand as she sat in an easy chair by the window; I see that you are sorry to leave me; and indeed, Jemima, I am much grieved that such a separation is necessary; but I hope I shall be better when I return; and I am sure you would wish me to be quite well. I hope, therefore, that you will be a good child while you stay with your uncle and aunt, and not give more trouble than you cannot avoid. You know, my love, that although you are going among strangers, yet you will be properly and kindly taken care of; and though I do not say it is so agreeable as to be at home with your nearer friends, yet, as we cannot have every thing we wish for, we must not be fretful, because that will not give us what we desire, and will certainly make us more uncomfortable, and be disliked by all those with whom we are connected. There are a great many little things, Jemima, which you know I frequently tell you of, and which you must endeavour to remember when I am not with you. Therefore, do not forget to hold up your head, and behave gracefully; and when you are at dinner, if you should be offered any thing improper, that is, what you are not permitted to have at home, be sure civilly to refuse it, and say, Your mamma does not choose you should eat any.

My only reason, you must be convinced, for denying you any indulgence of that kind, is, because it would disagree with you, and make you ill; and you are so good, I dare say, as never to do those things when your papa and I are absent, which we should prevent if we were present.—Miss Placid assured her mamma of her obedience, and her firm resolution to mind all her admonitions; when she resumed her injunctions, and added—There is one thing, my dear, of more importance than the rest, which I would have you chiefly attend to: whatever may be your temptation to the contrary, remember to speak the truth. Your absence from me will be no excuse for the neglect of your duty; and if once you forfeit your honour, I can have no farther dependence upon you; and never venture to rely on the concealment of a fault; for you may depend upon it, such things are found out when least expected; but if they should not be, the unhappiness you would feel at having behaved wrongly, would be a great punishment of itself. Yet I need not, I dare say, have mentioned this to my Jemima, as she is at all times so good as to deserve reliance; only as you are going to be left quite to yourself, I thought it necessary to put you particularly upon your guard.—Mr. Piner returning at this period, interrupted any farther discourse, only Mrs. Placid affectionately pressed her hand, and, after giving her a kiss, Jemima sat down on a little stool by her side.

When the hour of her departure was nearly arrived, she retired into the garden to take leave of her brothers, and went round with them to all the different places she had been accustomed to play in. They visited together the poultry-yard, and Jemima fed her bantams before she left them [see the following page], bidding them all adieu, and looking behind her for the last time as she shut the gate. They then walked round by some walnut-trees, where a seat had been put up for them to sit in the shade.—I wish you were not going! said Charles; for I put this box, and drove in these nails, on purpose for you to hang up your doll's clothes, and now they will be of no farther use to us.—I wish so too! replied his sister; but I cannot help it.—Well, do not cry, added William; but come this way by the brewhouse, and bid my rabbits good-bye, and take this piece of lettuce in your hand to feed the old doe, and here is some parsley for the young ones; we shall have some more before you come back, and I will send you word, if I can, how many there be.—And, Jemima, said Charles, I wish I were going with you to London! for I should like to see it, it is such a large place; a great deal bigger than any villages which we have seen; and, they say, the houses stand close together for a great way; and there are no fields or trees, and the houses have no gardens to them; but then there is a great number of shops, and you might perhaps get a collar for Hector! Do pray try, Jemima, and buy him one, and have his name put upon it, and that he belongs to the Rev. Mr. Placid, of Smiledale; for then, in case we should lose him, folk would know where to return him.—And would it not be better to have a bell, said William, as the sheep have? I like a bell very much, it would make such a nice noise about the house! and then we should always know where he was when we were reading, as my father will not let us look after him. What else do we want her to buy, Charles? Cannot you write a list?—That will be the best way, replied he, taking out his pencil; and, very ungracefully, to be sure, he put the point of it to his mouth two or three times before it would write; and then, having but a small scrap of paper, he dispatched his brother, as the shortest way, to fetch a slate, and he would transcribe it afterwards with a pen and ink; for he had, in endeavouring to cut a new point to his pencil, broken it off so frequently, that the lead was all wasted, and

nothing remained except the wood. William soon returned, with the slate under his arm. Charles took it from him, and then went to work to prepare a bill of necessary things, which his sister was to purchase in London. He leaned so hard, and scratched in such a manner, as, had any grown people been of the party, would have set their teeth on edge (a sensation, I believe, with which children are unacquainted, for they never seem to notice it at all).—First then, said he, I am to mention a collar for Hector, with his name and place of abode; and I should like very much to have some Indian glue, to mend our play things; such as papa uses, and which we cannot get here, you know.

William assented, and Jemima was as attentive as if she had been to remember all the things he was writing, without the assistance of his list. They sat some time in silence, to recollect the other necessary commissions, when she reminded them, that a new pencil would be a useful article; but Charles said, his father would supply that want, and there was no need to spend his own money for things he could have without any expense; but, if any how I could get a gun, with a touch-hole, I should be quite happy.—No, you would not, returned William; for then, Charles, you would want gunpowder, which you never could have; and if you had, might never use it.—To be sure that is true! I have long wished for it; but, as you say, I will be contented without it; so do not concern yourself about that, and I need not set it down.—I shall not trouble you with the rest of the consultation on this important subject, but transcribe the list itself, which, with the account of the preceding conversation, I received from a young lady, who frequently spent some months with Mrs. Placid; and to whose kindness I am indebted for many of the various incidents which compose this history.

A List of the Things Jemima is to bring from London.

A collar for Hector.—Indian glue.—Some little pictures to make a show.—A pair of skates; as we shall like skating better than sliding.—A large coach-whip for Charles, because John will not lend us his;—and some little books which we can understand, and which mamma told Mrs. West may be bought somewhere in London; but Jemima must inquire about it.

Such were the orders which Miss Placid received from her brothers on her first journey to the metropolis. They then attended her to bid adieu to her canary-bird, which she very tenderly committed to their care, and desired they would feed it every day, and give it water in her absence; and mind to turn the glass the right way, otherwise the poor thing might be starved. While she was taking her leave of little Dick, who hung in the hall by the window, her cat came purring to her, and rubbed its head against her frock, and pushed against her feet; then lay down on one side, and while Jemima stroked it with her hand, she licked her fingers, and at last jumped up into the window-seat to be still nearer to its mistress, who taking it into her arms, particularly desired her brothers to give Puss some of their milk every morning, and to save some bits of meat at dinner to carry to it; for my Pussey, added she, I am quite sorry to leave you!—Another affair remained, which was, to put away all her play-things; but this she had deferred so long, that the carriage was ready before she had concluded; so with that, likewise, she was obliged to entrust her brothers; and looking round her with a heavy heart upon every object she had been accustomed to, she quitted the room with regret; and after receiving the affectionate

kisses of the whole family, her papa lifted her into the carriage; and the tears running down her cheeks, she looked out of the window as long as the house was in sight, and her brothers continued to stand at the gate, till the road to London turning into a contrary direction, they could no longer see each other. She then, with a melancholy countenance, watched the fields and lanes she passed by, till at last, quite fatigued, she sat down, and soon after fell asleep.

When they stopped at the inn where they intended to rest that night, she was so much fatigued, having been up very early, that she did not wake till she was nearly undressed; when finding herself in a house where she had never before been, she looked about, but was too good to fret at such a circumstance, though she wished to be at home again. The next morning they renewed their journey, and in two days arrived at Mr. Piner's house, about eight o'clock in the evening.

Jemima, who had not seen her cousins since she was two years old, had entirely forgotten them; and as they expected to find her as much a baby as at their last interview, they appeared like entire strangers to each other. They welcomed their papa and mamma, and looked at Miss Placid with silent amazement; both parties, indeed, said the civil things they were desired, such as, How do you do, cousin? rather in a low and drawling tone of voice; and Miss Sally, who was eight years old, turned her head on one side, and hung on her papa's arm, though he tried to shake her off, and desired her to welcome Miss Placid to London, and to say, She was glad to see her, to inquire after her papa, mamma, and brothers, and, in short, to behave politely, and receive her in a becoming manner. To do this, however, Mr. Piner found was impossible, as his daughters were not at any time distinguished by the Graces, and were always particularly awkward, from their shyness at a first introduction.—In this place, my dear Eliza, you must excuse me, if I stop to hint at a like error in your own conduct, and which indeed, young ladies in general are too apt to be inattentive to: that as first impressions are usually the strongest, it is of great consequence to impress your company with a favourable opinion of your appearance. As you are acquainted with the common forms of good breeding, you should consider, that it is quite immaterial whether you address a lady you have before seen, or one with whom you are unacquainted, since the compliments of civility are varied only by the circumstances of your knowledge, or the different connexions of the person to whom you are speaking. When, therefore, you are in company with strangers, you should accustom yourself to say what is proper (which will be to answer any question they may ask you) without at all considering how long you have known them; and, be assured, that as an easy behaviour is at all times most agreeable, you will certainly please when you speak with a modest degree of freedom. Do not, therefore, make yourself uneasy with the idea of appearing awkward, for by that means you will defeat your wishes; but endeavour to retain your natural voice, and express yourself with the same unconcern as you do in common conversation; since every species of affectation is disagreeable, and nothing will so strongly recommend you as simplicity.

Our young traveller became, by the next morning, very sociable with her cousins, and complied with their customs with that cheerful obligingness which has always so much distinguished her character. She was much surprised at the bustle which she saw in the street, and the number of carriages so agreeably engaged her attention, that it was with reluctance she quitted her seat on a red trunk by the window, to enjoy the plays in

which her cousins were solicitous to engage her. Mrs. Piner had been for some time engaged to dine with a lady of her acquaintance, where she could not conveniently take either of her children, and they both fretted and pined at the disappointment so as to render themselves uncomfortable, and lose the pleasure of a holiday, which their mamma had allowed them in consequence of their cousin's arrival. Miss Ellen, the eldest, was continually teasing to know the reason why she might not go? though she had repeatedly been told it was inconvenient; and Jemima beheld with astonishment two girls, so much older than herself, presume to argue with their mamma about the propriety of her commands, when their duty should have been quiet submission. When her aunt was gone, she took all the pains in her power to engage them to be good-humoured, presented them with their toys, and carried to them their dolls; but they sullenly replied, to all her endeavours, they did not want them; and told her not to plague them so, for they had seen them all a hundred times. At last, Sally taking up a little tin fireplace, which belonged to her sister, Miss Ellen snatched it from her, and said, She should not have it! Sally caught it back again, and they struggled for it with such passion, as to be entirely careless of the mischief they might do each other.

Poor Jemima, who had never disagreed with her brothers, nor been witness to such a scene in her life, was terrified to see them engage with a degree of violence which threatened them with essential hurt. She endeavoured to appease their fury, and ventured, after she had stood still for some time between two chairs, to try if, by catching hold of one of their hands, she could be able to part them; but they only gave her some blows, and said, She had no business in their quarrel! She then retired to the farther part of the room, and ardently wished herself at home. When spying another fire-place under the table, she took it up with good-natured transport, and running to Miss Piner, told her, There was one for her; which she hoped would put an end to the dispute. This, however, proved to be the property of Miss Sally, who declared, in her turn, that her sister should not touch any of her play-things; and finding she was not strong enough to retain it, she threw it with all her force to the other end of the room, and unfortunately hit Miss Placid a blow with one of the sharp corners, just above her temple. This at once put an end to the battle, for the blood immediately trickled down her cheek, and alarmed the two sisters, who, forgetting the subject of the debate, began to be uneasy at the effects of it; only Ellen, who considered herself as more innocent (merely because she had not been the immediate cause of the accident), with a recriminating air, said, There, miss, you have done it now; You have killed your cousin, I believe! Jemima, though in a great deal of pain, and much frightened, did not cry; as she seldom shed tears, unless from sensibility, or at parting with her friends. She held her handkerchief to the place, and became more alarmed, in proportion as she saw it covered with blood; till at last, finding it was beyond their art to stop the effusion, Ellen, with trembling steps, went up stairs to tell the servant of their misfortune. Dinah, which was the maid's name, had been so often accustomed to find her young ladies in mischief, that she did not descend in very good-humour, and upon her entrance exclaimed, That they were all the naughtiest girls in the world! without inquiring how the accident happened, or making any exception to the innocence of Jemima, who could only again most sincerely wish to be once more at Smiledale with her mamma. Dinah, after washing her temple with vinegar, which made it smart very much (though she did not complain), told them, They had been so naughty that they should not

go to play any more; nor would she hear Miss Placid's justification, but crossly interrupted her, by saying, Hold your tongue, child! and do not want to get into mischief again; for my mistress will make a fine piece of work, I suppose, about what you have done already!—Jemima was too much awed, by the ill-nature of her looks and the anger of her expressions, to vindicate her conduct any farther; but quietly sitting down, she comforted herself with the reflection, that her displeasure was undeserved, and that to fret at what she could not avoid, would not make her more happy; and therefore, with great good humour, took up a bit of paper, which contained the rough drawing of a little horse, which Charles had given her on the day of her departure, and which she had since carefully preserved.

In justice to Mrs. Dinah, I must here observe, that she was not naturally ill-natured; but the Miss Piners were so frequently naughty, as to give her a great deal of trouble, and tire out her patience; and their mamma, by not taking the proper methods to subdue the errors of their dispositions, had made them so refractory, that it soured her own temper, and occasioned her to blame her servants for the consequence of those faults which it was her duty to have prevented. So you see, my dear Eliza, from such instances, how mistaken is that indulgence, which, by gratifying the humours of children, will make them impatient and vindictive, unhappy in themselves, and a trouble to every one with whom they are connected. The amiable Jemima was always contented and good-humoured, even when she was not in a state agreeable to her wishes; and, by learning to submit to what she did not like, when it could not be altered, she obtained the love of every body who knew her, and passed through life with less trouble than people usually experience; for, by making it a rule to comply with her situation, she always enjoyed the comforts it afforded, and suffered as little as possible from its inconvenience. In the present case, her cousins, by their ill-temper and fretfulness, had quarrelled with each other; and when Dinah would not let them play, as indeed they justly deserved to be punished, they did nothing but grumble and cry the whole day; and were so conscious of their bad behaviour, as to be afraid of seeing their mamma; while Miss Placid, serene in her own innocence, entertained herself for some time with looking at the horse above-mentioned, and afterwards with pricking it, till Dinah set her at liberty; which, seeing her good temper, she soon did, and gave her besides some pretty pictures to look at, and some fruit to eat, of all which her cousins were deprived. By the next morning Jemima's temple had turned black; and Mrs. Piner inquired how she had hurt herself? She coloured at the question with some confusion, not willing to inform her aunt of any thing to Miss Sally's disadvantage; but as she was too honest to say any thing but the truth, she begged Mrs. Piner would not be angry if she informed her; which she having promised, Jemima told her; adding, that her cousin had no intention to hurt her.

Mrs. Piner kissed and commended Jemima very much; and Dinah having likewise given a high account of her goodness, she told her daughters she was much displeas'd with them; but in consequence of their cousin's intercession, would not punish them that time, and desired them for the future to imitate her example.

As soon as breakfast was over, they were dismissed to school, while Jemima remained with her aunt; who, after having heard her read, gave her a handkerchief to hem, which she sat down by her to do; and when she had done work, very prettily entered into

conversation.—I should be much obliged to you, madam (said she), as I do not know my way about London, if you would go with me to buy some things for my brothers, which I promised to carry back when I return. I have got some money to pay for them, for Charles gave me a six-pence, and three halfpence, and a farthing; and William gave me three-pence; and I have got a silver-penny, and a two-pence of my own, all screwed safely in a little red box.

Mrs. Piner inquired what the articles were which she wished to purchase, and smiled on perusing the list which Charles had written.—And pray, my dear, said she, how do you intend to carry the coach-whip, for you will not be able conveniently to pack it up; and as to the skates, I do not think your papa would choose your brothers should make use of them till they are much older, as they are very dangerous, and particularly so to little boys. The other things I will endeavour to procure, and you shall take a walk with me to buy the books, and choose them yourself, and I will pay for them; so you may save your money in the little box, for you are a very good girl, and therefore deserve to meet with encouragement. Jemima thanked her aunt for her kind intentions, and said, if she could get a coach-whip, she thought she could carry it to Smiledale in her hand; and as her brothers were always kind to her, she wished to do every thing in her power to oblige them.

The next day was to be a holiday at her cousins' school, on account of their dancing-master's ball, to which Miss Piner were invited; and Mrs. Piner had promised Jemima she should be of the party. They rose in the morning with the pleasing hopes of enjoying a dance in the evening; and Ellen went a dozen times in the day to look at her new cap, wishing it was time to put it on (for she was a silly, vain girl), and was so foolish as to imagine herself of more consequence, because she was better dressed than other children.—O Miss Placid! said she, you will look so dowdy to-night in your plain muslin frock, while all the rest of the ladies will wear either gauze frocks or silk coats full trimmed. Have you seen how handsome our dresses will be? Do pray look at them, added she, opening the drawer, and extending the silk, and then, glad of an excuse to survey it, she went to a box, and taking out her cap, held it on her hand, turning it round and round with a degree of pride and pleasure, which was very silly.

Jemima good-naturedly admired her cousin's finery, without wishing for any addition to her own. I am sure, replied she, my mamma has provided what is proper for me; and is so kind as to afford me every thing necessary; and my frocks are always clean, and will do extremely well for the present occasion, or else my aunt would have bought me another.—But should not you like such a cap? said Miss Ellen, putting it on Jemima's head: you look very pretty in it, indeed!—No, I think it is too large for me, returned Miss Placid; and there is a piece of wire in it, which scratches when you press it down; you should alter that, or it will be very uncomfortable.—In short, the ball was the only subject of conversation during the whole day; and although Miss Piner felt an uncommon head-ach and sickness, yet she would not complain, for fear her mamma should think proper to leave her at home. The pain, however, increased greatly, and she frequently left the parlour to give vent to her complaints, and avoid her mamma's notice. The heaviness of her eyes, and alternate change of countenance from pale to red, at last took Mrs. Piner's attention, and she tenderly inquired after her health; but Ellen affected to treat her indisposition as a trifle; though, as she was by no means patient in general, she would at

any other time have made incessant complaints. She attempted to laugh and play, but to no purpose, for her illness became too violent to be suppressed; however, upon her papa's hinting at dinner that she seemed to have no appetite, and had better (if not well) go to-bed, she forced herself, against her inclination, to eat some meat and pudding, and went up afterwards to conceal her uneasiness, and put on her clothes; thinking, that if she was in readiness it would be an additional reason for her going. But alas! so foolish is vanity, and so insignificant are outward ornaments, that when Miss Ellen was decked out in the gauze frock which had so long engaged her thoughts, she felt such a degree of uneasiness from her sickness, as to make her disregard what she had before wished for with such ill-placed ardour.

Having eaten more than was proper for her stomach in such a disordered state, it increased her illness very much; but being determined to go, though her mamma advised her to the contrary, and pretending she was somewhat better, she stepped into the coach, the motion of which soon produced a most terrible catastrophe; and before she could speak for assistance, occasioned such a violent sickness, as totally spoiled her own and her cousin's clothes, who sat opposite to her; nor did Sally's quite escape the disaster; for as she had spread them over Jemima, with an intent to display their beauties, they shared in part that calamity which had so unfortunately overtaken the others.

Mrs. Piner, though she was grieved at her daughter's indisposition, was likewise extremely angry at the consequence of her obstinacy.—If you had stayed at home, as I bade you, said she, somewhat angrily, nothing of this would have happened! and pulling the check-string, added, We must turn about, coachman, for we cannot proceed in this condition!—Sally, notwithstanding her sister's illness, continually teased her mamma, to know whether they should go when Ellen was set down, and her own dress wiped; without attending to her sister's complaints. When the carriage reached Mr. Piner's, he came himself hastily to the door, to know what accident had occasioned their unexpected return; and upon being informed, lifted poor Ellen into the house, while her sister declared she would not walk in-doors, as she wanted to go to the ball. Dinah was, however, called down, and with much resistance conveyed the young lady crying and kicking up stairs.

Jemima stood by unnoticed in the general confusion, and Miss Piner was undressed with the utmost expedition, and sincerely rejoiced to be rid of the incumbrance of that finery which in another situation would have excited her envy. Our little Heroine, whose sense as well as serenity was uncommon, reflected, that gay clothes must certainly in themselves be of little value, since they could not prevent the approach of disease, or suspend for a moment the attacks of pain; that the pleasure they bestowed, as it was ill-founded, was likewise extremely transient, as Sally's passion on her disappointment was sufficient to prove; since she was now mortified in proportion as she had before been elated. And though her sister's reflexions were, for the present, suspended by the violence of pain, yet her vexation, when she was restored to the ability of contemplating the state of her clothes, would be equally poignant, and without remedy.

While Miss Placid, in obedience to her aunt, took off the frock which had suffered so much in its short journey, Sally sat screaming and crying in an easy chair, into which she had thrown herself, declaring she would go! and pushed Dinah away as often as she attempted to take out a pin. Nor would she be pacified by any endeavours which were

used to please and amuse her; till her mamma, quite tired with her noise and ill-humour, declared she would send word to her governess the next morning, if she did not do what she was desired; upon which threat she submitted to be undressed; but petulantly threw every article of her attire upon the ground, and afterwards sat down in one of the windows in sullen silence, without deigning an answer to any question that was proposed to her. Jemima was as much disappointed as her cousin could be, and had formed very high expectations of the pleasure she should receive at the ball; but she had been always accustomed to submit to unavoidable accidents without repining, and to make herself happy with those amusements in her power, when she was deprived of what she might wish for, but could not procure.

Some time after this, Mr. Steward, a gentleman who lived at Smiledale, came up to town about business, and called upon Mr. Piner with an intention of seeing Miss Jemima, who was much distressed that she happened to be absent, as she wished to hear some news of her papa and brothers. However, he returned again the next day, and Miss Placid very gracefully paid her respects to him, and inquired after the friends she had left. He satisfied her as to their health, and presented her with a letter from her brother Charles, which, as soon as she could find an opportunity, she retired to read. The contents were as follow:—

To MISS PLACID.

MY DEAR SISTER;

As William writes so very slowly, and as papa does not think he should scribble at all, he has desired me to inform you of every thing that has passed since you left us. And first I must acquaint you with a sad accident, which will render one of your commissions useless. Poor Hector, the day after you went away, was lost for several hours. We went to every house in the village, and hunted behind every tomb in the church-yard; called, Hector! Hector! through all the fields, and then returned and sought him in our own garden again; looked under the bench in the poultry-yard, nay, even in the cellar and coal-hole; but no Hector returned. We sat down together on the bottom stair in the hall, and William cried ready to break his heart. Papa said he was sorry; but told us our tears would not bring him back, and advised us to bear the loss of him with more fortitude; took William on his lap, and read a story to divert him. We got tolerably cheerful, and went down to tea; but as soon as my brother took up his bread and butter, the thoughts of Hector always jumping up to him for a bit, and how he would bark, and snap in play at his fingers, quite overcame his firmness, and he could not touch a morsel. Well, to make short of the story, the next morning John came in and told papa, that 'Squire Sutton's game-keeper, not knowing to whom he belonged, had shot him for running after the deer.—Why now, said I, if he had but stayed away from the park till Jemima had brought him a collar, he would not have been killed. Poor Hector! I shall hate Ben Hunt as long as I live for it.—Fie, Charles! said my father.—Hector is dead, Sir, said I; and I did not then stay to hear any farther. But since that, we have talked a great deal about love and forgiveness; and I find I must love Ben Hunt, even though I now see poor Hector's tomb in the garden. For John went to fetch him, and we buried him under the lilac-tree, on the right hand side, just by the large sun-flower; and we cried a great deal, and made a card tomb-stone over his grave; and papa gave us an old hat-band, and we cut it into pieces,

and we went as mourners. His coffin was carried by Tom Wood, the carpenter's son, whose father was so kind as to make it for us; while James Stavely (the clerk's nephew), my brother, and I, followed as chief mourners; and old Nurse and Peggy put on their black hoods, which they had when Jane Thompson died, and went with us; and we had the kitchen table-cloth for a pall, with the old black wrapper put over it which used to cover the parrot's cage; but we did not read any thing, for that would not have been right; as you know, after all, he was but a dog. Papa, however, to please us, wrote the following epitaph, which I very carefully transcribed, and affixed over his grave:—

Here Hector lies, more bless'd by far,
Than he who drove the victor's car;
Who once Patroclus did subdue,
And suffer'd for the conquest too.
Like him, o'ercome by cruel fate,
Stern fortune's unrelenting hate;
An equal doom severe he found,
And Hunt inflicts the deadly wound.
Less cruel than Pelides, he
His manes were pursuits to be;
And satisfied to see him fall,
Ne'er dragg'd him round the Trojan wall.

I am very sorry for the poor fellow's untimely end; and so, I dare say, you will be.—Our rabbit has kindled; and we have one in particular the skin of which is white, with black spots, the prettiest I ever saw, and which we have called Jemima, and will give it to you when you return.—Peggy has sprained her ankle, by a fall down stairs. I forgot my wooden horse, and left it in the way; and she came down in the dark, and stumbled over it. I was very sorry, and my papa was much displeas'd, as it is what he has so often cautioned us against.—Jack Dough, the baker's boy, brought me a linnet yesterday, which I have placed in a cage near your canary-bird; who is very well.—I do not think I have much more to say, for writing is such tedious work that I am quite tired, though what I have done has been a fortnight in hand. I have a great many things which I want to tell you if we could meet; and I should wish to know how you like London. Good bye!

William desires his love to you, and bids me say, that he, as well as myself, will ever be

Your affectionate Brother,
Charles Placid.

P. S. Inclosed I have sent you a sketch of Hector's funeral procession, which your favourite, Ned Kindly, who was one of the party, drew on purpose for you.

You may be sure that the intelligence of Hector's death gave Jemima some uneasiness; more especially, as at the first time Mr. Steward had called, she was out with her aunt, and actually purchased a collar for him; which, before the receipt of her letter, she had contemplated with great satisfaction, in the idea of having so well executed her brothers' commission, and the pleasure it would afford them.

When Miss Placid had been in town about four months, and her mamma was returned from Bristol, Mr. Placid came up to fetch her home, and invited her cousins to accompany her to Smiledale, promising to take great care of them, and to teach them to read and write; and that Mrs. Placid would instruct them in every other part of their learning. To which Mr. and Mrs. Piner consented. The pleasure which Jemima felt at seeing her papa after so long an absence, can be better imagined than described. She looked at him with such transport, that the tears started to her eyes; and wanting words to declare the feelings of her heart, could only express her joy by stroking and kissing his

hand, as she sat on a stool by his side; and pressing it with fervor between both hers, she exclaimed, that she was glad to see him. Her uncle and aunt gave her the highest praise for her good-behaviour, and assured her papa, that they had never, during the whole time of her visit, seen her once out of humour, or at all fretful upon any occasion. Mr. Placid said he was extremely happy to hear so good an account of his little girl; but that he expected every thing amiable from the sweetness of her disposition; adding, it would be very strange if she had behaved otherwise with you, as, I assure you, she is at all times equally tractable and engaging. The evening before her departure, her aunt was so obliging as to present her with a new doll, which she had taken great pains to dress, and had made for it two dimity petticoats, with a nice pair of stays, a pink sattin coat, and a muslin frock. She had likewise purchased some cotton stockings, and a pair of red shoes with white roses, white gloves tied with pink strings, and a gauze cap with pink sattin ribbons. Jemima, with a graceful courtesy, paid her acknowledgments to Mrs. Piner for that favour, and all the kind attentions she had received since she had been in town, and saw it packed up with great care in a box by itself; pleasing herself with the joy it would afford her, to show it to her mamma. She then busied herself in putting up the Indian glue, and a great quantity of pictures which had been given her; poor Hector's collar, and several books which she had bought and had already perused with much delight, particularly A Course of Lectures for Sunday Evenings; The Village School, and Perambulation of a Mouse, 2 vols. each; together with the First Principles of Religion, and the Adventures of a Pincushion. All these mighty volumes she took with her to Smiledale, and Mr. Placid was so much pleased with them, as to send for an additional supply to present to his friends. As to the skates, he had desired her not to think about them as he should by no means approve of her brothers' using them; nor would they have occasion for a coach-whip; but as he knew Charles had broken his bat, she might carry him one instead. Jemima entreated permission to convey to them a drum, as she thought it would be a play-thing they would much enjoy; to this he immediately consented, and went himself to procure one.

Miss Piners, who were in as great a hurry with their preparations as Jemima, behaved with less composure on the occasion: they tossed every thing out of their drawers in search of such toys as they could possibly take with them, and wanted to pack up their whole stock of play-things (which, indeed, was a very large one), and then as fast as Dinah put what they desired into their trunk, Ellen snatched it out if it belonged to her sister; and Sally did the same unless it happened to be her own. So that, quite tired with their teasing, naughty behaviour, she turned it topsy-turvy, and declared she would not put up any one thing except their clothes; and added, She wished they were gone, with all her heart.

I shall not take up your time with any account of their journey, nor endeavour to describe the places which they passed through in their way to Smiledale, whither they arrived about five o'clock in the afternoon. Jemima ran to her mamma with a degree of rapture which evinced the sincerity of her joy, in returning to her embraces, as soon as her brothers would permit her to disengage herself from their caresses; for as they knew the day which was fixed for their return, and could nearly guess at the time she would arrive, they had taken their stand at the very place where they had parted with her; and as soon as the carriage came in sight, they ran with their utmost speed to meet it, and came back again, jumping by the side, and when the coach stopped, were so eager to welcome their sister, that they would scarcely leave room for her to get out, and they were in such a hurry to show her every new acquisition they had made since her departure, that they would not allow her time to speak to any body but themselves.

Charles wanted her to go into the hall to look at his linnet; and William was as earnest to take her to his rabbits; while Jemima, who was equally ready to oblige them both, stood still, without knowing which she should first consent to follow; till Mr. Placid, taking hold of her hand, thus moderated the impatience of his sons:—My dear boys, I am much delighted to see your mutual affection for each other, and the pleasure you express at your sister's return; but do not be in such a hurry to show her those things which she will to-morrow have sufficient time to inspect. We all wish at present to enjoy her company, and therefore defer your intention of taking her from us to-night, as I hope you will have no occasion to fear a speedy separation; besides, I think you are a little wanting in politeness, not to take notice of your cousins.

Charles said he did not know them; and William declared he did not want them; and both acknowledged they had nothing to say to them.

Mrs. Placid blamed them for the rudeness of such declarations, and took the young ladies and Jemima up stairs to their apartment, while tea was getting ready. During this interval, William climbed upon his father's knee, and as Mr. Placid was holding both his hands while he leaned back his head till it nearly touched the ground, he pulled him up, and kissing him, said, I am surprised, my boys, that you have not more politeness, than to neglect Miss Piners in such a manner, and endeavour to excuse it by further rudeness. Why, I do not want them, replied William, and must not I speak the truth? You always tell me that the naughtiest thing I can do, is to tell lies; and, I am sure, I am very sorry they are come, for I like to have Jemima to ourselves; so pray, Sir, what would you choose I should do? I would have you, my dear, returned his papa, always endeavour to

behave with good-nature and politeness. You cannot think how much it will recommend you to general approbation; nor of how great importance an attention to the trifling graces of your conduct will prove in future life. And although you, William, may not be glad of your cousins' company (which, in my opinion, is rather a churlish speech), yet you might have behaved with civility; might have inquired after your uncle and aunt, have reached them each a chair to sit down upon, and if you had not (as you cannot do it with truth) said you was glad to see them; yet you might have taken such notice, by speaking kindly to them, as to vindicate yourself from the charge of rudeness and ill-manners, which you have now incurred.—But as we are boys, Sir, said Charles, such a neglect is not so bad in us, as it does not so much signify. We are not, you know, expected to sit prim all the day, as the girls do, and play the lady. O! how I should hate to sit with my hands before me, bridling like them for a whole afternoon together, without moving any more than my stick when I put it up in the corner! I would not be a girl to go into company in such a manner for the world!—I am glad to see you satisfied with your destination, replied Mr. Placid; but you are much mistaken, I assure you, if you think the study of politeness is unnecessary to a man; and however you may flatter yourselves with an exemption from those more confined rules of behaviour which young ladies are expected to observe, yet I would advise you to remember, that a constant attention to your carriage is at all times necessary, if you would wish to be loved and esteemed, or to meet with success in your undertakings.—You, Charles, have frequently remarked the amazing difference which is visible between Colonel Armstrong, and Sir Hugh Forester, though the one is a man of more sense, of larger fortune, and equally worthy as the other; yet, you regard the Colonel with admiration, and are too apt to treat the Baronet with ridicule and contempt; so great are the advantages of that polish, which can only be acquired in early youth by diligent and constant attention: for if you accustom yourself to lounge about, to eat with your fingers, or hold your knife and fork so low that they scarcely save them from the grease; if you slovenly dirt your clothes, either omit to bow at all or else bend your body as awkwardly as Jack Carter, the plough-boy; in short, if by any such trifling neglect you acquire a habit of clownish ill-manners, you will fail to gain that respect which is only paid to true merit, when accompanied by the graces. Custom has made it necessary for you to be particularly attentive to the wants of those with whom you are in company: you should use yourselves to watch when a lady's cup is empty, that you may be ready to take it from her; or any thing has fallen down by accident, that you may with briskness pick it up; when a chair is wanting, to fetch it; or to give any assistance in your power in those trifles which occur every day; and which, by attending to, you will learn a habit of doing, as it were, mechanically; that is, without the trouble of thinking about it, in the same manner as you eat your dinner, without reflecting all the time what you are doing.—I confess, said Charles, that Colonel Armstrong has always struck me as the most agreeable man I ever saw; but he does not seem to take any peculiar trouble to behave better than other people. On the contrary, I have heard my mamma say, that he is more easy in his manners than Sir Hugh, who labours to be polite, without in the least looking like a gentleman.—That ease which you mention, said his father, is the degree of perfection which I am so solicitous to have you acquire, and which is the most difficult thing to attain, though it appears to be exercised without trouble or attention. You must therefore endeavour, by the influence of custom, to gain those natural advantages, which can only be learned in the early season of youth, and to the neglect of which it is to be

ascribed, that so few men (comparatively speaking) are either polite or graceful.

Tea being now ready, Mrs. Placid and the young ladies made their appearance; and Master Placids, to show they had profited by their papa's advice, both ran to fetch a chair for Miss Sally, and reaching it at the same time, pushed with such force against each other, that Charles hurt William's forehead, and very nearly threw him down; at which he expressing great sorrow, declared the accident was by no means intended.—I wish I had not been so polite! said William, rubbing the place; but I know, brother, you would not hurt me designedly, so pray do not say any more about it, for I do not mind such a trifle.—I hope not, said his papa, and I would not have you discouraged at the effects of your awkwardness; for, my dear boy, it is to that, rather than your politeness, that this terrible disaster is owing; for had you minded where you were going, you would not so violently have encountered each other; and either of you might, unhurt, have carried the chair to your cousin, who has been waiting all this time without one. And this is a proof of what I just now mentioned, that the grace which you admire in Colonel Armstrong, will not be easily obtained, unless you be careful to attend to what you are doing.—As Mr. Placid concluded this sentence, he was interrupted by the entrance of Master Wagstaff, a young gentleman of about thirteen, who had been for some years at Eaton, but was then returned for the vacation. His father was a near neighbour to the vicar, and had sent his son to invite the family to dine with him the next day; to which Mr. and Mrs. Placid consented; and at the time appointed, they set out for the Grove, which was the name of Mr. Wagstaff's house. On their arrival, they found the company walking before dinner in the garden. The party consisted of Mr., Mrs., and Miss Wagstaff, and an old gentleman of the name of Crossly, and a young lady who was his niece. She was just turned of fifteen, was very pretty and genteel, but extremely affected in her manner and conversation; pretended to be afraid of animals and insects, and tossed herself into a thousand ridiculous attitudes at the sight of a spider, an earwig, or a wasp. They were soon joined by Master Wagstaff and one of his school-fellows, who was on a visit to him during the holidays; he was about the same age, and was called Bob Sprightly.

When they had walked for some time, they returned into the drawing-room; and Mr. Crossly took up his snuff box, which he had left on the table, declaring, he was rejoiced to find it, for that he was always uncomfortable in its absence. Miss Myra, the young lady above-mentioned, expressed her dislike to such a disagreeable habit, and declared, that to be in the room when it was open always made her sneeze. Her uncle looked at her with some displeasure, and ascribed it to her fanciful maggots; saying, it was the best remedy for a head-ach he had ever experienced, and that it never had any disagreeable effect on himself; adding, as she was so squeamish, he would hold his box out of the window while he took a pinch, from fear of offending her delicate nostrils. So, saying he did as he had proposed, keeping his hand at a great distance, and taking a large pinch, he snuffed it up with uncommon haste and avidity. No sooner had his nose received the powerful scent, than he began to cough, choke, and sneeze in such a manner as alarmed the company, though Miss Myra seemed inclined to rejoice at it, and Bob Sprightly, with his friend Samuel, could with difficulty refrain from a violent burst of laughter. At length the old gentleman, being somewhat recovered, began to reproach his niece with her treachery, in having filled his box with pepper, which he declared it to be.

She denied the charge, and disowned any knowledge of the adventure. The truth indeed was this: while Mr. Crossly was walking in the garden, the young gentlemen found his box on the table, and thinking the effect would afford them some occasion for their mirth, had desired the footman to procure them a quantity of ground pepper, which they mixed with a little snuff, and carefully replaced the box where they found it. I have already informed you of the success of their scheme, in which they had the more readily engaged, as Mr. Crossly was a man of no very agreeable disposition, and, by his ill-nature, had rendered himself obnoxious to their dislike. The preceding accident, it may be supposed, did not increase his good-humour; and, to say the truth, he was in no great harmony during the rest of the day.

Some time after this, as Miss Myra was stooping to pick up her scissors, Bob contrived to put a large spider upon the lappet of her cap, which very quietly marched about without being perceived, and entertained itself with the prospect of her ribbons, gauze, and flowers, surveyed her curls, and examined the beauty of a bow which hung from the middle of her head-dress. It afterwards very leisurely took its progress down her neck, the tickling sensation of its footsteps she attributed to some loose locks, which she stroked up with her hand. This motion quickened its descent, and it now invaded her shoulder, and took its path quite in sight down her arm, where she first discovered its appearance. With a scream, which the whole house might have heard, she hastily jumped across the room and overset a little table, at which the ladies were at work, and which falling on poor Jemima, gave her a most violent blow on the head and shoulders, she being at a distance playing with her cousins at cards. The company, who were all ignorant of this sudden disturbance, begged Miss Myra to inform them what was the matter with her? which she at length complied with, by exclaiming, A spider! a spider! What shall I do? Take it off, or I shall faint!—This Samuel immediately did; but as her affectation was truly ridiculous, he was determined to divert himself still further with the effects of her folly. In the mean time her uncle blamed her, with some warmth, for the childish foolishness of her behaviour. One would have thought, said he, it had been a giant instead of a spider with which you were engaged. Such an outcry, indeed, for nothing at all—I am quite ashamed of you! And pray see what mischief you have done to Miss Placid! The young lady, in some confusion, apologized for the hurt which her impetuosity had occasioned; and Jemima, who was seldom ruffled by a trifling accident, soon resumed her usual cheerfulness, though she felt the pain for a considerable time. Peace and order being once more re-established, a basket of fruit was brought to please the children, together with some biscuits, and some small seed cakes, which Mrs. Wagstaff had provided for their entertainment.

Miss Myra was politely offered some by Master Sprightly; and upon opening an apricot, a second object of her aversion presented itself, not less dreadful than the former, a large earwig dropped into her lap. Notwithstanding the late mischance which had happened, in consequence of such a weak indulgence of her fears, she again shrieked as if violently hurt, and started from her seat, which she kicked back at the same time, without any regard to her uncle, who was stooping down behind her chair to pick up the stalk of a bunch of currants, which he had let fall.

The chair met his face with such violence, as to knock out one of his front teeth,

which had been loose a great while, and which he had carefully preserved, as it much assisted his speech. You may imagine, therefore, that this event did not restore him to a very placid state, as he had already been sufficiently discomposed by the former circumstances which I have mentioned.

Added to her uncle's displeasure, Miss Myra had, in some degree, suffered herself; having torn a muslin apron which she was working, and which she had unpinned to show to Miss Wagstaff. Such was the state of affairs, when Mr. Speedmore, a young country gentleman, entered the room. He was about seventeen, very tall, and clumsy in his appearance, and entirely destitute of those graces which Mr. Placid had, the preceding evening, recommended to his sons. As soon as he had muttered over his first compliments to the master of the house, he sneaked himself into a chair that stood near the door, and sitting down on one side of it, placed an oak stick, which he held in his hand, between his legs, and leaning his chin upon the top, sometimes nibbled the head, and at others gnawed a piece of his glove, which happened to be unsewed. Miss Myra surveyed his figure with the utmost contempt, and whispered to her companion, Miss Wagstaff, that she should like to tease such a boor; which, she supposed, might be easily done, by obliging him to speak, as he absolutely seemed to have lost his tongue.

In consequence of this resolution, she addressed herself particularly to him, and inquired, whether he had been to a camp, which was at some little distance from Smiledale? and whether he had yet learned, or intended to learn, the manual exercise? To this question, as he was very inattentive, he at first returned no answer; and upon its being repeated, he misunderstood her meaning, and replied—No, Miss! I have seen no Emanuel, nor do I know any such person.—This misapprehension afforded great entertainment to the younger part of the company, who laughed for some time at his mistake; till Mr. Placid inquired into the cause, and, with great good-nature, blamed them for the indulgence of their mirth at Mr. Speedmore's expense; and Miss Wagstaff, with a smile at Miss Myra, added, That the laugh was turned since the earwig had escaped. She blushed at the consciousness which she felt at the reproof, and giving her friend a tap on the shoulder, enjoined her to be silent, declaring, she would not again speak to the young man, though he should gnaw his stick down to the ferrel.

Mrs. Placid, though in some measure recovered from her late indisposition, still continued extremely weak. The coach was therefore ordered to attend them early; and taking their leave of the company, they all returned home; when the young folk, after wishing them good-night, retired to-bed. The next morning at breakfast, Miss Piner began the conversation, by showing how awkwardly Mr. Speedmore had behaved, and what a cross gentleman she thought Miss Myra's uncle was.—I was so glad when the snuff made him sneeze and cough! said Miss Sally.—And, I am sure, he deserved it, said William; for last Sunday when we were coming home from church, he stood at the little gate in the church-yard with fat Mr. Stopway, and would not let Tom Gibbons pass; but took him by the shoulder, and shook him for being so rude, as to push his way between two gentlemen. And is that the cause, returned his father, that you rejoice so heartily at the inconvenience which he suffered? Why, my dear, you take Tom's affront sadly to heart; but so far from thinking it ill-natured of him to tell such a poor boy of a fault, I dare say, he intended it as a kind admonition; for Tom has not any body to instruct him in those common attentions

of civility, which are necessary to recommend even a day-labourer to regard. And if Mr. Speedmore had the advantage of a friend to hint to him the use of politeness, it might have saved him from the censure of your cousin, who seems to have been quite astonished at the rusticity of his manners. That young man, continued he, has received no advantage from his education; his father having neglected to improve him in any thing but the sports of the field, in which his own time is entirely engaged, and to which he has brought up his son; so that you ought rather to compassionate his misfortune, than ridicule his defects; and from observing how unpleasing such a roughness of manners will make a person of a good disposition, learn to bestow greater assiduity in the cultivation of your own graces. But I am too apt to forget, Sir, said Charles, that though I always intend to mind your advice, and think it very just and reasonable at the time you are speaking to me, yet, when I pass by a gentleman, I frequently do not pull off my hat till he is out of sight and then I recollect it would have been more polite so to have done; and thus in other cases, I do not remember to attend when any body in company is addressing themselves to me; because I am busy, either in looking out of the window, or playing with something that is near me, and so they are obliged to speak several times before I hear they are talking to me. But you should take pains not to forget any thing that you are taught, replied Mr. Placid, or otherwise there will be no use in my taking the trouble to instruct you. I will tell you a story, Charles.

There was once a gentleman and a lady who had two children, a boy and a girl. They were somewhat like you; that is, were troubled with short memories: for although they were frequently told to hold up their heads, turn out their toes, and say, Sir and Madam; when they addressed any body, they constantly forgot to do it. Their papa was one day lamenting this negligence of his children to a person who paid him a visit, and who replied, that if he would trust them to his management, he would engage in a short time so deeply to impress it upon their minds, that they should ever after retain his instructions on their memory. To this proposal the gentleman very willingly agreed; and Master Ben and his sister Peggy accompanied their papa's friend to his house. As they were acquainted with the design of their visit, he addressed them the next morning in terms to this purpose:—As you well know what is expected from you, and have been fully instructed in the requisite attentions of polite behaviour, I shall hope you will observe them very minutely; and in order to remind you when you are forgetful, I shall keep this little spur in my hand; and whenever I see occasion shall take the liberty of applying it, which will give you a sharp degree of pain; and therefore, I dare say, you will take care to avoid it. Besides this, I shall, as opportunities arise, punish your neglect by the loss of your meals, or any thing else which I may think proper to deprive you of; and the sooner you remember to observe every thing which you are desired, the sooner you will return to your parents; with whom, if your memories remain sufficiently good to do as you are bid, you will continue; but whenever that fails you, they will turn you to my instructions. The young folk listened very attentively to this discourse, and promised obedience to his commands; in which promise their intention was to be sincere, and he caressed them accordingly. But, my dear Charles, little Ben soon forgot, that to loll his arms on the table at dinner-time was by no means consistent with good manners; upon which his new tutor applied his spur with such success to his elbows, that the smart he experienced, in a moment occasioned their removal. His sister had soon reason to sympathize with his misfortune from her own feelings; for as she had an ugly custom of

drinking with her mouth full, and breathing in her glass, the reminding spur attacked her cheek so sharply, that the smart would not let her forget the cause which had given an opportunity for its use.

Another day she ate her breakfast with such immoderate haste, that the spur was applied to suggest the necessity of chewing her food more, and not swallowing it as if she was afraid of losing it; which in effect she did, for it was taken from her, because she cried at the pain which her monitor occasioned, without minding its admonition. When she sat cross-legged, she was surprised by the spur's touching her knee; and when she illiberally scratched her head, it attacked her fingers; when she stooped her head, she felt it in her neck; and, in short, was so continually tormented with its painful invasion, that she was obliged, as well as her brother (who was equally annoyed), to remember at all times to behave gracefully. When, therefore, they had acquired this necessary degree of attention, they were permitted to return home. They never forgot the useful admonition of the friendly spur; as on any occasion in which their memory proved defective, it was sufficient to tell them, they should return to the gentleman who kept it in his possession, and they immediately acted in a becoming manner. And do you not think, Charles, concluded Mr. Placid, that such a spur would be of infinite use to you, as you are so often apt to forget what it is of great consequence to remember?

Miss Piners smiled at each other, they being both conscious, as well as Master Placid, that they had frequent occasions for its use. Indeed, from this time, whenever any of them were guilty of any omission or neglect, they were apt to laugh at each other and call out, That the spur was wanting! By which means they frequently became more cautious than they would otherwise have been.

Jemima, whose natural sweetness of temper led her at all times to be obliging, very seldom afforded them an opportunity of applying the hint to her; but Miss Piners, who, as hath been before observed, were frequently very silly and ill-natured, often deserved a more severe reproof than to be told they stood in need of the spur.

One day, when Miss Sally came down stairs, she found Miss Placid seated at a table, making a pin-cloth for her wax-doll, in order to keep its frock clean, while her sister had taken possession of the middle of the window-seat, of which Sally begged to partake, and desired her to move a little farther, and make room for her, which Ellen very crossly refused.—Do pray, sister! said she, get another seat for yourself, for you cannot come here, I assure you!—There is room enough for us both, said Sally, and all the chairs are occupied. One has got a paper on it full of William's shells; another has a band-box with my aunt's gauze; and those two by the door, our dolls are asleep upon; you keep one employed with your work, and I must not take that, for it is the chair my aunt was sitting on, and I suppose she will want it again on her return.—I do not care, said Ellen; I tell you, I shall not let you come! so you may stand, if you like it, or go to the other window, cannot you?—But I want to be near the table! so pray do, returned Sally, endeavouring to squeeze herself into the seat; while her sister, putting her hand against the wainscot, kept her place with all the force she was mistress of; nor would give up an inch to the endeavours of Sally, who now likewise growing warm by opposition, exerted all her force to maintain the part she had gained; till at last she got pretty near the centre, without having indeed any considerable advantage; for both sisters were as close to each other as can well be imagined, each with an extended arm against the window-shutter, and

pushing against each other with increasing anger and malevolence.

Jemima had kindly gotten up at the beginning of the contest, and made an offer of her chair to either of the combatants; but they were both so much displeased, that they paid no attention to her good-natured proposal; and, at length, Miss Ellen, to secure her situation, set her foot against the table, and, struggling with all her force, overset it, with every thing that was upon it, on the ground. Scissors, work bags, doll's clothes, gauze ribbons, and various other things, fell in confusion on the floor; among which number were a phial of physic and a China cup, in which Mrs. Placid was going to take a medicine which had been ordered for her, and which being broken in the fall, the draught was spilled among the before-mentioned articles. But the worst part of the accident remains still to be mentioned: poor Jemima's doll, which had lain before her to fit on the things she was making for it, was, in the disastrous fall, broken to pieces. She endeavoured in vain to catch it, but the overthrow of the table was too sudden for her to prevent it, and the noise of the affray brought Mrs. Placid, who had been up stairs to fetch some thread, into the room.

Miss Placid, with a tear starting to her eye, ran to her mamma, and pointing to the broken pieces, without speaking, picked them up, and put them into her hand.

Mrs. Placid inquired into the cause which had produced such unfortunate effects; and Sally, who imagined she was the party injured, related the whole occasion.

Her aunt, who perceived they were too angry to attend to her admonitions at that time, told Miss Piner to go up stairs, and desire the maid to come and pick up the broken glass, and sent Sally for a little while into the garden. Then taking Jemima by the hand, and affectionately kissing her, she thus addressed her beloved daughter on the loss of her doll:—I am extremely sorry, my dear, that, by your cousins' foolish contention, you are deprived of what has afforded you so much pleasure; but as I see you are so good a child as to bear the accident with composure, and do not fret about it, which, you well know, would never be able to repair your loss, when I write to your aunt, which, I believe, I shall do to-morrow, I will desire her to send you another immediately; and as you have long wished for one that is made with its eyes to open, you shall have one of that sort now. You see, my love, how very naughty your cousins are, to be so passionate, and so frequently to disagree with each other; as by this conduct they interrupt their own happiness, and discompose every body who is connected with them. And surely it is very easy for brothers and sisters to live in harmony and affection, if they will but resolve to be good-natured and obliging; and how much more comfortably do you pass your time, who never quarrel with your brothers, than do those silly girls.

Jemima thanked her mamma for her indulgent promise, and taking up her faceless child, carried it with her up stairs, where she met her brothers; and with a sad countenance held it up to their view. They immediately desired to be informed what she had done with the face, and were much grieved at the relation of its misfortune.

She there undressed it, and put the clothes very carefully away; and so great was her affection for its remains, that she laid the body in the same drawer; nor could prevail with herself to part with it, although so much disfigured as to renew her regret for its loss every time she beheld it.

Just as she finished this employment, her papa entered the apartment; and calling

her to him, commended the placid manner in which she had supported an accident, which many little girls would have fretted about for a long time.—You see, my dear, said he, that, young as you are, numberless occasions arise, which are proper to exercise your fortitude, and call forth your patience into action. Older people, my Jemima, meet with greater trials; but there is as much merit in your submitting calmly to such accidents as tend to discompose your temper, and provoke your indignation, as in your elders bearing with the real troubles of life. These mortifications, to which every child must submit, should be always received with composure; and I hope you will never suffer them to ruffle your temper, or make you forget, that to be *good-natured*, is one of the first duties you can exercise in social intercourse. I dare say, you are very sorry for the loss of your doll, and I am grieved that it has so happened; for, I know, that a trial is greater or less, in proportion to the value which the person affixed to the object they are deprived of; that is, though I should not mind the breaking of a dozen wax dolls on my own account, yet to you, who liked to play with it, it is a great loss indeed.

During this consolatory discourse, Mrs. Placid talked very seriously to her two nieces. She began by telling Miss Piner, that she had on many occasions observed her to behave very ill-naturedly to her sister;—and as you are the eldest, my dear, said she, I think you ought to endeavour to assist her, and set a good example; and how can you expect she should be obliging to you, when she never sees any instances of kindness in your behaviour? Why would you not make room for her this morning, when she desired you? The window was large enough for both of you; and, I am sure, your denial must have rendered you very uncomfortable. It is very wicked, Ellen, to act in such a manner, and allow your passions to become so violent that you are quite regardless of their consequence.—But I had the window first, Madam, said Miss Piner, and therefore she had no right to it; and I never heard that there was any wickedness in keeping one's own place, when one had gotten possession!—There is great wickedness, replied her aunt, in being so tenacious of every trifle, as to disagree about it with those with whom we live, especially between brothers and sisters, who ought always to be united in affection and love; and if you now indulge your passions, so that you will submit to no opposition, it will make you hated and despised by every body, and constantly unhappy in your own mind. It is impossible, my dear, to have every circumstance happen as we wish it to do; but if a disappointment could at any time justify ill-nature and petulance, it would certainly be adding greatly to the unhappiness of life. And do you think, my dear, that to fight on every occasion with those who oppose you, is at all consistent with the delicacy of a young lady? I dare say, when you give yourself time to reflect on the subject, you will perceive that you have been much to blame; and that, whenever you have suffered yourself to be ill-natured and quarrelsome, you have always been proportionably uneasy and wretched. Nothing can so much contribute to your present felicity, or future peace, as a good understanding, and cordial affection for your sister. You will most probably be more in her company than in any other person's; and how comfortable would it be, by every little office of kindness, to assist each other! I am sure, if you will try the experiment, you will find it much better than such churlish resistance, and provoking contentions. It is by good-humour, and an attention to please in trifles, that love is cherished and improved. If your sister want any thing, be assiduous to fetch it. If she cannot untie a knot, do it for her. If she wish for a place in the window, make room immediately. Share with her all that is given to you; conceal her faults, as you dislike

your own to be observed; commend her good qualities, and never envy, but endeavour to emulate her perfections. By this method you will ensure her regard, and make yourself happy at the same time; that will give the highest pleasure to your parents, and obtain the esteem of all your acquaintance. Think of these motives, my dear girl, and resolve to exert yourself; and when you feel inclined to be angry and cross, recollect whether it will be worth while, because you have first gotten possession, to engage in a contest which will forfeit all these advantages. Think, with yourself, Shall I lose my sister's love, or abate her regard, for an orange, a play-thing, or a seat? Do I not prefer making her contented, and keeping my own mind serene and placid, before the pleasure of enjoying a toy, or any other thing equally trifling? Will it tire me to fetch down her cloke, or her doll, if she be in want of them? And shall I not do it in less time than it will take to dispute whose business it is to go? In short, my dear niece, you will find so much ease and pleasure result from the resolution to oblige, that I dare say, if you once attempt it, you will be inclined to persevere.

But indeed, Madam, returned Miss Ellen, my sister is as cross to me, as I am to her; and therefore it is out of my power to do what you advise; for I cannot bear to do every thing for her, when she will do nothing for me!—You are both much to blame, said Mrs. Placid; but as you are the elder, it is your place to set a good example; and you do not know, Ellen, how far that incitement will prevail. When you have refused her one request, she is naturally, by way of retaliation, induced to deny you another; this increases your mutual dissatisfaction, and commences new quarrels; by which means your anger is continued, so that neither is inclined to oblige or condescend. But if she finds you continue to be good-natured, she will catch the kind impression, as she used to imbibe the ill-habits of malevolence and rage. In every case you should consider, that the errors of another person are no excuse for the indulgence of evil in yourself.

The conversation was here concluded by the entrance of Mr. Wagstaff and his son; and as they stayed the rest of the day, there was no farther opportunity to resume it. While the young folk were all at play in the evening in the summer house, Ellen ran away with Sam's hat, and he pursued her for some time without overtaking her; but at last a scuffle ensued, as she held it fast, and sometimes put it under one arm, sometimes under the other; then knelt upon it; and afterwards sat down upon it. In this last attitude, as Master Wagstaff was struggling, she endeavoured to rise, but his foot being upon her frock, she tore a sad rent in it; and one of his buttons having caught in her ribbon, did as much damage to that likewise.

This accident put an end to the contest, and her good-humour at the same time. She got up immediately, tossed away the subject of contention, with the illiberal epithet of—"Take your nasty hat! I wish I had never touched it!"—And the more he endeavoured to sooth her, the more vexed she appeared; calling him a careless, mischievous monkey, and asking, how he thought the rent was to be mended?

Jemima likewise tried every method in her power to moderate her resentment; representing, that it was no fault of Master Wagstaff's, and advising her to be more composed, and to join in their play again; but all in vain, she would only fret, grumble, and interrupt their entertainment. So Sam retired to a bench in the alcove, and sitting down with the Master Placids, left her to her ill-humour, while he wrote the following

verses:—

Nay, Ellen dear! now do not cry, And wet that pretty sparkling eye; What though, by chance, I tore your lace, Don't make that horrible grimace! Do put that ugly frown away, And join again in social play! For, after all, what can you do? Will pouting thus the rent renew? Why, Ellen, what a brawl you keep! I vow the chickens cannot sleep. Do pray observe, that cackling hen Is coming from her roost again. The evening flies, that swarm before us, For you have stopp'd their buzzing chorus; The horses, that were grazing there, Have left their food at you to stare. Your noise disturbs all nature's peace, The grasshoppers their chirping cease; And from those plants a frog's leap'd out, To know the cause of all this rout. Then stop, I prithee, or you'll find A worse disaster still behind.— A needle, with assiduous care, May the torn frock again repair; But petulance, and passion's strife, Will rend the future bliss of life; Tear the fine edge of joy away, And leave the heart to grief a prey.

This remonstrance enraged Miss Piner more than before; and she flounced out of the garden, declaring she would no longer stay to be so insulted.

But, my dear Eliza, if I should continue a minute relation of the events which occurred, during my stay in Mr. Placid's family, the perusal would take up too much of your time, and I have already, in the incidents which I have selected, run to a much greater length than I at first designed.—The amiable Jemima is now sixteen; and for the sweetness of her manners, and the even and unruffled serenity of her temper, is justly admired by all who are so happy as to know her. If you would wish to deserve equal esteem, the means are entirely in your own power, since a determined resolution to please others, will make you happy in yourself, and render the occurrences of life more supportable. The only use of reading is, to acquire instruction; and if you seek not to resemble the good, and avoid the bad examples with which you are presented, your studies will tend to little purpose. If the characters you meet with in any degree resemble your own, and if the foibles of those characters disgust and offend you, instead of throwing the book aside with resentment, you should endeavour to improve the failings of which you are conscious, and then you will no longer meet your own portrait, in that which the Author has described. Besides that, there is another reason to incline you to this reformation, since if you so much dislike those errors in an imaginary character, think how extremely irksome such faults must be to your friends. If the representations of Miss Piner's fretfulness are displeasing to contemplate, how much more vexatious must it be, when your parents find the same disposition prevail in their own child. In this period of your life, be persuaded to form such habits as may be continued in a more advanced age; and, believe me, the habit of good-humour will conduce most essentially to your happiness. The accident which gave occasion to the account which I now transmit to you, was in no degree remedied by the captious petulance with which you bemoaned it; and the time which you wasted in unprofitable lamentations, would have nearly repaired the damage. Unavoidable disasters are beyond remedy, and are only aggravated by complaints. By submitting with a good grace to the disappointments of life, half its vexations may be escaped. I cannot, I think, better conclude the subject and my epistle, than with a few lines which were written by Miss Placid in answer to Miss Piner, who reproached her with not showing a proper degree of concern, when they were disappointed going with a party upon the water, by a violent shower of rain, which they

had, for a long time, been desirous of doing.

Say, why should I fretful my fate so lament, Since pleasure still waits on the smile of content? Will the clouds soon disperse, if indignant I frown? And the rain cease in torrents the village to drown? Will the thunder's loud peal be then hush'd into peace? And the storm, at my bidding, its violence cease? Will the sun for my anger discover its ray, And at once all the beauties of nature display? Then Ellen, pray tell me, what joy should I find, In the discord of passion, the storm of the mind? Though the elements will not resign to my sway, My temper, I trust, reason's voice shall obey; Let me make to my fate my desires resign, And the joys of contentment will ever be mine.

THE END.

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Transcriber's Notes:

Obvious punctuation errors repaired.

On page 11, author's instruction to "see the following page" for an illustration (she left them [see the following page],) is no longer accurate as images have been moved from the middle of a paragraph to the closest paragraph break.

On page 14, "attenive" corrected to be "attentive" (as attentive as).

Other variable spellings within the text retained, including:

"awkward" and "aukward"

"fire-place" and "fireplace"

"half-bound," "half-bd," and "half bd"

"scissors" and "scissars"

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