

from the road which she travels back to the sensible paths where people jog along with light hearts and joyful minds.

But the worst turning is that taken by Betsy the youngest sister. We may overlook selfishness, which is a stupid failing; and put up with discontent which is foolish; but it is impossible to tolerate untruthfulness, which is wicked. Betsy and truth have parted company, and when she says anything you have an uneasy feeling that whether it is a fact or an invention is quite uncertain. Her manners are attractive but her untruthfulness spoils everything. She took this wrong turning early, for she has been so ever since we remember. One who knows her well says she started by trying irrationally to please everybody and get in favour with everybody. Poor Betsy! why did she never see that it was a miserable triumph to win the goodwill of people by telling lies to them.

"Would you gain an angel's days
Be honest, just, and wise always."

A wrong turning which many a girl takes, is when she comes to dispose of her affections. She sets her heart on someone who is not worthy; perhaps he has a bad character, perhaps only a weak one. She loves, she marries and she walks in sadness for the rest of her days.

Now it is often said that marriage is a lottery, and that when you put your hand into the lucky bag you sometimes draw out a prize, and sometimes not. Don't believe it. It is no more a lottery than any other incident of life.

Look at Alice. Before she made any promises she looked at the subject all round, wisely resolved to love only one deserving of being loved, and when she married, her own good sense, backed up by a chorus of friends, said she had formed an alliance with a man who was prudent, industrious, saving, and everything else that a good husband ought to be. And from Land's End to John o'Groats you won't find a happier couple.

Her schoolmate, Clara, on the other hand, disregarded the counsel of all who were interested in her welfare, and shut her own eyes, refusing to see that an impecunious lover means an impecunious husband, and an idle

lover an idle husband, and that frivolity and unsteadiness will certainly not be transformed into all the virtues by a man merely saying, "With this ring I thee wed." Everyone knows what happened. The bailiffs were in the house before the honeymoon was well over, the husband out of a situation, and Clara in tears, sitting looking at him from the other side of an empty fireplace.

The wrong turning in marriage is often one that leads out of a wrong turning in choosing our acquaintances. And for that reason, if for no other, girls should be much on their guard as to those with whom they associate. There is a natural craving in us all for society, but better live like Robinson Crusoe on a desert island, than go with those whose influence is not to be for our good. Only the other day we two were talking of Bertha, and remarked how she had steadily deteriorated ever since she began to be intimate with Charlotte, who is as wayward and cunning a piece of baggage as ever existed.

We wonder how many girls have only themselves to thank for taking the wrong turning that leads to bad health. Everyone knows, too, that our friend "Medicus" stands at that turning, saying, "Don't go this way," and giving reasons for it, which ought to convince all who come along. But we fear it is a case of "in at one ear and out at the other." Were it not so you, Eliza, would be without that pale face, which is really caused by wilful disregard of the simplest laws of Nature. And, Florence, there is no doubt that dyspepsia is the matter with you, and as little doubt either that you did not even know what the word meant, till you began to be devoted to pie, pastry, and ice-cream.

If girls choose to be stupid, why should they grumble at not reaping the reward of wisdom? If you take little exercise, eat too much, sit up late, have an over-anxious mind, and prefer to go fashionably, rather than warmly, clad, what can you expect? You will certainly then feel more than "a little bit poorly," and as for good looks, there will soon be few of them left.

A fatal turning often taken is that which leads to laziness. It is a great temptation to go that way; it looks so inviting. The path lies all down hill, away into the slumberous

region of Drowsyhead, where *hammocks* are hung from every tree, and hansoms and wheelbarrows are provided for those who have no energy left to walk.

Maud and her sister Laura have encouraged each other in following that idle course from girlhood, and they are now, little as they like it known, near thirty years old. The leading idea of their lives has been to shirk work, either physical or mental, and what have they gained by it? Nothing worth having. They are landing themselves in a dull old maidenhood simply because they have failed to see that the blessings of life are only to be had by those willing to exert themselves. That they have not married is what one might have expected; men of sense do not want to be tied for life to lumps of lead.

There is a better account to be given of their cousin Flora, who for a long time was a match for them in laziness. It looked as if the failing ran in the family. A novel and a rocking chair, that was Flora's style. But one fine day, and at a time too when we thought her a hopeless case, an anonymous friend sent her the present of a scrubbing brush. She showed her good sense by not taking the gift amiss; she turned over a new leaf, and only last week we heard her mother say that for helpfulness and activity it would now be hard to meet with her equal.

But, girls, this is a rare example. Once you take a wrong turning it is hard to go back, and the farther you go on the harder it grows. An occasional act becomes a habit, and habit once formed is second nature. We have been wisely warned against the first beginnings of evil, and when a girl comes to a wrong turning she is much mistaken if she thinks she can safely go—by way of experience, or to gratify curiosity or for any other reason—even a few steps down that road. Not a single step! Only then are you safe.

Much more remains that might be said. But half is often better than the whole, and if we say everything, those who wish to think will have nothing left to exercise their brains upon. We therefore here lay down the pen on which there is just ink enough left to repeat what we said in the beginning—Life is a journey and as you go along, girls, whatever you do, don't take the wrong turning.

PEN AND INK SKETCH OF MARIA EDGEWORTH.

By C. A. MACIRONE.

PART I.



IN the year of our Lord, 1767, a little girl was born in the house of her grandfather, Mr. Elers, of Black Bourton in Oxfordshire, and it would have surprised no one so much as her modest, retiring self, to be informed that Sir

Walter Scott, the great Wizard of the North, would in years to come own to having been stimulated by her example to try to achieve for his fellow-countrymen what she would do for hers in Ireland, or that the greatest minds of her time would reverence her influence as a writer, and claim for her the honour of giving to the world a literature—first for the youngest and then for readers of mature age—fresh, pure, and bright, so simple in her child stories as to be dear to all the little ones who could enter into the sorrows of *Lame Jervas* and *Simple Susan*, yet, in the

Tales of Fashionable Life, etc., powerful to interest the most critical readers.

Maria Edgeworth's ancestry was first mentioned as being settled on their estates of Edgeware—so called now, though it was then called Edgeworth from their family estates there—near the great North road, where armies marched and battles were fought long ago. Her ancestors were brave and rich men who, in the time of King Henry VIII., settled in Ireland and lived there ever since. Their family letters and histories are full of adventure. There is little space here for the bright incidents which are recorded in them. One anecdote of a Lady Edgeworth is so striking that it must be mentioned. It was war time, and more gunpowder was wanted. Lady Edgeworth went up to the garret at top of the house by night with a servant girl, who followed her with a bit of candle (without a candlestick) between her fingers. When Lady Edgeworth had taken what gunpowder she wanted, had locked the door, and was half-way downstairs again, she observed that the girl had not her candle, and asked what she had done with it. The girl recollected

and answered that she had left it "stuck in the barrel of black salt." Lady Edgeworth bid her stand still and instantly returned by herself to the room where the gunpowder was, found the candle as the girl had described, put her hand carefully underneath it, carried it safely out, and when she got to the bottom of the stairs dropped on her knees and thanked God for their deliverance.

Another of the Edgeworths was saved by the loyalty of a servant when the castle was besieged by the rebels and taken; the lady was stripped and forced to fly naked, hiding under a furze bush, while her little son fell into the hands of the rebels and would have been killed, when the wild Irish kern, who had served the family, snatched the child away from the rebel, who was swinging him by the leg to dash his poor little brains out against the castle wall. "That's too good a death for the little heretic," he shouted out. "Give him to me, I will drop him into the bog, and the crows shall pick his eyes out." So he rushed out with the baby and did plunge him into the bog, but took particular care to notice where he was, and after the rebels had

gone he came back and packed the little one in a basket, under hay and fowls, and carried him so hidden right through the rebel camp, and made his way through a thousand dangers and obstacles to Dublin, as the poor stripped mother had done. This little child grew up to be a handsome and distinguished gentleman, but the mother did not live long after her escape. About this time Robert, a younger brother, became the head of a branch of the Edgeworth family which is endeared to lovers of history, because the Abbé Edgeworth was born to take up a heroic life of danger and loyal service to Louis XVI. when in utmost peril. The king, permitted at last to receive the religious service of a priest before his death upon the guillotine, asked the Abbé to be his friend and confessor, and though apparently there was no hope of escaping with life or freedom from such a service, the king received the noble message that till death the priest would serve and be loyal to him, and it needs little telling how that promise was kept. All history glows with the image of that scaffold, that one man beside his sovereign, and the noble sentence which burst from him in that supreme instant, "Son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven."*

He escaped as it were by a miracle, for the multitude, silent and awe-struck, made way for him down from the scaffold, and though large rewards were immediately offered for his head, he made his way through a thousand dangers to Coblenz, to give the verbal message (for he durst not carry any writing) of the dead king to his brothers—a message like that to his son, whom he charged with an oath, in his last interview, not to revenge his death.

To return to our little heroine, whose first remembrance was being brought for a last kiss to her dying mother, Anna Maria Edgeworth, who died young, after a few troubled years of marriage, leaving four tiny children to be cared for by her successor, Honora Sneyd, who, though so beautiful that Maria's first glimpse of her seems to have startled the child into an exclamation, "Oh, how beautiful!" yet devoted herself, with a most highly cultured mind and love of art, to the minute and conscientious care of the little children, which were not her own. Those children never, when there were others to fill the country home, were allowed to know any difference in the love and care of their stepmother. Reading minutely and carefully the letters and memorials left of Maria Edgeworth's home seems more like an ideal picture of an ideal family than a real description of what has really existed.

Maria used to say that her habits of order and exquisite neatness were due to the care and teaching of her stepmother, and they were of use to her all her life, though the stately and lovely "mother" who had implanted them did not live to enjoy the benefit of her instructions. On her death she begged her husband, who was devoted to her, to marry her sister Elizabeth Sneyd, who was, she said, even more fitted than herself to give him a blessed home, and to his numerous children a devoted mother.

One can realise her power and influence over those who loved her when one remembers that Mr. Edgeworth by no means sympathised with her wish, and that her sister Elizabeth had another preference. But the marriage turned out most happily, and two other sisters of Honora, who were asked in troubled times to take sanctuary at Edgeworthstown, never left it, but stayed to old age to be the helpers and friends of the home; even when there was much danger in Ireland, and Mr. Edgeworth offered to convey them safely to their English relations, they preferred sharing

the troubles and dangers of the home where they were so loved.

Honora Edgeworth had left one son and one daughter, and her sister Elizabeth added six to the family circle, so it was a home of ten children to be educated and cared for.

We have had to notice the beauty of Mrs. Honora Edgeworth, but that seems to have been an old inheritance of the family for many years before; when Lady Edgeworth was presented at the Court of King Charles II. her unusual attractions so interested the monarch that she told her husband she would never go to Court again. She was very young and beautiful, but she kept her resolution, and lived a quiet, country life, though a very busy one, as there were no factories then to make jams and pickles, no foreign tinned meats to keep in store against a sudden rush. There was the still-room to keep busy with the making of wines, essences, etc.; the dairies for the provisioning of the castle with cheeses, butter and cream; the laundry where all the linen, napery and clothes were monthly brought, and the housekeeper's room, where domestic affairs were ruled over.

These labours and many others continued in the home where the little girl grew up, learning, besides housewifery, to write a beautiful hand, to be mistress of accounts and book-keeping, to embroider exquisitely, and over and above all this, to take the greatest interest in the life around her, the peasantry on their estates, and the flowers and kitchen garden, which furnished so much necessary food to the home.

Her beautiful needlework was a talent we have noticed in many eminent women, Mrs. Somerville for example, and to the last her love of flowers remained almost a passion, for she used even in old age to come into breakfast from her early walk her hands full of roses.

Another characteristic was the intense love and confidence which united father and daughter.

It is true her father was a remarkable man; young, rich, and handsome, he had devoted his rare powers of mind, his personal influence, which was extraordinary, his time and energies, to the education of his family, the happiness of his home, "and the improvement of the people and the estates from which," as he said, "he drew his subsistence."

It was not from want of other interests and pursuits, for he was an inventor of great power and success. In the time of the French invasion he first organised a system of telegraphs which would have saved the country much disturbance and the troops harassing counter-orders and night marches. The list of his patents and inventions is too long for us to dream of inserting them here, but he made them a comfort to his home and the labourers on the estate, and making his children confidants in all he did, inspired them with a love of learning and interest in mechanics which was a great source of occupation and interest.

Mr. Edgeworth had also a rare talent for appreciating and taking good advice. When he was a very young man, going along a terrace in Bath he heard an old gentleman say, "There goes a clever young fellow, but he will dissipate in a few years all his guardian has been saving so carefully for him."

The "clever young fellow" resolved to disappoint this prophecy, and on coming of age spent his large income in restoring the comfort and beauty of his home and thoroughly helping his people.

He was so young a father—marrying when he was nineteen—that there was the sympathy of youth as well as that of intense affection to bind together father and daughter.

There was no want of occupation or interest in that country house. Besides the various departments of gardens and fields, laundry and stables, dairy and still-room, preserves,

bakings, and brewings, there were other absorbing inventions going on, in which the family took their part and a great interest. Maria writes to her cousin, Miss Sophy Buxton—

"Edgeworthstown, July 2, 1794.

"Having the honour to be the fair day of Edgeworthstown, as is well proclaimed to the neighbourhood by the noise of pigs squeaking, men bawling, women bawling, and children squealing, etc., I will tell you what is going on, that you may see whether you like your daily bill of fare.

"There are, an' please you, ma'am, a great many good things here. There is a balloon hanging up, and another going to be put on the stocks; there is soap made and making, from a receipt in Nicholson's *Chemistry*; there is excellent ink made, and to be made, from the same book; there is a cake of roses just squeezed in a vice by my father, according to the advice of Madame de Lagarage, the woman in the black cloak and ruffles, who weighs with unwearied scales in the frontispiece of a book, which perhaps my aunt remembers, entitled, *Chimie de goût et de l'odorat*. There are a set of accurate weights, just completed by the ingenious Messrs. Lovell and Henry Edgeworth, partners, for Henry is now a junior partner, and grown an inch and a half upon the strength of it in two months. The use and ingenuity of these weights I do, or did understand, which is great; but I am afraid of puzzling you and disgracing myself attempting to explain it, especially as, my mother says, I once sent you a receipt for purifying water with charcoal, which she avers to have been above or below the comprehension of any rational being. . . . And my aunt would like to see the new staircase, and to see a kitecat view of a robin redbreast sitting on her nest in a saw-pit, discovered by Lovell, and you would both like to pick Emmeline's fine strawberries round the crowded oval table after dinner, and see my mother looking so much better in the midst of us.

"If these delights thy soul can move,
Come live with us and be our love."

Later on she writes: "My father has made our little rooms so nice for us; they are all fresh painted and papered. O rebels! O French! spare them! We have never injured you, and all we wish is to see everybody as happy as ourselves. . . . God send the French may soon go, and that you may soon come. . . . The arts of peace are going on prosperously; the new room is almost built, and the staircase is completed; long may we live to run up and down it. . . . I will treat you, my dear Letty, like a lady for once upon blue-edged paper, because you have been ill; if you should be well before you receive this I shall repent of the extravagance of my friendship. I believe it was you or my aunt—the teller of all good things—who told me of a lady who took a long journey to see her sister, who she heard was very ill; but unfortunately the sister was well before she got to her journey's end, and she was so provoked that she quarrelled with her well sister and would never have anything more to do with her.

"Anna was extremely sorry that she could not see you again before you left Ireland, but you will soon be in the same kingdom again, and that is one great point gained, as Mr. Maver, a travelling astronomical lecturer, who carried the universe about in a box, told us.

"Sir," said he to my father, 'when you look at a map do you know that the east is always on your right hand and the west on your left?'

"Yes," replied my father, with a very modest look, 'I believe I do.'

"Well," said the man of learning, 'that's one great point gained!'

(To be continued.)

* "Fils de St. Louis, montez au ciel."

Milk and milk-puddings usually form the chief articles of diet. Meat is rarely required by people who are confined to bed, but poultry and the more digestible fish should take its place. Green vegetables and fruit may also be given; but it is better to withhold the starchy foods.

Do not be tempted to feed invalids on beef-tea or meat essences. As I said before, they contain little or no nourishment, and therefore they are unfit for food for invalids, though they are useful as stimulants.

To convalescents, as much food as possible should be given. Plenty of meat, green vegetables and milk, with anything else the patient may fancy.

In wasting diseases the diet is often more important than any other part of the treatment. It should consist of the more easily digestible foods; plenty of them, varied, and above all well-cooked. Milk in large quantities and cod-liver oil are also useful, as they are very nutritious and easily digested.

There are special points in the feeding of children that need attention. Up to the end of the first nine months of life they should be fed with milk and milk only. When they are nine months old it is good to begin to give them some other diet, but till the end of the second year milk should still be their chief

food. It is usually the custom to begin by varying the diet of children by giving them farinaceous foods. This is a great mistake. Farinaceous foods should not be given till the last, as they are the most difficult to digest. Begin with gravy, meat chopped up very fine, potatoes and other vegetables and fat. The disease known as rickets is entirely due to wrong feeding, usually to giving starchy foods to young infants. It is cured by correcting the diet, by giving meat and fat, and excluding carbohydrates.

In old people it is of importance that the food should be very digestible. It is better to give meat in the form of hashes and stews than as joints, especially to people who have lost their teeth. Old people should not work till at least an hour after each meal. It is also advisable for them to take a light supper.

Of late years much has been talked about the diet in obesity, and various methods of feeding in this condition have been used, and found more or less successful. The older authorities simply knocked off the fatty foods. But now this treatment is considered to be erroneous, as it started with the idea that fat taken into the body was stored up as fat, but this is not the case.

The most approved modern method of

dieting in obesity is to reduce the amount of carbohydrates to a minimum. No alcohol should be taken in this condition, as this of itself produces a state of the body which tends to the production of fat.

The following is one of the most modern methods of dieting fat people now in use:—

Breakfast.—White bread, two ounces, well toasted and buttered. Tea without milk or sugar, eight ounces.

Dinner.—Soup made with *beef marrow*, fat meat with fat sauce, four ounces. Asparagus, spinach, peas, beans, or cabbage. Tea without milk or sugar.

Supper.—An egg. A little roast beef with plenty of fat. An ounce of toasted bread covered with butter. A cup of tea without milk or sugar.

I quote the above because I have seen it used with comparatively fair results; but there are many more methods that are equally good. The albuminous and farinaceous foods are reduced to a minimum, and fatty substances given in their place. The fluids taken should always be restricted. One may sum up the treatment of obesity thus: no soup, no sugar, no milk, no untoasted bread, no alcohol, very little to eat, no drugs, but plenty of exercise.

PEN AND INK SKETCH OF MARIA EDGEWORTH.

By C. A. MACIRONE.

PART II.

WITH a family of ten children (soon to become a still more majestic circle of twenty-two little people) education in a country-house, deep in the wilds of Ireland, became a great responsibility. During Mrs. Edgeworth's illness Maria had been placed in a boarding-school at Derby, to which she always referred with great affection, and afterwards was sent for the benefit of masters to London, to another boarding-school, kept by a Mrs. Davis, in Upper Wimpole Street. The result of these flittings was to increase her love of study and power of concentrated work, which stood her in such good stead in after years.

But the family circle at home?

It would scarcely have been expected that the father, rich and exceedingly accomplished, would have given his whole mind and heart to the education of his children, even teaching the very tiniest to read, and devoting his inventive faculties, which were great, to the discovery of ingenious ways of making study clear and interesting to them.

It has been a distress to the writer that, long years ago, when the knowledge would have been of the utmost use to her, she was ignominiously ignorant of works on education by Mr. and Miss Edgeworth, on which her attention was fastened after she had been asked to write on this subject. Is there a cheap edition of *Practical Education* by this father and daughter? It is so simple, so practical, so full of help to those who love children, and have struggled with the difficulty of teaching without wearying, interesting without demoralising, and keeping the little ones perfectly happy, very busy, and quite well, that one would gladly see it in every parent's bookcase.

With this experience Mr. Edgeworth would write to a friend, "In a whole month there is not a word of reproof heard in this house nor a tear shed."

All the essays are strictly practical and useful, and the writer might recommend those

who care to pursue the subject to look over the articles on Toys, Tasks, Truth, and Obedience, there is no fear that after reading these they will omit the rest. Meantime other writings of Maria Edgeworth came to the front. First, *Stories for Children*. Sir Walter Scott, who best knew how to write for the young, so as to charm grandfathers as well as Hugh Littlejohn, Esq., and all the grandchildren, is said to have wiped his kind eyes as he put down *Simple Susan*, and John Ruskin, after some excellent advice on young girls' dresses (a subject on which we should scarcely have expected hints from him), tells his readers, "if they have never read *Parents' Assistant*, to ask their parents to buy it for them," and advises all "to read the little scene between Miss Somers and Simple Susan in the draper's shop."

These stories were so successful, and brought the young writer such fame and such friends, that she was encouraged to go on writing more stories for children, such as *Harry and Lucy*, *Frank and Rosamund*, but also tales for older readers, first those of purely Irish interest, such as *Castle Rackrent*, and later on *Ormond*, full of wit and humour, and the best side of Irish life and character.

Her father used to transact all his business arrangements in the large hall or common room, surrounded by his family, and Maria was his right hand and secretary, so she had unusual opportunities of noticing, and her quick eye and warm heart helped her to record and sympathise with the lights and shades of peasant life which came before her.

Then came those charming stories, *The Absentee* (of which Lord Macaulay said the scene in which Lord Colambre discovers himself to his tenantry was the best thing of the sort since the opening of the twenty-second book of the *Odyssey*), *Patronage*, *Ennui*, *Almeria*, *Belinda*, *Vivian*, and last and best of all *Helen*, her latest work. As these gradually came out and her quiet, happy home-life went on, her works gained the

appreciation of the best critics and the noblest minds of her time.

An American writer tells us, that "In American and English literature there are constant allusions to the characters in Miss Edgeworth's tales and novels. She has left the indelible impress of her genius on our literature, she had also a continental reputation." Sir Walter Scott owned "that it had been his desire in *Waverley*, in some degree, to emulate the admirable Irish portraits drawn by Miss Edgeworth," and added, "Edgeworth, Ferrier, and Austen have all given portraits of real society, far superior to anything man, vain man, has produced of the like nature, and that he should, in all likelihood, never have thought of a Scotch novel had he not read Maria Edgeworth's exquisite pieces of Irish character"; and Lord Jeffrey, an authority perfectly unsuspected of over-indulgence, says "that Miss Edgeworth need not be afraid of being excelled in that faithful but flattering representation of the spoken language of persons of wit and politeness, in that graceful tone of raillery and argument, and in that gift of sportive but cutting *médisance*, which is sure of success in those circles where success is supposed to be difficult and desirable." In support of his statement he points to the conversation of Lady Delacour (*Belinda*), Lady Dashfort (*Absentee*), and Lady Geraldine (*Ennui*).

In 1802 the family went to Paris. The highest scientific circles welcomed Mr. Edgeworth, whose inventions were appreciated in France, and where he had as engineer carried out great works round the city of Lyons. The literary world was enthusiastic at the distinction gained by the young, modest, and retiring little lady, and the *haute noblesse* opened their gates with "effusion" to the name of Edgeworth. Lord Charlemont came to meet him, saying, "I must claim relationship with you, Mr. Edgeworth. I am related to the Abbé Edgeworth, who is, I think, an honour to the kingdom—I should say to human nature." (The Abbé Edgeworth, at

the peril of his life, had stood beside his king, Louis Seize, on the scaffold, as has been related, and claimed to minister to him to the bitter end.)

It was not only fame and distinction which awaited the Edgeworth family in Paris in 1802, where the First Consul only allowed them to remain on the ambassador's explanation of the cousinship, not brotherhood, of Mr. Edgeworth's relation to the abbé—love waited for the gentle little lady there. In that brilliant circle was a certain Chevalier Edelcrantz, private secretary and friend of the King of Sweden, who understood and appreciated the sterling home-qualities as well as the literary genius of the young Irish authoress.

He was not handsome, rather remarkably plain, but with very fine eyes and expressive features, and of sterling qualities of mind and heart. Mr. Edgeworth used to rally his daughter on her preference for ugly people, but she liked his lofty tone of mind, his high principles, the spirit and strength of his character, and his very able conversation, and became extremely attached to him, as he was to her.

But—there so often is a but—to the most desirable event, the Chevalier said "there was nothing he would not sacrifice for her except his duty." He said he had been all his life in the service of the King of Sweden. He was placed under him, and is actually employed in collecting information for a large political establishment. He thought himself bound in honour to finish what he has begun.

He said he should not fear the ridicule or blame that would be thrown upon him by his countrymen for quitting his country at his age, but that he should despise himself if he abandoned his duty for any passion.

His lady-love (shall we say fortunately or unfortunately?) was of the same self-sacrificing nature. Her mother writing of her said: "She was exceedingly in love with him. Mr. Edgeworth left her to decide for herself, but she saw too plainly what it would be to us to lose her, and what she would feel at parting from us. She decided rightly for

her own future happiness and that of her family, but she suffered much at the time and long afterwards. He was much attached to her, and deeply mortified at her refusal. He continued to reside in Sweden after the abdication of his master, and was always distinguished for his high character and great abilities. He never married.

"From the time they parted in Paris there was no sort of communication between them, but to the last the unexpected mention of his name, or even that of Sweden, always moved her so much that the words and lines in the page became a mass of confusion before her eyes, and her voice lost all power."

Mrs. Edgeworth continues: "I think it right to mention these facts, because I know that the lessons of self-command which she inculcates in her works were really acted upon in her own life, and that the resolution with which she devoted herself to her father and her family, and the industry with which she laboured at the writings which she thought were for the advantage of her fellow-creatures, were from the exertion of the highest principle. Her precepts were not the maxims of cold-hearted prudence, but the result of her own experience in strong and romantic feeling."

It is a satisfaction to hear that he married no one else. While she sat writing and not forgetting in the pleasant library at home, one can imagine the romantic Chevalier in his distant court, faithful to the sudden and romantic devotion by which he is now remembered.

Romantic and chivalrous friendship seems to belong to his country and to his countrymen—remembering also the devotion of Count Fersen in the worst times of the Terror, to the Queen and Royal family of France.

The above are interesting passages because they show clearly that as Mrs. Edgeworth writes: "Maria was capable of the deepest feeling!" Many writers have accused her of being cold. Grace Oliver, in her very interesting *Study of Maria Edgeworth*, says, Cold! prudent and calculating! Cold! the writer

of *Patronage* with the beautiful womanly character of Caroline Percy could never have been. She was denied the happiness of the sweetest relations of domestic life; the tender joys of wife and mother were not to be hers, but it did cost her many struggles to give up bravely the possibility of such happiness. She showed so plainly in her life-long devotion to a living father, and regard for his memory when gone, by sympathetic interest in her own brothers and sisters, the many other children and the wives of her father, what she was capable of feeling, that one cannot doubt her capacity for loving.

She drew too many portraits of lovely women in all the relations of life, as maid, wife and widow, to leave a shadow of uncertainty as to her genuine belief in marriage.

"It is hard to look into happiness through another man's eyes," says Shakespeare. Maria did this all her life, and the wonder is that she depicted so delicately yet so charmingly, the effect of love on so many characters. She does it admirably in *Patronage*, where she contrasts the volatile Rosamund, under the influence of the tender passion, with her high-spirited yet tender Caroline. Both love and are wooed and won, but how different the wooing! How characteristic the sentiments of the lively Rosamund, with her vivacity and redoubled life, and the calm deep happiness of the well-balanced mind, and the sympathetic, yet self-contained nature of Caroline! While Rosamund it steadied and improved by her love for Mr. Temple, the noble nature of Caroline finds its perfect finish in the happiness of loving and being beloved by Count Altenberg.

When Maria painted Caroline Percy, struggling to control what she supposed was a hopeless passion for Count Altenberg, she probably drew the pages from her own experience. The fate of her heroine was, however, happier than her own—her lover did not return to her, and they never met again.

But he never married and she never forgot him.

(To be continued.)

ON BIBLE STUDY.

TO MEMBERS OF THE GIRL'S OWN GUILD, AND OTHERS.

SOME readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER will recollect the dialogue between the clergyman and "little Jane":—

"Do you read your Bible?"

"Sometimes."

"With pleasure? Are you fond of it?"

"I like Revelations, and the Book of Daniel, and Genesis and Samuel, and a little bit of Exodus, and some parts of Kings and Chronicles, and Job and Jonah."

"And the Psalms? I hope you like them?"

"No, sir; the Psalms are not interesting."

Jane was undoubtedly somewhat wayward, but natural. The child who takes up the Bible not as a lesson-book, but for delight, will value it first for its store of lovely pictures, from Old Testament and New. We all remember them, from our early days—Joseph in the pit, Moses the babe in his bulrush-ark, Ruth gleaning in the cornfields of Bethlehem, Daniel in the lion's den; with many a scene from the Gospel story, all unwearied in their charm. Such is the child's Bible—a kind of *picture-book*—interesting, romantic, stirring: with great moral lessons, as yet but dimly understood.

Then to many who reflect, the Scriptures become a *text-book*. Here and there a verse

lays hold on the imagination, or touches the feelings. We learn the texts, scarcely heeding where they are found. The habit of collecting these holy words and placing them severally, in almanacks, birthday books and the like, as well as the use of them in the sermons that we hear, fills the thoughtful mind with scattered phrases and sentences—"jewels five words long;" which become familiar and sometimes very precious. Many of these are from the Psalms, which, unlike little Jane, we now begin to love.

But it was a great advance when all these "pictures and texts" began to take their place in the order of a *history*; and the Bible came to have for us a beginning, a middle, and an end. We were taught, or found out for ourselves, that the three great ages of the world's long story—Patriarchal, Jewish, and Christian, formed a regular progression; by degrees we learned where to place our pictures and our texts, and they became still better loved because more clearly understood.

Best of all has it been to find, as not a few of our readers have done, that all this has a direct *meaning and purpose* for ourselves, that there is a voice to us from every page, of warning, instruction, encouragement, and if we will heed it rightly, of salvation.

Now that these lessons may be well learned is the aim of all wisely-directed Bible study. I would then offer some closing hints to those who have so earnestly and successfully pursued the course marked out for our Guild, as well as to other girl-readers who feel that this study is of all the most important, and who will be thankful for help in undertaking it.

First, then: Make sure of your historical outline. Get "a bird's eye view," especially, of the Old Testament history, so as to see quite clearly, at any point, whereabouts you are. If at the same time you are in the way of gaining some knowledge of other ancient histories—Egyptian, Persian, Grecian, Roman, so much the better, as then the comparative chronological tables given in most Bible "helps" and "handbooks" will become full of interest. But if not, be sure to acquire an orderly view of the personages and events of the early history, and of the Hebrew kingdoms. Store your memory with the lists of the kings of Israel and of Judah. Compare the "Kings" and "Chronicles." I well remember, how when beginning seriously to study the Old Testament, I took two copies, and with a pair of scissors cut up those books, pasting the parallel passages side by side.

and Dr. Luttrell took up his position as *locum tenens*, and in spite of the emptiness of London found plenty of work.

Sometimes as Olivia walked in the direction of Brunswick Place with Dot toddling beside her the victoria with its bay horses would pass her. How Olivia would dimple with amusement as Marcus gravely lifted his hat to her.

Ever after a victoria with bay horses figured in Olivia's *chateaux d'espagne*.

Greta complained bitterly of her dullness when her friends had left. "Eastbourne has lost its charms," she wrote, "and the crowds of people on the Parade only make me feel more lonely. If it were not for fear of Dr. Luttrell, I should come back to Brunswick Place at once, but I dare not run the gauntlet of his sarcasms."

"My one amusement is making smocks for Dot. I have finished the pale blue one and it looks lovely, and now I have begun a cream-coloured one; in spite of your stuck-up pride, Olive, you cannot prevent me from working for my darling Dot."

This reproachful sentence was the outcome of a hot argument.

Greta had tried in her affectionate way

to lavish gifts upon her friend, but Olivia had steadily refused to allow this.

"No, Greta," she had said, "you do far too much for me already. I have been treated like a princess for a whole month, but I will not have presents heaped on me. Even poor people have their feelings, you know, and rich people must respect them," but this dignified speech made no impression on Greta.

"You may call it proper pride," she said contemptuously, "but I call it selfishness, for you are just depriving me of my greatest pleasure. Well, if you choose to be stiff and obstinate you must have your way, but you cannot hinder me from finishing those smocks." And Olivia, who was full of admiration for Greta's exquisite smocking, announced graciously that the smocks were to be the exception.

"I was obliged to put my foot down, Marcus," she said afterwards, "or she would have bought everything I admired. Perhaps I am proud, but no one but my husband or Aunt Madge shall buy my frocks." And as Olivia said this she held up her head, and looked so dignified and handsome that Marcus re-

frained from teasing her. Evidently such pride was no fault in his eyes, and it was certain that he very much enjoyed choosing his wife's gowns.

Greta was the first to return. The Gaythornes stayed away until the middle of September.

When Alwyn paid his first visit, Olivia was rejoiced to see the improvement in him. He had gained weight and flesh, and looked very handsome, but Marcus was less satisfied with Mr. Gaythorne.

"He is an old man before his time," he observed. "I am afraid he will never throw off his invalid habits now. He can just potter about in the sunshine and amuse himself with his flowers and museum, but he will never be capable of work again. The least effort to concentrate his thoughts for more than a few minutes seems to irritate his brain. Nothing pleases him better than to creep up to the grand new studio and watch Alwyn at his work."

"I shall be proud of him yet," he said that to me yesterday, and if you had seen his face Livy, when he said it!"

(To be continued.)



PEN AND INK SKETCH OF MARIA EDGEWORTH.

By C. A. MACIRONE.

PART III.

ABOUT this time an uneasy apprehension began to permeate Parisian society, with a feeling of the coming thunder of war with England. Mr. Edgeworth had been allowed to remain in Paris in consequence of the remonstrances of Lord Whitworth, the English ambassador, but he had refused to be presented to the First Consul, and his friends were anxious. At that time writing on such matters was impossible, and speaking dangerous. In the doubt, Mr. Edgeworth desired they should get back to England while there was an open way of return, but their friends were so loth to part with them, and so sure that these were only intangible rumours without due foundation, that they implored them to reconsider the matter, so the packing was suspended. Miss Edgeworth writes: "M. le Breton called and said he was sure of knowing before that evening the truth as to Buonaparte's warlike intentions, and that, if Mr. Edgeworth met him at a friend's that night, he would know by his suddenly putting on his hat that war was imminent. He was unable to visit us again, and afraid if he wrote that his letter might be intercepted, and still more was he afraid of being overheard if he said anything at the party where they were to meet. Mr. Edgeworth went, and saw M. le Breton, who did suddenly put on his hat, and on Mr. Edgeworth's return to us, he said we must go."

But there was such lamentation and protestations among their French friends at their going away, that Mr. Edgeworth yielded so

far as to promise that if on his arrival in London his Paris friends wrote to say "Peace," he would return to them, and bring over the rest of his family from Ireland for a year's residence.

Mrs. Edgeworth writes: "On our arrival in London we found the expected letter from M. le Breton. It had been agreed that if there was to be peace, he was to conclude his letter with 'Mes hommages à la charmante Mademoiselle Charlotte,' if war, the *charmante* was to be omitted. He ended his letter, which made not the smallest allusion to politics or public events, with mes hommages à Mademoiselle Charlotte, and we set out for Edinburgh."

On the first rumour of war, Mr. Edgeworth wrote to warn his son, Lovell, who was on his way from Geneva to Paris, but he was stopped on the way, made prisoner and remained among the *détenus* for eleven years, till the end of the war in 1814.

A relative of the writer, having been sent on important business to Italy, was detained at the same time, though only a lad, from his father and his home, to his irreparable loss and suffering.

The coming home. — They came to a well-ordered happy home, where Miss Edgeworth at once began to occupy herself with preparing for the press popular tales, which were published this year, 1803. She also began *Emilie de Coulanges*, *Madame de Fleury*, and *Ennui*, and wrote *Leonora* in remembrance of the Chevalier Edelcrantz, and in some hope he would read and would approve of it.

But even in this happy home there was trouble in the year 1803.

The invasion of Ireland by the French had been long a matter of anxiety. Mr. Edgeworth at the first alarm offered to convey his wife's sisters—the Misses Sneyd, who had been a valued and happy part of their family since their sister's marriage—back to their English home; but they refused with warmth to separate themselves from those they loved when they were in apparent danger. The servants and people belonging to the estate were all loyal and attached to the family, and all the neighbours and men joined to form a regiment, headed by Mr. Edgeworth. "The enthusiasm of the country around may be imagined." There was no reluctance shown by the Roman Catholics. The moment the word "march" was uttered by their captain, they marched with alacrity. "One of my brothers," writes Miss Edgeworth, "a youth of fifteen, was in their ranks, another, twelve years old, marched with them."

One little man, only six years old, raised a small force of youths of his own mature years; they got a drum and a flag and exercised daily. He drilled them, and wrote a letter to the King—in a very large hand—telling his Majesty that he wanted to raise a regiment all himself, and that they were all anxious to serve his Majesty.

How the King would have enjoyed this letter! Unluckily his father found him going with it to the post, and it never reached its destination. It was a pity, for the King would have been delighted with it.

A thousand incidents, most interesting to

us, are, for want of space in this little paper, passed over, but the climax is worth noting that, "the French generals who headed this invasion, declared that they had been completely deceived as to the state of Ireland. They had expected to find the people in open rebellion, or at least, in their own phrase, organised for insurrection; but to their dismay they found only ragamuffins, as they called them, who in joining their standard, did them infinitely more harm than good . . . the same rebels frequently returning with new stories to get double and treble provision of arms, ammunition and uniforms; selling the ammunition for whisky, and running away at the first fire in the day of battle . . . They cursed also their own Directory for sending them after they had, as they boasted, conquered the world, to be at last beaten in an Irish bog."

Through all this time the Edgeworths remained safe, and protected by the loyalty of their people. Even some portion of the rebels who got to Edgeworthstown were prevented from entering or injuring the house by one of themselves. His wife had been helped and saved in great distress by the family, and he declared no one should hurt that house while he lived, and he drew them all away to ravage and burn elsewhere.

Maria Edgeworth, in her writings, never touched on these times. She loved to paint the fairest side of Irish character, and laboured to get their infinite charm and humour, their loyalty and fervent power of attachment to those they loved and served, the thousand bright and endearing qualities of mind and heart, which have distinguished Irish men and women—better appreciated and valued by their fellow-countrymen. In this she succeeded so well, as to rouse the emulation of Sir Walter Scott, the great Magician of the North, to do for his Scottish countrymen what she had so lovingly done for her Irish friends and people.

Have our dear young readers ever read *The Absentee*? It was of the great scene in which Lord Colambre discovers himself to his tenantry, that as we have already noticed Lord Macaulay said "it was the best thing of the sort since the opening of the twenty-second book of the *Odyssey*."

In 1804 she found time to write *Griselda*, which she amused herself with at odd moments in her own room without telling her father what she was about. When finished, she sent it to Johnson (her publisher), who had the good nature, at her request, to print a title-page for a single copy without her name to it; he then sent it over to Mr. Edgeworth as a new novel just come out. Mr. Edgeworth read it with surprise and admiration. He could not believe Maria could have had the actual time to write it, and yet it was so like her style; he at last exclaimed, "It must be Anna's. Anna has written this to please me. It is by some one we are interested in, Mary was so anxious I should read it."

Miss Sneyd was in the secret, and had several times put it before him on the table; at last she told him it was Maria's. He was amused at the trick, and delighted at having admired the book without knowing the author.

Mr. Edgeworth seems to have aroused in his family all the energies of love and free willing obedience, and to have made his sons more and more, as they grew up, friends and associates in the spirit of that great head master, who, when asked his secret for quickening all the best faculties of his boys, said, for all answer: "Encourage! Encourage! Encourage!" A letter from Maria to her brother Henry bears on this point—

"It gives me the most sincere pleasure to see your letters to my father, written just as if you were writing to a favourite friend of your own age, and with that manly simplicity

characteristic of your mind and manner from the time you were able to speak. There is something in this perfect openness and in the courage of daring to be always yourself, which attaches more than I can express, more than all the Chesterfieldian arts and graces that ever were practised."

Miss Edgeworth goes on upon another matter; but it is so characteristic of her and her home we cannot omit it.

"The worked sleeves are for Mrs. Stewart, and you are to offer them to her. Nobody can say I do not know how to choose my ambassadors well! If Mrs. Stewart should begin to say: 'Oh, it is a pity Miss Edgeworth should spend her time on such work!' please to interrupt her speech, though that is very rude, and tell her that I like work very much, and that I have only done this at odd times, after breakfast, you know, when my father reads out Pope's Homer, or when there are long sittings, when it is much more agreeable to move one's fingers than to have to sit with hands crossed or clasped immovably. I by no means accede to the doctrine that ladies cannot attend to anything else when they are working; besides, it is contrary—is not it?—to all the theories of Zoonomia. Does not Dr. Darwin show that certain habitual motions go on without interrupting trains of thought? And do not common sense and experience, whom I respect even above Dr. Darwin, show the same thing?"

"*A Home Festival.* To Miss Buxton.

"Edgeworthstown, June 1, 1805.

"My father's birthday was kept yesterday much more agreeably than last year, for then we had company in the house. Yesterday Sneyd, now at home for his vacation, who is ever the promoter of gaiety, contrived a pretty little *fête champêtre*, which surprised us all most agreeably. After dinner he persuaded me that it was indispensably necessary for my health that I should take an airing. Accordingly the chaise came to the door, and Ann Nangle and my mother, with little Lucy in her arms, and Maria, were rolled off, and after them, on horseback, came Charlotte, all smiles, and Henry with eyes brilliant with pleasure—riding again with Charlotte after eight months' absence.

"It was a delightful evening, and we thought we were pleasing ourselves sufficiently by the airing, so we came home thinking of nothing at all, when, as we drove round, our ears were suddenly struck with the sound of music, and, as if by enchantment, a fairy festival appeared on the green. In the midst of an amphitheatre of verdant festoons suspended from white staffs, on which the scarlet streamers of the yeomen were flying, appeared a company of youths and maidens in white, their heads adorned with flowers, dancing, while their mothers and their little children were seated on benches round the amphitheatre. John Langon sat on the pier of the dining-room steps, with Harriet on one knee and Sophy on the other, and Fanny standing behind him. In the course of the evening, William danced a reel with Fanny and Harriet, to the great delight of the spectators. Cakes and syllabub served in great abundance by the good Betty formed no inconsiderable part of the pleasures of the evening. William, who is at present in the height of electrical enthusiasm, proposed to the dancers a few electrical sparks to complete the joys of the day. All—men, women, and children—flocked into the study to be shocked, and their various gestures and expressions of surprise and terror, mixed with laughter, were really diverting to my mother, Ann Nangle and me, who had judiciously posted ourselves in the gallery. Charlotte and Sneyd, as soon as it was dark, came to summon us, and we found the little amphitheatre on the grass illuminated, the

lights mixed with the green boughs and flowers were beautiful, and the boys with *flambeaux* waving about had an excellent effect. I do wish you could have seen the honest happy face of George as he held his *flambeau* bolt upright at his station, looking at his own pretty daughter Mary. Oh, my dear aunt, how much our pleasure would have been increased if you had been sitting beside us at the dining-room window!"

Miss Edgeworth writes to the same beloved aunt on September 6.

"I have been at Pakenham Hall and Castle Torbay. At Pakenham Hall I was delighted with 'that sweetest music,' the praises of a friend from a person of judgment and taste. I do not know when I have felt so much pleasure as in hearing sweet Betty Pakenham speak of your Sophy. I never saw her look more animated or more pretty than when she was speaking of her."

Mr. Pakenham (afterwards Lord Longford) was Mr. Edgeworth's guardian during his minority, and nursed his property with such care as to restore it to its former prosperity. He and his family remained the intimate friends of the Edgeworths—hence the following letter when his daughter became engaged to Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterwards the great Duke of Wellington.

"Edgeworthstown, April 13, 1806.

"We were at Gaybrook when your letter came and when the good news of Miss Pakenham's happiness arrived" (Sir Arthur Wellesley had at this time just returned from India after a stay of eleven years). "It is one of those tales of real life in which the romance is far superior to the generality of fictions. I hope the imagination of this hero and heroine have not been too much exalted, and that they may not find the enjoyment of a happiness so long wished for inferior to that they expected. Pray tell dear good Lady Elizabeth we are so delighted with the news and so engrossed by it that, waking or sleeping, the image of Miss Pakenham swims before our eyes. To make the romance perfect, we want two material documents—a description of the person of Sir Arthur and a knowledge of the time when the interview after his return took place. . . .

"May-day, 1806.

"Dr. Beaufort (tell Charlotte) saw Sir Arthur Wellesley at the Castle, handsome, very brown, and a hooked nose. He could not travel with Lady Wellesley. He went by the mail. He had over-stayed his leave a day. She travelled under the care of his brother the clergyman. . . . Lady Elizabeth Pakenham told us that when Lady Wellesley was presented to the Queen, her Majesty said: 'I am happy to see you at my Court, so bright an example of constancy. If anybody in this world deserves to be happy, you do.' Then her Majesty inquired, 'But did you really never write one letter to Sir Arthur Wellesley during his long absence?' 'No, never, madam.' 'And did you never think of him?' 'Yes, madam; very often.'"

Some years later Miss Edgeworth writes:

"August 22, 1812.

"How happy Lady Wellington must be at this glorious victory. Had you in your paper an account of her running as fast as she could to Lord Bury at Lord Bathurst's when he alighted to learn the first news of her husband. *Vive l'enthousiasme!*

"Without it characters may be very snug and comfortable in the world; but there is a degree of happiness which they will never taste, and of which they have no more idea than an oyster can have."

(To be continued.)

bell is a useful article to be carried on the handle-bar. Strapped behind the saddle there should be a wallet for the conveyance of the indispensable spanner, oil can, cleaning cloth, and pump tube (the pump being fastened to the framework). The wise maiden prefers to carry an additional wick, a small tin of burning oil and some matches in case of an emergency, as it is somewhat unpleasant to be suddenly demanded by a hurly-burly gentleman-in-blue to reproduce a light that has forsaken its rider, or be compelled to walk the wheel home as if it were a refractory child.

In frosty weather the oil may freeze, even when the lamp is lighted, but if the wick is relieved of two or more of its threads, the oil will burn easier and brighter. Some riders find it expedient to mix a little paraffin with the oil, but this may cause the lamp to smoke.

In conclusion, it is wiser for the novice, in order to thoroughly understand the different points that require attention from time to

time, to either inquire of the manufacturers of the cycle which she is riding, or of any practical cycle depot, as to the following—

1. How to repair, detach and replace the tyres.
2. How to manipulate the valve to let out the air or remove the tyre, and how to tighten it up if it leaks.
3. How to adjust the bearings of the head, the pedals, the hub, and the bottom bracket.
4. How to adjust, remove or replace the chain and the gear-case.
5. How to remove and replace the pedals, and
6. how to oil and clean all parts.

The general instructions for adjusting the chain are simply to loosen the large nuts at both ends of the back wheel spindle, screw up the little nuts on both the chain adjusters equally, till the wheel is drawn back to the right position, and then tighten the nuts on the spindle, taking care that the wheel remains central between the forks, and tighten up the nuts of the adjusters to prevent them from becoming loose and working off. But there may be a special arrangement on some machines, upon which it

is better to receive instruction from the makers. There should always be some slight play in the chain, say, about three-quarters of an inch midway between the cog wheels, but if a gear case is used, this might be less.

I have not mentioned dress-guards, for the simple reason that all suitably-attired wheel-women do not require them, but those who still prefer to wear the ungainly and dangerous skirt, it is imperative that the back wheel should be well guarded. The chain, unless covered with a gear case, is also a source of danger to the skirted rider, and so are the pedals, but there is no guard for the latter. The best wheel guard is made of cord, which can be easily removed and replaced if damaged.

There are many complaints as to saddles, but these are generally caused through wrong adjustment, and the saddle, unless the springs are broken and cause the trouble, can generally be made comfortable if properly tilted to suit the posture of the rider.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

By C. A. MACIRONE.



PART IV.

ON the 31st of May, 1798, Mr. Edgeworth and Miss Sophie Beaufort were married at St. Anne's Church, in Dublin. Mr. Edgeworth, then past fifty, had truly valued his third wife, Elizabeth

Sneyd, of whom he had said that he "had never seen her out of temper, and never received from her an unkind word, or an angry look." But he married again.

It may sound strange, but it is nevertheless true, that in Miss Beaufort, even more than in her predecessors, he gave to his children a wise and kind mother, and a most entirely devoted friend.

Maria Edgeworth writes to her :—

"Edgeworthstown, May 16, 1798.

"Amongst the many kindnesses my father has shown me, the greatest, I think, has been his permitting me to see his heart *à découvert*, and I have seen, by your kind sincerity and his, that in good and cultivated minds, love is no idle passion, but one that inspires useful and generous energy . . . and I should guess—for I know nothing of the matter—that the courtship of an ignorant lover must be almost as insipid as a marriage with him, for 'my jewel' continually repeated, without new setting, must surely fatigue a little. . .

"You call yourself, dear Miss Beaufort, my friend and companion. I hope you will never have reason to repent beginning in this style towards me. I think you will not find me encroach upon you. The overflows of your kindness, if I know anything of my own heart, will fertilise the land, but will not destroy the land-marks. I do not know whether I most hate or despise the temper which will take an ell where an inch is given. A well-bred person never forgets that species of respect which is due to situation and rank; though his superiors in rank treat him with the utmost consideration, he never is 'hail fellow well met'

with them; he never calls them Jack or Tom by way of increasing his own consequence.

"I flatter myself that you will find me gratefully exact *un belle fille*."

How perfectly this promise was kept will be known to all readers of the memoirs and private letters of the family.

Mrs. Edgeworth writes after her reception at her new home :

"All agreed in making me feel at once at home, and part of the family; all received me with the most unaffected cordiality; but from Maria it was something more. She more than fulfilled the promise of her letter, she made me at once her most intimate friend; and in all the serious concerns of life, and in every trifle of the day, treated me with the most generous confidence."

And so the family went on enlarging its numbers till twenty-two children were born to the home, where perfect obedience and discipline was carried out by the law of love. Mr. Edgeworth did not intend Maria, the eldest daughter, to be made a drudge, but he gave (as he did others of the elders) one child specially to her management; this was that Henry of whom much is told, which, for want of space, we must pass over; but the father writes to his mother-in-law :

"My dear mother, I write from the midst of such a circle of children, as is not, I believe, to be found anywhere else. Such excellent principles, such just views of human life and manners, such cultivated understandings, such charming tempers make a little paradise about me."

Fifteen years now passed since his last marriage; the sisters of a former wife continued to reside in his family, having become the most attached friends of the present Mrs. Edgeworth and of her children. Under her uniting influence he saw his sons and daughters, by three previous marriages, living together with six of her children in perfect harmony and happiness, all looking up to him with fond affection, confidence, and gratitude. From the great difference in the ages of his children, his eldest being at that time above five-and-forty, and the youngest only one year old, he enjoyed as a father, preceptor, and friend, an extraordinary variety of interest and amusement, as well as occupation and friendship, in his own family. Some had been for years his

friends and companions, and had joined with him in all his pursuits, thoughts, and feelings, and had lived with him on terms of equality, which, diminishing nothing from respect, added incalculably to their happiness, gratitude and affection.

In this home, in the father's room, or the common sitting-room, the family used to meet to hear works read aloud—Maria Edgeworth's works among others—to be criticised or applauded, of which her father writes—

"Maria's tales will soon issue from the Press. If they fail of succeeding with the public, you will hear of my hanging myself." Of all writers, the authoress was the most severe on her own work, for she writes : "I was obliged to go from it" (Simple Story by Mrs. Inchbald) "to correct *Belinda* for Mrs. Barbauld (who is going to insert it in her collection of novels). . . I really was so provoked with the cold tameness of that stick or stone *Belinda*, that I could have torn the pages to pieces, and really I have not the heart or the patience to correct her. As the hackney coachman said, 'Mend you! Better make a new one.'"

With the publication of *Belinda*, in despite of the authoress's severe criticism, the Edgeworths immediately became famous, and the books were at once translated into French and German. *Belinda* was first written, and altogether planned to end in the death of Lady Delacour, a much finer and juster catastrophe. But Mr. Edgeworth prevailed on his daughter to alter to her recovery and reformation, an improbable and uncharacteristic climax.

But his daughter's reverence for her father's judgment rendered it impossible for her to question its correctness. A better and more generous judge than herself of her works writes in 1814; and what he says of her works applies as fully to her own life as to the principles which she inculcates.

"The old rule was for heroes and heroines to fall suddenly and irretrievably in love. If they fell in love with the right person, so much the better; if not, it could not be helped, and the novel ended unhappily. And above all, it was held quite irregular for the most reasonable people to make any use whatever of their reason on the most important occasion of their lives. Miss Edgeworth has presumed to treat this mighty power with less reverence.

"She has analysed it, and found that it does not consist of one simple element, but that

several common ingredients enter into its composition—habit, esteem, a belief of some corresponding sentiments, and of suitableness in the character and circumstances of the party. She has pronounced that reason, timely and vigorously applied, is almost a specific, and following up this bold empirical line of practice she has actually produced cases of the entire cure of persons who had laboured under its operation."

But she was far from underrating the power and blessing of a feeling which she desired guided and controlled. We have seen how honestly and thoroughly she dealt to herself the measure she had given to others, and obeyed at great cost of suffering the guidance of her principles.

Several visits to London brought the family and Maria Edgeworth speedily into the most friendly relations with the eminent and remarkable people of that time. But "the constant chorus of our moral as we drive home together at night is 'How happy we are to be so fond of each other.' 'How happy we are to be independent of all we see here!' 'How happy to have our own home to return to at last!'"

And yet they were *fêted* and lived in some of the best houses both in France and England—and no wonder.

Mr. Ticknor says of Maria Edgeworth: "There was a life and spirit about her conversation, she threw herself into it with such *abandon*, she retorted with such brilliant repartee, and in short she talked with such an extraordinary flow of natural talent, that I don't know whether anything of the kind would be finer." And Sydney Smith writes, "Miss Edgeworth was delightful, so clever and sensible; she does not say witty things, but there is such a perfume of wit runs through all her conversation as makes it very brilliant."

This and a thousand other attractions made their reception in England very happy and brilliant. They were made the most welcome guests at Bowood and Easton Grey and in a circle of eminent literary, scientific and political grandees; Lord and Lady Lansdowne, Hallam, Ricardo, Bowles, Joanna Baillie, Dr. Brodie, Lady Elizabeth Whitbread, Lords Holland and Grenville, Sir J. Macintosh, Mrs. Somerville, Sir Humphry Davy, Peel and Brougham, Mrs. Siddons, Jeffrey, Herschel, Lady Byron,

Ticknor, and last, not least, Sir Walter Scott—who writes in his preface to *Waverley*:

"Two circumstances, in particular, recalled my recollection of the mislaid manuscripts (in alluding to the missing manuscript which became *Waverley*), the first was the extended, well-merited fame of Miss Edgeworth, whose Irish characters have gone so far to make the English familiar with the character of their gay and kind-hearted neighbours of Ireland, that she may be truly said to have done more towards completing the union than perhaps all the legislative enactments by which it has been followed up. Without being so presumptuous as to hope to emulate the rich humour, pathetic tenderness, and admirable talk, which pervade the works of my accomplished friend, I felt that something might be attempted for my own country, of the same kind with that which Miss Edgeworth so fortunately achieved for Ireland; something which might introduce her natives to those of the sister kingdom in a more favourable light than they had been placed hitherto, and tend to produce sympathy for their virtues, and indulgence for their foibles."

(*To be concluded.*)

THE WHITE ROSE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," "Seven Years for Rachel," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.



THE two following days were days of intense anxiety. Lady Llewellyn thought of writing to the Earl of Hastings; but when they heard of him last, he was on the point of leaving Italy for England, and she

did not know where to address him. She could not even make up the

comparatively small sum she owed herself, and what was to become of Mr. Lloyd she knew not. The innkeeper's affairs were not sufficiently settled to allow of their ascertaining how far his patron was involved; but from some letters received by Mr. Lloyd from his attorney, they feared it would prove very deeply. Reports were circulating amongst his parishioners that he was supposed to be in trouble; and the good people crowded about Gwenlleean to know what was the matter, and whether it was all true; but they were too poor to be of any assistance. David was from home; Miriam's savings were already diminished; and Lady Llewellyn and Gwenlleean felt that the post would only bring disappointment. A few days more, and their own little furniture would perhaps be seized; all was sad as sad could be.

Early on the morning of the third day they were favoured by another visit from the agent. He was sorry to say that his duty compelled him to request the immediate payment of the rent, as he had been told by Mr. Grant to send speedy remittances to a banker in Edinburgh. Lady Llewellyn could only bend

in token of assent, and leave him to take his course. She inquired concerning Mr. Lloyd, and found that Jones's debts were upwards of a thousand pounds; that he had not stock to pay half, and that Mr. Lloyd was made responsible for the rest, which would be soon demanded.

Lady Llewellyn had a few, a very few valuables left. The grand object appeared to be, just at present, to obtain sufficient money to pay her five and twenty pounds, and to get Mr. Lloyd to the cottage whilst the melancholy scenes she anticipated were enacting in his own home. David was to return either that day or the next, and she could get him to dispose of every trinket she had kept, which might, she hoped, free them for the present. She therefore assured the agent that he should be paid; and when he was gone, set to work to gather her few jewels together; her husband's miniature, set in pearls, a gold bracelet, with a diamond clasp, containing his hair, and one or two other articles of less value, treasured as mementoes of friendship.

During the agent's stay Gwenlleean had slipped away in order to visit Mr. Lloyd. As she was hastening onwards, she was suddenly stopped by her ardent admirer, the miller. He was always almost a bore, but now wholly one. She would have passed him with a civil "good-morning," but he was not to be got rid of. He waddled on by her side, until he was fairly out of breath; then putting his hand on her arm, said with some effort—

"Make so bold, miss, but I want to speak to you; and I never can talk well walking so fast. I won't retain you long, but—"

"I am sure you will excuse me, Mr. Jenkins," said Gwenlleean gently; "but I am in a hurry to get to Mr. Lloyd."

"Only a minute, miss; make so bold—but the agent—"

The miller paused.

"What of him?" said Gwenlleean.

"Only I have seen him go twice to your house, and no good ever goes along with him."

The miller paused again; but Gwenlleean had nothing to say, so he stammered and stammered and proceeded—

"I hope no offence, miss; but I should be sorry at my heart to see you or madam in trouble, and the finest ladies fall into it sometimes. I have been thinking that may be, perhaps, no offence, miss, you may be in trouble yourself."

There was something so kind in the miller's manner, confused and unintelligible though it was, that Gwenlleean could not feel annoyed. She said she was much obliged to him for his anxiety, and again attempted to proceed.

"Only a minute, miss. If I—if you would let me, there now, 'tis out, no offence, miss, there"—and with the last "there," emphatically pronounced, the miller drew out a huge yellow canvas bag, and thrust it into Gwenlleean's hand. Gwenlleean looked astonished; but the first difficulty mastered, the miller proceeded more easily.

"'Tis only thirty pound, miss, and if you owe that Williams anything, pay it. You're as welcome as myself. Now don't hurt me by refusing. If you won't 'cept it, you may pay me by 'stalments; only keep the money now, and pay the rent."

"My dear, kind, generous friend," said Gwenlleean, putting her hand into the miller's, "how can I thank you for this?"

"There now; don't you go to be calling me them sort of words, or 'tis all over with me. Once," here the miller sighed, "I could have danced to have heard 'em; but take you the money home and send it straight. Only

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

By C. A. MACIRONE.

PART V.

THE account of Sir Walter Scott's exciting pursuit of the Edgeworth family at Edinburgh, their arrival at night after a long journey, and being carried off to a house-party at Sir Walter Scott's to hear native highland music, and their subsequent visits to Abbotsford and the return visit from Abbotsford to Edgeworthstown is most charming; but I am warned my space is coming to an end, and there are other scenes in the family to be touched on.

Mr. Edgeworth's health failed. During a long illness, borne with a cheerfulness and patience which his calm and deep religious faith alone explained, he retained his sympathy with all the living interests around him, and enjoyed the reading of Maria's works, which she wrote, amidst her tears, for her father's amusement. She writes of him: "No man

that she should write a story as a companion to *Harrington*, and in all her anguish of mind she, by a remarkable effort of affection and genius, produced the earlier gay and brilliant pages of *Ormond*, some of the gayest and most brilliant she ever composed. The interest and delight which her father, ill as he was, took in this beginning, encouraged her to go on, and she completed the story. Yet the characters of King Corny and Sir Ulick O'Shane, and the many scenes full of wit, humour, and feeling, were written in an agony of anxiety, with trembling hand and tearful eyes. As she finished chapter after chapter she read them out, the whole family assembling in her father's room to listen to them. Her father enjoyed these readings so exceedingly that she was amply rewarded for the efforts she had made.

Mr. Edgeworth died on the 13th of June, 1817, in his seventy-second year. "During

only stipulated that she herself should remain a background figure as before. Lovell Edgeworth was still the apparent owner of Edgeworthstown, Mrs. Edgeworth was still the mistress of the house, consulted and deferred to in everything."

The family travelled to France and Switzerland in need of change of scene after such sorrow, but the father's loved influence over his family never faded.

In the *Cornhill Magazine*, p. 423, we read: "The writer once expressed her surprise at the extraordinary influence that Mr. Edgeworth seems to have had over women and over the many members of his own family who continued to reside in his home after the various changes which had taken place there." The lady to whom she spoke was one who had seen more of life than most of us, who has for years past carried help to the far away and mysterious East, but whose natural place is at home in the more prosperous and unattainable West-end. This lady said: "You do not in the least understand what my Uncle Edgeworth was. I never knew anything like him. Brilliant, full of energy and charm, he was something quite extraordinary and irresistible. If you had known him you would not have wondered at anything. It was his strength of character which gave him this great influence. This gentleman, rich, young, handsome and brilliant in society, excelled also in his sense of duty. It was this sense which led him on his coming of age to say:

"I returned to Ireland with a firm determination to dedicate the remainder of my life to the improvement of my estate, and to the education of my children, and further with the sincere hope of contributing to the amelioration of the inhabitants of the country from which I drew my subsistence."

Even this slight and insufficient sketch will show in some degree how that resolution was kept. Those who can consult the larger memoirs and letters remaining of this time can much more fully realise what good was done, from the government of large estates to the instruction of the smallest, tiny child. A wise and generous administration raised the revenues of lands, and these revenues were used to the improvement of the country and the people; used as there was nothing spent in luxury, there was plenty for the generous and hospitable hands to give, besides the justice which rewards loyal work. "Go before Mr. Edgeworth and you will surely get justice," became a saying in the neighbourhood. And a great critic said: "Mr. Edgeworth had in a very remarkable degree that power of ruling and administering which is one of the rarest of gifts. He seems to have shown great firmness and good sense in his conduct in the troubled times in which he lived. He saw to his own affairs, administering justice, put down middlemen as far as possible, and reorganised the letting-out of the estate. Unlike many of his neighbours he was careful not to sacrifice the future to present ease of mind and of pocket. He put down rackrents and bribes of every sort, and did his best to establish things upon a firm and lasting basis.

"But if it was not possible even for Mr. Edgeworth to make things as they should have been outside the house, inside the sketch given of the family life is very pleasant. The father admitted his children to perfect confidence with himself, interesting them in his experiments, spending his days with them, consulting them. There are no reservations; he does his



MARIA EDGEWORTH'S IRISH HOME.

could be more sensible than he was of the consolatory fortifying influence of the Christian religion in sustaining the mind in adversity, poverty, and age. No man knew better its power to carry hope and peace in the hour of death to the penitent criminal. When from party bigotry it has happened that a priest has been denied admittance to the condemned criminal, my father has gone to the county gaol to soothe the sufferer's mind and to receive that confession on which, to the poor Catholic's belief, his salvation depended. . . . Nor did he ever weaken in any heart in which it was ever excited that which he considered as the greatest blessing that a human creature can enjoy, firm religious faith and hope. Nay, he wrote on his favourite subject, education: 'I consider that religious obligation is indispensably necessary in the education of all descriptions of people in every part of the world. I consider religion, in the large sense of the word, to be the only certain bond of society, and education upon which, next to a universal reverence for religion, we believe the happiness of mankind to depend.'

He had expressed a wish to his daughter

the months which succeeded her father's death Maria wrote scarcely any letters; her sight caused great anxiety. The tears, she said, felt in her eyes like the cutting of a knife. She had overworked them all the previous winter, sitting up at night and struggling with her grief as she wrote *Ormond*, and she was now unable to use them without pain.

"It required all Maria Edgeworth's inherited activity of mind, and all her acquired command over herself, to keep up the spirits of her family on their return to Edgeworthstown, from which the master-mind was gone, and where the light was quenched. Lovell Edgeworth, the only son of the second marriage, succeeded to Edgeworthstown, but persuaded his step-mother and his numerous brothers and sisters still to regard it as a home, and when his embarrassments obliged him to sell his paternal inheritance Miss Edgeworth gladly spent the fortune which had come to her through her literary labours (what was left, for she had spent large sums as they came for various improvements for the people) in preserving it from falling into the hands of strangers. She

business in the great family sitting-room, surrounded by his family. . . .

"Maria used to help her father in the business connected with the estate, and to assist him also to keep the accounts . . . and write his business letters. Long after her father's death this knowledge and experience enabled her to manage the estate for her elder step-brother, Mr. Lovell Edgeworth, and she was able at a time of great national difficulty and anxious crisis to meet a storm in which many a larger fortune was wrecked."

The nearness of age between father and daughter (he was not twenty-four years old when Maria was born) may have contributed to the extreme sympathy and cordiality of affection which subsisted between them.

There is one last London visit we must mention. Staying in London in 1822, there was a most interesting visit to Newgate to meet Mrs. Fry. We quote from Miss Edgeworth's letter of that date.

"The private door opened at sight of our tickets, and the great doors and the little doors, and the thick doors and doors of all sorts were unbolted and unlocked, and on we went through dreary but clean passages till we came to a room where rows of empty benches fronted us, a table on which lay a large Bible. Several ladies and gentlemen entered and took their seats on benches on either side of the table in silence.

"Enter Mrs. Fry in a drab-coloured silk cloak and plain borderless Quaker cap; a most benevolent countenance, quite a Madonna-like face, calm and benign. 'I must make an inquiry. Is Maria Edgeworth here? and where?' I went forward; she bade us come and sit beside her. Her first smile as she looked upon me I can never forget.

"The prisoners came in, and in an orderly manner ranged themselves on the benches. All quite clean, faces, hair, caps, and hands. On a very low bench in front, little children were seated and were settled by their mothers. Almost all these women, about thirty, were under sentence of transportation, some few only were for imprisonment.

"One who did not appear was under sentence of death. Frequently women when sentenced to death become ill and unable to attend Mrs. Fry; the others come regularly and voluntarily.

"She opened the Bible and read in the most sweetly solemn, sedate voice I ever heard, slowly and distinctly, without anything in the manner which could distract attention from the matter. . . . She confirmed what we have read and heard, that it was by their love of their children that she first obtained influence over these abandoned women. The mothers said that if she would but save their children from the misery they had gone through in life, they would do anything she bade them. . . ."

Another similar most interesting visit was paid to the Millbank Penitentiary, which we must, however, only allude to, for the end of our tether draws very near.

The year 1830 saw *Helen*, Maria Edgeworth's last, and we may say best and most

finished work, begun, which was finished and published in the year 1833. The *Dublin University Magazine* said: "Our eyes were gladdened by the appearance of a new novel from the pen of Miss Edgeworth—dear, precious Maria Edgeworth! We felt the sound of her name like the return of spring, and have looked upon her pages with the eager delight with which we should greet the approach of a long-lost acquaintance."*

Such words, such greetings, from all were most cheering to the author, who again appeared before the public, which was no slight ordeal after so many years of silence, years that had changed much; new generations of readers and modern novels had not supplanted the well-earned fame of Miss Edgeworth. She was favoured with a genuine ovation from the best and brightest minds of Great Britain and America. Mrs. Edgeworth writes: "*Helen* when finished was read out to the assembled family. Maria was tremblingly alive to the absence of the strong mind and tender love of her father, whose corrections or approbation had been the great stimulus of these readings out of her manuscripts in former times; but

impetuous nature and boundless generosity of spirit.

"Extremely small of stature, her figure continued slight, and all her movements singularly alert to the last. No one ever conversed with her for five minutes without forgetting the plainness of her features in the vivacity, benevolence, and genius expressed in her countenance. Particularly neat in her dress and in all her ways, she had everything belonging to her arranged in the most perfect order—habits of order early impressed on her by Mrs. Honora Edgeworth, which, with her methodical way of doing business, enabled her to get through a surprising amount of multifarious work in the course of every day. . . . She had amazing power of control over her feelings when occasion demanded, but in general her tears or her smiles were called forth by any turn of joy or sorrow among those she lived with. When she met in a stranger a kindred mind, her conversation upon every subject poured forth, brilliant with wit and eloquence and a gaiety of heart which gave life to all she thought and said. But the charms of society never altered her taste for domestic life; she

was consistent from the beginning to the end. Though so exceedingly enjoying the intercourse with all the great minds she had known, she more enjoyed her domestic life with all her relations, when her spirits never flagged, and her wit and wisdom, which were never for show, were called forth by every little incident of the day. When my daughters were with Maria at Paris they described to me the readiness with which she returned from the company of the greatest philosophers and wits of the day to superintend her young sister's dress or arrange some party of pleasure for them. They wrote to their mother—

"We often wonder what her admirers would say, after all the profound remarks and brilliant witticisms they have listened to, if they heard all her delightful nonsense with us? Much as she was gratified by her success in the society of her celebrated contemporaries, she never varied in her love for home."

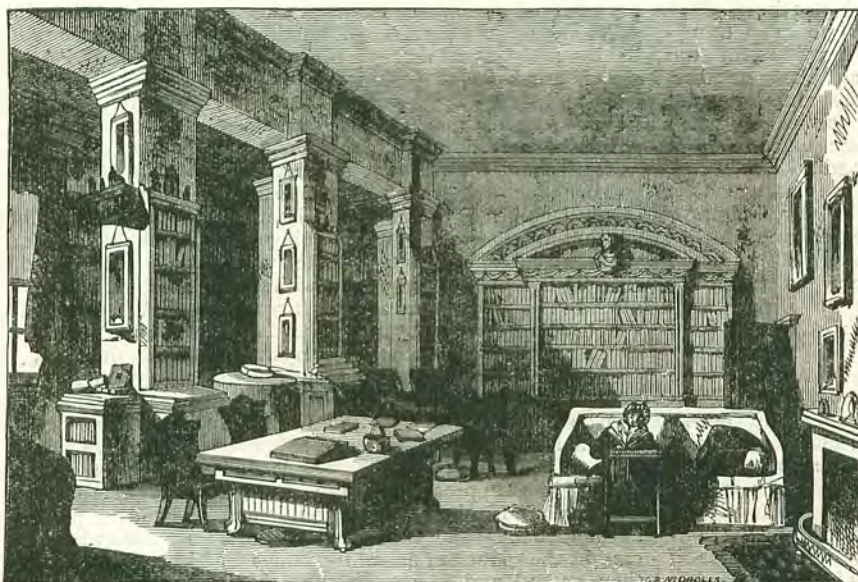
"The above," Mrs. Ritchie says, "is almost as great and significant a testimonial to the unselfish, generous nature of the step-mother as to the illustrious daughter whom she so deeply loved. The more when we remember that the mutual love and devotion which blesses step-mother and step-daughter subsisted for fifty years without a cloud."

Maria Edgeworth said of herself, when asked by her publishers to allow a biographical memoir to be affixed to her works—

"As a woman, my life, wholly domestic, cannot afford anything interesting to the public. I am like the 'needy knife-grinder,' I have no story to tell. There is indeed one thing I should have wished to tell, but that Sir Walter has so much better told it for me: I honestly glory in the thought that my name will go down to posterity as his friend."

Was she right?

Is that all? And is so lovely a life not worth telling?



THE LIBRARY IN WHICH MARIA EDGEWORTH WROTE.

the enthusiastic delight expressed by her brothers and sisters as we proceeded . . . reassured her, and when we came to the noble and touching scenes at the end our tears were applause that completely satisfied her."

Meantime Miss Edgeworth has grown an old lady, "rich in all that should accompany old age, as honour, love, obedience, troops of friends." Her step-mother writes—

"On the morning of the 22nd of May, 1849, Maria was taken suddenly ill with pain in the region of the heart, and in a few hours breathed her last in my arms.

"She had always wished that her friends should be spared the anguish of seeing her suffer in protracted illness, and that I should be with her. All her wishes were fulfilled.

"She was gone, and nothing like her can we ever see again in this world. Her genius, her vast capacity for every species of knowledge, her infinite cheerfulness, and with all her bright fancy and all her never-failing wit, the wonderfully practical nature of her mind. The most remarkable trait in her character was the prudence with which she acted, the command which she had acquired over her naturally

* *A Study of Maria Edgeworth*, by Grace Oliver.