

In our round we came to a little secluded garden, which Mrs. Francis told us they had laid out for her, and her children, and where they had built a little summer-house of heath. It was very retired and pretty. Miss Edgeworth made some inquiries after a gentleman not far from London, and asked me if I knew him, to which I replied, that my only intercourse with him had been a correspondence about a gardener who offered himself to me, and referred to this gentleman as his former employer. That on asking the man why he had left, he said that it was entirely because this gentleman and himself could not agree on the true manner of cultivating a certain rose. That both master and himself were great rose fanciers, and each thought he knew best how to grow them. That in most cases he acknowledged his master's skill and knowledge, but that in this instance he could not. He believed himself right, and his master wrong; and that they grew so warm respecting it, that he gave his master notice to quit, rather than be compelled to murder, as he called it, a fine and unique rose, by an improper mode of treatment. That on referring to the gentleman, he confirmed the account in all its particulars, giving the man a most excellent character, both as a man and a gardener, but so obstinate about this one rose, that he threw up his place, a martyr to his system of science, the master having become as obstinate from opposition to a favorite whim, as to let him do it!

This story infinitely diverted Miss Edgeworth, and seeing Mrs. Edgeworth at a distance she called her to hear it.

On our return to the house we were joined by Mr. Francis Edgeworth, and at dinner and during the evening we had a deal of talk of poetry and poets. Mr. Edgeworth seemed particularly to admire Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats, and thought Keats had never yet had justice done him. In this we agreed, and indeed in most of the sentiments expressed; Mr. Edgeworth, being liberal in politics as well as in poetry. The ladies as well as Mr. Edgeworth, expressed their great obligation to Mrs. Howitt, for the introduction of Miss Bremer's works, and of a taste for the northern languages and literature in general. They had fallen into the error which has been very common, especially in America, of supposing William and Mary Howitt were brother and sister, instead of husband and wife.

We do not intend here to enter into any remarks on the writings of Miss Edgeworth, which are sufficiently well known to all readers, but there is one characteristic of them which has naturally excited much wonder, and that is, that in none of them does she introduce the subject of religion, but confines herself to morals and their influence. We have been told, and we believe on good authority, the origin of this. Her father being a disbeliever in revealed religion, she made a promise to him never to write in favor of religion if he would never write against it. Through a long life she has faithfully observed the compact, and the fact of its existence may explain what to so many has been a source of surprise. Whilst she may thus have rendered a service to religion, in her opinion, by guarding it from what she might deem a formidable attack, she has rendered preeminent service to her country by portraying its wants and characteristic failings, and rousing a spirit of patriotism in the breasts of her countrymen. Long before any other writers of her country she made domestic fictions the vehicle of great and necessary truths, and at the present moment, after so many have followed in her steps, she again agreeably surprises us by her new volume for the young, displaying in her *Orlandino* a vigor that seems to bid defiance to years.

In conversing with Miss Edgeworth on the condition and prospects of Ireland, I was somewhat surprised to hear her advocate the *laissez faire* system. She contended that Ireland was steadily progressing, and would do very well if people would not force their political nostrums upon her. She described the advances in the condition of the country and the people in her time, as most striking. What must it have been then? Of course, she would have an equality of legislation for the whole kingdom, and that in fact includes almost everything. Ireland herself would rise from her present misery and degradation with that advantage; yet it would be slowly, for length of time for recovery must be in some proportion to the length and force of the infliction. With present justice, there requires a grand com-

pensation for the past, by a kindly but fair application of every means that can employ the people, especially in the cultivation of the land.

How it Strikes a Stranger.

BY JANE TAYLOR.

IN a remote period of antiquity, when the marvellous obtained a readier credence than now, it was fabled that a stranger of extraordinary appearance was observed pacing the streets of one of the magnificent cities of the East, remarking with an eye of intelligent curiosity, every surrounding object. Several individuals gathering round him, questioned him concerning his country and his business; but they, presently perceived that he was unacquainted with their language, and he soon discovered himself to be equally ignorant of the most common usages of society. At the same time the dignity and intelligence of his air and demeanour forbade the idea of his being either a barbarian or a lunatic. When at length he understood by their signs they wished to be informed whence he came, he pointed with great significance to the sky; upon which the crowd, concluding him to be one of their deities, were proceeding to pay him divine honour; but he no sooner comprehended their design, than he rejected it with horror; and bending his knees in the attitude of prayer, gave them to understand that he also was a worshipper of the powers above.

After a time, it is said that the mysterious stranger accepted the hospitalities of one of the nobles of the city; under whose roof he applied himself with great diligence to the acquirement of the language, in which he made such surprising proficiency, that in a few days he was able to hold intelligent intercourse with those around him. The noble host now resolved to take an early opportunity of satisfying his curiosity respecting the country and quality of his guest; and, upon his expressing this desire, the stranger assured him that he would answer his inquiries that evening after sunset. Accordingly, as night approached, he led him forth upon the balconies of the palace which overlooked the wealthy and populous city. Innumerable lights from its busy streets and splendid palaces were now reflected in the dark bosom of its noble river, where stately vessels laden with rich merchandise from all parts of the known world, lay anchored in the port. This was a city in which the voice of the harp and of the viol, and the sound of the millstone, were continually heard; and craftsmen of all kinds of craft were there; and the light of a candle was seen in every dwelling; and the voice of the bridegroom and the voice of the bride were heard there. The stranger mused a while upon the glittering scene, and listened to the confused murmur of mingling sounds. Then suddenly raising his eyes to the starry firmament, he fixed them with an expressive gaze upon the beautiful evening star. "Marvel not," said he to his host, "that I gaze with fond affection on yonder silvery star. That was my home; yes. I was lately an inhabitant of that tranquil planet; from whence a vain curiosity has tempted me to wander; often had I beheld with admiration this brilliant world of yours, ever one of the brightest gems of our firmament; and the ardent desire I had long felt to know something of its condition was at length unexpectedly gratified. I received permission and power from above to traverse the mighty void, and to direct my course to this distant sphere. To that permission, however, one condition was annexed, to which my eagerness for the enterprise induced me hastily to consent; namely, that I must thenceforth remain an inhabitant of this strange earth, and undergo all the vicissitudes to which its natives are subject. Tell me, therefore, I pray you, what is the lot of man; and explain to me more fully than I yet understand, all that I hear and see around me."

"Truly, sir," replied the astonished noble, "although I am altogether unacquainted with the manners and customs, products and privileges of your country, yet, methinks I cannot but congratulate you on your arrival in our world, especially since it has been your good fortune to alight on a part of it affording such various sources of enjoyment as this our opulent and luxurious city; and be assured, it will be my pride and pleasure to