

allow us to work in study hours, or during exercise hours, and there was no other time, as we could not sit up at night."

"I can fancy your distress, Emily, being so well acquainted with your mania for wools, beads, flosses, &c., and do not wonder that under the circumstances you became homesick; but can you tell me how it was that the confinement affected your health so prejudicially? Had you many studies?"

"No; I had only two besides music, reading and writing—they would not allow me to take any more. But the restrictions depressed my spirits so much, that I was unhappy, and that injured my health."

Mrs. Hall gazed for a moment at the wan visage and shrunk-en form before her, then turning to her father, she said, "suffer me, sir, to expostulate a moment with you on the course your daughter is pursuing. She is *out* among many of the daughters of our land, who are sacrificing intellect, domestic usefulness, and above all, health, to a passion for embroidery. I would not object to ladies employing their needles in making small fancy articles; indeed I prize no memento more highly than a tasteful bit of needlework; but when it is carried to such an extent as in the present case, it cannot fall much short of being sin. From your daughter's mouth, in your presence, I have convicted her of being her own destroyer; and in regard to the school, which bears the odium of having injured her health, I am so well satisfied of its merits, that I shall send Susan there so soon as she can be prepared. Had Emily obeyed those rules of which she complains, and continued in the practice of them, she would not have that pain in her side, or that distressing headache; and she should not murmur at the confinement, while she constantly refused to embrace the opportunities provided for fresh air and exercise—it is hard thus to censure regulations which were never observed. I beg you will not take offence at my plainness, as my only motive for speaking thus warmly is my interest in your motherless daughter, and a dislike to hear good blamed as evil, and evil represented as good."

"I see it, Mrs. Hall, I see it now," exclaimed Mr. Morton; "while you, lawyer-like, were drawing the evidence for her own condemnation from Emily's lips, the truth was breaking in upon me. Why, what have I been thinking of, to allow her to sit for weeks, yes, months, over a frame, like some poor factory girl, until she has really assumed the appearance and spirits of one. She has embroidered a whole set of chairs for the drawing-room, a large arm chair to match them, besides ottomans, satin pieces, lamp mats, screens, &c. Oh! it is wretched; but I hope it is not too late to open my eyes, and she shall immediately change her course."

"I am very happy to hear this assurance, and, as I have already outstayed my time, I must wish you good morning."

When Mrs. Hall was gone Mr. Morton turned to Emily, saying, "Are you not convinced that you are destroying your health and pleasure by this foolish predilection?"

"Not at all, papa! Mrs. Hall is such a whimsical person—I wish she would let me alone."

"I dare say she will, my dear, and you shall let fancy work alone; if you will not listen to reason, you *must* to authority; and I desire you to put on your bonnet, and come with me for a walk, with this understanding, that you shall not work on that piece more than two hours a day, and when it is completed it shall never be succeeded by another, while you are under my charge."

Emily rose, as she was bidden, and went out of the room with tears in her eyes. The moment she was beyond the door, bursting into a passionate fit of weeping, she exclaimed, "What shall I do. I know papa will be as he has said; what shall I do! that hateful Mrs. Hall." IDA.

THE NUTMEG TREE AND FRUIT.—The nutmeg tree is very beautiful, and grows abundantly in the East Indies. The leaves have a very fragrant smell, as well as the fruit, which is about the size of a nectarine, and consists of three coats—the first a fleshy pulp; the second, a colored membrane, which is the spice called mace; and the third, a shell, containing within it the nutmeg, which is the seed of the plant. In India the nutmeg-fruit, preserved entire, is introduced with tea, but the pulp and mace only are eaten.

Eminent Literary Ladies.

VISIT TO MISS EDGEWORTH.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

[As materials for a regular sketch of the lives of eminent literary ladies, at present living, cannot be obtained, we shall henceforth give such notices of them as we may meet with in the Reviews, &c.—Ed.]

I FOUND the ladies sitting in a large and handsome library, busy writing letters. These ladies consisted of Mrs. Edgeworth, the widow of Lovell Edgeworth; Miss Edgeworth, and Mrs. Francis Edgeworth, the wife of the Frank of Miss Edgeworth's tale.

Mrs. Edgeworth, a very agreeable and intelligent woman, surprised me by her comparative youth as the widow of Miss Edgeworth's father. She appeared not much more than forty, while Miss Edgeworth must be nearly twice that age. So far as age goes, it would have appeared quite in order, if that had been reversed, and Miss Edgeworth had stood as mother, and Mrs. Edgeworth as the daughter-in-law. Till that moment, I was not aware that Miss Edgeworth resided with her mother-in-law, but imagined her the occupant of the family mansion. I soon found, however, that Mrs. Edgeworth was the head of the establishment, and that Miss Edgeworth and Mr. Francis Edgeworth and his family resided with her. Mrs. Francis Edgeworth, a Spanish lady, lively, intelligent, and frank in her manners, surrounded by a troop of charming children, appeared as thoroughly familiar with English literature as if she had spent all her life in Great Britain.

My first impression of Miss Edgeworth was surprise at her apparent age. We read books and imagine their authors always young; but time is never so forgetful. He bears along with him authors as well as other people. They may put their works but not themselves into new editions in this world. Miss Edgeworth must, in fact, stand now nearly, if not quite, at the head of British authors in point of years. In person she is small, and at first had an air of reserve; but this in a few minutes quite vanished, and with it at least the impression of a score year in appearance. One would expect from her writings a certain staidness and sense of propriety. All the propriety is there, but the gravity is soon lighted up with the most affable humor, and a genuine love of joke and lively conversation. When I entered, the two other ladies were writing at the library table, Miss Edgeworth at a small table near the fire. The room was a large room, supported by a row of pillars, so as to give views into the grounds on two sides. We were soon engaged in animated conversation on many literary topics and persons; and Miss Edgeworth handed me the last new novel of Miss Bremer, which had been forwarded by me from the author; requesting me to place a written translation under Miss Bremer's autograph inscription of the copy to herself. To do this she put into my hand the silver pen which had been presented to her by Sir Walter Scott.

She then volunteered to show me the gardens and grounds: and this remarkable woman speedily enveloped in bonnet and shawl, led the way with all the lightness and activity of youth. Mrs. Francis soon joined us, and we went the whole circuit of the park, which as I have already said, is a mile. Not far from the house near the foot path, and beneath the trees I observed an urn placed upon a pedestal, and inscribed,

"TO HONORA,
1780."

Honora Sneyd, the lady affianced to the unfortunate Mayor Andre, but afterwards married to Mr. Lovell Edgeworth.

We then went into the gardens. The ladies appear to dig and delve a good deal in them themselves. Miss Edgeworth said she had been setting out some geraniums that day, though so late as September. The bog-plants appeared wonderfully flourishing, and yet no wonder, when we consider that the whole country is a bog, and that they can supply their beds at no expense.