

Mr. Carpenter, who had the amiable simplicity of the Vicar of Wakefield, at once wrote to a friend who was no more known to the governors than himself to certify that he was trustworthy. The friend had no difficulty in saying that the boy would be happy in being adopted by such a parent; and the governors, who perhaps in the meantime had learned to know Mr. Carpenter, readily acceded to his request; and the event proved as happy for all parties as could have been desired. The boy, who grew up under Mr. Carpenter's care and teaching, is now a thriving farmer in the States, entertaining a grateful recollection of his benefactor. Mr. Carpenter returned from Washington with the diploma of doctor, which no man ever better deserved. After his return from Washington he married Miss Meyer, a German lady, who survives to lament his loss. Dr. Carpenter endeavoured to instil into the minds of the young a love of natural history by giving them gratuitous lectures, illustrated by diagrams drawn by himself, and he thought no pains too great if he could only do good. In 1865, in consequence of some pecuniary reverses, Dr. Carpenter removed to Canada, where he continued the same philanthropic labours that he had begun here. It will be long before the void occasioned by the death of this good man is filled up. For him it may be said in the words of one of the hymns printed by his scholars during the cotton famine of 1847:—

Then, spirit, haste; thy work is done,  
Past is the goal, the race is run.