

He said he owed me something on account of the grafts, and I could not conscientiously dispute the matter. So that will be my garden, I hope, of next year. It will hold no brilliant effects; we only want to be gay and merry on the shelf and to keep certain relations intact; we have no room to be ambitious. I know now at least where my garden begins and where it leaves off, and a little more. Next year I hope to pretend to that intimate knowledge which comes of having gone over every foot of it, without which no one should say anything, or even write anything probably. However, Elizabeth<sup>1</sup> did, and everybody liked it. Elizabeth began as a complete amateur; and her very amateurity disarmed criticism. She had nothing but taste and affection, and her struggles to garden upon this capital have often sympathetically occurred to me during the past summer. Frequently I have had occasion to say to her, speaking quite anonymously, "What would you think of that, Elizabeth, supposing you lived on a shelf?" and often

<sup>1</sup> "Elizabeth and Her German Garden."