

ground 'that it would do him good.' To dismiss the last mentioned, first, you wish to know whether your amiable design was ever carried into execution, and I must confess that it was neglected, not from lack of skill or inclination, but simply because there was not room for operations. I am willing to concede that 'John of Gaunt,' as you gracelessly styled him, had a miraculous gift of accommodating his dimensions to those of our parlours; but it was insupportable to find him perpetually tucking his incommodious figure out of reach; and the play of fancy, necessary to the accomplishment of your object, was entirely restricted by an irrepressible anxiety respecting the safety of his limbs. And the matter is hopeless now, for to speak from the mouth of his favorite Poet—

"He hath gone over the unfooted sea,"

And is more likely to fall in your way again than in ours. Should you encounter him, hand him over to some 'maid of the heather,' and let her deal with him as she lists. We wash our hands of him. But the other, of whom I just now spoke, who is here in these pleasant summer days, brings his most upright and kindly nature from the

"First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea."

The man of unusual talent and fine practical sense, great feeling, and little vanity, whose superiority may be unheeded by the coarse, the ostentatious, and the superficial, but who to other eyes needs only to show the faithful face that (reflecting every rising or passing feeling of the hour) betrays never the advent of a vile or poor emotion, to prove the truth of that grand saying of a grand Poet:

"An honest man 's the noblest work of God."

A truer or better heart beats not within the 'wooden walls of England,' and place its owner in any crisis of life, (I will risk my prophetic character upon the result,) and from the trial shall come forth the unstained gentleman.

And now, best and kindest, the garden, and good-bye. You who know the geography of Linden Hill as well as I, require few details. The leafy lines and pale syringas, the yellow honey-suckles and dazzling stranger, whose 'great scarlet clusters satin leaved' still glow beside the guelder rose, are all fresh and fair as they were in your day. The light-footed robin still crosses the flower-beds, or sits singing in the boughs; and amid all the wealth of shade and bloom, 'the cedar of Lebanon,' of which you had such hopes, is still the most disreputable looking tree in the garden, though its poverty is generously hidden by its more flourishing neighbours, while in very truth, by those who dwell within the shadow of the vines you loved—

Not unremembered are they, who crossed the ancient main,
Leaving with us pleasant word and deed until they come again;
The place they loved is vacant still, in the deep window side,
And though new steps bring gayer smiles, the void is not supplied.
We're lonely in the eventide, in paths the absent knew,
Where pale and radiant roses are shining in the dew.
And still the favorite woodbine is lovely as of old,
When its scarlet trumpets open with a lining of pale gold.
Still lends the moon her beauty to the waters blue below,
When she spreads her regal presence o'er their untroubled flow;