

boy is a princely donation. With what delight we stroll about the grounds, my Mary's taste suggesting this, that, and the other little improvement. But it was, as we found it, a little fairy palace;—how great, Mr. Barnard, must have been the friendship and generosity which prompted you so amply to furnish it, not even excepting the stocking the grounds with cattle, the stable with a pair of horses, and the yard with pigs and poultry! And what, *what* Sir, can I render you in return for all this bounty? Could you not send me my little adopted son, Robert? but that would, indeed, be adding another to the many favours you have conferred upon me. But should you, at any period, feel disposed to send him to a boarding-school, pray place him, for at least the first twelve-month, under our care. You may depend upon it, Sir, such attention shall be paid to his comfort, morals and improvement, as you will in vain look for at public schools. Do *this*, Mr. Barnard, and thus help me to pay back (though by miserable instalments), to the *son*, the favours I have experienced at the hand of the *father*:—what a proof of your confidence would it be should you send him down immediately on the receipt of this letter. You will do well to do so; he is now growing a fine tall boy; and you have, therefore, no time to lose, as the proverb truly says: ‘youth is the season for instruction.’ It shall be my business, to the utmost of my abilities, to well-ground him in the solid, the essential elements of learning; while Mrs. Strickland will add, that beautiful, gentle polish, so becoming and engaging in a man at all periods of life, but more particularly so, at his first entrance into it. Perhaps you may imagine the air