

*I would give a thousand things if you would see this beautiful bash of mine, as it soon will be, covered with one vast shut of rose! And my cowslip edging, as it has been, with its thousand golden eyes all looking upon my delighted grey ones at once! & my scotch brooms as they are, perking themselves so saucily & laughing in my face...My hyacinths have been good & my tulips gaudy – but I have seen the most superb hyacinths in this neighborhood I ever beheld – one bell, I am certain wou'd cover a French crown...We have labour'd a great deal – every spear of grass has been exterminated & we have been impatiently waiting for rain for more than three weeks! No–thing can grow (or at least keep pace with my wishes) for the drought & alternate unusual heat & cold. The day before yesterday the Thermometer stood at 85 – today it is 20 degrees lower & very little prospect of rain. The cabbage plants & cauliflowers, in the meantime, holding up their long leaves as if imploring for a season to be liberated from their captivity in the hotbeds. Your lemon tree is in bloom & looks remarkably well & happy in the society of geraniums & roses, which are assembled for the summer, under a cherry tree in the garden – I have creeping cerus in bloom & will save you a cutting of that also – it is very pretty.*