

" First cousin, Giles, to *something else!*" my angered wife replied,
 As sat us down to our scanty meal,—when bitterly her cried!
 And 'fore the runnin' moon wur round the dreaded man appeared!
 Christ! when I saw'n comin' how I quivered like, afeard!
 " Lord help us, Jane," says I—" he's bent upon the *cow!*"
 " What a gentleman can do, Giles, another picture now?"
 " Doan't, doan't" says I," Jane, doan't—t'il drive I clean to laaw,"
 Where, with our small means to face'n, but little chance I saw;
 " Say something to him, still," says she, " a word sometimes will do—"
 As well might I ha' prated to the passin' wind that blew;
 To nothing woold he listen, not a moment woold he wait,
 More'n heavy was my brow, as I follered to the gate!—
 A tryin' tryin' moment!—folks bean't made aal o' clay,
 But my home like held me back,—so,—the dark thought went away!
 I leaned upon the gate till the man wur out o' sight,
 And my brain was nigh a splittin' by the comin' on o' night!
 When a downin' by the bed where Jane I had knelt
 And *bless'd* the kindly gentleman, I spoke out as I felt!
 "T waun't blessins' *now*, be scre,—bean't sertain *t'other way*,
 May the Loard o' heaven forgive me, if I know'd not how to pray;—
 My heart was full o' anger,—I'd ha' giv' the world to cry,—
 The lonesomeness about us!—and the way Jane looked at I!
 But God—the goodly God!—upon that very night
 Did I sleep it out as soundly as had everything been right,
 And afore the morrow's noon, not conscious o' no sin,
 Came an angel summat o'er me, like a comforter within;
 So, I went unto my Janey,—she wur sorrowin' alone,
 And I tried to lift her bosom to the level o' my own,
 " I'll still" says I, " Jane, do for thee the very best I can,
 And leave to tide and time that *kindly gentleman.*"