

He bade un to be seated,—now, us sarcumstood that,
 So, I whistled, as I waited, till he done what he wur at ;
 When straight the kindly gentleman, for kindly, sure, he seemed,
 More generous, by half, than ever I had dreamed,
 Came smilingly assentin' to aal as I desired,
 Nay, pressin' on me things not 'xactly jest required,
 Assurin' I us needn't give a thought about the pay
 Till fortune, in a manner like, might put it in one's way ;
 He'd never been a loser by a Homespun, as he'd said,
 And he couldn't see as in my case was anything to dread ;
 So, present wants supplied, I thank'd'n for his aid,
 And homeward to my wife a jiyful journey made.
 —“ How kindly o' the man, how christianlike ! ” I said,
 “ What a gentleman 'll do, if only thorough bred ;
 Were fortune's fav'rites aal but half as good as he,
 How happy, Jane, throughout, this little world might be.”
 A thousand times us bless'd'n, and when the night time came,
 My Jane and I togither knelt, togither said the same,
 And never prayer from moartal heart sincerer went to heaven,
 That if the man had still his faults, that sich moight be forgiven.
 —And ah, us yet had got to larn the kindnesses in store,
 He wunn't o' they whose hearts, mebbe, warm once, and never more ;
 By the noon, next day, a messenger from the goodly man arrived,
 And aal about a little job as he kirdly had contrived ;
 And any thing as my wife or I wur a wantin' at the store,
 So thoughtful! us were welcome to as freely as afore ;
 His terms, too, full as generous as the times jest then allowed,
 And he'd picked I out in prifference, it seemed, from quite a crowd :
 So, I went to work, and worked as I never yet had done,
 My proudest to be found in the field afore the sun ;
 “ If any thing,” says I to Jane, “ our gratitude can show,
 ’T is now the time like caals on us, to do aal us can do.”
 Not lost on Measter Smoothly this, which it heartened me to see,
 In many a gracious sunny look as the good man cast at me,
 And rarely came the restin' hour but I agin wur told,
 Whatsomeiver might be wantin', I had only to make bold.
 Put as aal our little plans and schemes but thrift could bring about,
 For nothing, trust, sought I the store as care could do without ;
 Which, bit by bit, a balance wrought us proudly hoped woold buy