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POETRY.

The following Poem appeared first in a paper called the States Rights Republican, published in Richmond, Va. No recent American Poem has received more universal and merited praise, and we subscribe to the opinion expressed by a contemporary, "that it is the heart's own language, clothed in the soft drapery of love and truth."

Mr. Gardner, the author, recently met an untimely death at Norfolk, Va., by the discharge of a pistol, whether accidental or by design is unknown. He was engaged in a personal altercation with a Mr. Cook, with whom he had some previous misunderstanding, when Cook was seen to raise his walking cane. Gardner stepped back, and drew from his pocket a revolving pistol; upon which Cook dropped his cane, and siezed the pistol. A deadly stuggle ensued, during which Cook succeeded in wrenching the pistol from Gardner, and it was discharged, the ball entering the heart of the latter, who instantly expired. Cook was unharmed. Whether the discharge of the pistol was intentional or not, is known only to Cook, who immediately surrendered himself to justice. Gardner was about 30 years of age.

The melancholy death of the writer, and bereavement of her to whom it was addressed, give the Poem an additional and painful interest.

TO MY WIFE.

Written in absence, on the Anniversary of our Marriage.

BY MELZAR GARDNER.

Thou who didst teach my youthful muse to sing,
Strung her new harp, and claimed her earliest strain;
Hover thou near me on thy spirit wing,
And I will wake its melody again!
Surely to thee its sweetest strains belong—
Thy love—thy truth—thy constancy my song.

E'en from the dawning of my spirit's life,
No soul hath breathed its sympathy for me;
No kindly word had che red me in the strife;
And I was like a gnarled and blighted tree,
Which, planted firmly on the storm god's path,
Scorns all his fury, and defies his his wrath!

The world had never loved me. I—a child—
Cast on its bosom, found that bosom cold;—
It spurned me, when I thought in would have smiled,—
And when I offered love it asked for—*gold*;
And showed me—Love, an article of trade,—
And truth and friendship waiting to be paid!

I loathed it then;—and each *day* nerved my soul,
As with a *year* of strength, its hate to brave;
I never bowed me to its base control;—
And thus my heart became a living grave
Of strong affections. Thou did'st set them free,
And all its treasured wealth belongs to thee!

It is *all* thine! Oh, would that it were more,
And better worth the sacrifice it cost!—
Kind friends—thy pleasant home—and all the store
Of love thy life had gathered—these thou lost!
Each would have shared, and each have claimed a part—
Now, thou hast love for love, and heart for heart.

A wanderer then—poor, friendless and alone—
No house—no lands—no hoarded wealth were mine;
Thou wert my all, and thou wert all my own;
Ah, I was rich to win a heart like thine!
Love that wealth buys with poverty will fail,
But truth like thine is never kept for sale!

"I've given up all I loved, for thee alone!"
These were thy words, which memory aye will keep;
When thou with me did'st brave the cold world's frown;
And on my bosom sobbed thyself to sleep!
Best pledge of earnest truth, thy young heart's fears;
And sweetest proof of love, those bridal tears!

Well might thou doubt my poor world-beaten barque,
To bear my fortunes o'er life's stormy sea!—
The tempest then was howling fierce and dark,
And its wild wrath was terrible to thee;
And but one light shone in the murky sky—
'Twas Love's bright star!—our hope—our destiny!

That sad unbidden fear—'tis past—'tis past!
And though there ling'reth still that threatening cloud,
No shadows on our spirits can it cast,
Nor there that light, 'tis powerless to shroud,
Beams clearer—purer still, as years depart—
The bright continuing sunshine of the heart!

Star of our wedded life!—thy brightening ray,
Hath never faded from the upper sky!
My spirits darkness thou hast turned to day,
And thy soft beams now light that tearful eye,
For this, I thank thee Father!—who to me
Didst give that light it borroweth from thee!

Nine circling seasons now their course have run,
Since my world-frozen heart thy love did warm;
Since—when I told thee it was all thine own—
Home for life's sunshine—shelter from its storm—
Thou, gentle one, didst nestle by my side,
And to that heart I clasped thee, as my bride!
It doth not seem so long:—yet Time hath fled,
For there are sweet and ever blooming flowers,
Our daughters—come to tell us years have sped,
Their age, Love's only record of the hours!
And since I left thee, yet another one
Waiteth his sire's first kiss;—*'Tis thine*, MY SON!

I am alone—and far from them and thee—
Yet have I swift-winged Thought!—and to thy home,
When evening shadows fall, I haste to see
The smile of joy that waiteth till I come,—
Leaving behind all thoughts that give us pain,
To clasp my loved ones to my heart again!

God keep them ever!—and if memory's page,
When I am gone, should hear my humble name,
Or with the record of the passing age
Be linked one act of mine, deserving fame;
Long as that fame one heart is treasured in,
Be thine the praise, thy love inspired to win!

God keep thee, ever dearest! May no cloud
Of Sorrow cast its shadow on thy brow;
Or if come, still beaming through its shroud,
May Love and Hope shine beautiful as now;
Till, when the tie that joins our hearts is riven,
It blendeth with the better light of Heaven!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Artist Magazine.

COURTING IN THE COUNTRY.

A COLLOQUY.

BY MRS. NEBA SMITH.

"Germans are honest men."—*Shakspeare.*

It was a bright summer afternoon, when we galloped into the tidy, brisk village of Grey. Without any acknowledged concert, we certainly put ourselves upon our best paces, and most approved equestrian attitudes as we dashed down the principal streets—indeed in the excitement of our spirits we indulged in an ebollution of vanity pardonable in a trio, but at which we should, either of us, have blushed singly, for we exchanged glances, which each interpreted in his heart as meaning—

"Fine looking cavaliers we, such not to be seen every day."

Unluckily, for us, or it may have been luckily, a great habitual meeting was holden in the village at the time, and every hotel, tavern or boarding house was full to overflowing: full of men with solemn looks, grave with the affairs of the time—oracular words, or piercing eloquence, upon the subject of turnpike or no turnpike; men with long speeches in their pockets, ready to be extemporised—men who have put on their "Sunday best," even combed their carrotty locks, and taken a pocket handkerchief on the great occasion—and now moved uneasily in stiff white collars, and new cow-hide shoes. What were we to these?

At first, we glanced at our modish habiliments with exultation, but, as file after file of these sturdy farmers came by, a lurking sense of effeminacy crept over us; and our trim boots, and faultless tailor-work grew ridiculous, and reminded us of men made by the tailor. Besides, we were a pitiful minority, and one must have some grand truth to sustain him well in that position; besides we were hungry as panthers, which is of itself apt to impart a sneaking aspect.

"Now remember that, Coz, a hungry woman does not, as you women imagine, look spiritual—she only looks dull."

"Wisely said, good cousin, we will dispense with that, but go on."

Well, after being baffled half a dozen times, by fear we began to look a little less cavalierly. Then we bethought ourselves of the farm-houses in the neighborhood, and started again in tolerable style.

There was one with an avenue of trees up which we rode, and I knocked with my whip upon the door. It was opened by a girl with an arch-look, as much as to say, "you didn't expect such a pretty girl, did you?" No more we did, and we were all ourselves, instantly.

"Of course, Frank, but what next?"

Why she could take only one. Here was a sad dilemma; but the neighbors would each take one. But then such a pretty house-mate—which should stay? We declared she should decide. She laughed and shook her curls, and tapped her small foot on the floor, and her ribbonds fluttered in the wind; and altogether made as pretty a picture as one would wish to see. We looked interesting, I apprehended our best looks were on; we slightly improved our position in the saddle, Richard took off his cap on account of the heat, but you remember his fine hair! William smiled; but then his teeth! I was grave and indifferent.

"Frank, Frank."

"True, upon my word, cousin. The little beauty glanced from one to the other, laughing and blushing, and refusing to say; but at length she pitched upon your cousin Frank."

"Now cousin, spare your invention, you know, Frank, I credit one half you are telling, and I will not believe the story itself. Oh! Frank, Frank, how your sex is given to fibbing—well it is an instinct with you."

"There you are out, cousin, for the women have the training of us. You think it quite incredible that the girl should choose me—humph—"

"Pah, cousin, don't look fierce—I dare say you were irresistible; but then Richard is so handsome."

"Confound that Richard—I wish I had left him out altogether in the excursion."

"Well, now, to finish it, for at present the lady had just elected her squire, and he is yet perched upon his horse—fierce and hungry."

"Most unheroic, I confess. "Well, the girl ushered me into the neatest little room—the floor sanded and green boughs in the chimney. Here sat an elderly woman quite deaf—think of that—and the beauty screamed—

Grandmother, this is—and then she laughed, and colored, and stopped short.

"Frank," said I.

Mr. Frank, Grandmother.

Yes, yes, get him a chair, Jennie.

I think we are quite well acquainted, Jennie.

"Perfectly, Frank."

What does he say, Jennie?

Oh! he says—"I'ts a fine day," I interposed.

All this time a handsome youth was standing by the window, who certainly was not deaf, for I heard him mutter—"Well, that's what I call bein' mighty home like."

Then Jennie spread the table, and all was so fresh, so nice—and all of Jennie's own making. And then she laughed, and chatted, and said so much; one-half I really believe to tease the youth, whom I learned to call George, because she did, only I put the Mr. to it. I soon found they were lovers, he dying of jealousy, and she the village beauty, and a sad coquette into the bargain. But then her coquetry was so becoming—not cold and calculating, but merely the ebullition of spirits in one who had been used to admiration; and then her pretty pettishness, her gay laugh and real goodness of heart. I learned all this by a thousand little indications before I had been there a week. Indeed Jennie was the very perfection of a rustic beauty, and I would'nt have had her cityfied for the world.

Sabbath day I went to church, walked beside the little belle with her laughing eyes dancing in my face, her musical voice close to my ear, and her beautiful cheek like a peach just visible among the curls that half filled her bonnet.

"You make a long story, cousin Frank."

"But think what a beautiful subject, Coz."

"Yes, Frank."

I don't remember what the sermon was about—but the singing was exquisite, for Jennie had a voice like a bird. We all stood at prayers, and then I observed the men turned their backs upon the clergyman, but the women did not. And then when church was over the men all left the house before the women, which gave them a chance to see nearly all as they came out, and then such blooming faces, and so many black slippers, and white stockings—and dresses a trifle shorter than you wear in New York.

George walked a little in the rear of Jennie and me, looking sulky—and I dare say wished me at the north pole.

"Where you deserved to be Frank; what right had you to make him unhappy; by your ridiculous attentions?"

"You shall see, sweet Coz, I was doing him a benefit. These country lovers are excessively green; they let a woman feel that she has tremendous power over them, and then she abuses it, or else cares nothing about them."

"Aye, Frank, but they are truthful and earnest, and that is the only love to be prized. Your managing lover is no lover at all."

"I deny your premises, Coz. A man must be master of himself, at least in appearance, or despair to win the deep love of woman's heart. Your whining lover is a sorry object. But to my story. "Jennie, was all day as a lark—she sang at the wheel old ballads such as we find in Percy; she played forfeits, told fortunes in tea-grounds, and seemed the very impersonation of cheerfulness.—The old lady busied herself in the kitchen, and George went out on the farm. We mawed apples and snapped the seed. We talked every thing but sentiment—for when I attemped that, she laughed in my face, and bade me hush such nonsense, I recited poetry and she opened her eyes, and looked very incomprehensible, and then George began to laugh, and I felt ridiculous.

We went to singing school—it was a clear moonlight night. The little beauty never looked lovelier—was never in a saucier mood, and never in a better spirit for mischief. It was one half to spite George, who staid at home in a fit of the sulks, and I knew it—she didn't care a straw about me, and in revenge, just as we reached the door I snatched a kiss. How the little creature's eyes dashed—she gave me a sound box on the ears, and then ran into the house.

"Good night, Mr. Frank," she called as I heard her foot on the stairs.

The grandmother had gone to bed—George sat by the window—it did not command the entrance. He was certainly a very handsome fellow—much handsomer than he was aware of. He had too an off-hand, assured bearing, that would have been equal to anything, had he not been in love. He was surly and I sat down by the opposite window.

"You seem to understand the women, almighty well," he said rather abruptly.

"I should think not, by the way my ear rings.—Miss Jane likes to be kissed before folks."

"To be sure she does—a right nice, smart gal she is too, only a little skittish."

"I wonder you don't make love to her, George."

"The deuce take her—a fellow never knows what she means—chipper to-day and set off to-morrow—'twould be like running after a Jack-o-lantern. She'll laugh and talk with any popinjay that comes along."

"I hemmed of course, Coz."

"And then, as for the lantern jawed chaps of the village, she'll laugh and talk herself hoarse with them, and never look at me."

"Is she the only pretty girl in the town?"

George opened his eyes wide. "That's it, is it? I'll see."

I redoubled my attention to Jane—George was away every night; but this only seemed to increase the vivacity of her spirits. I quite neglected my two friends, and half abandoned my rod and line, though the sport could not be improved. At length the night of the singing school arrived. Jane and I were just seated, when in came George with a verry pretty girl, though not half so pretty as Jennie. She began turning the leaves of the singing book, and was a long time in finding the place, but I could see her color come and go, and heard her red lip tremble in spite of its compression.

George played his part to perfection, and his companion was in fine spirits, growing every moment more beautiful from her happiness. Poor little Jennie—she was nervous—now chattering like a magpie—and now silent, and lost in reverie.

Going home, I touched upon the sentimental, looked at the moon, and thought of you, Coz, and then I recited—

"Oh! thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion too long tenantless,
Lest growing ruinous the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was."

Jennie burst into tears; after a while she said, "come to think about it Mr. Frank, poetry is always about love isn't it—I never thought of it before. And then it is always sad." Poor little Jennie—It was her first touch at the sentimental—the birth of her first grief.

I took the occasion to read her a lecture upon truthfulness—the hazard of trifling with real affection—the folly of seeking admiration at the sacrifice of love. Even you, Coz, would have been edified might you have heard it. "She gave me for my pains a world of sighs."

The next day I expected to see her quite tender and attentive to George—but no, the little chit was as stately as a tragedy queen; and George appeared quite unconcerned. That night she half cried her eyes out of her head, for at the breakfast table they were red and swollen, and she looked quite the pale, sentimental beauty. She grew listless; gave over sighing—read all the poetry she could find—and at the new moon I found her gathering clover, four leaf clover, and repeating—

"New moon, new moon tell to me,
Who my own true love shall be."

My approach stopped the incantation audibly, and the next morning I beheld the trefoil with the four leaves—"that's an Irishman is it not?"—suspended over the principal door. I was careful that George should be the first to pass under it.

☞ I have received this paper, undoubtedly sent by George or Jennie. It is Jennie's hand I am sure.

"Married in Gray, by the Rev. Mr. Houmy, George ———, to Jane ———, all of this place."

"So, Coz, you have the whole history of my excursion, and do you not think it was for good?—There is no knowing what might have been the fate of the lovers had I not been able to impart a little wisdom to George."

"The result of my experience, cousin."

THE CHRISTIAN ARTIST.

BY MRS. HARRIET E. BEECHER STOWE.

We have noticed, in a recent periodical, an account of the death of John Henry Dannecker, one of the sculptors of modern times and undoubtedly the first, perhaps the only *Christian* artist of his age. We do not mean to imply by this, that no other artist has been a believer in Christian truth, or uninfluenced by Christian principle, but that no other one has, to such an extent, made his art a medium for the expression of the class of ideas and emotions peculiar to Christianity.

The history of Dannecker is highly eventful and interesting. He was the son of one of the grooms of the Duke of Wirtemburg, and of course, received no early culture. His passion for drawing, however, was very early manifested, and it is said, that when unable to procure paper for his purposes, he often covered the slabs of a neighboring stone-cutter with his designs. His talent at lenght became known to the Duke, who undertook his education, at his own expense. He studied at Rome, under Canova; and such was the purity and tranquility of his spirits, so elevated and heavenly his conceptions of art, that he received from this artist the surname of "Il beato," (or "the Blessed One,") During his stay in Italy, his talents procured him an appointment to the academies, both of Rome and Bologna; and after his return, he was appointed, by his patron, professor of the fine arts in his academy. He accomplished several works of art, many of them upon classical subjects, but he invested everything that he touched with a spiritual earnestness and dignity, far exceeding the mere physical perfection of the antique. Whenever he represented physical beauty, it was still touched and glorified by the brightness of immortality, as if in the perfection of the earthly he beheld the foreshadowing of the heavenly.

But the great work to which he believed himself divinely called, and on which he exhausted all the terror and enthusiasm of his deep spirit, was a representation of the Meditator between God and man.

The manner in which he felt himself called to so solemn and sublime a theme is peculiar. He had long and earnestly meditated that highest problem of Christian art: "How should the Godman be presented and the union of the awful and the infinite, with the sympathetical and tender, he shadowed forth in human form?"

Nor did artist ever pursue, with more intense ardor, the yet unfounded image of the perfect and the beautiful, than Dannecker followed this still retreating mystery. At length, a dream unveiled before him that face and form which he had vainly striven to create.—"This is He!—this must be He! this can be no other!"—was the solemn and thrilling certainty of his soul: and he awoke with an uneffaceable impression that to him it was given to achieve this most sacred triumph of religious art.

Though others might regard it as a dream, yet in the enthusiasm of his spirit, he looked upon it as a sacred reality, and immediate revelation from the Redeemer, and regarded himself henceforth as sanctified and ennobled by a heavenly commission, to which he devoted himself with absorbing zeal.—Day and night the unutterable vision stood before him, every line and lineament as clear as in the first hour of revelation.

During eight years it way his unintermitting study and effort; and the result was, a production, which, in the estimation of both artists and Christians, has as nearly accomplished his object as human conception can receive the idea.

The marble statute was purchased by the emperor Alexander, and is now in Russia. The clay model in which the artist embodied his first idea, is in a church at Stuttgard. We have never seen it, but received from a friend an account of the impression produced by a sight of it.

"After breakfast," he says, "a friend of ours said to us, come down to the church, and see Dannecker's Christ." "Dannecker's Christ?" We had never heard of the work, not being familiar with the records of German art, but we had achieved so much sight-seeing (particularly on sacred subjects,) with so little satisfaction, that we proceeded with indifference.

But immediately on entering the church, our eye was arrested—we paused, involuntarily became silent; and stood breathless, motionless, and absorbed. We needed none to say to us, "This is He!" but seemed to be overshadowed by an awful yet beloved presence. How long we stood I know not—I only know that we made no comments, either to each other, or to our friend—that we looked at nothing else in the church—but returned to our lodgings in perfect silence; nor was it until some time after, that we began to say to each other, "How wonderful—how beautiful—how sublime!"

I can give you a few particulars by which you can form any idea of this statue. It is placed in the centre of a large church, at the junction of four aisles. It represents the Saviour as standing, with one hand gently upraised, in the attitude of speaking, and the impression that it produces is, "Never man spake like this man." The dress is the seamless robe, a simple single garment reaching to the feet. The hair is parted on the forehead, and hangs in curls upon the shoulders. So far, I can remember, but the face I have never been able to recall.—The impression, so far as I can remember, was produced by no one thing alone, but a divine harmony, in the face, figure, and attitude, exciting an emotion so immediate and undivided, as to disarm criticism, and produce emotion, rather than reflection; and though I have often striven to recall the image to my mind, that I might analyse its power, I have never been able to do it. I can only remember the general outlines, and the overwhelming effect."

Dannecker afterwards produced another copy of this statue for the mother of the Prince of Thurn and Taxis, and it is now in the church of Neresheim, in the kingdom of Wirtemberg. It is said, by artists, to excel even his first effort. He also produced a statue of St. John, in which the apparently conflicting attributes of the "Son of Thunder, and the beloved disciple, have been admirably combined." His last work, executed in extreme old age, is the Christian Death angel, guiding an aged man through the shadow of death, and pointing to him an unfolding heaven—a lovely and fitting image to cheer the last hours of a Christian artist.

The Book for the Intellect.

The bible must be brought into action. It must shape the intellect and inspire the heart of the young. Its treasure must be thrown open to their view. The nature, extent, and value of its history must be engraved upon their memories. They must be taught to sit on the brow of the sacred mount, and listen to the philosophic sages of inspiration, while they expound to their opening faculties the sublime theory of nature. They must be permitted to soar upon the pinions of a heaven-illuminated fancy, and explore the broad limits of the universe, and celebrate with the Psalmist the character of the great Creator, and with the prophets pursue the destinies of the deathless spirit, as it rises to the dignity and enters upon the fruition of immortality. Everything, in a word, should be attempted to render the Bible more engaging to the young. The imagination is the first intellectual power that expands. It is the leading faculty in the developement and cultivation of the mind. And, like the needle that vibrates to the pole, it cannot be directed by constraint; but is attracted with unerring certainty when left to action of its relative power. That relative power is the Bible. It is the pole, of the human mind. Removing all disturbing forces, all negative and counteracting influences, and let the Bible exert its native energy upon the soul, and man will soon return to his true position in the sight of God. Let the ruinous popular fictions of the day be discountenanced by every friend of mankind. If the fancy must be instructed by pictures; if it must be warmed by the touch of beauty; if it demands a peculiar aliment for its sustainance and clamors for gratification; let those pictures be drawn by the pencil of inspiration let that touch of beauty be from the hand that planted the flowerets of Eden; let that aliment gently fall upon the soul like manna from the heavens.—We need not fear we shall accomplish too much in attempting to throw a livelier interest around the Bible. A modern poet has correctly and beautifully said—

"As into seven softer hues
Shivers the silvery beam of light,
As all the seven rainbow hues
Run back into the dazzling white!

So round the swimming eyes of youth
With all your glancing witcheries play;
So flow into one bond of truth,
Into one stream of perfect day."

Can the reader evade the poet's touching appeal?—What exertions should be regarded as arduous, in comparison of so happy a result? Let the Sabbath school be made a nursery of little plants extracted from the paradise of revelation. Let the smaller gems of the Bible be transferred to the coronet of all juvenile readers. Let the pulpit become radiant with the literature of the Scriptures. Let the halls of education emit the twofold splendor of classic and Biblical learning. Let the fireside, the family circle, be adorned and hallowed by choice recollections of the history, philosophy, and poetry of inspiration.—How many youthful, straying feet, might be allured to the noblest walks of piety and duty, if the parent only, the mother, would take the pains to display the flowers which inspiration has thrown upon these paths of peace! For himself, the writer will take occasion at this moment to render a tribute of gratitude to divine Providence, that a mother was allotted him who loved and appreciated the Bible; who stored his young fancy with such bright images and lovely pictures as a boy could receive. Thus early was he induced to reverence that religion, the record of which he had been taught to admire; and now,

"Before thy mystic altar, heavenly Truth,
I kneel in manhood, as I kneel'd in youth;
Thus let me kneel, till this dull form decay,
And life's last shade be brighten'd by the ray;
Then shall my soul, now lost in clouds below,
Soar without bounds, without consuming, glow!"

Evidences of Christianity.

I have been used for many years, to study the history of other times, and to examine and weigh the evidence of those who have written about them; and I know of no one fact in the history of mankind, which is proved by better and fuller evidence of every sort to the understanding of a fair inquirer, than the great sign which God has given us, that Christ died and rose again from the dead. But were the evidence of other facts ends, that our great sign of Christ crucified and Christ risen may be said only to begin. I might convince your understandings, as I own mine has been convinced long since, that the fact is proved according to the best rules of testimony; but if our belief rest here, we do not know the full richness, the abundant and overflowing light of our Christian faith. The evidence of Christ's apostles, preserved to us in their writings, is very strong, very full, very irresistible; hear it fairly, and we cannot believe that Christ is not risen. But the evidence of Christ's spirit is much more strong, more full, more penetrating our whole nature. He who has this evidence, not only believes that Christ rose, and was seen of Peter, and of the other apostles; Christ has manifested himself to him also; he knows in whom he has believed.—Life and death are no longer a great mystery, beyond which our faith dimly catches the light of resurrection; Christ is with us now, and life is clear; death is peaceful, and resurrection is the natural end to which both lead us. There are thousands and tens of thousands who have gone through this blessed evidence also; who doing Christ's will daily, have learned by experience the manifold riches of his grace, who have received his spirit and life, in a continued consciousness of his presence and his love: to whom there is no need that they should pray for the sky to be opened, that they may see and hear God. God dwelleth in them already and they in God. The Heaven is opened, and the angels of God are every hour ascending and descending on that son of man, who through a living faith in Christ, hath been adopted through him to be a son of God. So perfectly may the Prophet Jonah, the sign of Christ's death and resurrection, be rendered to each one of us, all that we could desire in a sign from Heaven.—*Dr. Arnold.*

PROGRESS OF SLANDER.—"Mrs. Hopkins told me that she heard Sam Cibb's wife say that John Harris' wife told her, that Granny Smith heard there was no doubt the widow Baker said that Captain Wood's wife thought Lane's wife believed that old Mrs. Lamp reckoned positively that Peter Eubane's wife had told Nell Bassenden that her aunt had declared to the world that it was generally believed that uncle Trimbletop had said in plain terms that he heard Betsy Cook say that her sister Polly had said that it was well known in the neighborhood that old Mrs. Slough made no bones of saying that in her opinion it was a matter of fact that Dolly Lightfinger would soon be obliged to *get her a new apron string.*

"If I kick you," said a flatboatman to a man who was bothering him, "you'll go so high that the fear of *falling* will be much less than that of *starving to death* before you get down—and I'll give you ten loaves of bread to carry up with you in the bargain." The fellow thought this was "lofty language," and moved off.