

successfully matured and accomplished by Thison, now that his property was almost once more in his possession again, could not remain silent at the surpassing achievement, and he shrugged his shoulders and observed to me, with a pleasant look in his face : ' Dat de olt man wash a drump ; dat he wash petter ash he wash, pine-by, tireckly,' which I interpreted thus : ' That the old man worked better than he thought he would, and that he was a trump.'

' Now, Dick,' observed Thison, ' you let down de boards on one side of de pen. D'ye hear? '

' Aye, aye, pop.'

' I'm a going to carry this here basket, and you untie the rope from the post, and den hold on to de end, and don't let go. D'ye hear? '

' Aye, aye, pop.'

' And den I guess,' continued the old man, ' the mammy will foller de child'en. Where are we going, Mr. Sheriff? '

' To the first yard-room we can find, Tise,' answered I.

' Be you ready, Dick.'

' Aye, aye, pop.'

' Den let go, and hang.'

And so we started ; Thison in advance, carrying the basket, anxiously followed by the sow, grunting all the time. She, however, was kept from proceeding too fast by the check-rein in Dick's hands. Bierhaus and myself brought up the rear, in pursuit of a temporary lodging for the rarest prisoner it was ever my good or evil fortune to capture.

After the lapse of three days, (the time fixed by law,) there being no exception to the sureties of the plaintiff, I gave an order for the delivery of the sow to Mr. Bierhaus, which the incomparable Thison attended to in his happiest vein, he declaring that at no time of his long life had ' He ever been so unmassiful as to separate a mammy from her child'en, nor de child'en from der mammy, and dat he knowed things was a coming out 'bout right when Dick was aroun'. Dick was uncommon strong, and dat all things considering, it was an eventful day, forewarned by his dream ; bags of goold ; discount in the morning ; pigs of goold ; aye, aye, pigs bein a premium on the sow, as called for by de writ of replevy ; ha ! ha ! ha ! and though I say it, both was a good operation, a fust-rate operation in *discount* and *premium*.'

THE PHANTOM BURIAL.

From the ancient abbey walls, now that knell my soul appalls,
As it rings in sadness round, through the air and through the ground ;
For the ancient abbey-tower, years a-many, at this hour
Tolls full strong a dying knell, though there ne'er was seen a bell.
But within those abbey walls is a sight far more appalls ;
For dim phantom forms appear, gathering round a shadowy bier.
Yet the abbey now is old, and the air is passing cold ;
And my mantel clock has told of the mid-night hour now rolled ;
And when the solemn mass is said, they gather round the warrior-dead,
And bear him to his earthy bed, upon the distant mountain-side,
And that phantom bell this night tolls unceasing till the light.

C. M.

L I N E S

BY THE PAINTER, WHO WAS ASKED TO PAINT A SUBJECT, TO BE CALLED, 'THE PAINTER'S DREAM.'

BY H. J. BRENT.

He sat upon a splintered rock
The lightning's spear had riven,
When the broad forest felt the shock,
And echoes shook in Heaven.

The sun was shining far and wide,
And domes of vapor rose
In grandeur from the mountain-side,
Where slept the winter snows.

Huge oaks and beeches waved around,
And maples clustered there,
And velvet grass was on the ground,
Kissed by the summer air.

From rock to rock a streamlet fell,
In silvery tones, and told
How it had broke the magic spell
Of caverns lined with gold.

Deep 'twixt the hills a lake was seen,
Its bosom like a sky;
And shadows of the forest green
Bent o'er it from on high:

Bent o'er it with an earnest look
Of mingled joy and pride,
And envious of the silvery brook
That circled through its tide.

Thus on the lightning-smitten peak
The poet-painter lay,
And felt how impotent and weak
He was to paint the day:

To paint the day and evening's spell,
The pillared clouds of noon;
The sleeping lake, the rocky dell,
The now up-rising moon.

He had not dreamed, he could not dream,
When God around him piled
A world of beauty, mountain, stream,
Of forests rich and wild.