

came over the hopes of the mother, has not touched the heart of her children.

It was near midnight, and as she lay listening to the breathing of her children, unable to close her eyes in sleep, she fancied that she heard some one beneath the window. She listened, who could it be? Was it some midnight ruffian, who was thus prowling near the house, to rob her of her little remaining property? The noise became still more audible. Her sleeping apartment being on the lower story, and thus much exposed, she became greatly alarmed. Presently the window opened.

"Jenette! Jenette!" said a voice.

She arose and wrapped a cloak around her.

"Jenette! Jenette!"

She advanced into the middle of the room, near the window, illuminated by the moon.

"My God! James! James! is it you from the grave?" she exclaimed, as in truth her husband sprang into the window. She swooned and fell to the floor. The meeting of these two after a separation of so many years, when she recovered, may be left to the imagination of the reader. It was a meeting of hearts that had never known change from distance or time. The arrival of her husband was to Jenette like the rising of one from the dead.

But little remains to be told. The incidents of Mr. Allston's life, while absent from New England need not be related in this simple sketch. Suffice it to say, that the vessel in which he embarked was shipwrecked, but the statement in the newspapers that all on board had perished was untrue. A few escaped, and among them was Mr. Allston. But not one of his letters to Jenette in New England had ever reached their destination. Soon after his return, a prosecution was commenced against those who had brought false claims against his estate.

Most of the property was recovered, and the villains, who, in the belief that he would never appear again, despoiled him of his estate, were thrown into prison, except a few who escaped, and who, it is worth mentioning, were convicted of murder and executed in New York not long after. Those who had once been friends of Mr. and Mrs. Allston began to visit her, but their advances were very properly rejected. He ever had a fast friend in the clergyman, and soon after his return had the unquestionable satisfaction of reading the discourse pronounced on the occasion of his supposed death. They removed to Boston soon after, to superintend the education of their daughters, where they lived long and happily together. Thus the dark clouds that so long obscured the life and fortunes of Jenette broke away, and there was a BRIGHT DAY AT LAST.

HOME.

THERE is something in the word home that wakes the kindest feelings of the heart. It is not merely friends and kindred that render the places so dear, but the very hills and rocks and rivulets throw a charm around the place of one's nativity. It is no wonder that the loftiest harps have been tuned to sing of home, "sweet home." The rose that bloomed in the garden where one has wandered in early years careless in innocence, is lovely in its bloom, and lovelier in its decay. No songs are sweet like those we heard among the boughs that shade a parent's dwelling, gay as the birds that warble over us. No waters are bright like the clear silver-stream that winds among the flower-decked knolls, where in childhood we have often strayed to pluck the violet or the lily, or twine a garland for some loving school-mate. We may wander away and mingle in the "world's fierce strife," and form new associations and friendships, and fancy that we have almost forgotten the land of our birth; but at some evening hour, as we listen perchance to the autumn winds, the remembrance of other days come over the soul, and fancy bears us back to childhood's scenes, and we roam again amid the familiar haunts, and press the hands of the companions long since cold in their graves—and listen to voices we shall hear on earth no more. It is then a feeling of melancholy steals over us, which like Ossian's music, is pleasant, though mournful to the soul.

The Swiss general who leads his soldiers into a foreign land must not suffer the sweet airs of Switzerland to be sung within the hearing of his soldiers, for at the thrilling sound they would leave the camp, and fly away to their own green hills. The African, torn from his willow braided hut, and borne away to the land of charters and of chants, weeps as he thinks of home, and sighs and pines for the cocoa land beyond the waters of the sea. Years may have passed over him, and strifes and toils may have crushed his spirits—all his kindred may have found graves upon the corals of the ocean; yet were he free how soon he would seek the shores and skies of his boyhood dreams! The New England mariner, amid the icebergs of the northern seas, or breathing the spicy gales of the evergreen isles, or coasting along the shores of the Pacific, though the band of Time may have blanched his raven locks, and care have ploughed deep furrows on his brow, and his heart may have been chilled by the storms of the ocean, till the fountains of his love had almost ceased to gush with their heavenly current—yet, upon some summer's evening, as he looks upon the sun sinking behind the western wave, he will think of home and his heart will yearn for the loved days, and his tears will flow like the summer's rain. How does the heart of the wanderer, after long absence bent, and his eyes fill, as he catches a glance of the hills of his nativity; and when he has pressed the lips of a mother or a sister, how soon does he hasten to see if the garden, and the orchard and the stream look as in days gone by! We may find climes as beautiful, and skies as bright, and friends as devoted, but that will not usurp the place of home.

A SCENE AT NOON-DAY IN THE STREETS OF CINCINNATI.—It was on a day while sitting at my window studying the phases of human nature, that passed with the lively throng that crowded one of the most public and fashionable of her streets, that my ear was startled with the cry of "murder!" I looked out, and beheld multitudes rushing toward the Market Square. But so dense became the crowd, that nothing could be seen save

the clouds of dust that arose from their centre, giving unerring indications that a struggle for life was there going on. Yet above the din and confusion attendant upon such a scene, was heard the cry of an unfortunate victim for "help!" Suddenly the cry ceases, and the gathering crowd gives way in all directions. One blow from a weapon held in the hand of a Kentuckian has prostrated the struggling victim, and silenced his cries. The captors, four in number, then drew their huge bowie-knives, and cocked their loaded pistols, and one exclaimed with stentorian voice, "stand back you cowardly ruffians! the nigger is mine, and I'll have him." They then seized the negro who had sufficiently recovered to stand on his feet, and, with the blood streaming down his sable cheeks, they began to push him towards the river. The captive was a mulatto, much better dressed than his captors, and "looking much more the man;" he was slim and tall, and straight as an arrow. He had drunk at the fountain of freedom, and appreciated its worth. He had resided for years in the city, nor dreamed of molestation; and the thought of being again returned to the lash of his master caused him to renew his feeble exertions to escape the grasp of his inhuman pursuers. "Help, friends, help!" he cried, as they hurried him on, "for the love of God, help, or I am lost forever!" Then, by a superhuman endeavour, he had nearly cleared their grasp, when a heavy blow from a cudgel felled him again to the earth. No helping hand was raised in his behalf. The savage Kentuckians then seized him by the collar of his coat, and raised him to his feet; then placing themselves, one on either side, one before and one behind, they hurried him down the street at a rapid run, with pistols in hand, and their "shining blades" glittering in a noon-day sun, shaking them at the crowd, and threatening death to all who should interfere. The negro, from his exertions to escape, and from his bruises, had become so feeble as to be unable to keep his feet at all times, and was, therefore dragged a portion of the distance. On they rushed amid the thousand gazers, taking the centre of the street, and teams, and carriages, and vehicles of every description turning aside at their approach, until they had gained the hill that overlooks the banks of the river, when they discovered that the ferry boat had just left her moorage; but upon being hailed by the Kentuckians, the captain immediately backed his boat, and the captive was tumbled upon her stern, followed by his captors, who had scarcely time to clear her rails before she was off again. When the boat had gained the centre of the river, and was beyond the reach of the missiles that were hurled after her by the crowd, the "gallant" Kentuckians made the welkin ring with cheer after cheer, in triumph over their achievement in seizing at mid-day, in a land of liberty, and in a crowded city, a human being, and bearing him back to the lash, to chains, and perpetual slavery. The boat soon reached the opposite shore, and the negro landed in Kentucky.—*Boston Republican*

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.—The Paris correspondent of the St. Louis Republican relates the following: A young man recently made his escape from the galleys at Toulouse. He was strong and vigorous, and soon made his way across the country and escaped pursuit. He arrived the next morning before a cottage in an open field, and stopped to beg something to eat and concealment while he reposed a little. But he found the inmates of the cottage in the greatest distress. Four little children sat in a corner, their mother was weeping and tearing her hair, and the father walking the floor in agony. The galley slave asked what was the matter, and the father replied that they were that morning to be turned out of doors, because they could not pay their rent. "You see me driven to despair," said the father, "my wife and children without food or shelter, and without means to provide any for them." The convict listened to this tale with tears of sympathy, and then said:

"I will give you the means. I have but just escaped from the galleys; whoever secures and takes back an escaped prisoner is entitled to a reward of fifty francs.—How much does your rent amount to?"

"Forty francs," answered the father.

"Well," said the other, "put a cord around my body; I will follow you to the city, they will recognise me, and you will get fifty francs for bringing me back." "No never!" exclaimed the astonished listener, "my children should starve a dozen times before I would do so base a thing."

The generous young man insisted, and declared at last that he would go and give himself up, if the father would not consent to take him. After a long struggle the latter yielded, and taking his preserver by the arm led him to the city and to the mayor's office. Every body was surprised that a little man like the father had been able to capture such a strong young fellow, but the proof was before them; the fifty francs were paid and the prisoner sent back to the galleys. But after he was gone, the father asked a private interview of the mayor, to whom he told the whole story. The mayor was so much affected that he not only added fifty francs more to the father's purse, but wrote immediately to the minister of justice, begging the noble young prisoner's release. The minister examined into the affair, and finding that it was comparatively a small offence which condemned the young man to the galleys, and that he had already served out half his time, he ordered his release. Is not the whole incident beautiful?

"My love," said Mrs. Fozzle to her husband, "oblige me with a five-pound note to-day to purchase a new dress." "Shan't do any such thing, Agnes—you called me a bear yesterday!" "Lor, love, that was nothing—I meant by it that you were fond of hugging." "You little jade, I have no five, but here's a ten."

A NEGRO DIALOGUE.—"I say, Baz, where do dat comet rise at?" "It rises in the 46th meridian ob de frigr xodiac, as laid down in the comic almanac." "Well, where does it set Baz?" "Set! you black fool! it don't set nowhere. When it gets tired of shinin', it goes in its hole!"

DREADFUL MURDER OF A CLERGYMAN.

A burglary of an extremely daring character, and attended by circumstances of ferocity which remind one of the robbery incidents of the last century, was committed yesterday se'nnight, at the parsonage-house of Frimley grove, near the Farnborough station of the South Western Railway. The house stands at the extremity of the village, in its own grounds, but not separated from the house on each side. The incumbent, the Rev. Mr. Hollest, was a married man with two sons. He kept a man and two maid servants.

On Friday night the family retired to rest at their usual hour, shortly before 11 o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. Hollest slept on the first floor, in a room overlooking the lawn; the two boys occupied an apartment on the same floor. The man-servant slept at the top of the house, and a room adjoining formed the sleeping apartment of the two maid servants.

It appears that it was Mr. Hollest's custom, when his children were at home, to leave the door of his bedroom ajar, in order that he might overhear them in the event of their requiring anything, and he seems to have done so on Friday. After retiring to rest he and Mrs. Hollest were awakened about three o'clock on Sunday morning by a sudden increase of light in their apartment, and a noise of footsteps. On looking up they saw two masked figures standing at the foot of their bed, but so little suspicion of danger had the Rev. gentleman that his first impression was that his sons were playing him a trick, and he told them to begone to bed and not play jokes with him at that hour of the night.

Mrs. Hollest, with a quicker perception of danger, at once saw the truth and screamed aloud. The miscreants instantly seized Mr. and Mrs. Hollest, and with pistols pointed at their heads, declared that if they made the slightest noise they would blow their brains out. Mrs. Hollest, notwithstanding the imminent peril she was in, struggled, and at length succeeded in slipping out of bed and seizing a bell-rope, upon which her assailant rushed round to the side of the bed and threw himself upon her with such force as to snap the bell-rope asunder. The fellow continued to stand over her with a pistol pointed at her face, and she states she fully expected to be shot every moment.

Mr. Hollest, who, although fifty-four years of age, was a very strong and active man, on discovering how matters stood, struggled with the villain who stood over him, and at length got out of bed and was in the act of stooping down to reach the poker from the fire place, when his assailant fired at him and wounded him in the abdomen. The unfortunate gentleman was not aware at first that he had been struck, and continued to grapple with the fellow, endeavouring by every means in his power to prevent his escape.

The report of the pistol at this moment appears to have alarmed the man who was standing over Mrs. Hollest, and he left her for a moment and joined his companion. On finding herself released she rushed to the fire-place, and seizing a large hand-bell, swung it to and fro several times. This had the effect of alarming the burglars, who almost immediately left the apartment, and descending the staircase ran out of the house by the front door.

Mr. Hollest as soon as he was released from his assailant, ran into an adjoining apartment and snatched up a gun, which he always kept loaded. Descending the staircase with the gun in his hand he distinctly saw three men running across the lawn, and without taking any direct aim he fired among the group, as it appears without effect.

Returning to his bedroom, he now first discovered that he was wounded in the abdomen, and having endeavored to allay the fears of his wife, he got into bed and ordered his man-servant, who had only just awoke and descended from his room, to run for the constable, as a protection to his family, and then to fetch a doctor for himself. The man called up the village constable, and then proceeded to summon Dr. Davies, the medical attendant of the family, who resided about a mile and a half distant.

On the arrival of the constable an examination of the premises was made, and it was ascertained that an entry had been effected at the rear of the premises, through the scullery window, the burglars having first broken a pane of glass to enable them to open the window, and then cut away the woodwork, into which an iron bar was fixed.

The surgeon upon examining Mr. Hollest's wound, found that it presented an alarming appearance, and in a few hours he suffered intense agony, which continued throughout Saturday. On Sunday the surgeon communicated that there was no hope of his survival and the fact was communicated to him. He received the intelligence with resignation, and having taken an affectionate leave of his family and servants, declared that he freely forgave his murderer, and that he hoped God would forgive him. He then expressed a desire to partake of the sacrament, and after lingering in a state of great suffering, expired in a state of unconscious exhaustion at 20 minutes after eight o'clock on Sunday evening.

The Home Secretary has offered a reward of £100, to which the family of the deceased have added £50 for the discovery of the guilty persons.

Three bad characters had been apprehended and examined in private. It is said that the evidence has created a strong impression of their guilt. Mrs. Hollest having declared herself almost certain of the identity of two of them. The cool determination of the men may be gathered from the fact that within half a mile of the spot, a quantity of bread and meat, with two or three half empty bottles of wine, stolen from the parsonage house, have been discovered.—*European Times*. October 5.

"Papa—Why don't they give the Telegraph Wires a dose of gin?"

"Why, my child?"

"Because the papers say they are out of order, and mamma always takes gin when she is out of order!"

"Mother," said a little fellow, "I am tired of this pugnose; it is growing pugger and pugger every day."

When will water stop running down hill?—When it gets to the bottom.