



## LITERATURE.

[From the Halifax Guardian.]

## VOICE OF THE MONTHS.—NOVEMBER.

With mournful, sere, and measured steps, I come,  
My trumpet, tempest, and my banner, gloom;  
I bring the chill north wind, the frosty air,  
The rayless streamlet and the branches bare,  
I give the sky a loveless, dusky hue,  
The sickly sunbeams feebly glancing through.  
I come with storms, the terrible and wild,  
The rock-strewn shore with foamy branches piled;  
Mid the tall trees resounds the angry blast,  
Sweeping the dying leaves in eddies past.  
I bring the night, cold, glistening and serene,  
The stars shine forth with lustre pure and keen,  
Burning amid the blue depths of the sky,  
As beacon lights upon a terrace high.  
I bring the first pure snow to vale and hill,  
The first frost-fetters to the sparkling rill,  
I breathe of winter as my tempests wake,  
And angry storm-clouds o'er the wide earth break,  
And yet I come with softer things than these,  
I have bright sunshine and a gentle breeze,  
Some lingering flower yet shines upon the plain;  
The *Indian Summer* blooms in my domain,—  
It comes with skies of blue, serene, and warm,  
The breast of beauty's worshipper to charm,  
With balmy air and soft grey atmosphere,  
Veiling the calmness of the vallies sere;  
The last farewell of summer sweetly sighs  
In the soft beauty of my slumbering skies;  
Mine is a realm debateable,—I stand  
Between the Summer and the Winter land,  
Owing the gifts of each in lessened strength,  
But yielding to the stern ice-king at length.  
My sister months have been as fairy isles,  
Wearing bright raiment rich with bloom and smiles  
And I now come in russet livery clad,  
With form of sternness, yet with accents sad,  
A prey to all the pointed shafts of fate,  
Like a lone widow, reft and desolate.

## A BRIGHT DAY AT LAST.

[The incidents in the subjoined narrative were communicated to the editor several years ago, by a descendant of the principal characters described, and are known by many yet living to be true. Their names are given with but a slight variation from the original, and will be recognized by some in Boston, as those of two individuals, whose presence, by the charm which it diffused, gave life to the social and refined circles of the city, a quarter of a century ago. It would be easy, with the aid of fiction, to weave in the narrative much startling incident;—but a simple recital of what actually occurred, without drawing upon the imagination in the least for incident, is all that is designed.—Truth is stranger than fiction.]

[Ed. Lowell Courier.]

Towards the close of the last century, James Allston, and his wife, Jenette, after a weary passage of several months from their own native Scotland, came within sight of the hills and rocks of New England. Mr. Allston having been unfortunate in business, had formed the resolution, now in his manhood, of beginning life anew in a land distinguished for its hospitality, as well as for the virtuous principles which had taken root and flourished in the bosoms of its sons. Neither he nor his wife had a single relative or friend in New England, but, notwithstanding this, they were willing to leave the home of their infancy, and try their fortunes in a remote region.

There are few women, perhaps, who would have been willing to forsake home and kindred for the untried scenes of a strange land; but Mrs. Allston was a woman of no common character. Possessing a mind of great strength, and a heart which, clinging tenderly around the loved objects of home, clung with still stronger ties to her husband, she had torn herself away from her native soil, and committed herself to his guidance, to share with him his joys, if heaven should call upon her so to do, to sympathize with him in all his sorrows. There were tears in her eyes as she bade the last farewell to the pleasant places of her youth, the bonny banks and braes and hill sides of Scotland—as she received the last blessing of her aged father, and the last kiss of affection from the mother who watched over her tender years, and the sisters who had been her companions in joy and sorrow.—But there stood the husband of her youth before her, and it is strange that smiles chased away her tears, as she sprang with a light step into the vessel, and indulged in bright dreams of the future?

The hills and villages, so dear to them both, soon disappeared as they sailed down the beautiful Clyde, and ere long not even the spires of the churches, or the dark battlements of the castles, were to be seen in the distance.

I will not recite the incidents of the voyage, any further than to say that, after innumerable dangers by sea, such as would have destroyed the courage of an ordinary woman, but under which her heart was borne up by the consciousness that, if all the world forsook her, there was

still one at her side who would be all the world to her, they arrived within sight of the spires and triple hills of the Queen City of New England.

Mr. Allston, soon after his arrival, took up his residence in a beautiful village about fifty miles from the seaboard. He might at this time almost be said to be penniless. All his riches might be counted in an hour. But he was an industrious man, and possessed the well-known thrift and frugality of his countrymen. In a few years he had accumulated sufficient property to enable him to quit the line of business with which he had started, and to commence trade on an extensive scale. This he did successfully; and to give the result of a few years in a few lines, I shall only say that, in seven or eight years from the time he first set foot in New England, he was an opulent citizen. There was hardly a merchant in the city or large place, with whom he had not become acquainted in the common course of trade, and with whom he did not rank high as an honorable and high-minded gentleman. In all his good purposes, it is hardly necessary to say, he was seconded by that noble woman who had clung to him through all the vicissitudes of his chequered life. By her gentle demeanor and winning attentions, she found a friend in every one. Their house was the resort of all who sought the company of intelligent persons: and many were the praises of young and old, far and near, who had made the acquaintance of the young Scotchman and his amiable and beautiful wife, Jenette.

But the comforts and delights of their second home, so far from the fireside of the first, were not shared by themselves or their numerous friends only. They had been blessed with two little ones—bright and blooming girls, who just reached the age when childhood, by its buoyancy and frolicsomeness, its tenderness, and prattling, so endears itself to a parent. And never was a mother's heart more indissolubly bound up in the welfare of her children, than was that of Jenette in the prosperity of little Emily and Jane. With such friends around them, to render their days happy, and above all with such children to make their daily and evening hours doubly blessed, one would suppose that their affections would cling forever around their happy and cheerful firesides. But the heart cannot forget the scenes that have in other days spread their cheering influence around it. The old family mansion, where our infancy had been rocked, and where we first lisped the names of FATHER and MOTHER, and above all the endeared forms of parents, sisters, brothers and friends, will maintain their hold upon the affections, in spite of time and distance. Every recollection of the endeared past is like rubbing off the rust that may have gathered around the chain which binds it to the heart, and giving it a new brightness.

So it was with James and Jenette Allston. The merry hours they had passed by the sweet streams of 'bonnie Scotland,' or in which they had reclined beneath the shadow of her hills, were made to pass before them.—Their youthful sports together were talked over almost every hour, and the forms of parents and kindred were brought to mind day after day and night after night.—Tears stood in their eyes at the remembrance of their early home, as the silent prayer went up that He, who had taken care of the young in a strange land, would bless the declining years of those whom they had left beyond the ocean.

Mr. Allston finally came to the determination of leaving New England for a season and visiting Scotland.—But Jenette—should she go with him? Her heart yearned to accompany him; but the little ones—who would take care of them till their return? They were questions which she answered in every possible way, without coming to any definite conclusion.

But there were the preparations for the voyage going on around her—could she stay behind? Her husband was soon to bid her farewell—could she suffer him to go alone?

"I must—I must go!" exclaimed Jenette at last.

"Our little ones will be taken care of; James you shall not go without me. Where thou goest I will go—where thou lodgest I will lodge. Thy home shall be my home, and there will I be buried."

Arrangements were accordingly made for her departure, and, fearing that their children would be unable to endure the fatigues of a long voyage,—they came to the conclusion, painful as it was, to leave them behind till their return, entrusted to the care of a friend. The thought of this was inexpressibly bitter, especially to Mrs. Allston. She had never been absent from them a single day, and now she was about to leave them for months—years—perhaps forever! The day on which the vessel was to leave was approaching, and closer and closer did the affections of this admirable woman seem to twine themselves around her children. The hour at length arrived. The idea of leaving his daughters pressed so heavily upon his spirits, that Mr. Allston determined, if possible, not to take a formal leave of them. Bitter as it was, he contrived to leave the house without bidding them farewell. This demanded a degree of self-denial which few men possess. But long was it before Jenette could tear herself away. She impinged kisses upon their cheeks, and smiled upon them through her tears. She bade them farewell as they stood at the door, smiling like cherubs and calling after their mother, with a heart that seemed ready to break with its heaviness and the poignancy of its grief. It was indeed a heartrending moment for Jenette, one of those moments which can only be known to an affectionate mother. But she tore herself away and joined her husband. They soon reached the wharf, and embarked on board the vessel which was to bear them from one home to another.

At almost the moment she was about to put off, Jenette sprang to the wharf again.

"Husband!" she said, "I cannot go! God bless and preserve you! I cannot—cannot leave our little ones; I will return and stay with them till you come back. Farewell! may God bless you and restore you in health to your wife and children!"

She wept as one in despair—as a woman at such a time only weeps. Bound by indissoluble ties of affection

and love to the husband who was leaving her, and by still stronger ones, if possible, to the little ones of whom she had taken a farewell leave, there was for a moment a struggle in her bosom of which none but a MOTHER, or those who have been placed in a similar situation, can form any adequate idea. Her husband did not object to her course; for he knew that little Emily and Jane would now be tenderly and affectionately guarded till he should return. He bade her farewell, and Jenette, without waiting even till the vessel left the wharf, hurried back to her daughters.

But this affectionate wife, once more in the company of her children as she was, was far from being happy.—It was now that a full idea of the dangers to which her husband was exposed, rushed upon her mind. She was then finally separated from him! He did not come in as usual with smiles for his wife and children. He sat at the table, and his voice was no longer heard as it was wont to be. And he, who used to play with the ringlets of his little ones, and put their cheeks, as they came running to him, whenever he entered the house, at morning, noon and night, where was he now? Why—oh why, did she not accompany him? Months flew by, but they brought no intelligence of him. A year elapsed, and still nothing was heard of him. Jenette became alarmed, and could not repress her fear and anxiety. She strove to comfort herself with the thought that she should the next day, or the next, or the next, hear from him. But no tidings came; each day dragged itself along, slowly and wearily, bringing that hope deferred which maketh the heart sick.

More than a year had now gone by without bringing any intelligence whatever from her husband,—when one evening a newspaper was handed to Mrs. Allston, containing an account of the wreck of the very ship in which he had embarked. It was stated that all on board had perished at sea. This was a severe blow. Here was a dark hour of her life, and I shall leave it to the imagination of the reader to portray her sufferings, without attempting to convey an idea of her unhappiness at this time. There were her children smiling around her, whose beauty was just expanding like the summer rose, and who were entirely unconscious of the cause of their mother's tears. How can I describe her wretchedness as she attempted to answer their natural question, repeated day after day—"Mother, where is father—when will he come home?"

The next Sabbath after the intelligence of the wreck was received, the clergyman of the village preached a funeral discourse, in commemoration of the virtues of Mr. Allston. He was eloquent, and there were few who heard him on that day that did not listen to him with wet eyes, as he portrayed the character of the deceased and held up his virtues for the imitation of his auditors. But there was one, who listened to the eloquent preacher, whose heart swelled at every word—and, who, though surrounded by friends who sympathized with her, would not be comforted. Alas! the cup of her misfortunes were not yet full. She was doomed to meet with a sudden reverse, which would have prostrated the energies of ordinary women—to lose fortune, friends and all! Shortly after the intelligence of Mr. Allston's death was received, and while yet every heart seemed responding to the commemoration of his virtues by the preacher, several unprincipled individuals,—well aware that his widow was in possession of a fortune, conspired to wrest her property from her. They forged notes to a great amount against her deceased husband, and as they appeared correct in every particular, and were presented by those who wore the semblance of honor, she fell a victim to the foul conspiracy against her. Mrs. Allston could find no allusion to them among her husband's papers, but she could not question their validity, and although they swallowed up a greater part of her property, she paid them all. Debt after debt was brought against the estate, of the existence of which she had never dreamed, and these speculators had the villainy to charge it upon her that her husband had left the country in order to evade the payment of his dues. She paid every farthing of them, and was left with hardly enough to afford a bare subsistence to herself and her children. But hard as this was, it was nothing to the neglect which she received from those who once called themselves her friends. Those who had courted her friendship in her days of prosperity, seemed now to regard her poverty as a crime. Every one seemed to shun her because she was poor, and an opinion prevailed—whence originating could not be known—that Mr. Allston had left the country in order to avoid a settlement with his creditors, and that she knew such to be the case.—She spurned such insinuations; but the idea even that suspicions of that kind should be entertained wrung her heart till she wept in very bitterness. She was indeed miserable, and a blight seemed to be fast settling upon her heart as it had done upon her fortunes. "I thank God!" was her exclamation, "that my children are too young to be conscious of the utter wretchedness of their mother."

Three years had now passed away—bitter, inexpressibly bitter were they to Jenette. She had retired to rest one evening with her daughters—her only source of consolation in this trying hour of her life. They were alone in the house. She pressed her pillow, but it was with an aching heart. She thought over the misfortunes she had been called upon, in the providence of God, to endure and as she remembered the unfailing affection of her husband, as she dwelt upon his parting words—his death—and the cruel reverse she had met with, she wept like one in despair—like one who feels for the first time that she has not a friend in the wide world. She murmured not against the afflictions with which Providence had been pleased to visit her, but bowed in submission to its will. She for a moment wished that she had accompanied her husband, to share with him his lot—but the again the thought came upon her of leaving her children behind, to be treated perhaps, as she had been.

"I thank God," was her exclamation, "that I am with them. They are poor, it is true, but the blight which