

LITERATURE.

(FOR THE CARLETON SENTINEL.)

TO THE MARTEN.

HALE! merry warbler, marten, black,
With joyous notes thou'rt welcome back,
To make thy short sojourn—
Ere Winter's blast, then hied away
To warmer climes and scenes more gay,
With Summer then return.

Sweet harbinger of weather fine!
In vain bright Sol attempts to shine,
Whilst absent still thou art,
But when thy carolling we hear,
In mansion miniature appear,
With chilly winds we part.

Oh tell, dear birds, where thou hast been,
The many months that's past between,
Since I at thou saidst adieu.
Perhaps to southern lands you roam,
Or tread path on Eastern dome,
Oh tell! I pray they do.

To Christian, or to Heathen lands,
To Mountain tops or burning sands,
A mystery it be.
Where'er thou goest, thy love for man,
Whose works thou'rt ever delight to scan,
Thy home undoubtedly.

To Brunswick's shores we welcome thee,
To a Briton's home, 'tis free! 'tis free!
Its sun doth ever shine.
The cold oppression's blast may blow,
For a freeman's home with a cheer we go,
A Briton's home is mine.

THE SCARLET LADY.

Harlot of Rome! and dost thou come
With bland demeanour now?
The bridal smile upon thy lips,
The flesh upon thy brow:
The cup of sorcery in thy hand,
Still in the same array
As when our fathers in their wrath
Dashed it and thee away?
No! by the ashes of the saints
Who died beneath thy hand
Thou shalt not dare to claim as thine,
One foot of English land!

The echo of thy tread shall make
The light still brighter burn—
A blaze shall rise from Cranmer's grave
And martyred Ridley's urn:
A blaze which they who own thy power
Shall stand aghast to see—
A blaze that in thy infamy
Shall show both them and thee!
Yes! send thy Cardinals again—
Once more array thy dowry—
Their witchword is, The Pope of Rome—
The Word of God, be ours!

(British Banner.)

THE LOST BRACELET,
OR THE LAND OF GOLD.

CHAPTER I.—THE START FOR CALIFORNIA.

Can gold calm passion or make reason shine?
Can we dig peace or wisdom from the mine?
Wisdom to gold prefer, for 'tis much less
To make our fortune than our happiness.

—YOUNG.

"I have an iron temperament, and have not been unaccustomed to hard work and hardships. If one half of the reports respecting the Ophir of America be true, I am quite confident I can realize a fortune in a few years. Our home, sweet home, is mortgaged for more than half its value; sister is banished from the society of those who are not her superiors in beauty, education and moral worth; I am tired of toiling twelve hours a day, for the scanty compensation I receive. Let me go to the land of gold, and I will soon return with precious metal enough to release our cottage from the crushing nightmare of its present embarrassments; sister shall no longer be compelled to serve those she is competent to teach, and I will purchase a farm where I can plough, and sow, and reap, and mow, and be an independent cultivator of the soil."

Such were the remarks made by Robert Goodwin to his amiable and affectionate mother, who exerted the utmost of her endeavors to persuade him not to go to California. When she found that the pictures she presented of the dangers and difficulties with which he would have to contend, did not turn him from his unbending resolutions, she made him promise to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors, to stand aloof from bad company, and never play at games of chance, to read his bible and remember his devotional duties. The day after his mother and sister so reluctantly gave their consent for him to leave his friends and friends, that he might try his fortune in a far-off country, he borrowed the necessary funds, purchased a few such articles as others had bought with his money, packed his mammoth, iron-ribbed trunk, and started for the land of gold.

He was the only son of his mother, and she a widow. The remains of the head of that family slumbered in the village grave-yard; Amelia, the sister of the gold-hunter,

was tender and delicate as a sensitive plant, and Mr. Goodwin, who had seen better days, for a long time, like Rachel, refused to be comforted. She thought of him during the day, and dreamed of him at night. He was of more value in her estimation, than continents of silver or Californias of gold. She, however, strove to console herself with the reflection that her child was honest, sober, industrious, brave and persevering, and that his sanguine anticipations might be realized. Whether they were or not may be ascertained by reading the following chapters.

CHAPTER II.—AMELIA AND THE BRACELET.

Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he who filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which neither riches nor
And makes me poor indeed.—SHAKESPEARE.

"Mother," said Amelia, "Mary Smith has been turned away from Mrs. Gowl's and I understand she needs help. It is rather hard for us to get along since Robert left home. If you have no objection I will go and work for her. My wages will amount to more than the interest on the money we have borrowed of her husband. I can run home once in a while, and have a chat with you. Can I go and wait upon her?"

"My dear child," replied Mrs. Goodwin, "you know Mrs. Gowl is difficult to please; besides you have had no experience as a waiting-maid. I think you had better make yourself contented at home."

"There is no place so dear to me as home, but I am anxious to earn something, and I think it is my duty to avail myself of the offered opportunity."

Mrs. Gowl was a one-horse power attorney, who had a vast opinion of his own acquirements and abilities, and who regarded with supreme contempt the opinion of those who did not prize him at his own valuation. He was sensual and selfish, with much of the animal and little of the angel in his nature. His wife had been a domestic in her day, and would have been none the worse for that had she not treated her own servants with such indignity. She never had been a fascinating beauty, and the few charms she once possessed were spoiled long ago by the frequent use of paint and powder. She shaved her forehead, squeezed her form in stays to make her wasp-waisted, (for in her estimation, it was vulgar to be fat), pinched her feet with shoes a size too small for her plebeian feet, had false color on her face, false hair on her head, false teeth in her mouth, and a false heart under her harness of whalebone and wire.

Amelia, who obtained the consent of her mother, to try for a short time the experiment of servitude, had to take charge of this tabernacle of painted and bejeweled clay. Poor girl! she had to put up with all the ill-nature of her coarse and unfeeling mistress. She had to eat in the kitchen and sleep in the garret. She had been there upwards of three weeks, when a costly bracelet was missed from the toilet. Search was made in every box and drawer in the room, but the valuable jewel was not found. Mrs. G. at once charged her maid with theft. Amelia indignantly denied the charge, and burst into a flood of tears. After searching the pockets and trunk of the accused, Mrs. G. discharged her and sent her home without her wages. The news spread like an alarm of fire throughout the neighborhood that Amelia Goodwin had been turned away from her situation for stealing a bracelet.

CHAPTER III.—A STORM AT SEA.

The sails were filled, and fair the light winds blew,
As glad to bear him from his native home;
And fast the white rocks faded from his view,
And soon were lost in circumambient foam.—BYRON.

There goes the gallant ship Leviathan! every thread of canvass stretching before a fair wind! The sailors and passengers have thus far had a favourable voyage in their floating castle. The willing wind, harnessed to the rigging of the vessel, dragged her over the highways for the nations where there are no toll gates to arrest her progress. Robert has seen water-spouts, sharks and whales, and all those natural curiosities have been duly chronicled in his daily journal.

Captain Spyke, and the first mate, Jack Brine, have discovered a cloud rising up out of the sea. It is not much larger than a mainsail, but it is an ominous one, for the cautious commander has put on his tarpaulin and pea-jacket, and his trumpet in his hand. The live thunder heard rattling in the cloud, which spreads and thickens and blackens. The wind is awake and howls the elemental war-shriek. The waves raise up, as though they would clasp the clouds in their embrace. The rolling thunder shakes the heavens. The lightning stripes the orn clouds with glowing gold. The wind blows louder and louder—the waves roll higher and higher—the lightning burns brighter and brighter—the storm waxes stronger and stronger.

Where are the careless young men who were drinking and gambling in the steerage a few hours ago? They are quiet now. Not an oath will they utter till the storm subsides. Not a game will they play whilst the mad billows roll over the deck of the groaning ship. Who that brave young landsman assisting the sailors to furl the white sails of the storm-tossed vessel? He is a young man who reads a chapter in the bible every day. He never speaks a profane word. He promised his mother to abstain from drinking and gambling. He is not frightened out of his senses now, but renders good service in time of need.

The tempest still rages. Night is coming on. The mps are worked without cessation. It is found necessary to lighten the ship. Boxes, barrels and bales are thrown overboard. The noble ship bounds from wave to wave. The dark night has departed. The golden suns pleasantly from behind a bank of clouds. Here there may be seen fragments of the freight thrown aboard when the Leviathan was in danger of foundering. The voice that speaks from the sky is silent now.

The fire that burnt there is put out. The winds have blown until they are out of breath, and the waves are becoming less and less turbulent, and will soon be downy calm and quiet until the wind shall arouse them to battle again. Little do those who seek for gold dream of the danger and hardships they must encounter whilst they pursue the yellow phantom that often leads to golden grave.

CHAPTER IV.—THE PARTY.

There is a just man no charm can tame
Of loudly publishing his neighbor's shame—
On eagle wings immortal scandals fly,
Whilst virtuous actions are but born to die.—HAYWARD.

The house owned and occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Gowl has been illuminated. The table has been loaded with all the luxuries and substantial of the season and the market affords. The drawing-room is now filled with a fashionable party. Mr. G. is speaking with great earnestness and volubility about the base ingratitude of "the lower orders" of society. She was stultified with astonishment when she made the sad discovery that Amelia Goodwin was a thief. She did not care much that Mrs. Goodwin had been thrown into a fit of sickness in consequence of the melancholy misfortune that had befallen her family. I know not how long she would have continued rattling away at this rate, had she not been interrupted by a young lady and a young gentleman—brother and sister—who modestly remarked that they had known Amelia from her girlhood, and thought Mrs. G. must be mistaken. They did not believe their school-mate was capable of such meanness and wickedness, and they had no doubt time would eventually exculpate her from all blame.

These observations came like a clap of thunder from a clear sky. Mrs. Gowl intimated that the Blands (who had just spoken) had better mind their own business. She then rang the bell with great violence for one of the servants. Bridget, the kitchen-maid, ran up stairs, and her haughty mistress commanded her to go into her private apartment and get the jewelry which matched the lost bracelet. Bridget complied with the command, and although she was not very familiar with the furniture of the room, she picked up a locket, a diamond-pin, four splendid rings, and a pair of costly ear-drops. In order to secure all the jewels so that her mistress might not scold her in the presence of the company, she examined the boxes and drawers with the utmost care. In one of the drawers she discovered a beautiful and valuable article of jewelry, and carefully folded in a piece of striped silk.

"What on earth did you bring that piece of silk into the room here for?" inquired Mrs. Gowl.

"There is a gold bracelet in it, and so there is," said Bridget.

Mrs. Gowl unpacked the bracelet in the presence of the Company. Her eyes protruded from their sockets like little saucers inverted. Whether she blushed or turned pale it is difficult to determine, because her face was painted. When she again found the use of her tongue, she exclaimed, "Oh dear me! now I remember all about it. I bought this piece of silk, folded the bracelet in it, and forgot that I had put it away in one of the drawers."

This unexpected denouement silenced for awhile the tongues which had been rattling away as though they swung on a swivel and vibrated at both ends.

CHAPTER V.—GOOD TIDINGS.

Absence, with all its pains,
Is by this charming moment wiped away.—THOMPSON.

"Here is a letter, mother, from Robert! I will break the seal and read it."

When Mrs. Goodwin, who was then convalescent, heard that her son had escaped the dangers of the deep, and reached the land of gold in safety, after battling with tempests on the sea and difficulties on shore, the good news was balm to her wounded heart.

"I wonder," continued Amelia, "how he likes to live in a canvas house, sleep on a buffalo skin, and wash his own clothes? He has sent us a few grains of gold-dust in the letter. He is doing well, but some of his comrades bid fair to become bankrupts in fortune, health and character. He will return in about twelve months, if nothing strange occurs to prevent."

The finding of the lost bracelet, in presence of such a number of spectators, was a fortunate occurrence for Amelia, for the news was soon diffused through the town, and Amelia was forthwith restored to her former standing in society. The letter from the land of gold and the discovery of the bracelet operated like healing cordial in the case of Mrs. Goodwin.

Month after month rolled by. Young Joseph Brand frequently visited Miss Goodwin. Robert occasionally sent a letter to his old schoolmate, Maria Bland. He had been absent nearly two years when it was announced in the papers that the Leviathan had returned to port.

Mrs. Goodwin, supposing her son would send letters and parcels to his friends by that conveyance, deputed her daughter to go to Boston, receive them, and return the same day. She got into the cars and reached the depot about 11 o'clock in the forenoon. After seating herself in the back she directed the driver to leave her at some hotel near the shipping. The man-monster drove directly to one of the haunts of fallen virtue. Almost the first person she met in this den of infamy was Mary Smith, who had been turned away from Mrs. Gowl's.

"Amelia Goodwin, do you know where you are?" inquired Mary Smith.

"I told the coachman to leave me at some public house, near the wharf. The ship in which my brother went to California, is in port, and I expect there are letters and parcels for us," said Amelia.

"This is a House of bad repute," said Mary. "Just as these words were spoken, a coarse, burly fellow, came into the room and attempted familiarities with