

Poetry.

CANADA TO THE LAUREATE.

(From Good Words.)

"And that true north, whereof we lately heard
A strain to shame us, 'Keep you to yourselves,
So loyal is too costly! friends, your love,
Is but a burden; loose the bond and go,
Is this the tone of Empire?"

Tennyson's last Ode to the Queen.

We thank thee, Laureate, for thy kindly words,
Spoken for us to her to whom we look
With loyal love, across the misty sea;
Thy noble words, whose generous tone may
shame
The cold and heartless strain that said, "Be-
gone,
We want your love no longer; all our aim
Is riches that your love can not increase!"
Fain would we tell them that we did not seek
To hang dependent like a helpless brood
That, selfish, drag a weary mother down;
For we have British hearts and British blood,
That leaps up, eager, when the danger calls!
Once and again our sons have sprung to arms,
To fight in Britain's quarrel, not our own,
And drive the covetous invader back,
Who have let us, peaceful, keep our own,
So we had cast the British name away.
Canadian blood has dyed Canadian soil,
For Britain's honor, that we deemed our own;
Nor do we ask but for the right to keep
Unbroken, still, the cherished filial tie
That binds us to the distant sea-girt isle
Our fathers loved, and taught their sons to
love,
As the dear home of freeman, brave and true,
And loving honor more than ease or gold!

Well do we love our own Canadian land,
Its breezy lakes, its rivers sweeping wide,
Past stately towns and peaceful villages,
Mid banks begirt with forests to the sea;
Its tranquil homesteads and its lonely woods,
Where sighs the summer breeze through pine
and fern.

But we love, too, Britain's daisied meads,
Her primrose-bordered lanes, her hedgerows
sweet,
Her winding streams and foaming mountain
becks,

Her purple mountains and her heathery braes,
And towers and ruins ivy-crowned and grey,
Glistening with song and story as with dew;
Dear to our childhood's dreaming fancy, since
We heard of them from those whose hearts
were sore

For home and country, left and left for aye,
That they might mould, in these our western
wilds,
New Britains, not unworthy of the old.

We hope to live a history of our own—
One worthy of the lineage that we claim;
Yet, as our past is but of yesterday,
We claim as ours, too, that long blazoned roll
Of noble deeds, that bind, with golden links,
The long dim centuries, since King Arthur
"passed."

And we would thence an inspiration draw,
To make our untried future still uphold
The high traditions of Imperial power
That crowned our Britain Queen on her white
cliffs,

Stretching her sceptre o'er the gleaming waves,
Ever beyond the sunset! There were some
Who helped to found our fair Canadian realm,
Who left their cherished homes, their earthly
all,

In the fair borders that disowned her sway,
Rather than sever the dear filial tie
That stretched so strong through all the toss-
ing waves.

And came to hew out, in the trackless wild,
New homes, where still the British flag should
wave.

We would be worthy them and worthy thee,
Our old ideal Britain, generous, true,
The helper of the helpless. And, perchance,
Seeing thyself in our revering eyes.

May keep thee worthier of thine ancient name
And power among the nations. Still we would
Believe in thee, and strive to make our land
A brighter gem to light the royal crown
Whose lustre is thy children's—is our own.

CANADENSIS.

Tales and Sketches.

FOR'ARD AND AFT;
OR, THE CAPTAIN'S SON AND THE
SAILOR BOY.

CHAPTER I.

Fortune, the great commandress of the world,
Hath divers ways to enrich her followers:
To some, she honor gives without deservings;
To other some, deserving without honor;
Some wit—some wealth—and some wit without wealth;
Some, wealth without wit—some, nor wit nor wealth.

"Rouse up, rouse up, my hearty! Bear a
hand and be lively, for that little devil-skin
about has been hailing for you this five min-
utes."

Thus spoke, with a rough voice, but in a
kind tone, a tall and powerfully built sailor,
as he descended the fore-castle-ladder, to a boy
of some ten years of age, who, lying stretched
upon his back upon a mess-chest, was fast
asleep. Loud as were the tones of the speaker,
they made no impression upon the boy. Wrapped
in the deep, sweet slumber of childhood,
his body fatigued, his conscience clear, and
his mind at ease, he was enjoying one of those
refreshing rests that are only permitted to the
young and contented—the sleep that manhood
longs after, but seldom experiences.

A beautiful picture would that fore-castle
and its inmates have made, could they have
been transferred to canvas. The boy, a noble
one, as he reposed with closed eye-lids and
upturned face, over which bright smiles were
fitting—the reflection of pleasant, hopeful
dreams—seemed an embodiment of intelligence
and innocence, notwithstanding the coarse
canvas trousers and striped cotton-shirt which
formed his only attire. The man, with his
muscular and strongly-knit figure, his bronzed
cheeks, huge whiskers, brightly gleaming eyes,
and determined expression of countenance,
was the personification of bodily strength,
physical perfection and perfect self-reliance.
The one looked as if he were a spirit from a
higher sphere, who had by chance become an
inmate of that dark, confined, triangular-shaped
and murky apartment, and appeared all out
of place amidst its mess-chests, bedding, and
other nautical dunnage, and its atmosphere
reeking with the odours of bilge-water, tar,
and lamp-smoke. The other was in keeping
with the surrounding objects; his bright red
flannel shirt, his horny hands, his very atti-
tude showed him one unaccustomed to ease
and comfort, whose only home was a fore-
castle, and his abiding place the heaving
ocean.

Wearied with awaiting the result of his
verbal summons, the seaman stooped down to
awaken his companion with a shake, and as
he did so, a beam of affection so softened the
expression of his countenance, and lent so
much tenderness to his eye, that with all his
roughness and uncouthness, the weather-beat-
en tar became really handsome; for, than
love, there is no more certain beautifier.
Though undisturbed by noise, no sooner was
the sailor-boy touched, than, true to the insti-
nct of his calling, he sprang from his rest-
ing-place, as wide awake, and with his facul-
ties as much about him, as if he had always
been a stranger to sleep, and exclaimed, "Is
it eight bells already, Frank? I thought I
had just closed my peepers."

"Just closed your peepers, my little lark!
I began to think your eye-lids were battened
down, it seemed such a hard pull to heave
them up. You haven't had much of a snooze
though, for it is only four bells; but that
young scaramouch astern wants you to take
him in tow. So you had better up-anchor and
make sail, Tom, for the cabin, or the she-com-
modore will be sending the boatswain after
you with the colt," meaning a rope with a
knot at the end, used as an instrument of
punishment in place of the cat-o-nine-tails.

Scarcely waiting to hear the completion of
the sentence, the lad hurried up the ladder to
the deck, and in a few seconds was at the door
of the cabin. Standing just inside the en-
trance, a drizzling rain preventing him from
coming further, stood the youth to whom
Frank had referred by the not very flattering
appellations of devil-skin and scaramouch.
There was but little difference in the age of
the two boys. Not the slightest resemblance
or similarity, however, existed between them
in any other respect.

The sailor-boy was large for his years, with
a figure that gave promise of symmetry, grace,
and an early maturity; his head was in keep-
ing with his body, admirable developed, well
balanced, and covered with a profusion of
rich, dark brown hair; his forehead, broad
and intellectual, lent additional beauty to his
full, deep-blue eyes; and with his ruddy
cheeks, giving evidence of vigorous health, he
was just such a boy as a prince might desire
his only son and heir to be.

The captain's son was slight and rather un-
dersized, with a sickly look, produced appar-
ently more by improper indulgences than
natural infirmity; sparkling black eyes, black
hair, and regular features, added to a well-
shaped head and fine brow, would have ren-
dered him good-looking in spite of his sallow
complexion, had it not been for a peevish,
discontented, and rather malignant expression
that was habitual to him.

The physique of the lads did not differ more
than their dress. The one was clothed in a
suit of the most costly broadcloth, elegantly
made, with boots upon his feet, and a gold
chain around his neck to secure the gold watch
in his pocket. The other, bare-footed, bare-
necked, jacketless, was under no obligations
to the tailor for adding to the gentility of his
appearance. Yet any person, ever a blind
man, could he have heard their voices, would
at once have acknowledged that the roughest
clad bore indelibly impressed upon him the
insignia of nature's nobility.

No sooner did the captain's son see the boy
of the fore-castle, than he addressed him in a
tone and style that harmonised with the sneer-
ing expression of his face, "So, you good-for-
nothing, lazy fellow, you've made me stand
here bawling for you this half-hour. What's
the reason you did not come when I first called?"

"Why, Master Charles, I would not have
kept you waiting if I had known you wanted
me; but I was asleep in the fore-castle, sir.
Frank Adams woke me up—and I've come as
quick as I could."

"Asleep this time in the afternoon. But
you had better not make me stand and wait so
long for you another time, or I'll tell my
mamma, and she'll get father to whip you."

At this threat a bright flush overspread the
face and neck of the sailor-boy, and for an in-
stant his eyes assumed a fierce expression that
was unusual to it; but suppressing his feel-
ings, he replied in his accustomed tone, "I
was up all night, Master Charles, helping to
reef top-sails, and lending a hand to get up

the new fore-sail in place of the old one that
was blown out of bolt-ropes in the mid-watch.
This morning I could not sleep, for you know
I was playing with you until mess time."

"Well, Tom, come into the cabin, and let
us play, and I won't say anything about it
this time," said Charles, as he walked in, fol-
lowed by his companion.

What a difference there was between the
apartment in which the lads now were, and
the one which Tom had left but a few minutes
before. It was the difference between wealth
and poverty.

The vessel, on board of which our scene is
laid, was a new and magnificently-finished
barque of seven hundred and fifty tons, named
the *Josephine*. The craft had been built to
order, and was owned and commanded by
Lewis Barney Andrews—a gentleman of edu-
cation and extensive fortune, who had been
for many years an officer in the United States
navy. Getting married, however, and his
wife objecting to the long cruises he was
obliged to take in the service, whilst she was
compelled to remain at home, he effected a
compromise between his better half's desire
that he should relinquish his profession, and
his own disinclination to give up going to sea
entirely, by resigning his commission in the
navy, and purchasing a ship for himself. The
Josephine belonged to Baltimore—of which
city Captain A. was a native—and was bound
to the East Indies. She was freighted with a
valuable cargo, which belonged to the captain,
and had on board, besides the captain, his
wife, son, and servant-girl, a crew consisting
of two mates and a boatswain, fourteen sea-
men, a cook, steward, and one boy.

Her cabin, a poop one, was fitted up in the
most luxurious style. Everything that the
skill of the upholsterer and the art of the
painter, aided by the taste and experience of
the captain, could do to make it elegant, beau-
tiful, and comfortable, had been done. Ex-
tending nearly to the main-mast, the distance
from the cabin-door to the transom was full
fifty feet. This space was divided into two
apartments of unequal size, one of twenty, the
other of thirty feet, by a sliding bulkhead of
highly polished rosewood and superbly stained
glass.

The after-cabin was fitted up as a sleeping-
room, with two mahogany bedsteads, and all
the appurtenances found in the chambers of
the wealthy on shore. The forward cabin was
used as a sitting and eating-room. On the
floor was a carpet, of whose fabric the looms
of Persia might be proud—so rich, so thick,
so magnificent was it—and deep-cushioned
ottomans, lounges, and rocking-chairs were
scattered along the sides, and placed in the
corners of the apartment.

Not far from the door, reclining on a lounge,
with a book in her hand, was the wife of the
captain, and the mother of Master Charles.
She was a handsome woman, but one who had
ever permitted her fancies and her feelings to
be the guides of her actions. Consequently
her heart, which by nature was a kind one,
was often severely wrung by the pangs of re-
morse, caused by the recollection of deeds
committed from impulse, which her pride
would not permit her to apologise or atone
for, even after she was convinced of her
error.

As the two boys entered the cabin she look-
ed at them, but, without making any remark,
continued the perusal of her book, whilst they
proceeded to the after-cabin, and getting be-
hind the bulkhead, were out of her sight.

For some fifteen minutes the stillness of the
cabin was undisturbed; but then, the mother's
attention was attracted by the loud, angry
tones of her son's voice, apparently abusing
his playfellow. Hardly had she commenced
listening, to ascertain what was the matter,
ere the sound of a blow, followed by a shriek
and the fall of something heavy upon the
floor, reached her ear. Alarmed, she rushed
into the after-cabin, and there, upon the floor,
his face covered with blood, she saw the idol
of her heart, the one absorbing object of her
affection, her only son, and standing over him,
with flashing eye, swelling chest, and clenched
fists, the sailor-boy.

So strong was the struggle between the
emotions of love and revenge, a desire to as-
sist her child, and a disposition to punish his
antagonist, that the mother for a moment
stood as if paralyzed. Love, however, assu-
med the mastery; and raising her son and press-
ing him to her bosom, she asked, in most ten-
der tones, where he was hurt.

"I ain't hurt, only my nose is bleeding be-
cause Tom knocked me down, just for noth-
ing at all," blubbered out Charles.

The mother's anxiety for her son relieved,
the tiger in her disposition resumed her sway;
letting go of Charles, she seized Tom, and
shaking him violently, demanded, in shrill,
fierce tones, how he, the outcast, dared to
strike her child!

Unabashed and unterrified, the sailor-boy
looked in the angry woman's face without re-
plying.

"Why don't you answer me, you cub! you
wretch! you little pirate! Speak! speak!
or I'll shake you to death!" continued the
lady, incensed more than ever by the boy's
silence.

"I struck him because he called my mother
a hussy, if you will make me tell you," replied
Tom, in a quiet voice, though his eye was
bright with anger and insulted pride.

"Your mother a hussy! Well, what else
was she? But you shall be taught how to
strike your master for speaking the truth to
you, you good for nothing vagabond. Run

and call your father," she continued, turning
to Charles, "and I'll have this impertinent
little rascal whipped until he can't stand."

In a moment Captain Andrews entered;
and being as much incensed as his wife, that
a sailor-boy, a thing he had always looked
upon as little better than a block or ropo's
end, had had the audacity to strike his son,
he was furious. Taking hold of Tom with a
rough grasp, he pushed him out on deck,
and called for the boatswain. That function-
ary, however, was slow in making his appear-
ance; and again, in louder and more angry
tones, the captain called for him. Still he
came not; and, spite of his passion, the cap-
tain could not gather from the lowering ex-
pression of the sailor's countenance, that he
was at the commencement of a mutiny.

CHAPTER II.

The deepest ice that ever froze
Can only o'er the surface close;
The living stream lies quick below,
And flows, and cannot cease to flow.

Byron.

Accustomed to have his commands always
promptly obeyed, the wrath of Captain An-
drews waxed high and furious at the dilato-
riness of the boatswain. Without any other
exciting cause, this apparent insubordination
on the part of one of his officers was enough
to arouse all the evil passions of his heart.
Educated under the strict discipline of the
United States' service, he had been taught
that the first and most important duty of a
seaman was obedience. "Obey orders, if you
ruin owners," was the doctrine he inculcated;
and to be thus, as it were, bearded on his
own quarter-deck by one of his own men, was
something entirely new, and most insulting
to his pride. Three times had he called for
the boatswain without receiving any reply, or
causing that functionary to appear.

When the captain first came out of the
cabin, his only thought was to punish the
sailor-boy for striking his son; but his anger
now took another course, and his desire to
visit the boatswain's contumacy with a heavy
penalty was so great, that he forgot entirely
the object for which he had first called him.
Relinquishing his hold on Tom's shoulder, the
captain hailed his first officer in a quick, stern
voice, "Mr. Hart, bring aft Mr. Wilson, the
boatswain."

"Ay, ay, sir," responded the mate, as he
started towards the fore-castle-scuttle to hunt
up the delinquent. "Hillo, below there!"
he hailed, when he reached the scuttle, "you're
wanted on deck, Mr. Wilson."

"Who wants me?" was the reply that re-
sounded, seemingly, from one of the bunks
close up the ship's eyes.

"Captain Andrews is waiting for you on
the quarter-deck; and if you are not fond of
tornadoes, you had better be in a hurry,"
answered the mate.

Notwithstanding the chief mate's hint, the
boatswain seemed to entertain no apprehen-
sions about the reception he would meet at
the hands of the enraged captain, for several
minutes elapsed before he made himself visible
on deck.

As soon as the captain saw the boatswain,
his anger increased, and he became deadly
pale from excess of passion. Waiting until
Wilson came within a few feet of him, he ad-
dressed him in that low, husky voice, that
more than any other proves the depth of a
person's feeling, with, "Why have you so
long delayed obeying my summons, Mr. Wil-
son?"

"I was asleep in the fore-castle, sir, and
came as soon as I heard Mr. Hart call," re-
plied Wilson.

But the tone in which he spoke, the look of
his eye, the expression of his countenance,
would at once have convinced a less observant
person than Captain Andrews, that the ex-
cuse offered was one vamped up for the oc-
casion, and not the real cause of the man's
delay.

"Asleep, sir! Attend now to the duty I
wish you to perform—and be awake, sir,
about it!—and you may, perhaps, get off
easier for your own dereliction afterwards, for
your conduct shall not remain unpunished,"
answered the captain.

"Captain Andrews, boy and man I have
been going to sea now these twenty-five years,
and no one ever charged Bob Wilson with not
knowing or doing his duty before, sir!" re-
joined the boatswain, evidently laboring un-
der as much mental excitement as the cap-
tain.

"None of your impertinence, sir! Not a
word more, or I will teach you a lesson of
duty you ought to have been taught when a
boy. Where's your cat, sir?" continued the
captain.

"In the razor-bag," replied the boat-
swain.

"Curse you!" ejaculated the captain, al-
most beside himself at this reply, yet striving
to maintain his self-possession; "one more
insolent word, and I will have you tried up.
Strip that boy, and make a spread eagle of
him; then get your cat and give him forty."

During this conversation, between the cap-
tain and the boatswain, the crew had been
quietly gathering on the lee-side of the quar-
ter-deck, until at this juncture every seaman
in the ship, except the man at the wheel, was
within twenty feet of the excited speakers.
Not a word had been spoken amongst them;
but it was evident, from the determination
imprinted upon their countenances, from
their attitudes, and from the extraordinary in-

terest they took in the scene transpiring, that
there was something more in the boatswain's
insubordination than appeared on the surface;
and, whatever it was, the crew were all under
the influence of the same motive.

(To be continued.)

THE DIAMOND RING.

MR. WM. HENRY BAKER'S STORY.

Mr. Baker himself told us this story. He
said it was true; nor was this unlikely. I
have known Mr. Henry Wm. Baker personally
for a number of years, and I am inclined to
think he has hitherto never in all his life
told the truth. Now it is so manifestly im-
probable that the most consistent man should
protract a long and useful career of story-telling
to such extraordinary limits, without at some
period telling the truth by sheer misadven-
ture, that it is quite likely Mr. Baker may
have committed himself in this instance. At
least the time has arrived for human nature
to assert, according to the doctrine of aver-
ages. "Only once, gentlemen," said Mr. B.,
"have I been deceived. William Henry
keeps his eyes open, in a general way; Wil-
liam Henry also takes the liberty of seeing
out of them. He uses them as a rule, for
purposes of observation, gentlemen. Still, I
admit I was, once, taken in by as dead a
swindle as could be, I am not ashamed to
own it. I made money by it, after all; but
I was swindled."

It was about a diamond ring. I knew
the fellow who had it for many years in the
way of business. He was a commercial trav-
eller, and always used to flash this ring about
whenever he came round on his journeys. A
jeweller friend of mine, who happened to be
in my office when Mr. Block called, asked, I
remember, to be allowed to examine it, and
pronounced the stones to be diamonds of the
purest water, telling me afterwards that the
ring was worth about seventy pounds. Mr.
Block's initials were engraved inside the loop
of the ring: "R. B.," and beside that, it was
a ring of peculiar and rather old-fashioned
make. Indeed, having once seen the ring,
no one would be likely to mistake it for an-
other. Well, Mr. Block got into difficulties,
and went so entirely to the bad, that I never
saw or heard anything more of him. But
about two years afterwards, whilst walking
down a back street, my eye was taken by a
ring exhibited in a pawnbroker's window.
"Mr. Block's ring," I exclaimed, directly; "I'll
swear to it." It was in a tray with a number
of very seedy-looking rings, and was as dis-
colored and dirty as they were. I went into
the shop and asked to look at it. The pawn-
broker, an old Jew, said, "Yeah; I might see
his ring; but he didn't know much about
rings himself. They wash unredeemed
pledges—that's what they wash—and they
wash all marked at the monish advanced upon
them, with a very small overplush for interest
—thash all he knew."

There was no mistake about it. It was
Mr. Block's ring, and had his initials inside.
But how did the Jew get it? He would soon
tell me. Referring to his book, he found it
had been pawned two years ago in the name
of Smith—Thash all he knew. Would I
buy? It wash dirt cheap—three poundsh
twelve; and it cost him all the monish!
"Well, if it wash too dear, he had some
sheaper ones—beautiful rings he dare shay—
but he knew sho little about rings, you
shee, exshept that he always advanced too
moo monish on them. One couldn't under-
stand every thing in his bishnish, you shee,
from flat-ironsh to diamondsh."

I bought the ring, after beating the Jew
down half-a-crown, partly to prevent his sus-
pecting its value, and partly—well knowing
the disposition of the peculiar people—to
oblige him.

I wore my new purchase about, with no
little inward satisfaction at having bettered a
Jew at a bargain. In my own mind, I ac-
counted for its coming into his possession
somewhat in this way: Mr. Block must have
sold the ring, when in difficulties, to some one
else. It was quite certain Mr. Block had not
pawned it at the Jew's, or he would have
known its value. The ring must, then, have
either been lost by, or stolen from a subse-
quent possessor; and the finder, or thief
(whichever it happened to be), being ignorant
of its value, took it to the Jew, who knew no
better.

There is a certain commercial club in our
town, which I occasionally visit. The mem-
bers are of an easy and somewhat lively dis-
position; generally given to indulge in that
playful style of banter popularly known as
"chaff." My diamond ring came in for a good
share of it. I can stand chaff as well as most
men; but I put it to you, if, when you know
very well that your diamonds are real, it isn't
a little annoying for the chaff of a whole body
of people to assume the character of a persis-
tent disbelief in the value of your jewelry?
For instance, the waiter answers the bell,—
"Did any gentleman ring?"

"Oh, yes," one of the members would re-
port; "it was the gentleman with the paste
diamonds."

Again, there are kinds of sham brilliants
known as Irish Diamonds and Isle of Wight
Diamonds. The club (not one or two mem-
bers, but the whole body) refused to recognize
such distinctions, and insisted on designating
the whole class of shams as "Baker's Dia-
monds." "Baker's Paste" my gems were also