

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 in-  
stinct 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 batten-  
ed 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-

forest 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