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Here is a picture, well drawn in poetry, of the golden city of the Far West. Whilst reading it, one almost seems in its busy streets.—[EDITOR.]

SAN FRANCISCO.

City full of people in a business flurry;
Everybody's motto—hurry! hurry! hurry!
Every nook and corner filled to overflowing;
Like a locomotive, everybody going.

Crowded city streets, blocked by piles of lumber;
Buildings going up, numbers without number;
Even hodmen hurry with the bricks they bear;
Drays and waggons thunder through each thoroughfare.

Everybody active, Fogyism dead;
All are "Young Americans," bound to go ahead!
Dry or rainy season, cloudy day or sunny,
Citizens are driving bargains to make money.

Englishmen and French, Germans, Dutch and Danish,
Chattering Chinese, Portuguese and Spanish;
Men of every nation, birds of every feather,
Honest men and rogues, hustled up together.

Dapper little Frenchman makes a running bow,
Calculating Yankee cannot stop just now;
Every mortal goes fast as he can dash on,
Never minding clothes, etiquette or fashion!

Heavy wholesome merchant hurries on so fast,
Evidently thinking every hour his last;
Lager speculator, with a hurried phiz,
Double quick-step going—"Flour and corn have riz!"

Three "Celestial angels" waddling hand in hand,
Pity they have fallen—into such a land!
Topsy son of Erin, fresh from Limavaddy,
Takes a running fight with a brother Paddy.

Fashionable saloon, liquors and ice cream;
Gentlemen engaged getting up the steam;
Customers around, looking rather blue—
Evidently soon will "collapse a flue!"

Member of the bar in a "case" of liquor,
Clearly makes it out though his tongue grows thicker!

Gentlemanly gambler, wealthy city broker,
Taking brandy smashes and a game of poker.

Corners of the streets auctioneers are seen,
Bidders gathered round looking rather green;
Lucky *hombre* forks out the ready tin,
Auctioneer takes cash and buyers in!

Steamer leaves to day for Atlantic States,
Great excitement raised by reducing rates.
Miners in red shirts shooting home like rockets;
Bags of yellow dust lining ragged pockets.

On the opposition, Nicaragua Transit,
Passengers so crowded scarcely can a man sit.
Regular mail steamer stuffed like goose for Christmas.

Via Panama railroad and the Isthmus!

Harves choked up with mortals close as they can hustle,

ramming one another in a business bustle;
Friends shed parting tears, hack and draymen swear,

thinking more of cab than of mortal fare!

City of the West, built up in a minute,
Hurry and excitement moving all within it;
Like steam locomotives citizens all going,
City in a hurry filled to overflowing.

J. SWEET.

THE IRON WILL OF A FATHER.

Concluded.

"No doubt of that. The old rascal has treated her shabbily enough. But I am well satisfied, that if I were out of the way he would gladly receive her back again."

"Of this there can be no question. So, it is clear that, with our insufficient incomes, our presence is a curse rather than a blessing to our families."

Logan readily admitted this to be true. His companion then drew a newspaper towards him, and after running his eyes over it for a few moments, read:—

"This day at twelve o'clock, the copper-fastened brig *Emily*, for Charleston. For freight or passage, apply on board."

"There's a chance for us," he said, as he finished reading the advertisement. "Suppose we go down and see if they won't let us work our passage out?"

Logan sat thoughtful a moment, and then said, as he rose to his feet.

"Agreed. It'll be the best thing for us as well as for our families."

When the *Emily* sailed at twelve o'clock, the two men were on board.

Days came and passed, until the heart of Mrs. Logan grew sick with anxiety, fear and suspense. No word was received from her absent husband. She went to his old employer, and learned that he had been discharged; but she could find no one who had heard of him since that time. Left thus alone, with two children, and no apparent means of support, Mrs. Logan, when she became at length clearly satisfied that he for whom she had given up everything had heartlessly abandoned her, felt as if there was no hope for her, in the world.

"Go to your father, by all means," urged the woman with whom she was still boarding. "Now that your husband has gone, he will receive you."

"I cannot," was Fanny's reply.

"But what will you do?" asked the woman.

"Work for my children," she replied, arousing herself, and speaking with some resolution. "I have hands to work, and I am willing to work."

"Much better go home to your father," said the woman.

"That is impossible. He has disowned me—has ceased to love me or care for me. I cannot go to him again; for I could not bear, as I am now, another harsh repulse. No—no—I will work with my own hands. God will help me to provide for my children."

In this spirit, the almost heart-broken young woman, for whom the boarding-house keeper felt more than a common interest—an interest that would not let her thrust her out from the only place she could call her home—sought for work, and was fortunate enough to obtain sewing from two or three families, and was thus enabled to pay a light board for herself and children. But incessant toil with her needle, continued late at night and resumed early in the morning, gradually undermined her health, which had become delicate, and weariness and pain were the constant companions of her labour.

Sometimes, in carrying her work home, the forsaken wife would have to pass the old home of her girlhood, and twice she saw her father at the window.

But either she was so changed that he did not know her, or a worse thing must follow. She must go to the his child, or he would not bend from his stern resolution to disown her. On these two occasions she was unable, on returning, to resume her work. Her mother could not hold nor guide the needle; nor could she, from the blinding tears that filled her eyes, have seen to sew, even if her hands had lost the tremor that ran through every nerve of the body.

A year had rolled wearily by since Logan went off, and still no word had come from the absent husband. Labour beyond her bodily strength, and trouble and grief that were too severe for her spirit to bear, had done sad work upon the forsaken wife and disowned child. She was but a shadow of her former self.

Mr. Crawford had been very shy of the old Quaker who had spoken so plainly to him; but his words made some impression, though no one would have supposed so, as there was no change in his conduct towards his daughter. He had forewarned her of the consequences if she acted in opposition to his wishes. He had told her that he would disown her for ever. She had taken her own way, and painful as it was to him, he had to keep his word—his word that had ever been inviolate. He might forgive her; he might pity her; but she must remain a stranger. Such a direct and flagrant act of disobedience to his wishes was not to be forgotten nor forgiven. Thus, in stubborn pride, did his hard heart confirm itself in its cold and cruel estrangement. Was he happy? No! Did he forget his child? No! He thought of her, and dreamed of her, day after day, and night after night. But—he had said it, and he would stick to it! His pride was unbending as iron.

Of the fact that the husband of Fanny had gone off and left her with two children to provide for with the labour of her hands, he had been made fully aware; but it did not bend him from his stern purpose.

"She is nothing to me," was his impatient reply to one who informed him of the fact. This was all that could be seen. But his heart trembled at the intelligence. Nevertheless, he stood coldly aloof, month after month, and even repulsed, angrily, the kind landlady with whom Fanny boarded, who had attempted, all unknown to the daughter, to awaken sympathy for her in her father's heart.

One day, the old Friend, whose plain words had not pleased Mr. Crawford, met that gentleman near his own door. The Quaker was leading a little boy by the hand. Mr. Crawford bowed, and evidently wished to pass on; but the Quaker paused, and said—

"I should like to have a few words with thee, friend Crawford."

"Well, say on."

"There is known as a benevolent man, friend Crawford. There never refuses, it is said, to do a deed of charity."

"I always give something when I am sure the object is deserving."

Mr. Crawford glanced down at the child the Quaker held by the hand. As he did so, the child lifted to him a gentle face, with mild, earnest, loving eyes.

"It is a sweet little fellow," said Mr. Crawford, reaching his hand to the child. He spoke with some feeling, for there was a look about the boy that went to his heart.

"He is, indeed, a sweet child—and the image of his poor, sick, almost heart-broken mother, for whom I am trying to awaken an interest. She has two children, and this one is the oldest. Her husband is dead, or what may be as bad, perhaps worse, as far as she is concerned, dead to her; and she does not seem to have a relative in the world; at least, none who thinks about or cares for her. In trying to provide for her children, she has overtaken her delicate frame and made herself sick. Unless something is done for

her, a worse thing must follow. She must go to the his child, or he would not bend from his stern resolution to disown her. On these two occasions she was unable, on returning, to resume her work. Her mother could not hold nor guide the needle; nor could she, from the blinding tears that filled her eyes, have seen to sew, even if her hands had lost the tremor that ran through every nerve of the body.

"I will do something for her, certainly," said Mr. Crawford.

"I wish thee would go with me to see her."
"There is no use in that. My seeing her can do no good. Get all you can for her, and then come to me. I will help in the good work cheerfully," replied Mr. Crawford.

"That is thy dwelling, I believe?" said the Quaker looking round at a house adjoining the one before which they stood.

"Yes that is my house," returned Mr. Crawford.

"Will thee take this little boy in with thee and keep him for a few minutes, while I go to see a friend some squares off?"

"Oh, certainly. Come with me, dear?" And Mr. Crawford held out his hand to the child, who took it without hesitation.

"I will see thee in a little while," said the Quaker, as he turned away.

The boy, who was plainly, but very neatly dressed, was about four years old. He had a more than usually attractive face; and earnest look out of his mild eyes, that made every one who saw him his friend.

"What is your name, my dear?" asked Mr. Crawford, as he sat down in his parlour, and took the little fellow upon his knee.

"Henry," replied the child. He spoke with distinctness; and, as he spoke, there was a sweet expression of the lips and eyes, that was particularly winning.

"It is Henry, is it?"

"Yes, sir."

"What else besides Henry?"

The boy did not reply, for he had fixed his eyes upon a picture that hung over the mantel-piece, and was looking at it intently. The eyes of Mr. Crawford followed those of the child, that rested, he found, on the portrait of his daughter.

"What else besides Henry?" he repeated.

"Henry Logan," replied the child, looking for a moment into the face of Mr. Crawford, and then turning to gaze at the picture on the wall. Every nerve quivered in the frame of that man of iron will. The falling of a bolt from a sunny sky could not have startled and surprised him more. He saw in the face of the child, the moment he looked at him, something strangely familiar and attractive. What it was he did not, until this instant, comprehend. But it was no longer a mystery.

"Do you know who I am," he asked, in a subdued voice, after he had recovered, to some extent, his feelings.

The child looked again into his face, but longer and more earnestly. Then, without answering, he turned and looked at the portrait on the wall.

"Do you know who I am, dear?" repeated Mr. Crawford.

"No sir," replied the child, and then again turned to gaze upon the picture.

"Who is that?" and Mr. Crawford pointed to the object that so fixed the little boy's attention.

"My mother." As he said these words, he laid his head down upon the bosom of his unknown relative, and shrank close to him, as if half afraid because of the mystery that, in his infantile mind, hung around the picture on the wall.

Moved by an impulse that he could not restrain,