

draught, but my thirst seemed unquenchable; still my spirit upheld me, and I stuck to my bat.

The twilight gradually settled down upon the scene as I achieved eight runs, to the despair of the village club. For a long time both sides had done their work quite mechanically, as if they had been spell-bound by the magic of my bat. All eyes were fixed with a stare upon me in perfect wonderment.

At last, a figure, with careful step and well-poised ball, took his place at the bowler's stand. I shuddered as I looked upon him, his scrupulously elegant cricketer's costume, and the deep shadow cast from the broad brim of his straw-hat, could not hide from me the bright eyes and sardonic smile of my last night's visitor.

Fatigue and excitement had long hushed the murmurs and the applause of the lookers on. My preternatural tenure of my post had stifled them into silence, so that I was surrounded by hundreds of distended eyes that had long become painful to my sight, when my occupation allowed me an opportunity of a furtive glance at them.

They watched with quickened glances the approach of the new and my venious bowler. Not a breath nor a word broke the silence of the evening. All around looked pale like statues waiting the wand of the enchanter to release them or give them vitality.

A tremor passed through my frame as I saw his hand preparing to launch the ball. The magic bat quivered in my hand—it refused to move—and the ball struck with superhuman force upon the stumps, which, the next moment, lay shattered at my feet. The bat became, as it were, animated, and twined itself round my wrists.

The shout that followed my downfall was tremendous. The bowler walked up to me with perfect unconcern, and passing his arm through mine, led me unresistingly through the crowd; which a rapidly falling darkness turned into phantoms. The moment he touched me, a parch and burning feeling seemed to scorch me, and a liquid fire ran through my veins.

"You've had your game," he hissed into my ears; "and had not I had the foresight to be on ground, you would never have finished. Your exertion, as it is, has completely finished you, therefore I claim you while your remaining strength allows me to walk you off. You are not the first man I have bowled out. You have beaten all those fools,—I have beaten you. Of course, you pay me the forfeit; come, stir your stumps, for I shall not accept *bat*; and you are now going where you will make a long stop; for, you see I've not only bowled but caught you out."

I felt that I was in the power of the fiend, and for what? I looked back despairingly to the fast fading crowd of my friends. They seemed to take no heed of me, and I was lost.

A thought of resistance rushed into my brain; I endeavoured to struggle with my tormentor. He only smiled at my puny efforts, yet I persevered, and in a moment burst from my bonds. In my struggle I awoke myself, and found that I was seated by the window of the chamber, where I had slept all night after the day of my mortifying defeat. Heated as I had been, the cold had seated a fever in my blood, which had carried out the full vigour of my dream.

The cold grey light of morning saw me crawl, almost crippled, to my bed, from which I did not rise for some weeks, as the penalty of my folly. And when, in after years, I became a rising man in the game of the world, I looked back with horror to the Dream of the Demon Bowler.

#### MATERNITY.

Woman's charms are certainly many and powerful. The expanding rose just bursting into beauty, has an irresistible bewitchingness; the blooming bride, led triumphantly to the hymeneal altar, awakens admiration and interest; and the blush of her cheeks fills with delight; but the charm of maternity is more sublime than these. Heaven has imprinted on the mother's face something beyond this world, something which claims kinred with

the skies—the angelic smile, the tender look, the waking watchful eye which keeps its fond vigil over her slumbering babe.

These are objects which neither the pencil nor the chisel can touch, which poetry fails to exalt, which the most eloquent tongue in vain would eulogize, and to portray which all description becomes ineffective. In the heart of man lies the lovely picture; it lives in his sympathies, it reigns in his affections; his eyes look round in vain for such another object on earth.

Maternity—celestial sound! so twined round our heart that it must cease to throb ere we forget! 'Tis our first love! 'Tis part of our religion! Nature has set the mother upon such a pinnacle, that our infant eyes and arms are first uplifted to it; we cling to it in infancy, we almost worship it in old age. He who can enter an apartment, and behold the tender babe feeding upon its mother's beauty, nourished by the tide of life which flows through her generous veins, without a panting bow and grateful eye, is no man but a monster. He who can approach the cradle of sleeping innocence without thinking "of such is the kingdom of heaven," or view the fond parent hang over its beauties, and half retain her breath lest she should break its slumbers, without a veneration beyond all common feeling is to be avoided in every intercourse in life, and is fit only for the shadow of darkness and the solitude of the desert.

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## CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUG. 7, 1852.

#### CONVENTION OF THE PRESS.

We are now about to propose a measure which may be looked upon as Utopian by five-sixths of those under whose notice it may come, but that is nothing, the measure must sooner or later be proposed, and we are satisfied the fulfilment of its aim is only a question of time. We propose then that there be a Convention of the Press of Upper Canada in some central locality, prior to the meeting of Parliament, to take into consideration the propriety of making a united, vigorous, and determined effort to make one more step in the way of Postal Reform. Last Session effected wonders in that way, and the precedent then furnished not only leads to the further prosecution of the idea; but incites the hope that our efforts will not be fruitless. All exchange papers are now sent free, and publishers have duly appreciated the boon. But we want an extension of the principle. We must have the free circulation of all newspaper literature, as the present system tends to too much exclusiveness, and circumscribes the circulation of newspapers by confining them to the locality in which they are published. This burden presses more heavily upon the publishers of daily papers, as the expense in getting up a Daily,—say, for example, the Colonist, Patriot, or Spectator,—can barely be met by the city circulation of such papers, and the

present system necessarily confines their circulation to the limits of the city. With the exception then of supplying news-rooms, hotels, and such places, the great end and aim of such papers is defeated. The man who gets his paper supplied by the publisher has it at the publisher's price; but the man who lives a few miles distant, has a tax of 13s. a year to pay, which would supply him with a good weekly paper, and if his paper is delivered to him by post, the rate according to the present position of affairs, is necessarily doubled, so that for a daily paper supplied by post he would have to pay 26s. a year. This amounts to a direct and certain prohibition. It is easy to say that persons so circumstanced must content themselves with papers published in their own neighbourhood, or else take only weekly papers, and the expense will be less; but this is virtually saying that it is wrong to live four miles beyond the city limits of Toronto or Hamilton, and as a punishment for this fault we will take good care you shall be denied a privilege, which all good citizens enjoy, and seeing that it is so earnestly coveted, its loss will be the more keenly felt. Now if there was any benefit to be given in a postal way, that belongs of right to those in the country, for the person in town is not only supplied with his morning paper at the publisher's price, but he has the advantage of a Reading Room where for a small sum he can peruse all the daily papers in the province. In justice then to those who are without, this tax of postage ought to be withdrawn, that they may have a small share of the privileges which citizens enjoy. The same effect is apparent with weekly papers, although the expense is so much less. Many country people who may live in comfortable circumstances so far as the necessities of life are concerned, have little money passing through their hands, and while they would willingly take a paper at two dollars a year, yet when they have to pay nearly another dollar for its transmission, they just say, we will see by and by, and they go without, and are left in a political serfdom. We have thus at present brought out three points. The present system injures the publisher by confining his circulation to his own immediate neighbourhood,—it punishes the man who lives at a little distance from the centre where these papers are published;—and it entirely prevents the man of small pecuniary means from taking advantage of one of the greatest blessings of the age,—a free and independent newspaper literature. Will the Press take up this matter, and call a convention to be held in Kingston say, prior to the meeting of Parliament, in order to make a determined and united effort to obtain the desired boon.

#### SELF DEFENCE.

Well, as I have said before, my attitude of self-defence is not only the simplest, but almost always the surest, and most conducive to comfort of mind, and soundness of body. I had at one time an acquaintance, a salesman in an establishment in the High Street of Edinburgh. He was a tall, athletic, firmly knit young man, with an excellent constitution. He was a most agreeable, social and intelligent companion, but had unfortunately studied pugilism. I say unfortunately, for it proved so in his case, as it inspired him with the desire to maintain his ground on all occasions. If for instance any drunken wight in passing up High St had asked rather more