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## Poetry.

### THE EMIGRANT.

They told him of the far-off West,  
With its glorious summer skies—  
Where birds in strangest plumage dress,  
Would greet his youthful eyes;  
And the towering palm and cedar tree  
Looked up to heaven triumphantly.

Soon, soon he sprang on a foreign shore,  
And gazed on the strange wild scene;  
For the restless sea, with endless roar,  
Rolled its early home between;  
Then he felt, on the glittering, boundless strand,  
As an exile far from his fatherland.

Now forest flowers flashed on his sight,  
Pencil'd with rainbow hues,  
And fire-flies shot a meteor light,  
'Mid the murky, vapoury dews;  
No more, no more shall he ever roam,  
O'er the daisied meadows of childhood a home.

Sad thoughts overshadow his troubled mind  
As the wanderer's muse alone;  
The boy's yearning heart could never find  
Love a fondly-treasured tone;  
In the hush of night, in the morning's toil,  
"He pined like a plant for his native soil."

Years passed away, he gathered gold,  
But his clock had lost its bloom;  
The sum of his gains was sadly told—  
He was hastening to the tomb.  
Faint sounds from his parted lips there came  
Twas prayer with his mother's whispered name.

### SONNET.

In the low moanings of the mournful wind  
I seem to hear a voice, that says to me  
"Go forth upon the waters! thou art free  
To urge thy barque wherever thou canst find  
Man's track, or meet the smiles of womankind!"—  
Alas! such paths are desolate—to be  
No more foot-trodden by my destiny,  
Which long hath left the shores of life behind!  
—Hope speaks in a whisper, that becomes  
Like thunder in my ear; like thunder, too,  
The sounds are drowned in rain! No ships have I  
Of safety in the surge! no sea that booms  
Round islets, full of friends! The wind, still true,  
Is mournful as it moans—the voice a perjury!

## Literature.

### THE DEMON BOWLER.

My first bat—that is, the first worthy of being called a bat—I took to school with me as a present from my mother, to mitigate my grief at leaving home. Never shall I forget the delight with which I gazed upon the beautiful finish and magnificent make of my loved bat; and how I fancied to myself the envy of my school-fellows when I produced it on the play-ground, where I felt assured that, with such an ally, victory was certain.

Dangerous bat! Little did my fond mother think what a fatal gift she had presented me with; for the instant I became, in my own right, the proprietor of the best bat in the school, I threw my whole soul into the game. Everything in the world took, to my imagination, the form of a game at cricket. Every man had an innings. He who had the most successful hits was of course the winner; but, however dexterous and fortunate, Death at last bowled him out. Some men went in and achieved nothing but hard labor, and were finished off without a single stroke in their favor.

Notwithstanding this enthusiasm, I must confess that I was not a crack player. All

my labor never placed me first. I saw worse men, with worse bats, achieve greatness; I was but a second-rate. How I labored, but in vain! My score was always the least, and yet I certainly had the best bat.

I joined a celebrated club when I became a young man. I was received rather, as they were pleased to say, as a good fellow, than a good player. I bowed to the compliment that marked me as not what I wished to be; and I felt a sad disappointment chill my very heart.

Matches, many and victorious, were played by our club, but I did not aid much by my score; but more than once nearly lost the others their triumph, through some slip or awkwardness of my own. But they still called me a good fellow, and worked the harder to make up for my incapacity. Our side won, but I was a miserable, dejected man, when I read my name tacked to two or three runs. Oh! what would I have given to have received the applause bestowed on the hero of forty runs. Why was it? My turn-out was unexceptionable; men copied my running shoes; my jacket and trowsers were an admiration; my bat perfection: I was the very picture of a cricketer, but, alas! very little more than a picture.

I sat in my chambers pondering on my ill-luck after a day of triumph to my club, but not to me. I must confess that I was bowled out without the satisfaction of a single stroke. I could not help it. A mist seemed to obscure my sight as a celebrated bowler sent in his first ball. I never saw the ball. I heard the whistling sound of its course, and saw the stumps fly into the air from the palpable and violent hit. A roar of laughter sounded from the populace: I felt myself a degraded muff, unfit ever to put on even the outside of a cricketer. My friends crowded round me, but I would not be consoled. I had only one burning desire, which was, to have the head of the aforesaid wonderful bowler just within arms-length of my best bat. I felt convinced I should not have missed that. I returned home completely chafed, and felt too agitated to sleep; so threw open the window, and sat down to brood over my ill-luck, and bit my finger-nails to the quick.

What burning thoughts rushed through my brain. I pondered, until I was nearly mad, upon other people's triumphs and my own disgrace. I confess I swore little mental oaths, for I had been sacrificing, in my chagrin, rather too liberally to the rosy god.

I looked upon the broad quadrangle of my inn, where the moon shed its light calmly and tranquilly upon the worn pavement. No light however, glimmered in the numerous chamber-windows: it was late, and everybody had retired for hours. A calm and oppressive silence reigned around, but there was a storm raging in my bosom. I was not a cricketer. I had been laughed at—beaten. I almost took a dreadful oath that I would burn my bats, stumps, and all my useless paraphernalia. What right had I to put on the insignia of a

member of the noble science, disgracing it and myself. Miserable batter! the glory had departed from my house.

I threw myself back in my chair with a savage groan, which resounded through the solitary chamber. On the instant I heard a knocking at the door as if some one was applying his knuckles on the panel. I pricked up my ears; for the hour was certainly most unseasonable; my heart fluttered most tumultuously and unaccountably; for I hardly felt alarmed, yet I experienced a most peculiar feeling. I could scarcely collect presence of mind enough to bid the knocker come in; but I did so after a little hesitation.

My lamp, which was burning low, flickered with rather an uncertain light, but with quite power enough for me to see the door in the distance open very slowly, and give entrance to the figure of a man.

He bowed most politely, and placing his hat and gloves methodically on the table, he approached me.

I felt a little startled at his appearance, for his face was anything but prepossessing; for, upon close inspection, I perceived that his continual smile played only about his mouth, as if to show his white and glistening teeth: the upper part of his face, particularly his brows, being contracted by an expression of pain and dejection.

He approached with a noiseless tread, motioning me, at the same time, to resume my seat, which I had risen from on his entrance. I accordingly did so, and he coolly took a chair and seated himself opposite to me, then, placing his hand familiarly on my knee, said, with a most fascinating smile.

"My dear sir, I am a stranger to you; and my visit is, I dare say, at an unseasonable hour, according to fashionable ideas, but I am a very old-fashioned fellow, and think no hour can be bad in which I can do good. I am aware of your melancholy failure to-day—in fact, I may say, I hope without offence, for I mean none—ridiculous failure."

I winced at his impertinence, and felt very much inclined to kick him, had I not been influenced, as it were, by a spell cast over me by his appearance and strange address.

"I feel," continued he, "that your situation is both ridiculous and painful; for not being able to do what some of the greatest fools on earth excel in is ridiculous, and to a sensitive mind like yours decidedly painful."

"I therefore, have come, although I confess unseasonably, to offer you my aid in achieving the principal object of your life—to make you a conquering cricketer. In these modern days, when men laugh at anything in my line, which I will explain to you in a minute or so, it is difficult to persuade them to trust in one: but I feel a sympathy towards you, for you are decidedly one of the 'fallen, fallen, fallen': beaten, disgraced, and laughed at by grooms, pot-boys, chums, and fair ladies, which last is most grievous and annihilating to a man of your complexion and age. If this is not a very devil, what is? Now I have come in a most friendly