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## Poetry.

### WHAT IS LOVE?

BY E. H. P.

What is love, is it a feeling  
O'er our senses stealing slow,  
Or is it a passing vision,  
Quickly come and soon to go;  
Or is it what some believe it,  
As we may not all agree,  
Something which entrals our spirit?  
Or a heathen deity?

Love is not a short-lived passion,  
Ta descended from above,  
For the best part of our nature,  
Scripture tells us "Glad is Love."  
There is love in "very bosom"  
Though it be a different kind,  
One may love what others would not,  
Just according to the mind.

Love of God and his Commandments,  
Is the highest love of all;  
Next the love of native country;  
Be it great or be it small.  
Then our love for one another,  
As the Lord himself hath taught:  
"Be ye kind unto each other,  
Live in friendship as ye ought!"

Yorkville, May, 1852.

### HOUSEHOLD GRAVES.

Away in that valley of sunset light,  
Where the loveliest verdure of summer waves,  
The heavy shadows have cloed to-night  
O'er the quiet place of our household graves.

There the blue-eyed violet meek and mild,  
Looks softly up when a spring-time glow;  
And the dark-leaved ivy, in running wild  
Under the shade of the daisies rove.

And oft I think, as the dim eyes pass,  
And a shadow comes to my heart and brow,  
Whose sad foot falls on the quiet grass?  
What hand is tending the roses now?

From the sparry blooms of the myrtle vines,  
Who gently pushes the leaves away?  
And the silver thread which the spider twines,  
Is it broken not through the living day?

Oh, I know, in that valley, far away,  
One heart still turns to its loved and gone;  
And one step, grown sadder with every day,  
Comes often now to the grave alone.

Sad mourner, left on that far off shore,  
I have stood in the shadow beside thee there,  
But my raven tresses are swept to mote  
By the mournful flow of thy silver hair.

## Literature.

### THE PISTOL DUEL—THE STUDENT'S FURNERAL.

As the pistol duel is of very rare occurrence in Germany, taking place, when it does occur, only in cases of real injury, where some insult of a grievous nature has been inflicted; and we do not recollect ever having heard of an instance which happened except the one we are about to relate; it is strictly prohibited both by the university and the civil law, the principals and seconds being liable, according to the circumstances of the case, to the punishments of death or perpetual banishment.

Clara, Von Rosenstein was one of the loveliest maidens not only in Heidelberg, but in the whole principality of Baden. Tall, and of matchless symmetry, her graceful figure was just expanding into the bloom of womanhood; her smile was

like a sunbeam; her cheek like the delicate hue of the rose; and her soft brown hair waved in glossy curls from a brow bright with intelligence, and fairer than the snow; while her dove-like eyes, of the deepest blue, fringed by long dark lashes, beamed with a gentle light, which, in the days of chivalry, would have sent half the champions of Christendom into the lists to shiver a spear for one single glance. She was one of those rare beings which seem almost too beautiful for the atmosphere of this every-day world; and her beauty was only to be equalled by her sweet and amiable mind. Of course, the students had by far too much good taste not to go half mad for the love of so peerless a damsel; and the gentle Clara had, in fact, turned the heads of half the university. To use the words of Sheridan's beautiful song—

"Friends in all the aged she met,  
And lovers in the young."

Whenever a ball was in prospect the young nobles—aye, even the Crown Prince himself, would go to engage her hand for the dance a month before. If you passed along the Anlago of a summer's night, rising from the old acacia trees which waved beneath her mother's dwelling, the silver strains of the serenade brought by some spellbound lover, would be sure to fall upon the ear. Many a lover had sighed for her in vain; but of all the numerous aspirants to her favour the Count Ernst Von Nowenberg was the only one who seemed to have a chance of success. Young, rich, handsome, and fascinating, with some of the oldest blood of Saxony in his veins, Von Nowenberg was the idol of his associates, and the picked man of his chore. One of the first swordsmen at the university, his aim at the "yag" was as unerring as his guard at the duel was true. At the revel his laugh was the merriest, and his song the lightest; while his generous and open temper, and the unaffected simplicity of his manner, made his society courted by all. No one was so frequently the gentle Clara's partner in the dance, or her companion in those mountain rambles which, accompanied by her mother and sisters, were her delight; and at length the world gave it out—and we believe the world for once was in the right—that the slyer of the "Odenwald" had become the betrothed of the Count Von Nowenberg.

As ill-fate would have it, there was then a student at the university, who, it was said, had also been an aspirant for the smiles of the gentle Clara, and who in person as well as character was widely different from the Count. He was a Suabian noble; dark and grim in his aspect, fierce and overbearing in temper; in every respect as opposite as possible from his more favored rival was he who was known by the formidable appellation of the Black Baron. His stormy passions had never brooked control; and when, at last, to his dismay, he learned that the beautiful Clara had blessed another with her heart, from that moment an intense and deadly hatred of Von Nowenberg seized possession of his whole being, and he eagerly sought some opportunity of fastening a quarrel upon him; which Ernst, though brave as a lion by nature, yet being of a quiet and an unassuming temper, took every precaution to avoid. Matters had been going on in this way for some time, when it was announced in the pa-

per that a ball would take place in the Museum upon New Year's Eve. No sooner was this fact made public than the Baron, who, we suppose, wished to have one chance more, repaired to Clara's dwelling, and requested her hand for a certain dance; and as it is not the etiquette of the country in such cases for a lady to refuse, the fair Clara yielded a reluctant assent. Unfortunately, however, she made some mistake, and accidentally marked the Baron's name down for the wrong dance upon the little "kartel der ballo" which in Germany is furnished beforehand to every lady by the master of the ceremonies. The evening arrived, and never did the "beauty of the Odenwald" appear more bewitching; attired in a robe of snowy white, with no ornament save a solitary rose in the silken tresses of her dark hair. Those who saw her that night floating along in the graceful waltz declared that their eyes never lighted upon a more perfect vision of youthful loveliness. She was just about to dance with the count, when the Black Baron appeared with an ominous and scowling brow. "Fraulein," said he, "I think you promised me this dance." "No," replied Clara, showing him her little tablet, "I have your name down for the next. This one I promised to the Count Von Nowenberg." The Baron's eyes flashed fire as he rudely replied, "You must certainly be mistaken. You promised me the second 'Schottisch,' this is it, and I cannot let you off." "Well," said Clara, "as the mistake must have been mine, Herr Baron, if the count will be good enough to excuse me until the next dance, I have no objection to dance this with you." "Count Nowenberg," replied the Baron, "has no voice in the matter. If you do not dance with me now, you shall dance with no one else to-night." The blood mounted up to the Count's temples at the savage rudeness of this speech; but curbing his indignation, he quietly replied, "The Fraulein dances with me this time, and any such language as you have just used must be repeated." The poor Fraulein was inconsolable. She entreated Ernst to allow her to withdraw from the dance, but this the Count would by no means permit. Gaily floated the music's voluptuous swell; round went the dance; beneath the loving light of the Fraulein's beautiful eyes, Ernst forgot his passage with the moody Baron; but that night was the last time he ever pressed the slender waist of the beautiful Clara and he listened then to the silver tones of that voice whose sound upon earth was never to greet his ear again. Upon arriving at his lodgings, Ernst found one of the Suabian Chores waiting for him, with a cartel from the Baron. He had hoped that the affair was over, but he little knew the fierce and vindictive spirit of his rival.

"Go back," he said, "and tell the Baron, that in this case if any message ought to come at all it should be from me; he made use of language which few others would have brooked, but I forgive him, I do not seek his life."

"Count," replied the Suabian, "the Baron is determined, and he desires to add, that if you show any dissimulation to meet him, he will take the first opportunity of insulting you in public."

"Let him, if he dares," replied Ernst, and the Suabian departed.

The next day, however, a collision took place, unnecessary for us to describe; suffice it to say