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POETRY.

THE SISTER.

By Edward Everett, Gov. of Massachusetts.

Yes, dear one, to the envied train,
Of those around, thy homage pay;
But wilt thou never kindly deign
To think of him that's far away?
Thy form, thine eye, thine angel smile,
For many years I may not see:
But wilt thou not sometimes the while,
My sister dear remember me.

But not in fashion's brilliant hall,
Surrounded by the gay and fair,
And thou the fairest of them all—
O, think not, think not of me there.
But when the thoughtless crowd is gone,
And hush'd the voice of senseless glee,
And all is silent, still and lone,
And thou art sad, remember me.

Remember me--but, loveliest, ne'er
When, in his orbit fair and high,
The morning's glowing charioteer
Rides proudly up the blushing sky:
But when the waning moon-beam sleeps
At moon light on that lonely lea,
And nature's pensive spirit weeps
In all her dews, remember me.

Remember me, I pray—but not
In Flora's gay and blooming hour,
When every brake hath found its note,
And sunshine smiles in every flower:
But when the falling leaf is sear,
And withers sadly from the tree,
And o'er the ruins of the year
Cold Autumn weeps, remember me.

Remember me—but choose not, dear,
The hour when on the gentle lake,
The sportive wavelets, blue and clear,
Soft rippling, to the margin break;
But when the deafning billows foam
In madness o'er the pathless sea,
Then let thy pilgrim fancy roam
Across them, and remember me.

Remember me—but not to join,
If haply some thy friends should praise;
'Tis far too dear, that voice of thine,
To echo what the stranger says.
They know us not—but shouldst thou meet
Some faithful friend of me and thee,
Softly, sometimes, to him repeat
My name, and then remember me.

Remember me—not I entreat,
In scenes of festal week-day joy,
For then it were not kind or meet,
The thought thy pleasure should alloy;
But on the sacred, solemn day,
And, dearest, on thy bended knee,
When thou for those thou lov'st dost pray,
Sweet spirit, then remember me.

Remember me—but not as I
On thee forever, ever dwell,
With anxious heart and drooping eye,
And doubts 'twould grieve thee should I tell;
But in thy calm unclouded heart,
Where dark and gloomy visions flee;
Oh there, my sister, be my part,
And kindly there remember me.

From the Emporium & True American.

OUR LIFE.

Our life is passing as the cloud
That lingers in the west at even,
And melts away among the stars
Into the blue expanse of heaven.
Our life is passing—as the dew
That glitters in the morning sun,
A moment bends the blushing flower,
And while we stand and gaze is gone.

Our life is like the radiant bow
That spans awhile the summer sky,
Smiling upon the world beneath
In beauteous colors but to die.
Our life is like the bubble cast
Upon the bosom of the wave.
Dancing along the troubled stream
And sinking to a viewless grave.

Our life is like a shadow—flung
Upon the broad and level plain—
That lingers through its little day
Then fades, and is not seen again,
Our life is like a vivid dream,
That occupies the hour of sleep
With phantoms of the sleepless mind,
From which perchance we wake to weep.

X.

LIFE.

The past! what is it but a gleam
Which Memory faintly throws?
The future! 'tis the fairy dream
That Hope and Fear compose.
The present is the lightning glance
That comes and disappears—
Thus Life is but a moment's trance
Of Memories, Hopes and Fears.

MISCELLANEOUS.

An idle moment on hand, and a French periodical before us, we sit down to make a translation, and our haste will probably allow us to "*traduce*" the piece, as well as any body else would do it, for the author.—U. S. *Gaz.*

HERMANN AND RODOLPHE;
OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

Hermann was one of those men to whom nature seems to have taken pleasure in giving a doubtful destination. He had in him at once the principle of every virtue and of every vice. Unfortunately he lost his father while he was yet in his cradle. Brought up by his mother feeble and without foresight, he reached his nineteenth year without ever having met the least opposition to his will, and his character had developed itself as ardent, obstinate, tyrannical and vindictive, having no other appreciation of right or wrong than his own impression at the moment, which a passion gratified or opposed. It ought, however, to be remarked, that each deformity of his character was but the exaggeration or the irregularity of a virtuous principle—so that it depended entirely on circumstances, whether this singularly tempered man should become a scoundrel or a hero.

Kindness, goodness and resignation distinguished Rodolphe from his headstrong and passionate friend. Well educated and modest, persuasive and not imperious, his first impressions were not decidedly favorable; but his success was the more dursble, his connexion the more charming, as he had not taken by surprise, nor commanded applause, easy, indulgent and constant in his friendship, peaceable and simple in his tastes; there was, nevertheless, one thing which could arouse him from that happy calmness which constituted his character, and transport him into the highest enthusiasm—it was music.

It was music also, which, joining two men so little formed for each other, had tied fast between Hermann and Rodolphe the knot of friendship. Both of them directed by K——, a pupil of the famous Sebastain Bach, they followed the steps of their master, and promised to Germany, already so rich in musical illustration, two yet greater celebrities.

What rendered the circumstances of these young men particularly remarkable, was, that though their talents were developed by the same distinguished master, yet each preserved so distinctly the originality of his own genius, that it would have been difficult to believe that they were of the same school of music. Grave and serious, harmonious and sweet, were the inspirations of Rodolphe—proud, singular and unornamented were those of Hermann. In the music of the first, there was a charm which threw you into ecstacy—which plunged your soul into a state of ravishment—it had with it something celestial. The music of the other agitated, troubled you—froze your heart with fear, and then it would make your blood boil in your veins—it had in it something infernal.

There was no jealousy between these two they pursued the same career, by two routes so different, that each of them might look to become first of his own style. There was no occasion to apprehend that either would ever surpass the other, for there existed between them no point of comparison, and they might both be heard in the same concert, without injury to either. It was of no consequence which one commenced, or which finished; they were always equally received by unanimous applause, and their intimacy had never been disturbed by a single cloud.

But though upon the summit of an art there may be place for two—though to reach the same celebrity as artists, one may, without wandering, be engaged in two opposite paths, yet it is not so in the career of love. The heart of a woman is not to be shared, & there is but one path to be followed to gainits possession—and there was the rock upon which the friendship of Hermann and Rodolphe was destined to split.

They had met at the house of the minister, Fischer, whose daughter Julie had not yet been into company.

Julie was sixteen years old, with a Raphael-like figure, a tender heart and a cultivated mind. She was a most excellent musician, and on this occasion her kind mother presented her, for the first time, to the world, with a pride mingled with a tender solicitude, which only a master knows, when he presents the pupil which is to procure him honor and insure his reputation.

Julie was mild and complaisant—she discoursed with the company without affectation—performed pieces of music without waiting for repeated solicitations—received the commendations with modesty, and won all hearts—she won especially those of Hermann and Rodolphe.

It was Rodolphe's lot to occupy the piano with Julie. They played a four-handed piece. Never were the hearts of two artists better made to understand each other—the same sweetness of expression, the exaltation of a happy and pure imagination.—From the very prelude, their thoughts mingled, their spirits were transported to a superior region—it was no longer their fingers, it was their soul which swept the keys—it might have been called a concert of angels.

The sounds of the instrument had ceased for a long time, and there was a silence more eloquent than the loudest applause, which burst forth from all sides when the company wakened from it ecstacy.

At length the turn of Hermann came—but in his veins was already flowing the poison of jealousy.—More quicksighted than the rest of the spectators, for suddenly possessed of a new and exclusive emotion, his heart was more interested in the events. He had seen in the wonderful performance of Julie and Rodolphe not as the others had, the intelligence of two artists, but what was perhaps more true, the intelligence of two lovers.

Meantime Hermann was about to place himself in the same position which Rodolphe had occupied—it was his task to make it turn to the same advantage—he had hopes of it. The fire which was devouring his soul, passed into his fingers—the passion, the very madness of playing surprised and transported the audience—but they were without effect upon Julie. In vain Hermann redoubled his efforts to strike one spark of of light into that soul, which comprehended him not—he found her even at the close of the piece, cold and disconcerted.

Surrounded and felicitated after having quitted the piano, he would have scattered the applauders and dashed the instrument in pieces. He would have taken pleasure, had he the power, in changing this family festival into a day of tears and lamentation.

From that fatal evening, Hermann separated himself from Rodolphe, and neglected his excellent master. His heart was wholly occupied with the daily renewed remembrance of his defeat and the triumph of his rival.

K—— was consoled for the absence of Hermann, by the sustained assiduity of Rodolphe; but it was impossible for him to understand the cause of his pupil's astonishing progress. Rodolphe had a second and more skilful master, viz: love. Julie was an inspiration more powerful to nourish his enthusiasm.

Five months passed away, during which the soul of Hermann reached the highest degree of passion and despair. The young man once so robust and full of life, now resembled a spectre—he was so emaciated, so exhausted—his eye sunk in his head, but yet glancing lightning from beneath the heavy dark eyebrows which overhung them.

One evening he appeared suddenly at the house of his master—it was the night before the celebration of Rodolphe and Julie's marriage.

"Where is he?" asked he, with a quick, impatient tone.

He was told that Rodolphe passed every evening at the organ, to prepare for his entrance at ***, near Erfurt, as director of music an organist, a situation which Hermann had aspired to a few months before without being able to obtain it.

A ferocious joy gleamed in the eyes of Hermann—he hastened to the temple, and gathering his cloak around him with one hand, while with the other he grasped a dagger, he leaned with his back against a pillar, awaiting for the moment when Rodolphe, having finished should come down from the tribune on which the organ was placed.

There reigned throughout the church a silent darkness, which added solemnity to the proper sanctity of the place. The eye caught only at a distance the pale and flickering light of a small lamp, placed before the altar. It seemed like a soul ready to be quenched in that vast tomb.

Suddenly a burst from the organ made the roof resound, and caused the only auditor in the place to tremble. Then commenced that beautiful, simple melody by Luther, "The Lord is my refuge." That "plain chant," played at first in all its simplicity, was afterwards played with all its flourishes and figures, and furnished the subject of an admirable *fugue*.

Never before had the genius of Rodolphe been thus elevated—never had his execution been thus bold and commanding—it was all that could be imagined of the most melodious—the noblest in harmony—it was the vigor of youth, a pure sentiment united with happy love, its sweet joys and ardent devotions.

Hermann, cold and immovable as the column against which he leaned his exhausted body, felt himself agitated with involuntary emotions—a cold sweat gushed from him, as if he had been the rebel angel compelled to listen to the song of the seraphim, before the throne of the Almighty. His dagger was on the point of dropping from his hand, he grasped it anew, and pressed it strongly to his breast.

A moment of silence—the silence of death, had succeeded the last sounds of the *fugue*. The organ then recommenced, but with the registers of sweet—plaintive and melancholy. Scarcely had the new melody struck the ear of Hermann, when he raised his head—his body trembled with emotion, and his eyes filled with scalding tears.

A remembrance had flashed like lightning across his mind. One day, many years previously, Hermann and Rodolphe were playing that delightful air composed by Isaak, "*Inspruk I must quit thee,*" when carried away by the irresistable charm of the bland and plaintive music, they rushed into each other's arms, and swore to an eternal friendship, which was to last with life.

It was the piece which Rodolph was playing with such a delicious expression, that Hermann listened to with an overpowering emotion, and that man whose heart a moment before was withered by a horrible thought, gave himself up to a delicious sensation.—The dagger destined to do vengeance on a detested rival, slipped mechanically from his hand. The image of blood disappeared from before his eyes—his breast heaved freely—a tear of sadness rolled down his cheek—he almost believed himself suddenly transported to another world—where his soul before gaining admittance had been stripped of its covering of blood, and re clothed with the white robes of the redeemed.

Entranced by his newborn inspiration, Rodolph would have passed the whole night in the church, if a well known voice, whose tones were above those of the organ, had not reached the roof of the building resounded with the words

Adieu Rodolphe, adieu—may you be happy. Rodolphe hastened down from the tribune, but it was in vain that he called, in vain that he searched the sides and centre of the church and between the pillars—he could find no one.

As Rodolphe was going out, meditating upon the singular incident, which he was almost ready to regard as a freak of his imagination, the pale ray of the lamp was reflected upon something at the foot of a column—it was a dagger—the dagger of Hermann. The next day the happy Rodolph led Julia to the altar, and the Sunday following he was installed organist of ***

Some years after, there was a talk in Italy of a great German *Artiste*, whom they called *il Devino Maestro*, and who never could without weeping, speak of the piece by Isaak, *Inspruk, I must quit thee!*

JUDGE DANA'S SPEECH.

The following is the *speech* or part of the speech of Mr. Senator Dana, on the expunging resolution.

"Andrew Jackson has no *equal*; his whole life is a *miracle*. See him in youth, a fatherless, friendless, pennyless boy, the son of a foreigner, a stranger in a strange land. Examine him in every stage of his existence, and we are impelled to exclaim, *wonderful man!* Reared by Providence to guide the destinies of his country, and to exhibit the perfection and moral grandeur of human nature. I am not clear, sir, but it was necessary to the perfection of his character that he was thus violently assailed and condemned by this resolution."

"I said sir, that Andrew Jackson *stood alone*. Where can you find his fellow!—Look among the sovereigns of the earth.—Look where you will, and you look in vain. Go to the records of the mighty dead, and where will you find his equal? Shall such a man stand condemned on the records of this honorable Senate, *unaccused* and *unheard?* "*Tell it not in Gath!*"

The *perfection* of General Jackson's character is singularly derived—if scripture is to be depended on, the General is the only *perfect* man the world has ever had—hence the beautiful truth of the assertion, that the records of the mighty dead yield no parallel to him.

Real Heroism.—A young female, the offspring of poor parents, had been left an orphan at an early age. Mrs. S. a lady known to her mother, took compassion upon the child, and received her into her house, and gave her plain but useful education, so that she was soon capable of becoming her housekeeper. This beneficent lady was far from rich, yet she devoted herself to the improvement of the condition of her poorer neighbors. She formed the plan of establishing a school for female children, and began to save a part of her small income for that purpose.—Whilst occupied with this intention, she was seized with a dangerous illness—she felt that her end was near, and she lamented to her young attendant, that the design she had formed would now fail—that she should die—and there would be no instruction afforded the poor children. Her words proved true; she died, & with her apparently terminated this fondly cherished plan. We will not dwell on the grief of this young woman, thus, suddenly deprived of her early friend. Better thoughts than those of lamentation occurred to her mind, and raised her above the consideration of self. She left the village, and entered into a new service; where, by the continued practice of the most rigid economy, she succeeded at the end of three years in acquiring the sum necessary to found the school her former mistress had been so anxious to establish. The circumstance here narrated, took place in France, where less money was requisite for such an undertaking than would be required in England.—Fifty crowns was the sum amassed by this heroic girl, through the means of industry and the practive of self-denial. She wrote to the clergyman of the village enclosing her little savings, begging him to carry into execution the wishes of her deceased mistress, (with whom he had been acquainted,) adding that she had reserved nothing to defray the expenses of her journey.—*Madame de Genlis.*

Maternal Affection.—A beautiful woman can no doubt exercise powerful influence over the masculine heart; by her charms she can disarm philosophy, and lead away its votaries into the many labyrinths of passion. To win the affections of a gifted and graceful female, is the highest summit of man's ambition; but while he devotes himself so intensely to the pursuit of fading, inconstant beauty, which may only shine like a falling star, for a moment on his attentions, and then sink into the clouds of cold indifference, without leaving behind a trace of its fleeting brilliancy, why should he forget a mother's affection, which neither change of fortune nor length of absence can estrange from him. Her solicitude, either in prosperity or adversity, always accompanies us, like a good genius. Our image is enshrined in her heart—it is embalmed in her sympathies, and it reigns absolutely to her feelings. There no rival can supplant the child; from thence the stream of maternal attachment cannot be diverted by time or circumstances. 'Heaven,' says an elegant writer, 'has imprinted in the mother's face, something beyond this world; something which claims kindred to the skies.'

Epitaph on Charles X. from the Paris Sun.

Requiescat in pace!!

PEACE TO THE MEMORY
OF
Him who was
CHARLES THE TENTH.
Of one, who provoked his expulsion from the Throne of his Forefathers, by breach of faith, which the French nation visited, in just vengeance, upon him and his.
Born October 9, 1767,
Succeeding to the Throne of France,
September 16, 1824,
Abdicating July 31, 1830;
And having been formally Dethroned in August of the same year,
He died in exile, November 6, 1836.

"*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*"

We warred not with the man when living—we war not with him dead.

His errors were induced by the evil education of a weak mind; and dearly has he atoned for them.

His virtues were his own; for malevolence itself has not breathed a whisper in prejudice of his private character.

And when his offences as a king shall be remembered, as they must, and should be, let it not be forgotten that he was but man—that he was not the only King who has been the passive instrument of designing ministers, that his was the only crowned head which has obtained its knowledge from polluted sources—and that others, like him, have been forbid to think, yet made to act; then will his fall from his high estate and his death in a foreign land be viewed with pity, and even his political crimes be regarded

"More in sorrow than in anger."

The two Impediments.—A rich buxom widow of a certain village in the State of Pennsylvania, became enamoured of a handsome young yankee pedlar, with whom she was in the habit of trading, whenever he chanced to go that road. Finding that all her modest hints to elicit a formal declaration from the travelling merchant had only been thrown away, she at last condescended to introduce the theme herself and had the pleasure to hear him confess that he had long thought on the subject as the one dearest to his heart; and there were only two impediments in the way of their mutual happiness which she alone could remove. The delighted widow begged of him to mention them, and pledged herself for their removal. 'Alas, madam!' replied he, 'when I name the first only, I fear you will abandon me to despair.' 'Fear not, but name it.' 'Know then, loveliest of your sex! that I never can be happy with a wife, be her affections, virtues, and accomplishments what they may, until I can make her mistress of a comfortable habitation, and am myself master of a retail store, the income of which will support her genteelly. The widow smiling sweetly, bade him name the necessary sum, and to call for it on a certain day, when she should expect to learn the nature of the only remaining obstacle to their union. The pedlar was punctual, received the money, and informed her that the other impediment was nothing but another wife!

Death Preferred to Dishonor.—During the Irish "reign of terror," in 1798, a circumstance occurred, which in the days of Sparta would have immortalized the heroine: it is almost unknown, no pen has ever traced the story. We pause not to inquire into the principles that influenced her; suffice it that, in common with most of her stamp, she beheld the struggle as one in which liberty warred with tyranny. Her only son had been taken in the act of rebellion, and was condemned, by martial law, to death; she followed the officer, on whose word his life depended, to the place of execution, and besought him to spare the widow's stay; she knelt in the agony of her soul and clasped his knees, while her eye, with the glare of a maniac, fell on her child beside him.—The judge was inexorable, the transgressor must die. But, taking advantage of the occasion, he offered life to the culprit on condition of his discovering the members of the association with which he was connected. The son wavered--the mother rose from her position of humiliation and exclaimed, 'My child, my child, if you do, the heaviest curse of your mother shall fall upon you, and the milk of her bosom shall be poison in your veins." He was executed—the pride of her soul enabled her to behold it without a tear--she returned to her home; the support of her declining years had fallen--the tie that bound her to life had given way—and the evening of the day that saw her lonely and forsaken, left her at rest forever. Her heart had broke in the struggle.--[New Monthly Belle Assemblee.

A hint to young husbands.—A young planter in the upper part of the State of Mississippi, lately married to a beautiful and highly intelligent young lady, after the honey moon had passed, was pained to observe that his young bride was thoughtful at times, and appeared to suffer much from ennui. Thinking this might be caused by the absence of female companions, he induced several young ladies relatives, to make his house their home, in hopes thereby to render her completely happy. This arrangement had not the desired effect. His beloved, though apparently joyful and cheerful, while conversing with him, or her friends, as soon as the conversation lagged, relapsed into the melancholy mood. Surprised at this, he fell to pondering the cause; and after a lengthy reflection, he came to the determination of sending to New York for a piano to be forwarded by the first ship bound for Natchez, Vicksburg, or Grand Gulf. Well the musical companion at length arived—and a splendid one it was, of beautiful mahogany, ornamented and polished to the value of a $500 bank note. And then it discoursed such ravishing melody as the snowy fingers of the young bride pressed the keys. The young planter was in raptures! and congratulated himself on having procured the one thing needful to his angel's complete felicity. Poor man! he paid but a poor compliment to his amiable partner's intellect, if he thought she could contentedly pass her leisure hours in strumming a piano forte!—He was mistaken. Though "music hath charms," like love, it is not the only desideratum in this world—for a while it pleases the ear and touches the heart, but ministers not to the mind. The lady but seldom courted Apollo, and her husband had the mortification of feeling that he had not yet made his domicil a paradise to "be adored." At last to solve the riddle of his discontent, he asked her if she did not at times regret having entered the marriage state. "Oh no indeed" she replied with earnestness—"never for a moment, been any other than your happy wife, but sometimes—," "Well sometimes what dearest?" "If I must tell you then sometimes I regret that you don't take the newspapers. Pa, takes half a dozen. Tuscahomian.

The Goodness of God.—While we contemplate the declining sun, while we weep over the bier of nature, and hear the wind of winter desolating the earth, what is it that this annual revolution teaches even the infant mind? Is it that the powers of nature have failed, and the world waxeth old, and that, the night of existence is approaching?—No? it is that the reign of gloom and desolation will pass, that spring will return, and that nature will re assume her robe of beauty. In the multitude of years that have gone before us, this mighty resurrection has been annually accomplished. To our fathers, and the ancient time before them, the yearly beneficence of heaven has been renewed, and while the night of winter has sunk in heaviness, joy has so uniformly attended the morning of spring.

Thomas Paine's bones.—The bones of Thomas Paine, says an English paper, which were brought over from America by the late William Cobbet, now lies at Normanby farm where they have been sized by the landlord, in distress for rent.