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MISCELLANEOUS.

I HAVE LEFT MY YOUNG HARP.

By C. C. Pise, D. D.

[illegible] young harp in the valley of Roses,
[illegible] the dark wave, on my dear native plain;
[illegible] hanging loose, in the shade it reposes,
[illegible] shall I rouse it from slumber again!

[illegible] valley of roses, the breezes may sigh,
[illegible] the chords to awaken a strain;
[illegible] from the murmurs in slumber they lie—
[illegible] shall I rouse them from slumber again!

[illegible] may waft its pure chrystal along,
[illegible] may bathe in its bosom of green;
[illegible] of Heaven may weep for a song;—
[illegible] the lily, the dew are unseen.

[illegible] sleep; and its strings are undone;
[illegible] fingers far from his dear native plain!
[illegible] must slumber, for none
[illegible] shall return it must slumber again.

[illegible] hand can arouse it from slumber again.
[illegible] thee, my harp, on the bosom of flowers,
[illegible] not rest on that bosom in vain;
[illegible] that thy hand may in happier hours,
[illegible] when he wakes thee from slumber again.

SONG BY MRS. HEMANS.

BY A MOUNTAIN STREAM.

By a mountain stream, at rest,
We found the warrior lying,
And around his noble breast
A banner clasp'd in dying:—
Dark and still
Was every hill,
And the winds of night were sighing.

Last of his noble race,
In a lowly bed we bore him:
'Mid a deep green, solemn place,
Where the mountain heath waves o'er him:
Woods alone
There make moan,
Rushing streams deplore him.

Yet from the festal hall and lay
Our sad thoughts oft are flying
To the dark hills far away,
Where in death we found him lying:
O'er his breast
A comet crest,
And the night wind o'er him sighing.

THE MAGICAL PHIAL.

OR, AN EVENING AT DELFT.

'Ay,' said the portly Peter Van Voorst, as he buttoned up his money in the pockets of his capacious breeches,—'Now I'll home to my farm, and to-morrow I'll buy neighbour Hagin's two cows, which are the best in the land.

He crossed the market-place of Delft, as he spoke, with an elated and swaggering air, and turned down one of the streets which led out of the city, when a goodly tavern met his eye. Thinking a dram would be beneficial in counteracting the effects of a fog which was just rising, he entered, and called for a glass of Schedam. This was brought, and drank by Peter, who liked the flavour so much, that he resolved to try the liquor diluted. Accordingly, a glass of capacious size was set before him. After a few sips of the pleasing spirit, our farmer took a view of the apartment in which he was sitting, and for the first time, perceived that the only person in the room, beside himself, was a young man of melancholy aspect who sat near the fire-place, apparently half asleep. Now Peter was of a loquacious turn, and nothing rendered a room more disagreeable to him than the absence of company. He, therefore, took the first opportunity of engaging the stranger in conversation.

'A cull evening Mynheer,' said the farmer.

'Yaw,' replied the stranger, stretching himself and yawning loudly, 'very foggy. I take it,'—and he rose and looked into the street.

Peter perceived that his companion wore a dress of dark brown, of the cut of the last century. A thick row of brass buttons ornamented his doublet; so thickly indeed, were they placed, that they appeared one stripe of metal. His shoes were high heeled and square-toed, like those worn by a company of masquers, represented in a picture which hung in Peter's parlour at Voorbosch. The stranger was of a spare figure, and his countenance was, as before stated, pale; but there was a mild brightness in his eye, which inspired the farmer with a feeling of awe.

After taking a few turns up and down the apartment, the stranger drew a chair near to Peter, and sat down.

'Are you a burgher of Delft?' he enquired.

'No,' was the reply; 'I am a small farmer, and live in the village of Voorbosch.'

'Umph!' said the stranger, 'you have a dull road to travel—See, your glass is out.—How like ye mine host's Schedam?'

'Tis right excellent.'

'You say truly,' rejoined the stranger, with a smile, which the farmer thought greatly improved his countenance; 'but here is a liquor which no Burgomaster in Holland can procure. 'Tis fit for a prince.'

He drew forth a phial from the breast of his doublet, and raising a small quantity of the liquid it contained with some water that stood on the table, he poured it into Peter's empty glass. The farmer tasted it, and found it to excel every liquid he had ever drank. He pressed the hand of the stranger with great warmth, and swore he would not leave Delft that night.

'You are perfectly right,' said his companion, 'these fogs are usually heavy; they are trying, even to the constitution of a Hollander. As for me, I am nearly choked with them. How different is the sunny clime of Spain, which I have just felt.'

'You have travelled, then?' said Peter, inquiringly.

'Travelled! aye, to the remotest corner of the Indies, amongst Turks, Jews, and Tartars.'

'Eh—but does it please ye to travel always in this garb, Mynheer?'

'Even so,' replied the stranger, 'it has descended from father to son through more than three generations. See you this hole on the left breast of my double?'

The farmer stretched out his neck, and by the dim light perceived a small perforation on the breast of the stranger's doublet, who continued—

'Ah, the bullet through it lodged in the heart of my great grandsire at the sack of Zutphen.'

'I have heard of too bloody doings at that place from my grandfather, heaven rest his soul!'

Peter was startled on perceiving the unearthly smile which played over the countenance of the stranger, on his making this pious ejaculation. He muttered to himself, in an inaudible tone, the word '*Duyvel!*' but was interrupted by the loud laugh of his companion, who slapped him on the shoulder, and cried—'come, come, Mynheer, you look sad; does not my liquor sit well on your stomach?'

'Tis excellent!' replied Peter, ashamed to think that the stranger had overheard his confession; 'will you sell me your phial?'

'I had it from a dear friend, who has been long since dead,' replied the stranger, 'and strictly enjoined me never to sell it, for, d'ye see, no sooner is it emptied, than all the wishes of the possessor it is immediately to refine.—But take it, as you seem a man of spirit, I shall be left to chance to whose who shall possess it.' He took from his bosom a bottle of silver.—'I will stake it against a guilder.'

'Good,' said Peter, 'but I fear there is some deviltry in the phial.'

'Pshaw!' cried his companion, with a bitter smile, 'those who have travelled understand these things better.—Devil, forsooth!'

'I crave your pardon,' said Peter, 'I will throw for it,'—and he placed a guilder on the table.

The farmer met with all luck [illegible]. He took a pinch of snuff [illegible] determined to stake all [illegible]; but he lost that also! Much [illegible] his want of success, he drew forth the [illegible] which contained the produce of the sale of his cows, and resolved either to win the phial, (the contents of which had gone far to fuddle his senses,) or lose it. He threw again with better luck, but elated at this, he played with less caution, and, in a few minutes, was left pennyless. The stranger gathered up the money, and placed it in his pocket.

'You are unlucky to-night, Mynheer,' said he, with provoking nonchalance, which greatly increased the farmer's chagrin; 'but come, you have a goodly ring on your finger, will you not venture that against my phial?'

The farmer paused for a moment—it was the gift of an old friend—yet he could not stomach the idea of being cleared of his money in such a manner: What would Jan Brower, the host of the *Van Tromp*, and little Rip Winkelar, the schoolmaster say to it? It was the first time he had ever been a loser to any gamester, for he was [illegible] at nine pins in his village; he therefore, took the ring from his finger,—threw again,—and lost!

He sank back in his chair with a suppressed groan, at which his companion smiled.—The loss of his money, together with the ring, has nearly sobered him, and he gazed on the stranger with a countenance, indicative of any thing but good will, while the latter drew from his bosom a scroll of parchment.

'You grieve,' said he, 'for the loss of a few paltry guilders; but know, that I have the power to make you amends for your ill luck, to make you richer, aye, richer than the Stadtholder?'

'Ha, the fiend!' thought Peter, growing still soberer, while he drank in every word, and glanced at the legs of the stranger, expecting of course, to see them as usual terminate with a cloven foot; but he beheld no such unsightly spectacle; the feet of the stranger was as perfect as his own, or even more so.

'Here,' said his companion, 'read over this, and if the terms suit you, subscribe your name at foot.' The farmer took the parchment, which he perceived was closely written, and contained many signatures at the bottom. His eye glanced hastily over the few first lines, but they sufficed.

'Ha! now I know thee fiend!' screamed the affrighted Peter, as he dashed the scroll in the face of the stranger, and rushed wildly out of the room. He gained the street, down which he fled with the swiftness of the wind, and turned quickly, thinking he was safe from the vengeance of him, whom he now supposed to be no other than the foul fiend himself, when the stranger met him on the opposite side, his eyes dilated to a monstrous size, and glowing like red hot coals. A deep groan burst from the surcharged breast of the unfortunate farmer as he staggered back several paces.

'Avaunt! avaunt!' he cried, 'Sathan, I defy thee! I have not signed thy cursed parchment!—He turned and fled in an opposite direction: but though he exerted his utmost speed, the stranger, without any apparent exertion, kept by his side. At length he arrived at the bank of the canal, and leaped into a boat which was moored alongside. Still his pursuer followed, and Peter felt the iron grasp of his [illegible] on the nape of his neck. He turned round and struggled hard to free himself from the grasp of his companion, roaring out in agony, 'Oh, Mynheer Duyvel! have pity for the sake of my wife and my boy Karel!' But when was the devel ever known to pity! The stranger held him tightly and, spite of his struggles, dragged him ashore.—He felt the grasp of his pursuer like the clutch of a bird of prey, while his hot breath almost scorched him; but disengaging himself, with a sudden bound, he sprung from his company, and ——— pitched headlong from his elbow chair, on to the floor of his own room at Voorbosch.

The noise occasioned by the fall of the burly Hendricker aroused his affrighted helpmate from the soundest slumber she had been wrapped in for more than two hours, during which time her husband had been indulging in potations deep, and strong, until overpowered with the potency of his beloved liquor, he had sunk to sleep in his elbow-chair, and dreamed the hellish dream we have endeavoured to relate. The noise of his fall aroused his Vrow from her slumbers. Trembling in every limb on hearing the unruly sound below, she descended by a short flight of steps, screaming loudly for help, into the room where she had left her spouse when she retired to rest, and behold Peter, her dear husband, prostrated on the stone floor, the table overturned, his glass broken, and the remainder of the accursed liquor flowing in a stream, from the stone bottle which lay upset on the ground.

From the Novel called "Miriam Coffin."

THE MURDERER'S FATE.

'But [illegible] art thou that lurking rascal, prowling cautiously around thy warehouse?'

'Ay—'tis the same that had to do with the boy just now: and see,—the lad is again gambolling in the water. Let us keep an eye upon him.'

The Indian soon afterwards deposited his bundle of cotton between two [illegible], and stepped silently into the water, [illegible] on the water next the Grampus. He disappeared beneath the surface as he reached the corner of the pier, which had previously concealed from the sight of Isaac, who was carelessly and boyishly cutting somersets in the water—sometimes floating like a sleeping animal upon its surface, and [illegible] like a wounded cow, and reappearing after a minute's absence, a long distance from the place of his exit.

It was necessary for the Indian to breathe more than once before he reached Isaac; and he did so with the dexterity worthy of an Indian, by turning on his back, and merely projecting his nose for an instant above water.

Jethro and the captain watched the wary approach of the Indian to the vicinity of the dissuspecting boy, until they had satisfied themselves of the interior design of the assassin. The skiff was again in motion. Assailant and assailed had both disappeared; the first to ferret out his intended prey, and take him by surprise; and the other, without a thought of what was about to ensue, to try the length of time that he could remain beneath the water without drawing breath. Presently two heads appeared simultaneously above water, confronting each other; and two long breathing sounds, like the blowing of a porpoise, accompanied by a hurried ejection of water from the mouth, freed the lungs of both the swimmers at the same moment.

'The demon, Quiboy, again exclaimed Isaac, as he dashed forward in the water.

A strife of breasting the waves again ensued, which betrayed the earnestness with which each sought to out do the other. In every thing, physically speaking, the Indian appeared to be superior to the boy. His sinewy frame, broad chest, and flat feet, were the identical requisites for a swimmer; while the undeveloped form of Isaac, and his protracted exertion in the waters, unfitted him for coping with his athletic opponent.

But though he was not the equal of the Indian in strength of limb, he was superior to him in stratagem, which the aquatic disciples of Franklin, who, in his time was a practiced swimmer, know so well how to execute in the water. Quiboy had several times nearly overtaken Isaac, and had stretched forth his hand to secure his prey;—but the little fellow eluded his grasp, and slid away from him under the water in an opposite direction; which left the Indian completely at fault. Though the scoundrel was baffled time after time, he returned to the assault so often and so unrelentingly, that he succeeded at last in tiring the boy down. Isaac made his last dive:—but the Indian anticipated him, and pounced upon his back, as he was repeating for the fifth time, the trick of passing under his opponent; and thus, by a well managed feint, drawing his attention to a point towards which he appeared to be steering while his head was above water, but which he changed to a different direction the moment his body became submerged.

The greatest captain of the age ceased to be victorious after he had taught his enemies the trick of his art, by beating them in a hundred battles. The obtuse intellect of the Indian, (they have thick skulls like the African negro,) at last comprehended that the little Quaker meant to go South below the surface, when his head was driving North above. But he had him now;—and dearly did he intend to repay the gripe of the throat and the punch in the stomach which Isaac had administered.—'Take thy last look upon the sun, brave boy!—The demon of the island has fastened upon thee, and it will be a miracle if thy spirit is not soon winging its flight to eternity.

It is said that the struggles of the dying man, in the possession of all his faculties, are irresistible; and that no human hand can grapple and master his, without the sinews of a giant or brought to try the issue of strength. It was the demoniacal intention of the Indian to drown the boy forthwith, let the consequences be what they would. He had Isaac's neck between his legs, at the depth of several feet beneath the surface of the water, where he held him immovable; while, with his hands, he pressed the body again strongly to the bottom.

One minute in this position is an age! It is an eternity of time! The death struggle was again come upon the poor little fellow, and the fiend was once more exulting over him! He felt the blood of his whole body rushing to his brain—imagined loathsome snakes twisting about his neck and brow, and his body assailed by frightful seamonsters. A streaming gush of water poured into his ears and mouth. His reason was on the point of giving way, in the agony of gasping suffocation———but, a moment, it rallied—and that moment was his salvation!

Isaac, without being aware of the fact have, in his struggles, been working himself, as well as his opponent, into deeper water. The murderer was obliged to discontinue his endeavours to press the body of the boy downwards, from the necessity which required that he should keep his own head, particularly his mouth and nostrils, in the free air. By this means the limbs of the boy were left at liberty, and he was enabled to brace his feet firmly upon the sandy bottom. His hands were also free; but heretofore he could do nothing with them, while his feet were *hors du combat*.

But now he gathered himself, instinctively, for a desperate effort; and locking his arms around the legs of his foe and planting his feet strongly beneath his body, with one mighty surge he raised the Indian from the bottom, and pitched him headlong into the seal. The respite thus gained was just in time. A moment more would have closed the mortal career of the boy. But the advantage thus acquired was not to be lost. Isaac sprang after his enemy with the agility of a dolphin—and, ere he could regain his balance, his young foe, still nerved with the desperation of one battling for life, was firmly twisted in the lank black hair of the Indian. He avoided the experiment, which the native had tried, to conceal the struggling of his victim, and contented himself with holding the head, face downwards, beneath the water, at arms length—caring nothing for the splashing and floundering of the foe,—which the Indian, while he held the lad, was anxious to conceal for fear of attracting notice from the shore.

'Perish!' exclaimed Isaac, in accents not loud, but deep;—'Perish!'—thou black hearted savage! Ay—kick at thou wilt, struggle on, monster!—It is my turn now:—I owe thee no mercy,—and the thou shalt the death thou hast twice essayed to bestow upon me, for the alleged sin of my father. Ay sprawl, bite, scratch, it will require something more than human interposition to save thee Indian from death!'

'Boy! what doest thou do?—Release the Indian, and we will protect thee:—Release him I say!' repeated an authoritative voice, close to the ear of Isaac.

'I am not deaf, good friend,—I shall release him in a minute or two, but in my own discretion. The peril be mine, keep off, meddle not with this quarrel, I am desperate! I was off now dying in the grasp of this hellhound:—twice within the hour has he given me a taste of the other world; and it shall go hard but I requite the favour. Keep off, I say!—By the heavens above us, I will serve thee after the same fashion, if thou darest to come between me and my prey—Away!—I have said it, he shall die the death of a dog!—There, all is over now!'

The limbs of the Indian became relaxed and quiescent. The tide of life had withdrawn to the citadel whence it sprang;—the body floated for a moment, without convulsion, on the surface of the water, and then settled away gradually from the sight. Isaac had loosed his hold, and he stood gazing with stupid wonder upon the water.

'Isaac, my son, what has thou done?' demanded Jethro, in a choked, but fatherly voice, as, sorrowfully, he reflected on the termination of the violent and tragic scene, and marked the wild and altered looks of his son.

'Father is it thou?—Oh save me from the fangs of that dreadful Indian!—But where is he?'

'Where, indeed!' responded the father, mournfully.

Macy plunged into the water after the drowned body. He found it without difficulty, for the water was shallow, and not more than half body deep.—The captain placed the Indian carefully in the boat, across a seat in the stern with his mouth downwards to give the water egress from the stomach: and then quickly seizing the oars, he pulled for the shore with all his strength, leaving Jethro and his son wading in the sea. The case of the Indian would not brook delay. The gaze of poor Isaac was fixed and vacant, while Jethro, taking his passive hand in his own, led him gently towards the beach. Exhaustion had rendered him powerless; and perception and memory had fled. The faculties of his mind were sleeping, curtained by what seemed to be a horrid dream,—but which partook too nearly of a tragic reality.

INDIAN PARADISE.

Red Jacket took part with the Americans in the war of 1812, and becoming attached to a Colonel, who was ordered on a distant service, took farewell of him in the following speech:

'Brother, I hear you are going to a place called Governor's Island. I hope you will be a governor yourself. I understand you white people think children a great blessing, I hope you may have a thousand. And above all, I hope, wherever you go, you may never find whiskey more than two shillings a quart.'

Boston Transcript.

TRAITS OF INDIAN CHARACTER.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING

There is something in the character and habits of the North American savage, taken in connexion with the scenery over which he is accustomed to range, its vast lakes, boundless forests, majestic rivers, and trackless plains, that is, to my mind, wonderfully striking and sublime. He is formed for the Wilderness as the Arab is for the desert. His nature is stern, simple, and enduring; fitted to grapple with difficulties, and to support privations. There seems but little room in his heart for the growth of the kindly virtues, and yet, if we would take but the trouble to penetrate through that proud *stoicism* and habitual *taciturnity* which lock up his character from casual observation, we should find him linked to his fellow man of civilized life by more of those sympathies and affections than are usually ascribed to him.

It was the lot of the unfortunate aborigines of America, in the early periods of colonization, to be dismally wronged by the white men. They have been dispossessed of their hereditary possessions by mercenary and frequently wanton warfare; and their characters have been traduced by bigoted and interested writers. The colonist, has often treated them like beasts of the forest; and the author has endeavoured to justify him in his outrages. The former found it easier to exterminate than to civilize—the latter to vilify than to discriminate. The appellations of savage and pagan, were deemed sufficient to sanction the hostilities of both; and thus the poor wanderers of the forest were persecuted and defamed, not because they were guilty, but because they were ignorant.

The rights of the savage have seldom been properly appreciated or respected by the white man. In peace he has too often been the dupe of artful traffic; in war, he has been regarded as a ferocious animal, whose life or death was a question of mere precaution and convenience. Man is cruel to unmerciful when his own safety is endangered, and he is sheltered by impunity; and little mercy is expected of him when he feels the sting of the reptile, and is conscious of the power to destroy it.

The same prejudices which were indulged thus early exist in common circulation at the present day. Certain learned societies, it is true, have endeavoured, with laudable diligence, to investigate and record the real characters and manners of the Indian tribes.

The American Government, too, has wisely and humanely exerted itself to inculcate a friendly and forbearing spirit towards them, and to protect them from fraud and injustice. The current opinion of the Indian character, however, is too apt to be formed from the miserable hordes which infests the frontiers, and hang on the skirts of the settlements. These are too commonly composed of degenerate beings, corrupted and enfeeble by the vices of society, without being benefited by its civilization. That proud independence which formed the main pillar of savage virtue, has been shaken down, and the whole moral fabrick lies in ruins. Their spirits are humiliated and debased by a sense of inferiority, and their native courage cowed and daunted by the superior knowledge and power of their enlightened neighbours. Society has advanced upon them like one of those withering airs that will sometimes breathe desolation over a whole region of fertility. It has enervated their strength, multiplied their diseases, and superinduced upon their original barbarity the low vices of artificial life. It has given them a thousand superfluous wants, whilst it has diminished their means of mere existence. It has driven before it the animals of the chase, who fly from the sound of the axe and the smoke of the settlement, and seek refuge in the recesses of remoter forests and yet untrodden wilds. Thus