

the stairs, with the intention of making the best of his way out, a blow in the face from some spectral hand somewhat like accelerated his pace; and horror of horrors, just as he opened the door, the skirt of his coat was seized with frantic energy by an unseen hand! L—tore himself away, leaving the skirt behind, banged the door after him and dashed out into the grave-yard, followed by the despairing shouts of the spectres, and the wild mocking laughter of fiends.

In the pitchy darkness he lost his way, and after stumbling over some ancient tombstones he had recourse to his hands and knees. In this attitude he pursued his way for a considerable length of time, when a flash of lightning discovered to his terrified vision, the vicinity of the suicide's grave. He could see through the pailing that it looked discomposed. Ah! then its tenant had indeed left it for his nocturnal watch, and might be even now returning. Here was a dilemma, there was no time to lose; L—quickly resumed his eccentric gymnastics in another direction, found the gate, and making use of the vehicles most in demand, set out for home at a good round rate; which home, drenched, forlorn, minus one coat tail, plus sundry rents in his other garments, (the consequences of aforesaid gymnastics,) and with a firm belief in ghosts, he reached as the clock struck one.

Save to his wife, (who of course was blest with an inquiring mind,) L—said not a word of his adventure; for the subject was too serious to mention; besides ghosts do not like to be made a common subject of conversation, so he went to church. Nothing could exceed in sublimity the effect of the organ under his command—the singing too was exquisite—all were enchanted. After divine service the attention of the assembled wiseheads was called to the fact that a robbery of the church had been attempted the night previous, the sexton corroborating the fact with a stray coat-tail which he had found fastened on a nail near the front door; he also had found a lantern in the organ-loft, which the sacrilegious villains had probably left, behind on some sudden alarm. Some of the windows were broken, but whether by the robbers or the storm could not be ascertained. Some owl's feathers were likewise strewn around, and a dead bat was lying near them. The blow of a bat's wing does very likely feel familiar to that of a spectral hand. L—held his peace; and as soon as he reached home, darkly hinted that it might be as well to say nothing of his last night's visit to the church, particularly as the ghosts might not like it.

From Arthur's Magazine.

COURAGE.

BY E. FERRETT.

COURAGE, from time immemorial, has been considered an essential ingredient in man's composition. Alike in the savage, the barbarous, and the civilized states, the coward has been contemned. Let a man possess every other virtue on the catalogue, and want courage, he is shunned by the women, and despised by the men; and, strange as it may appear, although the standard whereby most of our qualifications are judged has been varied and modified from the days of barbarism to our present present enlightened state, the standard of courage is still the same. We call men cowards without thinking of the applicability of the term.

Courage is properly divisible into three kinds, moral, intellectual, and physical. Many possess one of these without the others, or two wanting the third, yet while we were lauding ourselves for our high state of civilization, and perpetually giving utterance to adulatory comparisons between ourselves and our predecessors, we daily fall into the glaring absurdity of acting as though the physical alone was the standard whereby men's courage should be tested.

Moral courage, which we have put first on our list, we consider to be the highest order, and the most difficult to exercise. How many noble actions have been crushed in their infancy, how many bad deeds committed, for want of moral courage! Most men think right in the abstract, but few there be who have moral courage to follow a course which they know to be right, when that course is opposed to popular opinion. The condemnation or sneer of the world has scared the mind of many a one, for whom the roar of battle had no terrors, who would have braved all dangers, but who had not sufficient power in his conscious rectitude to enable him steadily to pursue a path against which that clamorous monster, the public, was set in opposition.

Moral courage consists in doing that which we feel or know to be right, not yielding our convictions to the sneers or persuasions of our friends, or the frowns of the world, nor suffering our own interest to turn us one hair's breadth from the path of rectitude. The man who possesses this spirit in an eminent degree, is a truly great man, and whatever sphere of life he may move in, will elevate the tone of all those with whom he associates.

Intellectual courage, is that feeling which enables us to control any physical disinclination to danger, to encounter hardships, and risks from which our frames naturally shrink, but which we patiently endure and surmount by the effort of an indomitable will. Intellectual courage, though of a higher order than the physical, is nevertheless more nearly allied to it, than to the moral, its triumphs are victories over the weakness of the flesh. Men who have been known on ordinary occasions to shrink from danger, have, when their intellects have been aroused, faced it with a quiet, calm, self-possessor, as superior to the mere reckless

indifference of physical courage as mind is to matter. Intellectual courage makes men resent an insult without being ready to offer one—desirous to avoid a brawl, yet never to flinch from maintaining their own credit and character as men.

Physical courage, is generally a mere brute insensibility to danger, or a brutish propensity to snarl and quarrel, unaccompanied by cautiousness, the absence of which faculty produces a reckless and pugnacious disposition, which renders its possessor a perfect nuisance. Such characters have no law but brute force; the physical with them is supreme, and he whose head is the thickest, and whose frame is most impervious to hard knocks; who is the most careless about the rights of others, and the most ready to offer wanton insult to the weak and aged, is their greatest hero. Street and tavern brawls are their chief delights—an oyster cellar their pet arena—and men who will quarrel about straws their greatest benefactors.

It is rarely that these three orders of courage are happily blended in one individual. The moral is generally possessed by one who is deficient in intellectual and physical, or there is an absence of moral courage where they are proper proportions of intellectual and physical. But the possession of moral courage makes the most useful character, the best citizen, the truest christian; it is ever accompanied by a clear perception of right, and should be sedulously cultivated—parents should inculcate it in their children—teachers in their pupils—society in its members. Hand in hand with its increase will be the progress of civilization, and the downfall of war, rapine, and murder—it is the source from whence springs the beautiful doctrine of doing to others as we would be done unto.

From the Columbian Magazine.

OUR FATHER.

OUR FATHER! At that hallowed name  
The mists of buried years divide,  
Life's morning star returns its flame,  
And memory's portal opens wide.

We see the brook, whose broided edge  
The water-cress and violet lined,  
The old gray rocks, whose towering ledge  
Was with a thousand legends twined.

Our Father! He our tottering feet  
Forth in our infant wonder led,  
Amid the nested warblers sweet,  
Or 'neath the emurpled mountain's head.

The wisdom high, or goodness meek,  
From stream, or flower, or stone could bring,  
Or make the falling acorn speak,  
Some message from Creation's King.

The fireside glows!—and o'er the wall,  
Fantastic shadows lightly flit,  
While loving, and beloved by all  
In childhood on his knee we sit.

Hand clasped in hand, and brow to brow,  
We list of ancient days the lore,  
Or feel the kindling spirit bow,  
Before the mighty chiefs of yore.

She too was near, without whose smile,  
Each heartfelt joy was incomplete,  
The mother dear, who breathed the while  
The Hymn that made our sleep so sweet.

Our Father! At that image wake  
The power that curb'd the wayward will,  
The love that sought the sway to break  
Of outward foe and inward will.

The blushing fault that shrank away  
Before those features fixed and grave,  
The approving glance, whose sunny ray  
New life to every virtue gave.

Our Father! Change o'er spreads the scene!  
The faltering form, some prop doth seek,  
For palsyng years have stolen between  
And deeply furrow'd brow and cheek.

The watcher's lamp at midnight streams,  
And soon a sad, funeral throng,  
Beneath the summer's lingering beams  
To the green church-yard pass along.

There, side by side, in beds of dust  
Which budding wreaths of spring adorn,  
The guardians of our earliest trust  
Await the resurrection morn.

And there, while tenderest memories swell,  
And high the filial sorrows rise,  
The spirit from its inmost cell  
Invokes a Father in the skies;—

He, who supreme o'er Nature's laws  
Unchanging holds His throne on high,  
And nearer to His children draws  
When earthly kindred droop and die.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

New Works:

From Mrs. Sigourney's Scenes in my Native Land.  
THE HERMIT OF THE FALLS.  
About fifteen years since, in the glow of

early summer, a young stranger, of pleasing countenance and person, made his appearance at Niagra. It was at first conjectured that he might be an artist, as a large portfolio, with books and musical instruments, were observed among his baggage. He was deeply impressed by the majesty and sublimity of the cataract and its surrounding scenery, and expressed an intention to remain a week, that he might examine it accurately. But the fascination which all minds of sensibility feel in the presence of that glorious work of the Creator, grew strongly upon him, and he was heard to say, that six weeks were inadequate to become acquainted with its outlines. At the end of that period, he was still unable to tear himself away and desired to "build there a tabernacle," that he might indulge both in his love of solitary musing and of nature's sublimity. He applied for a spot upon the island of the "Three Sisters," where he might construct a cottage after his own model which comprised among other peculiarities, isolation by means of a drawbridge. Circumstances forbidding a compliance with his request, he took up his residence in an old house upon Iris Island, which he rendered as comfortable as the state of the case would admit. Here he continued about twenty months, until the intrusion of a family interrupted his recluse habits. He then quietly withdrew, and reared for himself a less commodious shelter, near Prospect Point. His simple and favourite fare of bread and milk was readily purchased, and whenever he required other food, he preferred to prepare it with his own hands. When bleak winter came, a cheerful fire of wood blazed upon his hearth, and by his evening lamp he beguiled the hours with the perusal of books in various languages, or with sweet music. It was almost surprising to hear, in such depths of solitude, the long-drawn, thrilling tones of the viol, or the softest melodies of the flute, gushing forth from that low-browed hut, or the guitar, breathing out so lightly, amid the rush and thunder of the never-slumbering torrent. Yet, though the world of letters was familiar to his mind, and the living world to his observation, for he had travelled widely, both in his native Europe, and the East, he sought not association with mankind, to unfold or to increase his stores of knowledge. Those who had heard him converse, spoke with surprise and admiration of his colloquial powers, his command of language, and the spirit of eloquence that flowed from his lips. But he seldom and sparingly admitted this intercourse, studiously avoiding society, though there seemed in his nature nothing of moroseness or misanthropy. On the contrary, he showed kindness to even the humblest animal. Birds instinctively learned it, and freely entered his dwelling to receive from his hands crumbs or seeds. But the absorbing delight of his existence was communion with the mighty Niagra. Here, at every hour of the day or night, he might be seen, a fervent worshipper. At gray dawn, he went to visit in its fleecy veil; at high noon, he banqueted on the full splendour of its glory; beneath the soft tinting of the lunar bow, he lingered, looking for the angel's wing, whose pencil had painted it; and at solemn midnight, he knelt, soul-subdued, as on the footstool of Jehovah. Neither storms nor the piercing cold of winter prevented his visits to this great temple of his adoration.

His feet had worn a beaten path from his cottage thither. \* \* \* Among his favourite daily gratifications, was that of bathing. \* \* \* One bright but rather chilly day, in the month of June, 1831, a man employed about the Ferry, saw him go into the water, and a long time after observed his clothes to be still lying upon the bank. Inquiry was made. The anxiety was but too well founded. The poor hermit had indeed taken his last bath. Still the body was not found, the depth and force of the current just below being exceedingly great. In the course of their search, they passed onward to the Whirlpool. There, amid those boiling eddies, was the pallid corpse, making fearful and rapid gyrations upon the face of the black waters. At some point of suction, it suddenly plunged and disappeared. Again emerging, it was fearful to see it leap half its length above the flood, and with a face so deadly pale, play among the tossing billows, then float motionless as if exhausted, and anon, returning to the encounter, spring, struggle, and contend like a maniac battling with mortal foes. It was strangely painful to think that he was not permitted to find a grave even beneath the waters he had loved; that all the gentleness and charity of his nature should be changed by death to the fury of a madman; and that the king of terrors, who brings us to the despot and the man of blood, should teach warfare to him who had ever worn the meekness of the lamb. Four days and nights this terrible purgatory was prolonged. It was on the 21st of June, that, after many efforts they were enabled to bear the weary dead back to his desolate cottage. There they found his faithful dog guarding the door. Heavily must the long period have worn away, while he watched for his only friend, and wondered why he delayed his coming. He scrutinized the approaching group suspiciously, and would not willingly have given them admittance, save that a low, stifled wail at length announced his intuitive knowledge of the master, whom the work of death had effectually disguised from the eyes of men. They laid him on his bed, the thick, dripping masses of his beautiful hair clinging to and veiling the features so late expressive and comely. On the pillow was the pet kitten; to her also the watch for the master had been long and wearisome. In his chair lay the guitar, whose melody was probably the last that his ear heard on earth. There were also his flute and violin, his portfolio and books, scattered and open, as if recently used. On the spread table was the untasted meal for noon, which

he had prepared against his return from that bath which had proved so fatal. It was a touching sight; the dead hermit mourned by his humble retainers, the poor animals who loved him, and ready to be laid by stranger-hands in a foreign grave. So fell this singular and accomplished being, at the early age of twenty-eight. Learned in the languages, in the arts and sciences, improved by extensive travel, gifted with personal beauty and a feeling heart, the motives for this estrangement from his kind are still enveloped in mystery. It was, however, known that he was a native of England, where his father was a clergyman; that he received from thence ample remittance for his comfort; and that his name was Francis Abbot. These facts had been previously ascertained, but no written papers were found in his cell to throw additional light upon the obscurity in which he had so effectually wrapped the history of his pilgrimage.

From Travels in India.

THE SUTTEE, OR THE CUSTOM OF BURNING THE WOMEN.

This barbarous custom is extremely ancient in India, though no mention is made of it in the laws of Menu; but Diodorus gives a description of it, which is quite correct, to hinder the religious usages of the Indians, they, however, permitted neither the Suttee, nor the crushing of the devotees under the wheels of the sacred car of Juggernaut, in the countries subject to their government; and, according to the assurances which I have received from well-informed persons, it appears that as far as control is possible, no Suttee has taken place within the last ten years in Bengal and in the Presidency of Bombay; this cruel custom does not prevail to the south of the river Krishna. Even the relations themselves, now often endeavour to prevent the burning of the widows; and in families of high rank, the prince of the country, in person, undertakes to offer consolation, and, while he is endeavouring to dissuade the widow from her purpose, the corps is hastily carried away and consumed.

In Bengal it was customary to bind the dead and the living together with ropes to a stake, and to pile up bamboo canes so high around them, that escape was impossible. The widow was led by a string to the pile, accompanied in solemn procession by the nearest relations of her late husband, with a band of music, and attended by young women and relatives, her male descendants going before. In Orisa the pile is made in a pit, into which the wife throws herself as soon as the flames arise; and in the Deccan the woman sits upon the pile, with the head of her husband in her lap, till she is either suffocated, or crushed by the heavy wooden covering which is placed over it.

When a woman intends to burn herself with her husband her grief assumes a sublime character; she sheds no tear, she makes no lamentation, she lays aside her veil, and she no longer conceals her person from the eyes of men; the thought of entering with beloved into the blissful state beyond the grave—nay, by this expiatory sacrifice, to have facilitated and prepared the way for him gives her the incredible energy to dedicate herself to such a martyrdom. Women have been seen to pray and wring their hands in the flames; others, overcome by their sufferings, have rushed out of the fire, but were immediately driven back by those around them.

An Englishman who was witness of such a scene, took the part of the unhappy woman, and stopped the awful sacrifice; but, what was his surprise, when on the following day she overwhelmed him with the most virulent reproaches, saying that he had robbed her of her salvation, and that she must now be an outcast and a wanderer, neglected and despised by all.

According to the custom of the Sikhs, the dead body of the Maharaja was burnt on the day following his decease, before the gates of the palace Hasuree Bagh, in the presence of all the great men and the assembled troops. Four of his wives, and seven of his female slaves committed themselves to the flames with his body. An eye-witness told me that nothing had made so deep and lasting an impression on him, as the moment when these female figures issued, in solemn procession, from the palace gate, amid the sound of music and the thunder of the artillery. Almost all the inhabitants of Lahore were present at this fearful solemnity. The corpse was placed in a sitting posture, between high piles of wood; and as soon as the flames were at their height, the unhappy victims prepared for death.

Two of the wives, who were only sixteen years of age, and possessed of extraordinary beauty as if they were happy in being able, for the first time, to show their charms to the multitude; they took off their most precious jewels, gave them to their relations and friends, asked for a looking-glass, and with a slow and measured step walked towards the pile, sometimes gazing at the glass in their hand, then at the assembly, and anxiously asking if any chance were observable in their countenance. They entered the glowing furnace, and in an instant were caught by the flames, and suffocated by the heat and smoke.

The other women seemed less resigned and cheerful; and, when they caught sight of the frightful element, horror was depicted on their countenances; but they knew that escape was impossible, and patiently submitted to their cruel fate. The minister, Dhewan Singh, appeared to be about to throw himself into the flames, but the descendants of the Maharaja, particularly Sheer Singh, held him back.