

Literature, &c.

THE BRITISH MAGAZINES.

From Hogg's Instructor.

THE SOUL'S PASSING.

BY C. C. HITCHINGS.

It is ended!—all is over!

Lo, the weeping mourners come—
Mother, father, friend, and lover—
To the death encumbered room;
Lips are pressed to the blessed
Lips that evermore are dumb.

Take her faded hand in thine—

Hand that no more answereth kindly;
See the eyes were wont to shine,
Uttering love, now staring blindly;
Tender-hearted speech departed—
Speech that echoed so divinely.

Runs no more the circling river,

Warming, brightening every part;
There it slumbereth, cold for ever—
No more merry leap and start,
No more flushing cheeks to blushing—
In its silent home, the heart.

Hope not answer to your praying!

Cold, responseless lies she there.
Death, that ever will be slaying
Something gentle, something fair,
Came with numbers soft as slumbers—
She is with Him elsewhere!

Mother! yes, you scarce would chide her,

Had you seen the form he bore,
Heard the words he spoke beside her,
Tender as the look he wore.
While he proved her how he loved her
More than mother—ten times more.

Earthly father, weep not o'er her!

To another Father's breast,
On the wings of love he bore her.
To the kingdom of the blest,
Where no weeping eyelids keeping,
Dwells she now in perfect rest.

Friend! he was friend that found her

Amid blessings poor and scant;
With a wicked world around her,
And within a heavenly want,
And supplied her, home to guide her,
Wings for which the weary pant.

Lover! yes, she loved thee dearly;

When she left thee, loved thee best;
Love, she knew, alone burns clearly
In the bosoms of the blest;
Love she bore thee watches o'er thee—
Is the angel in thy breast.

Mourners all, have done with weeping;

I will tell you what He said,
When he came and found her sleeping,
On her heart his hand he laid:
'Sleep is, maiden, sorrow-laden:
Peace dwells only with the dead.

'Wend with me across the river

Seems so bitter—is so sweet:
On whose other shore for ever
Happy, holy spirits greet;
Grief all over, friend and lover
In a sweet communion meet.

'Is it bitter, father, mother,

Lover, friend, to leave behind?
All their blessed loves, and other,
Come with me, and thou shalt find,
Where thy spirit shall inherit
Perfect love and perfect mind.

'Love that is to mortals given

Straggles with imperfect will;
Love alone that homes in heaven
Can its perfect self fulfil,
Where, possessing every blessing,
Still it grows, and greeters still.

'See, I bring thee wings to bear thee

To the blessed angel home,
Dear ones dead, for ever near thee,
From thy side no more to roam;
Love increased, wait thou blessed
Till the living loved ones come.

'O'er the river!—Lo, she falter'd

While he took her by the hand;
And her blessed face grew alter'd
As she heard the sweet command—
Father! lover! all was over!
So she passed to Spirit Land!

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THE ORNITHOLOGIST.

I had sought my favorite deserted turret,
to contemplate a glorious sunset behind the
distant mountains, when Rose joined me on
the summit, from whence we gazed on the
dizzy depths below. She was unusually se-
rious and pale; her laugh was hushed, and
she spoke in whispers.

'Way do you choose this spot, Evelyn, to
indulge your reveries?' said she, 'for I can
not bear to remain here; and Harold would
not ascend this western tower for all the uni-
verse.'

'And why is it so distasteful to you, Rose?
I inquired, with some curiosity, 'for the
view is the most superb I ever witnessed.
Is this wing of the castle haunted?' I added
with a smile, taking her arm, and making a
step nearer to the edge, guarded only by a
very broad, low parapet.

She convulsively drew me back, exclaim-
ing—

'Oh, Evelyn, if you knew the dreadful re-
collection attached to this turret you would
not marvel at my being so nervous. I do not
believe it is haunted, but there are those who
do. They report that white fleecy shadows
hover around it by night, though perhaps the
owls and birds building in the crevices may
account for the supposed supernatural ap-
pearances.'

'And wherefore, Rose, is this turret in
such bad repute? What are the dreadful re-
collections attached to it? A legend of olden
times perhaps?'

'Alas, Evelyn,' responded my companion,
'tis a reality of our own. My poor cousin,
Jocelyn Priestly, met with his fearful end
here. He fell from this height on the shav-
en turf beneath, and lived but a few mo-
ments afterwards.'

'But how did this fatal accident occur,
Rose? I inquired. Why have you never
mentioned it before?'

'Paler than ever, Rose replied with a falter-
ing voice, 'because it was not an accident,
Evelyn,' (she shivered and put her lips close
to my ear). He was cast down intention-
ally.'

'By whom, Rose?'

My heart throbbed violently; strange
thoughts rushed rapidly through my brain.

'I dare not tell you; I am forbidden to re-
veal more. I was very young at the time,
and things were hushed up; but poor Milly
has been a changed being ever since.'

'Mildred,' I exclaimed in surprise; 'what
effect could this tragedy have on her, more
than on any of the other members of your
family?'

'It had, it had, Evelyn, because she desired
to screen the guilty; but ask me no more,
and let us quit this hateful place.'

My mind was bewildered and uneasy. Who
could the guilty person alluded to be, and
wherefore such a mystery preserved? The
wildest conjectures disturbed my imagina-
tion, while redoubled love and sympathy
were given to the bereaved mother. But
this tangled web was soon to be unraveled—
unraveled in an awful and sudden manner,
for that avenging arm was outstretched
which no mortal can withstand.

We were preparing to return home, and I
was happy in the near prospect of seeing dear
Lodimer so soon. Harold Lovell left the
castle at early morn in high health and spi-
rits, to attend a race meeting, some few miles
off, with several boon companions. A
quarrel arose, and Harold, deeming himself
insulted, and more than half inebriated,
struck a desperate gambler, who demanded
satisfaction on the spot. Harold fell, mortal-
ly wounded, and was borne back to Lovell
on a litter, late in the evening. The father's
despair blessedly merged into insensibility,
the sister's agony we draw a veil over.

Mrs Priestly, Mildred and myself, with the
medical attendants, alone were calm and of
use, so far, indeed, as human aid extended.
The domestics were wildly running hither
and thither, but to no purpose: Harold Lov-
ell was rapidly dying. Mrs Priestly support-
ed the expiring sufferer; she bathed his tem-
ples, and spoke of consolation and peace. You
would have deemed him the son of her fond-
est love, all dislike merged in pity and the
tenderest solicitude. Suddenly Harold open-
ed his glazing eyes to their widest extent; he
recognised her, while a shudder convulsively
shook his whole frame. He essayed to articu-
late, and at length these broken sentences
were heard—

'Forgive me, aunt Priestly—now forgive.
'Twas I did it. Edwin is innocent. I am the
murderer. Oh, mercy! mercy!'

Mrs Priestly sank down beside the couch,
as with clasped hands she raised her stream-
ing eyes to heaven; then burying her face,
in her hands, she murmured:

'I do forgive you poor boy, and so does
Edwin.'

The spirit passed into eternity as she
spoke these words. I saw Mildred fling her-
self into Mrs Priestly's arms, and I remember
no more, for, unused to such scenes, my
strength succumbed.

Mr Lovell and his son were laid side by
side in the family vault on the same day;
the broken hearted father surviving his be-
loved child but a few hours. The son's dying
confession was repeated to him, although he
took no notice at the time, and lived not to
make restitution to the innocent; but to his
daughter as co-heiresses, the whole of his
immense wealth had descended; and yet Mr
Lovell left a son—a good, noble, hearted son
—whom he unjustly disinherited. When the
disinherited was told that the only words
his departed parent had spoken after receiv-
ing his death blow, the only token of con-
sciousness he had evinced, was in faintly
murmuring, 'Bless Edwin, my son,' that son
valued the world's wealth but as dross in
comparison; nor would he have exchanged
those precious words for all the uncounted
riches of the world. His father then had be-
lieved him innocent, and blessed him; and
Edwin the ornithologist of Ivy Lodge came
to Lovell Castle; justly lord of all, but own-
ing nothing save a thankful heart and a
peaceful mind, to be clasped in the arms of
his faithful sister, Mildred, for they were
twins, and linked together in heart. They,
and not till then, were the following particu-
lars narrated to Rose and myself, by Mrs
Priestly. Rose mourned deeply for her bro-
ther, but justice to the living demanded a full
disclosure of the truth.

Edwin had never been a favorite with his
father, a fall in infancy having rendered him
unsightly, and probably occasioned the deli-
cate health which induced that love of studi-
ous repose so opposite to those qualities
which Mr Lovell admired in his younger son.

A tutor was provided for Edwin at home,
while Harold and his cousin, Jocelyn Priestly
were sent to a public school. With unfeeling
thoughtlessness, Jocelyn used often to amuse
himself by joking at the expense of Edwin's
personal deformity, calling him hunchback
and many other nicknames, all of which the
amiable youth bore with unflinching pa-
tience and fortitude, ever returning good for
evil. The quarrels and rivalry between Har-
old and Jocelyn were violent and unceasing,
and previous to the last vacation they had ri-
sen to a fiercer pitch than formerly—Jocelyn
Priestly having carried off a prize from Har-
old which the latter declared was unfair.
Jocelyn's spirits were outrageous, and in
reckless levity he made so unceasing a butt
of the unfortunate elder brother, that Edwin
determined to keep himself as much aloof as
possible from the boisterous pair, whose
bickerings and headstrong passion disturbed
his equanimity.

Mildred, whose love and veneration for her
beloved brother was returned by him with a
depth of affection which only the isolated can
feel, vainly tried to make peace and preserve
concord.

Mrs Priestly with a mother's doating parti-
ality for an only child, would never bear of
Jocelyn being in fault, though she would
chide his exuberant spirits, and liked not that
he should wound the gentle Edwin, whom
she dearly loved.

Mr Lovell, on the other hand, laughed at the
lad's faults; and when he could not laugh
winked at them.

Edwin was a milk sop, and Harold and
Jocelyn fine, high spirited, handsome fel-
lows, who would grow wiser as they grew
older.

Mrs Priestly hoped so—she 'prayed so;
and Jocelyn was so clever and handsome,
that a little steadiness was all he needed;
there was nothing else amiss.'

So argued the blind mother; and next to
Harold, his uncle Lovell's affections were la-
vished on this nephew.

When these two youths made their appear-
ance at the castle, Edwin frequently retired
to the western turret, where he could read
and meditate alone, and enjoy the lovely
landscape. Here he was resting on a pro-
jecting stone, which served as a bench, part-
of the edifice screening him from view, when
Jocelyn Priestly appeared on the summit
with a telescope in hand, and with boyish
recklessness, jumped on the low parapet, bal-
ancing himself on the extreme verge as he
applied the telescope to his eye.

In a moment Harold came leaping up the
turret-stairs, boiling with furious passion;
and darting forward, he clutched at the glass,
screaming as he did so—

'How dare you take my telescope, sir,
when you know I forbade you?'

There was a struggle, a violent thrust,
succeeded by a scream of horror and despair,
and Edwin beheld his brother Harold alone
on that dizzy height.

All this passed in a moment of time ap-
parently. Harold looked round with a wild,
terrified glance, and fled, Edwin's limbs re-
fusing to sustain him in his efforts to reach
the parapet, as he lost consciousness, and
swooned.

Jocelyn Priestly's fall had been noticed by
a gardener, who gave an instant alarm; but
the ill fated lad expired in his distracted mo-
ther's arms, after articulating, 'I am murder-
ed.'

Edwin was found on the summit of the
western turret, his incoherent exclamations
and agitation being considered proofs of guilt
by his father and tutor. He solemnly asseve-
rated his innocence, but refused to enter in-
tes into particulars until his brother Harold
returned, for Harold was absent it was sup-
posed, in the adjacent woodlands, where he
ofttimes resorted to practise with his gun.
When he did return, Harold with well-feign-
ed surprise heard the dreadful tidings, and
demanded, in a careless manner, where Ed-
win had been at the time? When informed
that he was found on the summit of the tow-
er, and of the deceased's fearful avowal in
his dying moments, Harold exclaimed:

'Edwin has indeed avenged himself on poor
Jocelyn.'

And Edwin was branded as the dastardly
wretch who had taken his cousin's life in such
a manner.

Edwin denied the foul deed with indigna-
tion and horror; but when Harold's words
were repeated to him he hung his head and
blushed scarlet. He spoke no more, save to
affirm his innocence; and when questioned
as to Jocelyn Priestly having been near him
on the tower just before he met his death,
Edwin admitted the fact; but when further
pressed he became confused, and painful in-
ternal struggles were evident.

Mr Lovell discarded his son forever. He
would not harbour, he said, one who had
vengefully taken the life of his beloved ne-
phew; the law, indeed, could not reach the
criminal, but a father's malediction could!
So the hapless Edwin was disowned and
disinherited by his indignant parent, who
granted him a stipend barely sufficient for
subsistence, and thrust him forth as an alien.
Harold had not encountered his brother's pla-
cid gaze; he shrank from being alone with
him, and when Edwin begged for an audience
it was refused. Mildred protested her bro-
ther's innocence. Edwin had never swerved
from truth in his life; and, strange to say,
there was another who sided with Mildred,
and that other, the miserable mother of the
victim. She had scrutinized and watched
Harold Lovell, closely; and when Edwin
knelt beside her, and said, with quiet, but im-
pressive calmness, 'I am innocent, aunt; I
never injured a hair of my cousin's head,'

he was believed by that jealous, breaking
heart.

'But you were there, Edwin,' cried the
poor lady; 'you witnessed it: he came not
to his end by fair means. Speak—your bro-
ther—was it he did this foul deed, for he en-
vied and hated my son—the base, cowardly
traitor!'

Passion choked Mrs Priestly's utterance,
and Edwin was mute. Neither prayers nor
entreaties induced him to explain past cir-
cumstances connected with the direful cata-
strophe. He bore the burden of another's
guilt; he bore in silence the contumely that
should have been heaped on another; and was
banished from the paternal roof. But convic-
tion found its way to Mrs Priestly's heart; and,
though Mr Lovell was implacable, nor would
listen to a suspicion implied that he might
be deceived, the mother intuitively shrank
from contact with the false hearted Harold
Lovell. As years progressed, the truth be-
came more and more firmly impressed on her
mind; and to him, accused by his own father
of being her only child's destroyer, she left
the bulk of her fortune, and established the
outcast in her near vicinity, firmly trusting
that the Almighty, in his own good time,
would bring the real culprit to light. Her
heart fixed on this culprit, but Mr Lovell
continued in error and darkness. Those pre-
cious words spoken in his last hour proved,
however, that darkness was dissipated, and
error abandoned, when the dying man mur-
mured a blessing on his exiled son, who had
sacrificed himself to shield an ungrateful bro-
ther from shame and opprobrium.

Within two years after her father and bro-
ther's decease, Rose rewarded the long and
sincere attachment of a neighbouring squire
by becoming his wife. Lovell Castle was
sold, and Mildred repaired to Lodimer; while
on the original site of Ivy Lodge, a more
commodious dwelling was in preparation.
There she resided with her beloved brother
for the remainder of their joint lives, and Mr
Edwin found in his sister's companion not
only a valuable coadjutor in his favorite pur-
suits, but an absolute rival in the affections
of his feathered pets; while the swan's nest
among the reeds on Lodimer's fair waters
continued to be as carefully preserved and
guarded as it had been during the solitary
years of the happy ornithologist.

CREATION.

The atheistical argument, that the present
state of things may have lasted for ever, is
now at an end. An interruption, and a be-
ginning of succession has been proved. The
earth has been shown not to have for ever
abode in its present state, and its inhabitants
are demonstrated, by the incontrovertible
evidence of facts, to have had at one time
no existence. Scepticism, therefore, can
now only be allowed as to the time and man-
ner of the creative interposition; and on
these the facts shed no light whatever. But
that an act of creation was performed at one
precise time, is demonstrated as clearly as
any proposition in natural philosophy, and
demonstrated by the same evidence, the in-
duction of facts, upon which all other bran-
ches of natural philosophy rest. It is wholly in-
vain to argue that the sea or the earth, or the
animals formerly existing and now extinct,
or any other created beings, or any of the
powers of nature, as we know it, or as it has
ever been known, could have made the change.
An act of creation, which would now be ad-
mitted as a direct interposition of a superior
intelligence and power, must have taken
place. This is the sublime conclusion to
which these researches lead, conducted ac-
cording to the most rigorous rules of induc-
tive philosophy, precluding all possibility of
cavil, accessible to every one who will give
himself the trouble of examining the steps
of the reasoning upon which they repose,
and removing doubt from the mind, in pro-
portion as their apprehension removes igno-
rance.—Lord Brougham.

TIME.

Beyond the mere definition of this term,
how little can be said of its meaning. Time
is an indefinite part of an unfathomable whole
—it is a fraction of eternity—of whose laws
we know nothing, save that they are regula-
ted by the celestial bodies and by the imper-
fect understanding of man. Time, then, is
so mysterious, that of its laws we know com-
paratively nothing, and our progress is such
that, strictly speaking, it is never present.—
'Let us work while it is day, for the night
cometh when no man can work.' Of all the
subjects brought before us, none is devoured
with more eagerness than that illustrating the
ways of lengthening the time, or temporal
life, of man: That this subject excites uni-
versal interest, we need but one day's experi-
ence to prove; discuss upon it in public, and
you have universal attention; dwell upon it
in private, and you become lost in con-
jectures; and yet with what recklessness and
apathy is existing life squandered! Time is
not given to us for an animal gratification;
it is given to us that we may educate, mature,
and ennoble our minds, by reflecting on the
knowledge and virtue of society around; and
finally, that we may prepare ourselves to re-
ceive the mysterious truths of time and the
happiness of eternity.

YOUTH.—Examples of courage and con-
stancy repeatedly impressed on the minds of
youth tend to strengthen the soul, multiply
its springs, make everything attainable, and
strongly excite that noble desire of fame
which, when accompanied by virtue, is al-
ways productive of great actions.