

TALES
OF
T H E D E V I L S.

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TALES OF THE DEVILS.

CHAPTER I.

THE last hour of Ernest Maltravers had approached. The last day of mercy, of forbearance, and of hope to the wicked one, had dawned. The last sun of the scoffer, the libertine, and the duelist, had arisen, had passed its meridian, and was now shedding its last rays upon the sick bed of one young in years, but old in depravity and guilt. As the mellow light of a mild summer sun-set entered the partly-closed shutters of the room, the dying man opened his eyes in consciousness to behold the sorrow around him. The mother, once a stately and proud beauty, now broken down with grief and horror, sat near his pillow; her memory running back to the period when she clasped in her arms her eldest born, to the hours and days and years she had watched over, and protected, and comforted, and spoiled, her brave, her beautiful boy: then the hours of wretchedness his wayward course had caused; the sleepless, watchful nights, produced by his *dissipation*, would flit before her memory, in all

their appalling distinctness and vividness of wretchedness. Perhaps, a thought of her own neglect, of her own maternal guilt, would press itself into the proud, fond woman's heart; but the pang was too intense to allow it a moment's shelter. "How could I have done otherwise than indulge my brave, my beautiful; especially since he was taken away, the father of my children?" were her half-formed thoughts.

At the other side of the sufferer's pillow, stood a slight but fair form, with the same broad, beautiful brow, the same large hazel eye, the same proud, haughty bearing, that the sufferer once exhibited, softened by a woman's tenderness and a sister's sorrow. Others are near, but as the dying man's eyes, in their consciousness, slowly took in the group, there was one wanting.—"Mother, Mary, where's Olivia?" was faintly murmured. "Ernest," said the sister, "she is not here. Could you expect it?" "No, no: I flung her off—I deceived her. I could not expect it; and yet, love like hers—But it cannot be; wretch that I am, I have flung away hope and happiness, and am sinking, fast, fast, where I shall receive——"

"Hush! hush, my son! God is all-merciful!"

"Mother, flatter me no longer. It would be a stain on the character of the All-Merciful, not to punish such a wretch as I. Oh! for one more year, or month, or even day of life!" He sank back fainting on his pillow.

The wish—it would be sacrilege to call it prayer—the wish ascended to the throne of Heaven: no beam of divine forbearance illumined its passage heavenward; no angel of mercy wafted it to the altar of God on his wings; no blaze of divine love kindled it into an acceptable sacrifice there: but, on the dread book of the record of Heaven, an unseen hand blotted the name of Ernest Maltravers from the page of existence, and wrote beneath the record of his crimes, *Finished—finished—cut off!*

A confused noise was heard in the ante-chamber, where the silent domestics were assembled, waiting, but not in sorrow, the termination of their master's existence. A young, but faded peasant girl, with the remains of village beauty lingering in her wasted form, struggled for admittance.—"I will see him: they tell me he is dying—dying without one word to the Lucy that he once swore he only loved! Let me see him but once! one moment only!"

excite, to stir up the gloomy passions, but little to amuse or entertain.

That the soul exists, after its separation from the body, is abundantly proved from nature and revelation. The reason of man and the word of God equally coincide in showing that death is not the destruction of the living agent within us, nor even a suspension of its inherent powers. Connected, as we are, with the knowledge exclusively derived from a gross body, we can form but faint ideas of the mode of existence of *pure spirit*. As far as we can perceive, at present, and, as far as analogy leads us, we cannot conceive of its existence separate from some body, either material or spiritual; some form and outline, in which the *pure essence* can reside, on which it can operate as a living principle, and through which it can hold communication with other spirits, or with the beings or things with which it may be surrounded.

Spirit, after its separation from earthly bodies, must exist either, *no where, every where, or some where*. To exist *no where*, would be its annihilation. To exist *every where*, would be, either giving it one of the attributes of the Deity, an unlimited attribute to a limited being; or it would

be to assert its absorption into the essence of the Deity, a Pantheistic doctrine, equally at variance with reason and scripture. If it exist *some where*, it must occupy space, or, at least, have a locality, which is a *quasi* occupation of space. To occupy space, it must possess an outline, a form, some definite, expanded shape.

The nature of this *imago*, this definite shape, we, in our present limited condition, cannot appreciate. The apostle calls it, by a happy contradiction of terms, a *spiritual body*. How far this spiritual body is like, in its lineaments, the natural body, which enclosed the soul, we cannot tell; but, we may infer, from the apostle's comparison of the grain of wheat, before and after sowing, that there is a resemblance, sufficient for a recognition. The principal recognition, in the other world, will be a spiritual or intellectual one; the traits of character and habits of mind being more easily recognizable, in the other state of existence, than any thing corporeal. The soul, or living principle, being clothed with a spiritual form, must be capable of locality, and must, if it can change its locality, require time to pass over space.

As it respects the spirits of the blessed, we may suppose them to reside in some blissful world,

beyond the reach of the evils and trials of this, waiting for that glorious day, when a new heaven and a new earth shall receive them, at the consummation of all things. When this earth shall be purified by fire, renovated in its existence, and rendered a fit residence for glorified spirits, by an expulsion of all that produces sin or sorrow, pain or disease, in its present state, then they will return to their old residences, with which are their earliest, their holiest, their happiest associations, and throughout eternity, praise their Redeemer, who will then "reign on earth, as he reigns in heaven."

But with the blissful, glorified residences of pure and happy spirits, we have, now, nothing to do. A sadder path is ours; a gloomier duty lies before us: to follow the melancholy steps of the hopeless, and the lost, to their drear destiny of punishment and woe.

CHAPTER III.

DEMONS.

THE material hell; the lake that burns with fire and brimstone; the temporary residence of the devil and his angels, during the thousand years of Christ's reign on earth, and their permanent eternal abode, together with all their followers, after the Resurrection; does not receive the spirits of the unredeemed after death. Clothed only with the *imago* form of a spirit, material punishment would not affect them, and will not, until the Resurrection shall give them a body fitted to the dread world they then shall occupy.

After their release from the body, by death, they wander around this earth, until the last, great day; their associates, the wicked that have gone before them, from the time of Cain until the present day; their characters still strengthening in all that is unholy; every old habit becoming like iron in its force; without one motive of good to draw them back from evil; but with all their

passions, mental powers, traits of character, and natural distinctive feelings, in all their vigour. They wander on earth, amongst the persons and places that have known them in life ; shut out from all communication with the blessed ; having access to the living only for purposes of evil ; incapable, with certain exceptions, to go far from the place that holds their remains, until those remains have crumbled into dust, and their elementary particles re-employed in other forms ; and then, roaming slowly, and with pair, the earth around, seeking rest, and finding none ; hateful, and hating one another ; subjected to the great Adversary of souls, and doing his bidding among the living.

Such has been their doom, since the death of the first unrepentant sinner ; and such will be their destiny, until the last trump call them to their final punishment.

Among the ancient heathen, they were known and worshipped as demi-gods, or demons : sometimes, permitted to exercise the power of the great Prince of the Air, (when allowed by the Almighty,) to delude the heathen by signs and miracles ; sometimes, exciting whole nations to lust, to bloodshed, and to idolatry : As evil spirits, entering the

bodies of the living, until expelled therefrom by our Saviour, and never, after his ascension, permitted to possess such power. Natural evils are sometimes placed under their control. When God wishes to punish a guilty people, he, sometimes, allows these demons to wield the power of the elements, and to be his instruments of destruction, a station gladly held by them, and exercised to the extent of their permission.

We have traces of their acknowledged existence, in the traditions and tales of all nations. The celebrated evil genii of the Arabian Entertainments were but exaggerated poetic descriptions of the demoniacal spirits of the giants of the antediluvian world, and the other wicked descendants of Cain, whose long continuance on earth, and still longer experience as demons, have given them a power and ascendancy in wickedness, far beyond the puny crimes and sins of the modern race. If allowed to have intercourse with man, how many disclosures could they, even now, make of treasures, hidden in the now ruined earth, rivalling the riches and splendour of the garden on which Aladin gazed. There is no impossibility in the poetic idea of the Eastern nations, that they were subjected to the potent

wisdom of Solomon the son of David, and their influence over human affairs lessened by that subjection, until it diminished to the mere demoniacal possession of the period of our Saviour.

The local demons of the German forests were the restless spirits of the mighty Teutonic conquerors, wandering through their ancient domains. The family Banshee of Scotland was but some wicked ancestor, allowed to disturb the living by his appearance at distressful hours.

Their principal employment in the world is to tempt to evil. From their spiritual existence, they can come directly in contact with the mind of man, without the intervention of the senses. Sensal beings cannot perceive their approach, or take cognizance of their action on the mind. They have no control over the mind, or direction of the will, or management of the great faculties of the soul; but, by perceiving the naked operations of the principles of association, they can present temptations to the thoughts, by suggestions to the exposed machinery of the motives. Every one is conscious of thoughts of evil, often of dreadful evil, springing up in his soul, without his control; dismissed, sometimes, as soon as felt, without contaminating the heart; entertained,

sometimes, as a willing guest, inviting to evil desires and evil actions.

Every one, I say, is conscious of such thoughts, without being aware that they are the suggestions of these roving demons of mischief, desirous to people the infernal regions with the ruined inhabitants of earth.

Perhaps these very thoughts of wickedness are produced by some one well-known acquaintance or relation ; some one, dear to us when living, and over whose lost estate we have wept in despair, to see hopes withered, advices scorned, reproofs rejected, warnings made in vain ; now employed by the great Adversary of souls, as our tempter in life, to entice us to walk the same paths with him, and join the great demoniacal assembly wandering over earth. Who better fitted for such an office, than one who knows our character, our principles of association, those soft approaches when reason is drowsy, conscience lulled to sleep, and the heart, rocked in the cradle of carnal security, ready to sink into the slumbers of sin ?

Yes : each one of us has his attendant demon, ready to take advantage of our depravity, to lure us to sin ; accompanying our steps, in our going

out and coming in, in our down-sitting and up-rising, desirous to bring our souls, as the trophies of his success, to the great assembly of hell.

Where then are our deceased friends that were followers of God on earth? Are they not attendant, likewise, upon our steps, as our guardian angels, to whisper to good, to allure from vice, to guide our feet to heaven? No: in some far-off brilliant star, they are enjoying rest from their labours, welcoming some new-comer, who has finished his toils, and has conquered sin in this world of pain, and has joined their happy company; inquiring of the events on earth; but too remote to witness the toils, the troubles, and the sins of their former friends. Why should they desire it? Would you disturb their quiet rest with the anxieties of earth? Would you sully the brightness of their joys by the reflection of earthly woes? Would you have again the scalding tear furrow their cheeks; the sigh of ruined hopes rend their happy bosoms; the pang of suspense agitate their peaceful hearts? No, no: let them rest. Let them be ignorant of the destiny of their earthly friends; until some newly-dead comes as a messenger from earth, with the news of their repentance, and their well-being; or,

until, having finished their course with Christian honour, they themselves join the happy assembly, to relate the experience of their earthly trials, and describe the progress of their heavenly walk.

Have we, then, no unseen spiritual attendants as our guardians here? Yes: the principalities of heaven, the real angelic messengers of Jehovah, are ministering spirits to us, contending with the devil and his angels in our struggles. Christ is ever present with us, to guide, to shield, to assist, with the power of his grace: and the great God himself is ever near, to control the rage of demons, and relieve us from their wiles. Let us, then, not despair, but resist unto the death, striving against influences from without and within, from demoniacal suggestions and our own innate depravity.

CHAPTER IV.

DEATH.

Death, how terrible art thou! To be separated from all external things! To hold no more communication with those we have loved! To feel all ties snapped asunder, that bound us to the world! To realize, that we have completed our destiny, have accomplished our work, have formed our eternal characters, have finished our probation! Henceforward, our voice is no more to strike a living ear; our step, in its approach, no more to cheer a living heart; no longer can we guide, or influence, or protect. We are cut off from all those who fondly clung to us for support. New ties will be formed: new relations entered into: new affections felt; and we be blotted from the things that are; our memory cherished only for a while, until these new ties and new affections shall crowd us out of the heart of even our most devoted friends: and soon, oh! how soon! the barren record on our cold tomb-stones, will be the

only trace that we once existed ! How terrible is death !

It is not the bodily pang that is terrible. The mere pain of death—that is, the pain attendant upon the exit of the soul from the body—is probably, in ordinary cases, not so severe as many pains we feel in life ; and, in most diseases, the greatest pangs are felt much previous to dissolution ; sometimes are the most severe at the commencement of the disorder. As a mere physical evil, death would not be great ; could the soul return, after a proper interval, to the recruited or renovated body, death would not be more terrible than disease. It is the change of state ; the commencement of a new era ; the entering upon an unknown, untried existence, that renders death awful and terrible.

The last pulse of Ernest Maltravers had ceased to beat. The living principle, which, when once created, never dies, benumbed by the snapping of those ties that bound it to things of sense, seemed to have lost its powers, powers that death could not destroy, and could only suspend for a few moments. The soul, indissolubly connected with that living principle, retired into itself in a mo-

mentary unconsciousness; and the clogs of corporeal nature fell off, and it was free!

The *living principle* of man is a distinct essence from his soul, though connected with it and never to be separated from it. The brutes possess this *principle*, combined with sense in their living state; but with no soul or conscience, though they may possess some attributes of intellect. In the present corporeal condition of man, there are the body, the soul, and the inert living principle connecting the two. Death dissolves the connection between the senses, (that is the body,) and this principle, and hereafter the soul with its minor attributes is associated with this principle alone.

But the *living principle*, wherever existing, requires a form, a substratum, on which and in which to operate, and confines the soul again to what must be termed a body; for the want of a better word to express what we know so little about; a body, sublimed, spiritualized, capable of a different existence, but still not omnipresent, nor all powerful, but requiring space and time for its operations.

In death, the living principle remains inert after its great struggle, and probably continues in the

body until vital warmth has fled, and the soul, with it, separated completely from its late sensual associate. Then consciousness awakes in a new form: consciousness, memory, thought, affection, all in their strength, without the senses, without corporeal connections! How strange! how new! Were the released spirit washed in the blood of the Lamb, angelic messengers would convey it on their wings at once to that far distant world of rest, and holiness, and happiness, to wait for the resurrection day, when, returning to the new created earth, it will once more revisit its former habitations.

CHAPTER V.

AFTER DEATH.

No angelic messengers hovered around the couch of the dying Ernest. As his soul awoke from her momentary trance, the first consciousness was that of awe at its new state of existence.

He heard; he saw; though no longer through bodily organs: that is, he perceived, he appreciated. By his will, he still could move or change his place. External masses of matter were no obstacle. He could pass on, as if, in his bodily shape, he was passing through shadows. If he pleased, he not only heard the words uttered by those around him, but was present at their thoughts, and saw them formed, and pass over the mind. Indeed, it was not so much sound or words that he received, as thoughts which he perused as they arose.

Moments passed: the stunning feeling of passive awe was succeeded by wonder, and even curiosity began to dawn. He was separate from that which once he called himself. Beneath him, on the bed, lay the dead form he once animated. Friends were weeping over it: already, a callous indifference as to their feelings was creeping over him: when a sudden pang thrilled through his mind, of the fixedness of his character and condition. The thought entered—"This eternity! What is my destiny? Where my residence? Is this punishment? Where is the hell with which the priest has threatened me?"

One after another of his evil deeds, in rapid

movement, came to his memory, and a tide of evil passions and foul thoughts flooded his soul, as those memories rushed in. It can hardly be said, he, as yet, felt remorse or even regret. With the knowledge of the fixedness of his character, came a wave of despair over his soul, bearing away, on its billowy crest, the former hopes, and good resolutions and pious purposes he might have ever felt or formed, and burying them for ever in the deep sea of oblivion.

Remorse must follow punishment, and that he had not, as yet, experienced. Regret, the lost never feel : for regret might produce repentance ; and repentance generate hope ; and hope create reformation ; and reformation conduct to bliss.

Among the demons of this earth, character is fixed : evil passions have the entire sway over the heart ; have its entire occupancy. Desires are all unholy ; selfishness reigns supreme ; affections are all blotted out ; duties are all forgotten ; and the house of the heart, 'empty' of all hope, 'swept' of all former amiable and lovely traits, and 'garnished' with the furniture of hell, receive the 'seven evil spirits' of passion, and wickedness and crime.

Bodily desires, and bodily appetites had ceased.

Intoxication, gluttony and lust, he looked upon, as the adult man regards the marbles and tops of childhood. They belonged to a past era. But they had left their impress upon his mind, in the production of self-indulgence; in the habits of contamination and foul thought they had excited; in the entire want of self-control they had produced.

God has given us the animal appetites for wise purposes, to be employed in the sustenance and continuance of animal existence. Properly regulated, they add much to the happiness of our mundane condition. As a consequence of the fall of man, their excess will lead to present crime and future contamination, and they become therefore a part, and an important one too, of man's trial here below. On no other subjects can self-government be better exercised, or self-control better acquired. The Deity has manifested his wisdom, in allowing such principles to exist in the constitution of free agents, making them the instruments of trial, in our bodily condition.

Ernest Maltravers had abused his bodily organization, and the evil effects were now stamped indelibly on his mental constitution. Though these corporeal temptations were lost, there still

remained all the evil parts of his mental or intellectual character, in all their force; yes, with more than their former force.

In the most depraved on earth, there are always some remains of virtue, which show that the soul of man was the offspring of the Deity. In the midst of the scattered and mouldering ruins, which sin has produced, there may still remain some standing column of elaborate architecture, which, in its solitary grandeur, will exhibit the divinity of its architect: or, even if this last column of virtue be flung down, and broken among the surrounding ruins, a fragment of an entablature, a graceful outline of a shattered capital, may serve to show that there virtue once had her dwelling. But, in the lost heart, no such fragments remain: the hand of eternity has swept them all into the stream of the past; and the cry of the blood-thirsty wild beast, or the scream of the filthy bird of the night, are the only echoes to the loud demand of where was the temple of virtue.

Demoniacal passions began now to dawn in his heart. Revenge, malice, rage, envy, hatred of all that is good, enmity to God and all his creatures, a brood worthy of the great Adversary himself, fluttered, new-fledged, in his breast, and seemed

to demand, by their importunate cries, the life blood, *the soul-blood* of some victim for their sustenance.

Though we have occupied some time in the detail of these new experiences of Ernest, yet they passed over his heart, in an exceedingly short period, and served to prevent a conjecture of what was to be his destiny. Events soon brought this to light.

Suddenly, there appeared before him two shadowy forms, like his own, demoniacal imagos: no door had opened; no noise, or sensible appearance, had existed. They were there: the lurid flames of hell-born passions darted from their eyes; the fixedness of character in wickedness pervaded their countenances. They approached him. "Ernest Maltravers," said they, "come with us." "Whither?" was his response. "You will soon discover; but it is not 'where the wicked cease from troubling, or the weary are at rest.'" So saying, they took him between them, and left the house, in the same inexplicable manner in which they had entered.

In pursuing the progress of Ernest Maltravers in his demoniacal intercourse, the reader must pardon me if I employ language suited to our

present capacities. We have, of course, no words to express the modes of spiritual intercourse. We must say—he saw—he heard—he felt—he touched : though by these terms we mean, that he communicated and received impressions.

In the inhabitants of the other world, the character becomes the outward form, and is so impressed upon it, as to be the external sign itself. In this state, the eye, the face, the lineaments of the countenance, the movements of the muscles, are the exponents of the soul. Traits of character, themselves, take this place in the spiritual body ; but, still, we must make use of well-known terms to express their existence. Let there be no criticism, then, upon the absurdity of speaking of words and looks, of eyes and hands, of countenance and form, belonging to the dead. They are used as the sensible, external indices of what would not be otherwise understood. The Scriptures employ the same language, in speaking of the Deity. The all-seeing eye of Jehovah ; the hand of Providence ; the footsteps of the Almighty ; the ear of God always open to prayer ; are but signs suited to our limited conceptions of the modes of a spiritual essence.

CHAPTER VI.

PANDEMONIUM.

We must now transport our readers to a great demoniacal assembly held in the district which the late Ernest Maltravers resided. There are many of these Pandemoniums scattered over every land, where the wicked spirits congregated to receive their instructions; to report their progress; to plan new attacks on the kingdom of holiness below; to concert new devices to ensnare unwary souls, and swell the number of the lost. Here, they occasionally feel the presence of their great master, whose periodical visitations are necessary for purposes of instruction, of encouragement, or of punishment.

In these evil assemblies, there are always some choice spirits who preside and dictate as chiefs of the region: spirits that have been long separated from the body; who have grown old in wickedness, are adepts in all modes of temptation, and know the human heart in all its recesses.

assemblies, the recently dead are brought enrolled in the great encampment of the dead, to be prepared to perform the great work of the prince.

Soon as attendant demons ascertain that a soul has been released from its clayey tenement, has not been wafted by angels of light to the realms of the living, they are commissioned to bring the departed to these drear abodes, to commence the disorganization of hell.

One of these demoniacal conclaves our steps were directed.

All places are alike to demons. A cave, a rocky hill, a deserted dwelling, a grave—no matter the locality—all places are alike. Light or darkness, heat or cold, are nothing to them. Day and night succeed each other unremittingly. There is no fatigue for a spirit: no rest for a demon. A known place of assembling is easily wished.

A large, expanded cavern opened under the foot of a mountain, with a narrow mouth, down which the wandering rustic looked with awe into the black, black darkness beneath him, and heard, instead of the chill of horror, the echoes of the stone he had shed down the orifice, as it rebounded from

the jutting rocks, and fell, with a deadened splash, into the far-distant waters.

Let us fling aside our bodily eyes, and senses, and enter. Its huge expansion was illuminated by lurid lights, burning around its roof, visible only to the perceptions of demons. Groups of spirits, of various ranks, ages, and characters, filled up its level floor.

The presiding demon now seated himself on an elevated throne, and order was proclaimed.

Generations had passed since he mingled with the affairs of life. Sin and crime had become his nature, and shone forth from every part of his frame, a sulphurous light, as if molten lead were running through every vein. In the early history of our country, he had borne a conspicuous part: murder and rapine had marked his life. His wealth, obtained by kidnapping Indians for the mines of Hispaniola, had been spent in riot and debauchery. His days had been days of violence; his nights had been nights of lust. He had long since served out his apprenticeship of wickedness; and, by his great prototype, had been constituted dictator of this important section of his domains.

Near where he now resided, had been the scene

of his riots and his rule. On the brow of yon peaceful eminence, once stood his habitation, shunned by every passer-by, cursed by the widow and the orphan.

On the very floor of the cavern, where he now presided, lay, crumbling into dust, the bones of many a victim, plunged into its abyss to conceal his guilt. His pre-eminence in wickedness, and the strong, unwavering determination of soul he possessed, increased by years, and even centuries, of unchecked iniquity, created an awe that few, even among demons, could resist.

Let it not be supposed that, among these lost and wretched beings, there is an equality of powers or capacities, or even characters. A demon is still a human being. He carries into this state of existence all his human powers and capacities, and every trait of his human character; and he will be fit, either to reign or to serve, to govern or to be governed, as he would have been on earth. The sinful character, formed on earth, becomes but fixed after death, and goes on with no hope of change or of reformation, to perfectibility of wickedness. Time, however, is required for this consummation; hence the elder of the demons are more fitted for rule than those that have

more recently been clothed in humanity. But death makes no alteration in the character. The weak, the vacillating, the slothful, are still the same unstable beings: self-indulgence grows stronger, and every bad passion ripens into maturity.

CHAPTER VII.

JUDGMENT.

"THE first business of the assembly," exclaimed the presiding demon, "is the reception and enrollment of such new members as may have been separated from the body since we were last together. Whose name is reported?"

"Ernest Maltravers!" echoed a voice from the outside of the crowd; "Ernest Maltravers has filled up the cup of his destiny, and is here to receive his reward!"

At the hearing of these words, the scene in all its horrors presented itself to the eyes of Ernest, who, with his conductors, had entered the cavern; and, with the solemn announcement that they

made, the certainty of his lost condition, of his guilt, and his punishment, burst through his soul like a flood of flame, and so engrossed his faculties with the dread idea, that he recovered not until he found himself in the very midst of the assembly, in front of the throne of the dictator, with thousands of insulting, malicious, exulting looks fixed upon him.

"Accusing spirit!" uttered the dictator, "bring forward your record, and show why Ernest Maltravers stands before me, and whether it is his deserved doom to be a demon with us."

A curtain moved from a recess in the rocks, and in its niche were seen volumes and scrolls written, as if with a pen of phosphorus. A thin and wasted frame, with malice, cunning, meanness, trickery, and duplicity, stamped indelibly on his features, the secretary of this Pandemonium, one whose life on earth had been a life of fraud and dishonesty, of meanness and lies, reached forward, from this receptacle, a roll, on which the name of Ernest Maltravers shone in letters of fire.

"Read out the records of his life; the evidences of his guilt, the fitness of his character for this destiny."

"I will first," replied the shrivelled being, "produce the record of his advantages."

"Ernest Maltravers," continued he—turning the pages over rapidly as he spoke—"Ernest Maltravers was born to wealth; to an honourable lineage; personal strength and beauty were bestowed upon him; the seeds of genius, imagination and talent were sown in his intellectual constitution; eloquence was in his speech, fascination in his manners; he had all that earth could bestow of friends, and station, and fortune, and youth. Such were his advantages."

He closed the book with a violence that resounded through the cavern, and, as the clasps snapped in their close embrace, another voice from near the throne uttered the low, distinct, solemn decision, "Ernest Maltravers' advantages are now closed forever!" when, on the surface of the volume, there shone out the words in characters of flame, "*closed for ever!*"

"What has been his life?" exclaimed the dictator, in his stentorian voice.

The shrivelled secretary opened another immense volume, dark as the waters of Erebus, the leger of the records of Pandemonium; on one of the black pages shone the name of Ernest Mal-

travers, and, in parallel columns of debtor and creditor, were seen his advantages and his acts. He read in contemptuous tones :

“ Ernest Maltravers was born to wealth. He wasted it in riotous living ; in pampering the excesses of appetite and pride.

“ Ernest Maltravers was born to an honourable lineage ; but he used it for oppression and haughty cruelty.

“ Personal strength was bestowed upon Ernest Maltravers, and constituted him a duelist. Personal beauty was a gift to him ; which only fitted him the better for a seducer of innocence.

“ The seeds of genius and imagination and talent were sown in his intellectual constitution ; and grew up, under his cultivating hand, noxious weeds, whose decoctions were fit only for the chalice of crime.

“ Eloquence was in the speech of Ernest Maltravers ; but heard only in the midnight orgies of vice, or whispered into the ear of some hesitating beauty.

“ Fascination shed its enticing light through all the acts and manners of Ernest Maltravers ; and was employed only to allure to vice.

“ Friends, and station, and fortune, and youth

were his gifts; only the more rapidly to fill up the measure of his guilt, and bring him before us, at this early age."

"His doom is pronounced!" thundered the dictator. "His doom is pronounced; he is one of us; he is one of us!" echoed in varying tones throughout the vast assembly, and reverberated in demoniacal shouts, over the vast cavern of the lost!

Ernest gazed around in strange wonderment and amazement. His pride and disdain began to re-enter his heart; and his former inflexible haughtiness to resume its dominion.

"Is this hell!" he exclaimed, in a loud and angry tone, "is this hell?" Suddenly a tumult arose, as if all earth's tempests were spending their gathered strength in that dread place. Hisses, curses, execrations, loud and deep, burst from the crowd. "He has broken the compact! down with him! He has mentioned the forbidden word! Punishment! punishment!" were heard on every side. Ernest looked around in defiance. "I have signed no compact, hence I have broken none, and I ask again, is this place hell, and are these the devils?" "There is, however," hissed the sneering tones of the secretary, "there is a

compact to be signed, and force may be necessary to produce submission."

"Submit! to whom? Ye are, if I understand my situation aright, but my fellow men. I never submitted to ought on earth, why should I in hell? Submit! no: not even to the great devil himself, your master: the stubborn will never submits!"

Hardly had he uttered the words, ere a thousand forms were struggling to bind him down. In the midst of the confusion, a stifled whisper uttered but distinct enough to be heard, "*He* is here." Silence and quietness at once succeeded. Awe and fear reigned supreme over the late turbulent assembly; and, as Ernest gazed up, he saw a shadowy form, if form it was; the sublimed essence, as it were, of power and malice. There was not so much an effect produced on his spiritual senses, as a direct tangible mental experience of the presence of great intellect and great capabilities of the worst and most malignant description.

"Let him have the foretaste of the punishment due to the obstinate," uttered a low, distinct voice from the shadowy form, and from this personification of power, there came forth a shadowy hand, which, as it was quietly placed on Ernest,

overcame, at once, his desire of resistance, and he sank under its influence, back into a corner of the cavern, where, without any ostensible power exerted upon him, he lay, helpless and miserable, the haughtiness of his spirit cowed within him.

CHAPTER VIII.

RETROSPECTION AND RETRIBUTION.

THE scene of the cavern vanished from Ernest's perceptions. The crowd, the confusion, the enraged and hissing assembly, the lurid lights, the deep shades, all were gone, and, but for the occasional thrusting forth of that shadowy hand, to change the new phantasmagoria that flitted before him, he might have supposed life was again his own.

The cavern and its scenes had vanished. A bright and sunny spot burst upon his view. Ernest knew it well. There was the cottage of his



early childhood: the rose shaded its narrow window, and clambered upon its low roof. The old nurse of his infant affections stood beneath the shade of the spreading elm, to watch the steps of a tottering child, sporting on its banks. Full well he remembered that day. There was the same brook that bubbled at his feet. He felt the perfume of the summer flowers, as they were trampled by the little feet of the sportive child. There came over him the long forgotten feeling, as he looked up at the tall, tall trees, and wondered whether they reached to heaven. There, he stood in his infancy; his faculties just dawning in his soul; pliable materials for the plastic hand of education to mould as she pleased. A lad of larger size, and more meanly dressed, came up with a bird's nest in his hat. The child, after gazing on the little trembling beings in the nest, demanded its possession. The lad refused: he had spent time and labour in its acquisition, and was unwilling to relinquish it. The child clamorously urged his demand. The nurse advanced and inquired the cause of the contention. "Yes, my lad, you must give it to him. Master Ernest must have what he wants; will he not be rich? The rich must always be gratified." The boy

yielded, and the child conquered ; and then, under the eye of the nurse, he, unchecked, deliberately pulled the miserable birds, limb from limb, because their struggles amused him. Well did Ernest remember that day, the springing up of pride and cruelty in his heart. From that hour he acted upon the principle, that Master Ernest must have every thing.

Memory then followed those traits throughout his whole career ; pride and cruelty, to which, in after years, was added lust, these were governing principles.

The scene changed : A deep and rapid brook burst through a mountain gorge ; on its shelving banks an agile stripling plied the rod, and the well-filled creel showed his success. Far down the ravine, where the brook flowed more quietly through grassy meadows, half seen amid the thick underwood, appeared the corner of a small, white cottage. " Oh ! take me not there ! " exclaimed Ernest from his inmost soul, " I never truly loved but her. Fool, villain that I was, to fling away from pride, the only heart that ever loved me. Yes : I see her now : the long yellow locks floating over her white shoulders, climbing the mossy stones to meet her youthful lover in

that glen: the clear white cheek, tinged with the flush of exercise, and the mild eye, blue as those fragments of the sky seen through the o'er-arching trees above us."

There was no reply; but the scene shifted. The dark mountain gorge was in the distance; the late brawling brook was creeping lazily through the green meadows. On its sunny bank, just where the bend in the stream gives place for the beech tree to weave its contorted roots on the margin of a deep pool, was stretched in death a pale but lovely form; the long yellow locks saturated with moisture, clung to the marble shoulders; the blue eye was glassy; the rich pouting lip was livid; while slime and weeds filled the mouth and nostrils, round which the loves and graces were wont to flutter. Ernest tried to withdraw his gaze; but turn his mind which way he would, there lay that lovely form, in its early death. "This was thy victim," exclaimed memory and conscience, "betrayed, ruined and deserted, she hid her shame in the grave of a suicide."

Again, the scene changed. A quiet meadow of hard turf behind a deep wood, formed the picture. No sound disturbed the silence of the

peaceful spot but the chirping of the hidden cricket and the whistle of the distant wood-robin. At each end of the meadow, approached two men, strong in early manhood, with faces pale with excitement and revenge. Instruments of death were in their hands. Ernest knew them well. There stood a young man, the only hope of his mother, and she a widow. A foolish quarrel, arising at the brothel, where each was too proud to acknowledge wrong, had arrayed them against each other.

He looked again. The young man was stretched upon the green-sward; the life blood fast oozing out of a death wound, and staining crimson the bright flowers beneath him, and crying up to Heaven for retribution. "This was thy victim," conscience again uttered, and memory brought back the rejected proffer of reconciliation and the last dying look.

Again the scene changed. A long and crowded street of a city presented itself before him. On the steps of a respectable mansion, stood an old man, with his long white hair floating in the wind. He was assiduously assisting a very young and blooming girl into a public stage. The numerous appendages of travelling showed that her resi-

dence from home would be long. She was just budding into beauty ; life was young and warm in her flushed cheek and heaving bosom. Her mild black eye showed confidence and attachment ; a belief that all she should meet would be as warm hearted and sincere as herself. See that young man, who seems to have the care of the young lady. Did not Ernest know that broad clear brow, that manly step, that eye of power ?

But look again ! Is this the distant school to which that lovely one was sent by her doating father ? Is that bloated and red-faced woman the preceptress of the young ? Ernest shuddered as he saw honour, and shame, and virtue faded away from the late blooming maiden. Conscience again shouted "This was thy victim." And memory told him to look but from the window of that loathsome, though splendid dwelling, to see the old father in his agony, sinking on its marble steps, his long white hair mingling with the dust of the pathway. "He was thy victim !" thundered conscience.

So passed, one by one, the scenes of cruelty and blood, of debauchery and lust, that had marked his life-time. Faithful memory, faithful even to the minutæ of words and looks, assented to the

truth of each scene. Conscience, awaking, alas ! too late, uttered her awful voice, "These were thy victims ! these were thy crimes ! these thy mis-spent hours, thy ruined hopes !" until even demoniacal nature could endure no more.

"I submit to all required. Take those scenes away ! Wake no more the stings of memory and of conscience," groaned out the miserable sufferer.

A deeper pause succeeded ; a deeper horror struck into Ernest's soul : for a single ray from the wrath of Almighty God glanced into the darkness of his heart, and melted obdurate will and stubborn purpose, and kindled up the never-dying flames of remorse and woe.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FUNERAL.

It was the day of the funeral. Ernest had accompanied the long and solemn train ; had seen

the body descend to the earth, and now stood in the solitary grave-yard; watching the mourners as they departed. A few human feelings, and slight human regrets pervaded his soul. He saw himself cut off from all those who had been his friends. Power had departed from him. The very existence of his departed spirit so near them, even, was unknown, and he felt, more completely than ever before, his entire separation from earthly things, and the state of his utter loneliness. A new, untried pilgrimage was before him, with no hope shining over its path, with no quiet resting-place at its close.

As he turned to leave the spot, a demon form joined him, whom he had casually observed in the crowd at the cavern, but whom he now recognized as an old acquaintance, in much earlier life, who had been dead some years.

The career of Belgrave had been short but notoriously wicked. He was born to no advantages of fortune, and had been obliged, by hard labour and diligent perseverance, to educate himself. Of an inquiring, sceptical mind, his complete education, and the extent of his information on all subjects, only made him the more formidable and dangerous to his companions. The in-

struction of youth was his employment, and he had been an early tutor of Ernest, in whose mind he had scattered the seeds of infidelity and impiety. Of consummate powers of deception, his iniquitous principles were never perceived, where he had an object to conceal them ; hence he was enabled to contaminate many youth besides Ernest. His subsequent career was one of cool-blooded iniquity. He was said to have poisoned an aged uncle to get possession of his property, and, when wealthy, to have flung off all former deceptions, and, as an unblushing infidel, to have exercised his influence over the whole community. After having been engaged in many duels, in which by his superior skill and cunning he had sacrificed many lives, his own life fell a victim to the violence of others. "He who sheds man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." The blood of our fellow-men, though poured out on the soaking sand, or shed on the salt ocean, cries up to heaven for punishment, and will ever be in remembrance before the Almighty. This, Belgrave experienced, for he was sent to his last account, in the prime of manhood, by the hand of one whom he despised, and whom he had wantonly deceived and insulted.

This was the being commissioned by the dictator to be the instructor of Ernest in the duties and employments of his new condition.

Ernest would fain have been alone. Indeed, he was planning to himself to use his powers of motion to convey himself elsewhere, where, alone, he could wait the dread termination of this earth's existence.

"Whither hastening, Maltravers?" inquired Belgrave. You cannot escape my presence. I am ordered to accompany you; and you have but too lately experienced the power of our dictator to inflict punishment, not to know that submission will be effected at any rate."

"What have you to do with me?" muttered Ernest.

"To teach you the duties of your present state, and to give you such information as you may need."

Every thing, yet, was so strange and new in Ernest's situation, that he felt any information would be valuable; and curiosity was aroused to know one, whom he once respected, state the particulars of his new organization: he therefore inquired, "What is my duty?"

When first released from the body," replied

guilt, obligation, pleasure, duty, all are presented in their true, proper aspect, and are valued as they should be. These moments never occur in the day-time, or but rarely. They are moments when the watchful demon has left his post, and the guardian angel, taking advantage of the respite, has suddenly aroused the sleeper from his slumbers, to thunder in his ears his guilt and his destiny. Demons are more or less careful upon this subject, according to their character."

"Are there differences of character among demons?" inquired Ernest. "I had supposed it might be so during the first few years after death; but, I should suppose, that similarity of employment and destiny would gradually assimilate the character of each to all."

"You reason like a son of earth," said his instructor, "forgetting that the consequence of death is fixedness of character. With the withdrawal of the breath, ceases the hope or prospect of change. All the habits are then fixed and unalterable, going on towards perfectibility. Even those natural traits, which are neither sinful nor holy, the result of our temperaments, over which, on earth as in this condition, our wills have no control, continue our distinguishing traits.



Ardor, zeal, sloth, irritability, every thing that was ours, to direct, control, or lead into right in life, are now our characteristics, and lead us to evil. The peculiar nature of the evil depends, in a great measure, upon these innate traits; as you will see in your own condition and employment here."

"I find myself," rejoined Ernest, "a curiosity to myself. I can still trace all my original propensities, but many, if not all, of my affections growing weaker. Do we lose our natural affections entirely?"

"Yes: in time. Much depends upon our anterior progress in the hardihood of guilt. Like every thing else within us, such changes must be, to a certain extent, gradual. As soon as we die, all hope of good is, of course, destroyed; but there are degrees of wickedness, and steps and gradations in our present downward course, so that you will find almost the same diversity of character among us as on earth, allowing for the fact that there is no intermingling of good. We drop, however, those vices that depend upon the gratification of the senses, and all those desires that mere earthly objects would call forth, but

retain every mental desire and quality that would conduct to sin."

"What makes the pre-eminence among you? How are high stations and great power obtained?"

"That will exemplify my last remark. The love of power, or ambition, being entirely a mental quality, is retained by us, in all its strength. Hence, to obtain its gratification, we undergo all the anxieties of mortal life. Plots are laid; conspiracies formed; the strong-minded influence and govern the weak, as in life. Jealousy, envy, strife, rage, all are present in their vividness, and make our Pandemonium often, when compared to the assemblies of the living, like a volcano, seen by a common fire. Dissimulation, of course, can have no place with us, as every one's thoughts are naked and open to all inspectors; but so much the more furious are all the passions as they do rise, because there are no means of concealment, or motives for it."

"How are such dissensions quieted?" inquired Ernest.

"You can hardly call any such arrangement that may be made, a state of quietness. We have no quiet here. Whoever is out of power,

is feeling all the stings of envy ; and whoever is in power, feels like one sitting over a slumbering volcano, who knows not how soon it may burst forth, and overwhelm him in its desolations."

"But how can such disagreements be settled or arranged?" Ernest, impatient at even a slight delay, rather testily inquired.

A shade of awe passed over Belgrave's countenance, as he hesitated, for a moment, to reply. The awe deepened, as he observed the impatience of his companion, and he replied in a lower tone, "It often requires the interference of our great master himself to settle such dissensions. He soon terrifies us into submission and silence, and makes such appointments as suits him. Do not ask me, as I see you wish it, the details of such appearances, nor sneer at their effect on my mind. You yourself but lately experienced a visitation, and can realize its terror."

As this was said with some bitterness, Ernest did not soon reply, especially as the recollection cowed his spirit. They walked on in moody silence for some time. At length, Ernest inquired, rather abruptly, "But you have not, as yet, told me of my peculiar destiny and employment. Of whom am I to be this excellent guardian angel,

to teach the dialect of Pandemonium, and bring a sacrifice on demoniacal altars?"

As this was said with some haughtiness, it gave a delight to Belgrave to reply, as he did.

"Saw you, when yon funereal train quitted the grave-yard, a thin and wasted peasant girl, seated on a distant tomb-stone, holding a flaxen-headed, bright-eyed boy in her lap?"

Ernest felt a pang of remorse and horror as he assented.

"That boy is to be your care!" coarsely sneered out the instructor.

"That boy! say not so!" said Ernest; "he is my own son. I injured his mother enough, without continuing the destruction of her son."

"So much the more appropriate person to manage his destiny. As a father, you will know more of his temperament; be better able to appreciate his propensities, form his habits, and guide him to destruction. As you seem rather disturbed, I will explain to you the philosophy of the connection; and, as you studied metaphysics or mental physiology but little in life, you will need a lesson now.—The soul of a child is a germ from the Almighty, entering the body at the moment of birth, expanding, from that period, in

intellectual and moral capacities for ever. The parents have nothing to do with the creation of the soul ; its purely intellectual qualities are its own, derived directly from above. You will often find the mere intellect of the child totally different from any of its ancestral stock. At the moment of conception, the mother supplies the *ovum*, or germ, of the future bodily organization, the outline of what is to be filled up, afterward, in its corporeal capacities. From the father descends the *living principle*, residing in the blood, and producing, in its operation on the corporeal system, its peculiar energies and powers, and, in its subsequent operation on the new-born soul, the temperaments of the man, which lie behind the will, and form the distinctive character, which no means can ever change. All that appears hereditary in our mental constitution, is but the action of hereditary temperaments or corporeal action on our intellectual capacities. The soul (or, at least, its substratum) is not hereditary ; but the character, the propensities are often so, from the influence of our temperaments, derived from the living principle, and acting on the young mind. Hence, who so proper to form the depraved character of a son, as the father who begat

him? He knows the bent which such and such temperaments, derived from himself, will take, and can apply, more skilfully than any other hand, the requisite temptations. We find none ripen so soon in wickedness, as when the father or the mother is the tempter. This is your destiny: this I was ordered to communicate to you."

Ernest shuddered as he spoke, for he saw the fiendish satisfaction which the other took in the remorse and horror that filled his heart.

Belgrave continued: "More of our circumstances you will learn as you continue longer with us. A large Pandemonic assembly will be held to-night, in which the reports of some demons, who have finished their work, will be made, which will instruct you in our mode of operations. I shall meet you there."

"Stay! I have some important questions to ask."

"Say on then," replied Belgrave; "I am sent for that purpose."

"When is the task finished?"

"When the soul leaves the body; no sooner. If successful, the demon is then allowed to roam at large, employed in the great general national objects of mischief we have before us: if unsuccessful, a new apprenticeship must be endured,

and a new effort made to bring a soul to perdition. In the earlier stages of your office, much less exertion and time are needed ; you can implant a feeling, and let it operate, and then perform other duties, or obtain other instructions. Come ; let us go hence."

"Farewell, old body !" said Ernest, as he looked down on the new-made grave ; "you and I meet no more."

"Do not be too sure of that," interrupted Belgrave.

"What do you mean ?" was Ernest's startled question.

"On every anniversary of your death, you spend twenty-four hours, as mortals count hours, within that loathsome body, wherever it lies, and whatever its solitary or melancholy condition ; and this, until its last particles suffer decay, and exhale in gases, or float off in dust, to form other bodies ; then you are released from this penance : but this release gives no relief ; there is something beyond that, which none but the oldest of us knows, whose bodies have long since resolved themselves into the elements ; and which they will not relate. I can give you no further information."

Ernest, as he was left alone, gazed round him in despair: pang after pang had rent his heart, each one he hoped the last; but each one succeeded by something more terrific still. "No change!" he exclaimed; "no hope. Oh! that life were once more my own! But why should I wish? Would I be less proud or haughty, or less given to corporeal pleasures?—less prone to wickedness? No, no! My character is fixed."

CHAPTER X.

THE BUFFOON.

RESTLESSNESS, that earnest desire of some change, which the miserable always feel; a desire of they know not what, but a feeling that any thing will be a relief: a wish, if possible, that employment or excitement, or any thing from without, would take from the mind the consciousness of the pangs beginning to gnaw within, induced Ernest to seek the place of rendezvous earlier than its hour of assembling.

How often have the wretched experienced, in a very slight degree, however, the feeling which Maltravers now experienced! A friend lost; property gone; any great evil having taken place; there will be, perhaps, from the hurry of employment, a moment of forgetfulness of the loss, only to have its reality occur with tenfold force, when the excitement was over. How often can such persons remember the moment of waking from some pleasant dream, a second or two of supposed happiness; then a dawning feeling that something is wrong; and then the instantaneous thrill, as every thing becomes clear, distinct, and perfect in its misery!

As Ernest entered the cavern, he encountered another old associate, who had gone before him to the world of spirits: one of those jolly, thoughtless companions of the bottle, who are their own worst enemy, the self-indulgence of whose palate has proved their ruin. Ernest remembered well how often he had set the table in a roar; with how much wit and humour he had seasoned every banquet of wine; and how much, from his capability of enlivening society, his company had been sought for: how he had fallen, gradually, as property and respectability declined, into the low



buffoon, until his wit was extinct, and his humour became vulgarity. He wondered, as a matter of speculative curiosity, what effect the change of condition would have upon such a character. He soon had the means of ascertaining, for he found that wit had become biting sarcasm and malicious ridicule. It was no longer a harmless light, glittering in its brilliant corruscations around the other intellectual powers, and flashing its illuminations upon them, to make them more distinct to the beholder; but a lurid flame of burning satire, eating into the very heart's core of those who came near its influence.

No one is more shunned in Pandemonium than professed wits. The whole strength of their demoniacal intellect is employed in searching for those new fancies, that shall prove a poison in which to dip the sharp arrows of their malice. Their venom is the keenest of the whole infernal throng, and their gibes and jeers, their scoffs and scorns, connected with their knowledge of the history of every man's past life, which they can learn, gives them a character more hated by them all, than even the violent or haughty. Their time, so far as leisure is allowed them, is spent in obtaining a knowledge of each man's life and

character, of every disgrace in the one, or weak spot in the other, that can be most easily galled by their satire.

The dictators of the various regions, at the suggestion of the great master, employ them as the tormentors and petty executioners of their districts, especially to irritate and vex those that are peculiarly susceptible of ridicule.

If humour has been the characteristic in time, all that was delightful and playful about it has expired; its associations are all of the most vulgar and filthy description. Every thing that contaminates the imagination on earth is concentrated in a sink of loathsome impurity, and as it seethes and ferments, gives out nothing but the most disgusting exhalations of the vilest depravity. The haughty, the refined, the intellectually wicked, are often punished by being obliged to hold communication with no one else, but a class of such beings.

"So, Ernest Maltravers, you are on a level with us, then!" was the salutation he met with. "Pride must have a fall; and that fall must be a great one, from the wealth and station of your lot, to these poor naked walls! Welcome to your future home! I was in hopes of bringing the

shades of some of the victims of your lusts, to welcome you to these bright palaces ; but they all affirmed they had had enough of you on earth, and that love like theirs did not go beyond the grave. But don't be cast down. You are a new comer, and want information. I will bestow a few of my leisure moments upon you, seeing you are so *green*, as they say above, or so *raw*, as we call it here, in more senses than one."

Ernest had already felt there was some peculiarity in demoniacal society : it cannot be shaken off as it can in life ; it is a part of the arranged punishment of that world, that no one can rid himself of a companion until he chooses to leave you. "You may be able, Sidney," said he, "to give me some useful information. Lay aside, for a while, your buffoonery, and listen to my questions. I once bestowed many favours on you."

"Mark me, Master Maltravers," replied Sidney, "and if you wish for any civil answer from me, put not on your haughty looks and demeanour ; they are the cast-off clothes of our other existence. Favours, forsooth ! an occasional glass of brandy and water, given for a bawdy song, or a Merry Andrew's antic, to be brought up as a *favour* in hell !"

At the mention of the forbidden word, the same shadowy form which Ernest had seen before, in its huge outlines of gloomy magnificence, where power, and malice, and rage were combined in archangelic proportions, appeared before them; the same shadowy hand came out of the darkness. Each was seized, and held in such a grasp, that even nature and the soul seemed dying within them. The solid wall of the cavern opened. Beyond, there seemed to be a vast, long prison-house, the stalls of which were of glowing metal; while, beneath, lurid and sulphurous flames roared around their base, ascended and curled around the red-hot pillars, licked with their long, forked, serpent tongues, the ignited enclosures, and rolled up over the great vault, in volumes of fire, and smoke, and poisonous vapour!

The solid wall again closed, and Ernest and his companion found themselves alone, lying in helpless amazement on the rocky floor of the cavern.

"I had forgotten the compact," was the sobered assertion of the buffoon, as he recovered his composure, uttered in much humbler tones than his last speech.

A new pang had crossed Ernest's soul, 'that

looking for of fiery indignation that shall devour the adversaries,' had never before been realized by him. Silently and in despair, with hardly a thought of the past in his soul, he sat, as if waiting his doom.

"These are very different scenes from what we once anticipated, Ernest Maltravers," at last muttered forth Sidney, breaking the silence. "We had very different ideas, from our German superstitious reading, of the infernal beings.—Think of 'the gentleman in black'—'the little man with his claret-coloured coat and everlasting snuff-box'—that used to tempt to evil, according to our German tales, compared with the reality of what we have seen! When such authors reach here, they should be indicted for *scandalum magnatum*, in the great parliament of Pandemonium, if the dictators have any regard for their own dignity."

"Sidney," groaned Ernest, "how can you trifle at such a moment!"

"Trifle! is it? I heard you say, the night of your entrance into these delectable regions, that the stubborn will was always free, and would never submit; for my part, hatred and contempt will be mingled with fear, whoever is the author

of my punishment. And yet," continued he, after a pause, "those authors were not so much to blame as we may suppose. They were exhibiting, it is true with some exaggerations, a real account of the visible appearance of some of our brethren on the Eastern continent, where, from earliest times, greater liberties of intercourse with the living have been given them, than in this land."

"Those accounts, then, of demoniacal visitations and interference with the affairs of men, in the old world, are true, are they?"

"Yes, in the general facts. Details are sometimes embellished, and sometimes entirely feigned; but the fact remains the same, and has been true from the foundation of the world."

"Men, then," inquired Ernest, "have actually made compacts with the Evil One, and have been ruined thereby?"

"Certainly," continued Sidney, "though not directly with our master, yet with some demon shape, acting in his name. Such liberties and powers, however, depend entirely upon the superstitions of the people of the country where granted, and, as the world grows more enlightened,

are less and less frequent, and, in this country, are rarely allowed."

"Why are we exempted?" asked Ernest.

"Because the universal Yankee nation has so little faith in such appearances, that none are allowed. Besides, we find so many more sources of temptation, than formerly, in the increased luxury and profligacy of the times, that such helps are not needed. The easily besetting sin of the New Englander is not a superstition of demoniacal interference, as was the case in Germany, hence he is not attacked in that way."

"But do such personal manifestations ever take place in this country?"

"Yes: the older class of our demons have been allowed to assume forms, and mislead the public; but it is most generally when masses are to be directed to wickedness. On this subject, you will receive more information at our meetings, when emissaries of this kind return to give their accounts to the dictator."

CHAPTER XI.

THE YANKEE.

"But" said Ernest, "do you suppose any New Englander was ever fool enough to make a compact with the Evil One, and lose his soul in that way?"

"You remind me," replied Sidney, "of a whimsical event that occurred here but a few years ago: A German demon, who, for some neglect or malpractice, had been employed for some centuries as a tempter, and who, from old associations, had imbibed a strange prejudice in favour of direct Satanic agency, had been obliged to accompany his victim to this country, as an emigrant. After his victim's death, being released from his employment, but not being allowed to return, he remained in the country. On account of his age and experience, he had acquired the power of bodily presentation, and the dictator of the district, where his victim died, allowed him, at his earnest solicitation, to try the old Germanic

recipe of getting souls for Satan. His first subject was a Yankee, at the West, who wanted the power of accumulating wealth rapidly to be given him. One day, while walking through the streets of Cincinnati, jingling his last two coppers in his pocket, and without the prospect of getting a dinner, he exclaimed aloud, 'I swum, if this is not too tarnation bad! all my goods and notions taken from me, because I sold brass combs for gold!—the 'tarnal cheats!—and then, the kicking, too!' rubbing the irritated part. 'By golly,' says he, turning and shaking his fist at a large house on the other side of the street, 'I'd give all that Satan would ask, if the old boy would help me to a revenge on you!' A little man in black, such as you read of in German stories, with a hump on his back, and an old snuff-box in his hand, was by his side, as he turned round, and civilly doffing his hat, says, in his low, persuasive tones, 'I believe, my dear sir, I can assist you to gratify your revenge.' 'You can, can you?' vociferated the Yankee, as he looked down on the little man by his side. 'Pray, Mister, how?' 'You are hungry,' was the bland reply, 'come with me to Brown's eating-house, and, during our dinner I will show you the how.'—

‘Dinner! but, Mister, I must go upon tick, for I haven’t a four-pence-ha’penny left.’ ‘Never mind,’ said the little man in black, ‘I will pay for you; I have enough;’ exhibiting a handful of gold. ‘Crotch all hemlock!’ said Jonathan, ‘go on: if you stand treat so, I’ll follow you to the infarnal regions!’ Dinner was served, as good as money could procure in that prince of eating-houses; and, such had been the insinuation of his entertainer, that the Yankee had let him into the whole of his life’s history; the speculations; the dealings, honest and dishonest; the craft; the skill at deception; all the bass pumpkin-seed and wooden nutmeg contrivances he had concocted, to raise the needful. In fine, he exhibited himself to be such an arrant knave, that an American demon of ordinary intelligence would have seen, that to tempt him was a work of supererogation: the object had been accomplished already, so much so, that his guardian demon had gone on an electioneering tour to Nauvoo in Illinois, and left him to himself. The German demon soon saw what passion was uppermost. ‘Now,’ says he, ‘I can put you in possession of both gain and revenge, if you will allow me to direct you. You see my resources,’ continued

he, as he saw some incredulity in the face of his victim, and he chucked on the table a purse of gold, and a well filled pocket-book of bank notes. 'Them's the fellows,' said the Yankee, 'them mint-drops! none of your shin-plasters here, Mister. Now, how am I to get 'em myself, I know not, unless you are the old devil himself, as I half suspect.' 'Suppose I am?' was the inquiry. 'Wall then, if you are, I'll meet you half way, Mister Satan. Give me as many of them yaller boys as I want, and I'll sign any writings you wish.' The German rejoiced at the facility of his conquest; drew up the usual form of a Satanic compact, and the Yankee signed it with the usual ceremonies. 'There,' says he, 'that'll bind in any court. Now for the shiners!' To make a long story short: he went into all manner of western land speculations; bought lots by the hundreds; (disdaining the common gains of his old trade of peddler,) laid out cities in the forests and swamps with as much facility as the principal speculators of that period; and, finally, stopped payment, for an enormous sum, leaving hundreds of creditors ruined by his failure.—Gathering what he called the broken fragments of his fortune together, he was waiting, in se-

cresy, in a small settlement on the banks of the Mississippi, the passage of a steamboat, when his friend, the little man in black, appeared at his elbow, holding the contract up before his eyes. 'My dear friend,' said Jonathan, for he had become a courtier in his prosperity, 'I acknowledge the obligations of that little bit of paper; but, you see, it would be personally inconvenient for me to settle with you at present. I wish very much to get these goods, and the rest of my property, away from my creditors, a laudable object, I know, in your eyes; therefore, a little extension of the claim would be an accommodation. Give me your help, in getting my things out of the way, and I will see you at Vicksburgh, where I am going, and we will there arrange our little business.' Well; the German, desirous of cheating the creditors, as there was a very good man among them, besides some widows and orphans, who would lose their all, permitted his man to proceed. After his settlement at Vicksburgh, he made his appearance at his residence, and demanded his body and soul, the price of his contract, in rather an imperious and passionate tone, putting on some of those terrors that once so soundly frightened the German peasants. 'My

dear sir,' replied the imperturbed Yankee, 'your claim is good for nothing.' 'Good for nothing! have you not had its equivalent in gold?' roared the demon. 'Be calm! be calm!' echoed Jonathan; 'Let me see the paper. Why, it is not endorsed. You cannot recover it in any of our courts, without Satan's endorsement.' 'But I have you, the original drawer, in my power, and I can recover it of you.' 'Not too fast!' was the cool reply. 'We are in the state of Mississippi now. Look, here is the act of legislature, repudiating all debts, and I shall stay here until Congress pass its General Bankrupt Law, and then, what will your contract be worth, old Nick?' The discomfited demon immediately withdrew, and never has since tried his Germanisms upon the Yankees. However, we had our victim, as we knew we should, and the German demon his revenge. For, soon after, in a riot occurring about some gambling operations in Vicksburgh, his Yankee friend was shot by a countryman of the fiend, instigated by him to retaliate his failure."

Ernest was, for a moment, amused by the above story; but, soon relapsing into his former misery, he wondered how any one could, in their present condition, remember and repeat such gos-

sip, forgetful that when human nature changes to demoniacal nature, its peculiar bias is never lost. On earth, we see many ready to joke and be amused in the midst of serious misfortunes ; indicating not so much superiority of mind, rising above unhappiness, as a lightness and frivolity of character, that sinks below its effects.

CHAPTER XII.

HENRY JOHNSTONE.

THE business of the meeting was soon commenced ; and, after some trifling preliminaries, a demon, who had been long engaged in the office of tempter, was called up to make his report of success.

"Is your victim dead?" was the inquiry of the dictator.

"Not yet," was the reply ; "but the physicians have given him over, and by to-morrow's dawn he will join us here ; but as another quar-

terly meeting would not occur for some time, I preferred to make my report, and be released from my thralldom, to-night."

"We will hear your details," said the dictator. "Mr. Secretary, be ready to make the records of the present report."

The reader will excuse me, if this report be flung into the form of a tale, as better accommodated to his ear, and better able, in that form, to communicate the desired instruction :

HENRY JOHNSTONE was the son of a wealthy and respectable merchant of New-York. He was born in the earliest part of the present century, and subjected to all the influences by which children of that generation were affected. His father was a man too deeply engaged in business to attend much to the education of his son, and he grew up to early boyhood with no more than the ordinary control of a city child.

A boy's education, in the city and country, is very different. Instruction may be the same ; but the world without, which produces so powerful an influence on the early character, how different ! The one early initiated into all the iniquity, foulness, profanity, and vice, that reigns

around his dwelling; and, even if escaping its actual contamination, having an imagination and memory stored with a knowledge of much that were better unknown. The other, conversant, in the dawning of its mind, with only the images of God's creation. The primeval rocks; the solemn forests; the bright and peaceful lakes; the flocks and herds; the waving grain-fields; the bubbling streamlets; the birds, with their matin-songs; the vespers murmured by the insect tribe, or the lone whip-poor-will on the edge of the wood; these are the first objects that strike the childish eye and ear, and teach the youthful soul nature and God, before he learns man and his wickedness.

Young Henry early exhibited traits of character that should have produced the greatest anxiety in his parents' minds, and called forth their constant watchfulness. Susceptibility of impression was his prominent characteristic from his earliest years. Were this the place proper for such speculations, we could show from what temperament this propensity arises; but the limits of our story forbid; we can only say, that it lays the foundation for facility of character, docility of will, and much that is amiable and lovely,

with much that is weak and almost despicable in the human mind. Susceptibility of impression is always accompanied by candour and a love of truth: though it yields to temptation, it is always open to conviction, and may be directed easily, either to right or wrong. There is much of sunny loveliness, in quiet hours, in such a character. Sympathies and affections grow up easily in such a soil; but its possessor is but illy fitted for the stern duties and trials of active life.

In the intellect, it is associated with brilliancy of fancy, or, more philosophically, with strength of conception, rather than with deep research.

Such an individual is never very firm in his opinions, for he feels too strongly the arguments of his opponents, to adhere very closely to the merits of his own side. But we anticipate.

His attendant demon was sent to his post when Henry was in early childhood, with a recommendation to try the usual effect of some one thing in destroying the soul.

A common plan is, to aim at some one or two simple points in the character, some one desire or passion, and endeavour to accomplish the ruin through that. But very few efforts are made to steep every faculty of the soul in sin, for that



deed is reserved for the more experienced and accomplished demons; and the common mode of procedure of the neophyte in temptation is to employ all his energies to the accomplishment of one object. Hence, in human character, very depraved and guilty in one or two respects, there are often interesting traits even of good principles—principles which temptations have not assailed.

A single instance will serve to show the point in Henry's character that his demon attacked, and the manner in which his parents controlled their child.

Mr. Johnstone was a man who, from his wealth, indulged largely in the luxuries of the table, and, according to the custom of the age, had his brandy and wine at dinner, and his liquors always at hand.

While seated at his dessert, with his wife and family, Henry was prompted by his tempter to ask for a glass of wine.

"Why does the boy want wine?" said the mother; "he never noticed it before. It is better not to gratify him, my dear, lest a habit should be early formed."

"Nonsense, my dear!" replied the husband;

"he will never be the worse for a little wine. Pray give it him."

"But why did you want it, Harry?" said the mother.

"Because, mother, it seems to gratify father so much as he drinks it. I think it must taste good, for he allows it to trickle so slowly down his throat, and smacks his lips so loud when he finishes it, that I am sure it must be good, and I want to try it too. Won't it make me as good-natured as it does father?"

Henry sipped his wine, allowed it to trickle slowly down his throat, and smacked his lips, in imitation of his father.

"Mother," said he, "wasn't it funny for me so suddenly to think how red and sparkling the wine looked, and how good it might taste? I hadn't thought of it before. I was thinking of my pudding and my walnuts, and to-day's lessons, and how Bill Brown swore in the street; and, all at once, as I looked at father, I thought of the wine. Mother, who makes our thoughts? Do we?"

"The wine makes you talkative, my son, and little children should be quiet at table," was the only response to a question that might have been

answered by such an exhibition of demoniacal influence that would have fortified the mind of the lad for ever.

* * * * *

Years slipped by; the child had become a youth. The daily sip of wine had become increased, first to one, and then two, and then many glasses. At his entrance into college, he had begun to pride himself upon the quantity he could drink, and not be called drunk. At that period, a habit like this would, in college, soon acquire the impetuosity of a torrent.

Who does not look at the college character and college temptations of the period a little before, and a little after the last war, and not wonder that all the youth did not become intemperate? It was not, then, merely the wild, the dissolute, and the abandoned, that drank. The pious, the good, the influential, all used intoxicating drinks. Excess, only, was a fault, and that a venial one, if occurring only at extraordinary occasions.

But drinking was not confined to college boys. Their professors fortified their strength in examinations, by a little alcohol. The president felt that a glass of porter, with dinner, and a glass of wine, after, were necessary to support the labours

and dignities of his station. The minister needed it after the exhaustion of preaching ; the physician required it, to withstand the cold or heat of his ride, and to drive off the effluvia of the sick-chamber ; the lawyer demanded it, after the excitement of his labours, or, perhaps, as a stimulus to his craft, or as a cure of his bashfulness. The labouring man drank to forget his fatigue ; the idle man to relieve his tedium.

The breakfast demanded its bitters ; eleven o'clock, its dram ; dinner, its nooning ; and evening, its night-cap.

With the universal prevalence of such an evil, it is a wonder that all our college lads did not fall victims to the destroyer : Tempters had then an easy task, and the inexperienced among the demons took that temptation as the surest, the easiest, the least guarded avenue to the heart ; and the history of the fall of one young man of hope and promise, was but the stereotyped impression of the ruin of the whole.

Henry's college duties were but indifferently performed. He was an easy and fluent speaker, a writer of sensibility and imagination, but a poor scholar in every thing that required depth of thought or industrious research. Indeed, it is

impossible for a person who indulges in animal appetites, ever to become a mathematician, or be distinguished for penetration of mind. The action of alcoholic drinks, though but sparingly used, creates an impatience of nerve and irritability of stomach, that soon operate upon the mind, and create an equal impatience of the restraint of close and continued thought, a habit of intellect absolutely necessary to make the mathematician or metaphysician.

The natural susceptibility of Henry's character would frequently suggest the degradation of intoxication ; and some of his moments, the morning after his frolics, were moments when the mind and body both repented their excesses. But, with the return of health, came callousness of mind ; and were he ever led to utter his repentant feelings in public, or make any known resolutions of amendment, the ready sneer of his companions destroyed every thought of repentance and reformation. His demon found it an easy task. He was swimming on the current, and needed only occasional visitation and impulse to keep him drifting on to ruin.

Henry Johnstone left college a bachelor of arts ; came ; a graduate in the university of alcohol

in fact ; and proceeded to the study of law in one of those law-schools where numbers congregated to carry out college habits and vices without restraint.

He became attached, and married ; and entered into the practise of the law with all the mental and corporeal habits we have described.

The customs of the times, the whole tide of fashion and folly, would not allow his father, or even his wife, to make use of arguments that would lead to total abstinence : excess was all they urged him to avoid.

His demon allowed all such arguments to have their full weight upon his mind. He did not even attempt to drive from his heart the moments of repentance ; he let them have their entire influence ; for, in the first place, he knew he was safe on the downward stream, and such little eddies of reformation only carried him again into the current ; and, in the second place, he really gloated over the mental misery that susceptibility of character would bring upon a semi-repentance like his.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DRUNKARD.

"HENRY, my dear," said the young and interesting wife, "I begin to feel sad about your drinking. You promised me, love, that you would not go beyond the fourth glass, at yesterday's dinner at old Mr. Brown's; and, yet, you was so far overcome, as to be rude in your contradictions of him. Mr. Brown is of too much use to you in your profession to be offended. I wish your health did not require the brandy before dinner, and then the wine after would not produce so much effect. I am determined that our boy shall not learn to drink early."

Johnstone made but few replies to such remarks. In his sober moments, he felt their force; but his mind was turned rather to the exposure than the guilt, and he lamented the loss of his law practise, that his habits were bringing upon him, more than the habits themselves.

Soon, however, the world perceived that he

was growing incapable of doing business after dinner. His chambers were less and less visited by clients. His father was more and more frequently called upon to advance funds for his ordinary support ; and his friends began to shake their heads at him, as a ruined man.

Mr. Brown, his wealthy client, gave him, as he told him, his last case, under Johnstone's promise that liquor should not prevent his acute attention to its merits. Henry felt that it might be a turning point in his present downward destiny. He refrained from drinking any thing for one entire day, and gave up the whole powers of his mind to the study of the case, and was successful in reaching the right principle, on which a decision could be given in his favour. He explained this to his client, so clearly, that the utmost confidence of the result was produced. Another day passed, and nothing did he drink ; and, at dinner, he said to his wife that he felt so much better without liquor, that he thought he could give it all up.

His attendant demon was alarmed. The forbearance of the first day had not affected him ; he rather sneered at such a trivial struggle, as he considered it. But, now, such a resolution would shake his authority to its foundation. He there-



fore suggested the thought, that a single glass, each day, would not do any injury. Henry made the remark to his wife. "But no," said he; "I will not, until after the trial, at least."

The day came on; and the morning saw Henry excited by the importance of the trust reposed in him. The agitation of his mind communicated itself to his nerves, and his hand trembled so that he could hardly write. Johnstone was to open; and upon the proper presentation of the point he had discovered, would depend the success of the case. His tempter told him that the world would sneer at his agitation of nerves and tremulousness of hand; and that a very little brandy and water would give him nerve and steadiness to accomplish all he desired with proper calmness. Just as he left home for court, he yielded to the impulse, and drank. The taste was so gratifying after his long abstinence, that he drank again, and again, until the hour hurried him off. He reached the court-room, and took his seat before the liquor had produced its effect: the usual commencing preliminaries having been gone through with, his cause was called, and he rose to begin: but no effort could collect his ideas, or even supply the words that he desired. He looked around

in all the fatuity of drunkenness, and with a silly laugh sank into his seat, unable to proceed.

The judge burst into tears ; and a solemn silence reigned throughout the court-room, to see so much talent and sensibility ruined by excess.

We need hardly say that the cause was lost, from the fact, that no one presented the strong point on which success alone depended. The loss of the rich client then followed, and business dropped off, and left him without employment.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

LET us now anticipate a few years. Henry's father had died insolvent, a victim to those wild speculations that so often rush, like a tornado, over our country. His mother had died before.

We now introduce him a confirmed sot. Powers, faculties, all absorbed in plans to get some one to give him drink ; a haunter of public houses ;



gentleman, yet, in his soft and winning manners; tidily, though shabbily dressed; hoping, by the beauty of his conversation, to induce some traveller to proffer the glass to his appetite.

But where was his wife? She had grown in length of character, and firmness of purpose, he declined. She kept a first-rate boarding-house; used all her efforts to conceal her husband's failings from the public eye; kept him as cleanly and properly dressed as she was able; would never allow him any thing to pamper his appetites. When sober, he roamed around the house, as useless and as quiet as a tame animal; when returning drunk from abroad, she took care of him, with the utmost assiduity, in one of the penetralia of the premises, where no one but herself could know of his condition.

What had become of the imagination, the genius, the susceptibility of Henry Johnstone?

His whole intellectual powers were only employed to gain him a glass of alcohol; his susceptibility had ended in the maudlin sensibility of the drunkard, weeping, when intoxicated, over his degradation.

Where was the demon? His place was now a secure; and he was endeavouring, without suc-

cess, to destroy the firmness and weaken the resolutions of his wife.

If at any of the public houses he frequented, he could find no one to invite him to drink, he would return moody and irritable. But, even then, such was the ascendancy his wife had acquired over him, that he would not dare to exhibit it to her, but his feeble little boy felt its force, and soon learned to shun him.

To bring up this boy to sobriety, respectability, and religion, was the great object of this exemplary mother's life; to make him useful, without incurring the dangers that had overcome his father, her great hope. Would that she could have had those assistances in her difficult task that the juvenile temperance societies now give, every where, to anxious parents. But her struggles and her anxieties were not doomed to be long. He was too tender a plant to be reared in the cold climate, of this world's poverty. He failed in strength; sickened, declined, until his sorrowing parents saw that soon the sun would shine on his narrow and cold grave.

The father kept more at home, and seemed more like his former self than he had done for years. He formed no resolutions; he said noth-

ing of his condition ; he never drank ; but spent his time near the bed-side of his dying boy. The demon shuddered ; he could break formed resolutions ; but this mere negative action, he could not understand or counteract. He attacked the stomach of his victim, but the anxiety of suspense revented its action being perceived. He placed the old suggestions before him, but to no purpose, for he could not always procure liquor when he desired it.

The last day of the little sufferer had come ; his parents saw that he soon would be with the silent dead. As his father hung over him, the dear child placed his white emaciated arm over his neck, and, in a soft, angelic whisper, said, "Dear father, promise me that you will never drink again, but do all you can to help and comfort dear, solitary mother. Will you, father ? Will you ?"

"I will, my son," sobbed out the sorrowing man.

The demon started, and turned to exercise his rage by closing the life of the boy, when a shining company of attendant angelic spirits frowned him back, and bade him depart.

On the afternoon of the funeral, some article

of importance was needed for the house. The mother was too absorbed in grief, and the domestics all too busy to obtain it. For once, the wife supposed that Johnstone might be trusted with money for its purchase—a thing she had not done before for years.

He was sent out, with a request to return immediately. Time passed, and he came not. The mourning friends arrived. The little body, decorated with the flowers of spring—withering, alas! like him—was placed in its coffin. The minister waited for the father, in order to make the last solemn prayer over the remains, when Henry burst into the room, crazy with drink. He saluted all his neighbours in a loud and gay voice; insisted that he would make a speech to them on the shortness of life; asserted that he could better perform the duties of the last prayer than the clergyman, and threw his arms, in the excitement of intoxicated sensibility, around his wife. She rose in her calm sobriety.

“Husband,” said she, “come with me; you shall not pollute the clay of beloved Edwin with even one look.” So saying, she led him, unresistingly, into an inner room, and, locking the door, she left him to his meditations, re-



turned with a firm step, and told the clergyman to proceed.

CHAPTER XV.

DELIRIUM TREMENS.

WE have but one more scene. Years passed on. We find him, prematurely old, lying on the bed of sickness; the wild rage of *delirium tremens* agitating every nerve; every muscle trembling; eyes starting with horror at the visions imagination had called together. Several strong men were holding him on his bed, while his convulsions at times were so great, as to require all their strength to retain him from springing up.

Near them was seated his wife; her face was calm, though pale. Her tall thin form, now slightly stooping, showed that labour and sorrow had laid their tax on her; and silver hairs were seen amid her raven locks. There was anxiety; there was sorrow on that cold, calm face. Was

there love still there? Can love outlive all she had suffered?—outlive the loss of wealth, of station, of respectability, of talent, of imagination, of sensibility? Ask the long, long nights of misery she had spent; the toils and labours of her weary, solitary life.

As he lay in his paroxysms, her mind ran back over the past. She saw him in his youthful beauty, when he knelt at her feet, and received her vows. She saw him, as she stood trembling by his side a happy, timorous bride. The dark part of her picture of life came likewise into her memory; the downward progress of his career; she shuddered as she contemplated it, but her countenance was still as cold and calm as ever.

"How long will this last?" whispered she to the physician, standing near her.

"Not many hours, unless he sleeps," was the reply.

The sufferer turned, at the slight noise, and a new vision seemed before him. "Why do you bring him in, Mary!" exclaimed he. "There he lies, in all his ghastliness; the snakes twine around his little limbs, and enter his sightless eye-holes! Take him away! Do you see him? He endeavours once more to place that little arm

around my neck, and urge me to leave off drink ; but I cannot ! I can—not ! The serpents within me must be fed, or they hiss and sting. Brandy ! brandy ! Give them brandy ! Wife ! Doctor ! brandy !” And he tore his clothes, and bit deep into his own arm.

“Madam,” said the physician, “you cannot endure this scene. You had better retire. It will soon be over.”

“No, no,” she uttered, in a calm tone ; and then ~~lower~~, “‘in sickness, or in health, till death us do part.’ No, no : I stay here.”

The attendant demon heard the physician’s words, and grinned horribly over the ruin he had made. “It is enough,” said he ; “the hour for the meeting of Pandemonium has arrived ; I will go and relate my story, and claim my release.”

As he closed his recital, he uttered, with a loud voice, “Another soul has been added to your infernal crew ; my duty, as a tempter, is over. I can now be employed in greater and more national labours.”

A murmur of applause ran through the assembly ; and the long, loud laugh of exulting demons rang through the vaulted cavern.

Each voice, however, was soon hushed, and each ear opened, as the melodious sounds of a silver trumpet echoed, clear and sweet, in the distance. A flash of effulgent glory lighted up the vast cave; and the eye of the Almighty, in its wrath, seemed to enter every soul in that vast assembly, and hushed the insulting laugh, and kindled up the flames of fear and despair. Far, far above, in the blue vault of heaven, they saw a company of glorious spirits, winging their way to earth; the brightness of rosy morning marked their path; the harmonies of heaven floated around their progress; and hope! hope! hope! was the burden of their anthem. A bright messenger met them. "Hope! hope!" was his response, in heavenly harmony. "He sleeps! he sleeps! the prayers of his wife, so often borne by us as sweet incense to the altar of heaven, have prevailed. He will live! It is the Almighty's promise! He will live! Preserved from death, he will sign that pledge, the design of which was formed in heaven: he will be rescued." "Hope! hope! hope!" was the loud chorus in full harmony of silver sounds; while rage, and disappointment, and envy, poured their baleful flood

f poisons over the hearts of the demoniacal assembly below.

CHAPTER XVI.

LUCY WOODS.

Not long after, Ernest was wandering around the domains which were once his own, when he saw Lucy Woods leading her little one along a sunny bank, where he had often met with Lucy at twilight hour, or when the moonlight slept on the neighbouring meadows. Her father had been long since reconciled to her, and she had the refuge of a parent's house in all her trials, and a promise of protection to the young and innocent victim of her folly.

The late round and blooming form was thin and emaciated; the rose had left the cheek, and the brightness had fled from the eye. The slight frown on the contracted brow, and the compressed muscles of the lips, showed that inward pain, either of mind or body, was gnawing at her life;



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little enjoyments of the heart!

gazed with wonder at the soul c-
girl, that had once so fondly throbbe-
there was no love left there for him;
out of pulse as his idea entered and
The memory cast over the past was

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but there was an earnest determination in her whole appearance to live for her son's sake, and to create what happiness she could for him, under the reproach and contempt that his birth must produce during life.

"He shall learn to labour!" she exclaimed; "to toil, to suffer; and all that woman and a mother can do to make him firm and fearless, shall be done; not to shield him from misery in this world, but to enable him to endure it."

Ernest now looked on her and his boy with the incipient feelings of the demon. Lucy had been one of the toys of his passions; he had never loved her; and as he saw the thoughts respecting the future destiny and character of her boy rising in her mind, he rather wished for the time to begin when, as attendant demon, he could counteract her plans, and form the infant mind for perdition. He never yet had acted the part of a tempter, and he approached the pair, as they were seated on the well-known bank, with a desire to see how such operations were carried on.

He came in contact with Lucy's mind, and endeavoured to suggest some impure memories connected with her former visits to this sequestered spot: he was surprised, however, to find the

impurities instantly rejected, with a slight aspiration of repentance to her Redeemer for having felt them; and then was still more surprised to perceive her unfolding to her infant companion all that he could know, at the early age, of his disgraceful birth, and of the consequences that would follow from it in all his intercourse with his companions.

The child wept, at he knew not what: the first vague sensation of evil and sorrow entered his young heart; and the violets on the banks; the bright sun on the green meadows below him; the long, silvery line of light reflected from the lazy brook that crept on the farther margin of the scene; which had before been exciting his infantile curiosity, and opening his taste to the beautiful; were bright and lovely no more.

Oh! the first sorrow of a child's bosom! how it does dim all that is delightful in the external world, and cloud over, with a covering dark as night, the little enjoyments of the heart!

Ernest gazed with wonder at the soul of the peasant girl, that had once so fondly throbbed for him. There was no love left there for him; no excitement of pulse as his idea entered and departed. The memory cast over the past was a

cold, calm glance over a reality long gone by, more in the frigidness of despair than under the impulse of sorrow.

But one idea reigned : to save her son ; to bring him up to laborious usefulness in this world, and to point him to the other, where the brand upon his birth would be washed away, with all the stains of sin.

He flung himself into the infant's mind, to study his propensities : but he found none as yet formed : passive temperaments lay waiting for active impulse from without, to create a disposition ; but none was yet formed ; and, as yet, he found no ground for the operation of any habitual temptation ; and he turned with disgust away, as he heard the mother describing to the child the death of the Saviour, the existence of guilt, and its forgiveness. He felt as yet too proud to supply arguments against that, concerning which he had no belief on earth. He preferred corporeal to mental temptations.

As he sauntered, slowly, from the spot, he exclaimed to himself, " And it is all true ! all that I sneered at and scoffed at in life ! "

A better feeling of deadly hostility to the plan of salvation, and its author, seemed to seethe and

boil up in his soul, like a caldron of poisonous decoctions.

"Oh! for power to crush all goodness!" was the bubbling thought, uppermost in those putrid exhalations that effervesced in his soul. He paused: for, far, far above him, he heard again the faint note of that silver trumpet, that had echoed through the cavern. Again was the eye of the Almighty fixed on him in the intensity of wrath. He felt it, as it pervaded every fibre of his mental existence, reaching, and scorching, and withering the very marrow of his soul. He lay prostrate; his vision fixed on the glorious canopy over him, but helpless and suffering. Wave after wave of passion and of feeling; rage and shame, despair and remorse, hatred and revenge, rushed over his soul in frightful desolation:

*"Then the tide ebb'd; and, o'er the sands, flood left,
Fear flung her icy fetters, and the winds
Of passion died; and boiling wrath was hush'd;
And rage, and envy and remorse were lost
In the dead, cold, calmness of despair."*

How long he lay, he knew not; he cared not. All time was over with him; all places were alike. Sleep and food; rest and refreshment, he needed not. Quiet, he could not have; and,

therefore, he hurried from place to place to escape from himself. Now, the paroxysm of despair over, he lay, if possible, to regain mental strength, to re-summon his demoniacal energies. There was a feeling, that respite was now granted him; but there was the additional pang that entered his mind, that, at the end of the long vista of this earth's sufferings, there was the prospect of *eternal death*, when such horrors would be constant. To shut out this anticipation, he looked around him. He was reclining under the old oaks that shaded the avenue, on what had been once his estate. He heard the gentle sighing of the leaves as the wind rustled through them; the quiet, busy murmurings of the bees on the flowery bank beneath him; the short whistle of the solitary quail, as she called to her absent mate; but they brought no soothing quiet to his troubled spirit. The thin gray cloud, as it floated in ether far above his head, but reminded him of the heaven above it, which he had lost. The fragrance of earth; the glories of the sun-light as it bathed the green leaves and enlivened the brown and contorted boughs of the old oaks around him; the cheerful song of the lark, as he ascended from the clumps of dark green maize in the distance; all, all told

of what he once possessed on earth, and had lost, through vice and crime.

To add to the misery of these earthly recollections, adown the path near him appeared a stranger, attending with assiduous care, the Olivia of his affections. He heard the whispered vows; and saw the soft response of the yielding and moistened eye; and, in rage and jealousy, turned from the spot, to seek some other demon, and learn schemes of vengeance.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

AGAIN, at the summons of the dictator, were assembled in conclave the tenants of Pandemonium. Some reformations of individuals, and some general plans for the public good, which had taken place among the living, required some extra effort among the demons to withstand the current. It was a meeting of advice and coun-

sel, though souls from the world could be received, if any were presented.

One tempter, taking advantage, as he said, of the sleep of his victim, presented himself for special advice.

"My case," said he, "is this: My victim is a preacher of note, and, I may say it, for I know his character well, a man of piety and integrity, of devotedness to his calling, and anxious for the good of souls, as they technically whine it out above. I have tried him, from youth, with every thing usually efficacious in winning either the young or the old. His appetite he has held under constraint, even from his college life. All food is alike to him, or all seems blessed to his bodily nourishment, by the spiritual thankfulness with which it is received. He has so long forgotten those luxurious condiments that would stimulate the palate, that I bring the memory of them in vain before his desires. In the strength of his young manhood, he rejected all alcoholic preparations, as being unnecessary to the preservation of his strength.' He was settled over a peaceful and wealthy parish. Every one loved him. His eloquence was such, that all the young women of his congregation were in raptures of praise at

every sermon. They flattered him, followed him, fawned around him in every public place.

"I thought I should shake his integrity here; but he shut himself up in his study, and would go to no social parties, nor visit his parishioners only in the mornings.

"I brought one, weak, simpleton of a religious enthusiast, beautiful, warm passionate, and steeped in love, to his very study. Her excuse was, she wished to consult him on some difficult point in theology. I saw it was a difficult case of the heart. She had written down her objections, and, as he read them, leaning over his arm to examine some illegible word, she allowed her heaving bosom to touch his arm, her glossy curls floated adown his shoulder, her warm breath came soft upon his cheek, and her hot hand touched his. 'Who can resist this?' thought I. I shall have him now. He arose with no change of countenance, no quickening of blood, and taking down a volume of Scott's Commentary, turned down a leaf at the passage which perplexed her, and begged her to take it home and read it, as being a better explanation than he could give her. As he continued standing, she arose, and taking the volume with manifest chagrin, she left the house.

"Not many days after, he received a request to visit her, as she was very sick, and supposed herself near the grave. He went. She lay upon her bed, in a loose undress, which only partially concealed the voluptuous outline of her swelling form. Her eyes beamed on him, in the moisture of deep-felt affection. She begged him to feel her pulse, as she flung her white hand over the pillow, and give her his advice. 'Madam,' he replied, 'I am unacquainted with the indications of the pulse. Let us pray for your recovery.' Closing his eyes to her beauties, he poured out his soul for her recovery, but I thought for recovery from sin, more than from death, and without saying more, as he concluded, immediately left the room.

"When I first saw the scene, I thought I had secured him; but his closed eye and sudden departure led me to see that the temptation had failed. It had opened, however, on a new train of ideas. As he mused, in his study, that evening, his mind ran over the scenes of the day, and, as I stimulated his memory with the sick-chamber, the yielding woman, the dress he had never seen before, he felt he was a man, and not an angel. 'Have I caught you in a sinful thought?' said I, as I

drew one more picture of the scene, as *material* as I could draw it. What was my surprise, when he suddenly flung down his book, seized his hat, ordered his horse and chaise; and drove out that evening to a little country village, some five miles distant, and the next week returned with a plain, homely, tidy, practical, patient, industrious, neat, domestic, little body, whom he had sometimes seen as he had visited the minister of that parish, who said *yes* to his very first question, and who has made him, as the world goes, a most excellent, kind, and judicious wife.

“He had never entirely given up his college habit of smoking; but as his reputation grew, and he had less reason for study, I suggested a pipe or a cigar, as a proper relaxation after dinner, or in the evening. I led him on, until two were necessary where one sufficed. His wife asked him to calculate the expense: he was surprised to find it would annually pay the tuition of one of his children. His little boy told him his breath smelt so that he could not kiss him. His wife quietly showed him the breaches of cleanliness he was guilty of in their comfortable parlour, in consequence of this practice; and he resolved to relinquish it. It was a hard trial, for he did not

feel that it was morally wrong. He was debating the subject with his wife, and commenting upon its sociability. 'Father,' said his little boy, 'did Christ smoke a pipe with Lazarus when he went down to Bethany to see Martha and Mary?' The laugh conquered him, and that temptation fell to the ground.

"I have tried him, likewise, with the love of popular applause, but he is too simple-hearted and honest for that. I have had invitations sent him from other parishes in great cities, well spiced with all that could flatter him, but to no purpose. 'I live among my own people,' was the reply, 'I have no ambition to shine in cities. Let me be surrounded, from Sabbath to Sabbath, with the well-known faces that have cheered me for so many years; let me feel that I am conducting them, by a life of sanctification, to Heaven; it is all the fame or applause I ask. I have marked out six feet of earth, under yon drooping-willows, for my last home. There my little daughter sleeps. There will be the last resting-place of my fellow-labourer in this vale of tears. There I shall be surrounded by the white grave-stones of those whom I have known, and instructed, and

comforted in life, and whose eyes I have closed in death. What do I want more?

"You see, fellow-demons, what a difficult task I have. He is now in a mellow old age, as simple-hearted, as honest, as upright, as when the right hand of fellowship was given him at his ordination. What can I do? Will he ever fall? I ask your advice."

"You hear the statement of our fellow-demon," said the dictator, "has any one any advice under the premises?"

"I think, sir," answered, or rather hissed, the secretary, "that our Right Reverend Father in God, Dr. Dominie, would be the fittest person for an adviser in the case."

The eyes of the whole assembly were turned towards the person in question. It was the first time Ernest had noted him. He was a large, burly shade, retaining still the appearance of a mind whose powers had been destroyed by bodily appetites. He had been a clergyman on earth; had entered into that holy employment from secular motives; had fallen a victim to sensuality and sloth, and was now a wretched tenant in Pandemonium.

"One temptation," said he, "still remains, and

"Nothing," was the answer.

"How's that?" thundered the dictator: "No trifling here!"

"I have no disposition to trifle, I assure you, most worshipful and most puissant! I was always called a poor devil on earth, and I do not think my present company calculated to amend me much. I have not done any thing!"

"And yet you have brought your victim. Explain. How is it? Do not undertake to impose upon us."

"No, no! most worshipful! far be it from me to impose upon your excellence; but restrain your indignation, and you shall hear."

"What temptation did you employ?" interrupted the secretary; "I wish to record it against your victim, and in your favour."

"I know your fondness for double entry, and double *entries* too, and all other double dealing, most learned Mr. Scribe, but I have still the same answer to make: nothing. I used no temptation. My victim is a young man; sober and sedate. He never drank; he never gambled. 'He would not do a *paw-paw* thing for all the world.' Drinking gave him the headache. Gambling hurt his eyes. A mistress was so great a torment to his

friends, that he never would try one. He never could see what woman was made for, except to wash and mend clothes; and, as for wine, he hated it."

"Was he a dandy, then?"

"No, he seldom cared what he had on, and fashions he had no knowledge of."

"Was he a glutton, then?"

"No: eating was a great bore, and he often wished that some one would take out a patent for eating but once a week. He had no ambition, no vanity, no love of display. He was, simply, an *idle man*. My place was a perfect sinecure. I do not know that I ever placed a single temptation before him in my intercourse with him. He had sufficient wealth for himself; needed no exertion for his support; rolled his talent up in a napkin, and hid it in an idle life. It was too much trouble to think of duty, death, eternity, his destiny; and he did not think: he vegetated, merely; and here he is, with as little effort as such a weak brother as I could give him. I could have baited my hook with pleasures or lusts, ambition or vanity, or any other of the common baits used in our great fishery: but, as a

very learned man observed in the upper world,
‘the idler bites the naked hook!’”

A sudden death of a man of great wealth and extensive business, with whom wealth and business had been the great temptations, led Ernest to inquire of some of his acquaintances whether the temptation to wealth was ever so openly spread before the victims, as was the case in the temptations of Germany and other parts of the old world.

The reply was in the negative, in consequence of the utter want of belief, in this country, of the reality, or even possibility of such temptations. To an American mind, the common form of trial is sufficient to prove a snare. ‘Make haste to be rich,’ is so often the maxim on which an American acts, that the attendant demons have only to strengthen that principle, to exclude all that is valuable from the soul.

If the common forms of making money are not rapid enough, the demon invents some speculation, in which to absorb the man of business, and drive out all thoughts of honesty and virtue from his heart. “There is a committee,” continued his informer, “of discharged demons, that have fin-

ished their labour of special temptation, always employed in preparing plans for some general temptation to accumulate wealth; some bubble of speculation is constantly kept afloat on the atmosphere. The price of cotton, or of flour, is made to fluctuate; bank stock, insurance stock, railroad scrip, are, in turn, blown up to a fictitious value, no one on earth knows how, in order to deceive and draw aside the unwary man of business. Some great land fever sweeps over the country, once in a short time, excited and kept alive by this committee: building lots in a city, where not a tree has been cut down from the primeval forest; water lots, where it would require the dirt of the Rocky Mountains themselves to fill up, and make them on a level with the soil; timber lands picked out, at a venture, on a small map, and even paid for, without ascertaining whether they were in the middle of a lake, or on the precipitous side of an inaccessible mountain. Even the poor clergyman, with a pittance of four hundred dollars a year, has felt the influence of this mania for speculation, produced by demoniacal excitement, and has bought and sold his mulberries, and sacrificed his property, and, what was worse, his integrity, for the distant prospect

of growing rich on an article that his own good sense would have told him had been forced far above its intrinsic value."

"I have not heard of these committees," said Ernest.

"No," replied his companion; "you are yet too much of a novice to be admitted into such secret conclaves. There are committees to produce all kinds of popular excitement, whose business it is to roam around our cities especially, and through our country generally, to rouse up a mob, and, if possible, to destroy human life. It is an easy task; and the committees have fine fun in acting on the irascible passions and unreasonable sympathies of the multitude."

"What can they do?"

"Do? If two fire companies of Philadelphia come near each other in the night, fling a stone into the middle of one, and a row is at once produced that often ends in bloodshed. Or they can blow the horn to arouse a body of Anti-renters, and assume the form of some Big or Little Thunder to excite their passions. Or they can attack the printing-press of an abolitionist, or the temple of the Mormons; or drive men to fury at some contested election."

u say, 'assume the form.' I had supposed, at I had heard, that such powers were not l in this land."

s not, except in some rare cases. Persons earth have committed murder, especially el or in a brothel, or at any other place the victim is cut down in his sins, and, in anner, have sent a soul to Pandemonium they themselves have reached us, are ex- from the common drudgery of ordinary tion, and at once receive a higher degree Infernal Chapter. Such persons are still privileged, after a long probation, by being d to assume such bodily forms as cannot oected on earth, and to perform their duties : great master under those forms."

u speak," said Ernest, "of degrees and Is there an aristocracy in Pandemonium?" s," replied his companion; "but not de- t on the birth, or accomplishments, or , or rank of the upper world. Age, expe- and wickedness, constitute these degrees ocracy. You need not suppose, however, e you were part of the great upper crust ety among the living, that you can attain nk here by mere pride, or haughtiness, or

self-will. These are too common qualities here to form any recommendation to rank. It is most probable, in order to bring down that haughtiness, (for pride, even in hell, is unendurable,) that you will be employed in some rather mean occupation. Indeed, I am informed that you are to be tempter to a low-born, illegitimate child, whose destiny is most probably the poor-house; and, for many years of your coming existence, you will be conversant with a mind that will balance the pain of the whip of the overseer of the poor, with the advantages of stealing crusts that float on the swill-pail of the town work-house. Yes, the proud Ernest Maltravers, the refined, the genteel, the delicate—one who would not suffer the very smell of poverty to come between the wind and his nobility—must soon be conversant, and conversant only, with the soul of a base-born cow-boy, begat under a hay-stack, cradled in a pig-trough, nursed on the leavings of his master's puppies, clad in the cast-off garments of the dead beggar, whose whole range of thought will be, how to steal enough to support the cravings of nature, and to lie with sufficient acuteness to escape detection."

Ernest released himself, as soon as possible, from his tormentor, convinced that even commu-

nion of interests in Pandemonium did not create friendship, and more and more rebellious at his lot.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE MAGDALEN.

It is now time to turn our attention once more to Lucy Woods and her son Robert. She still resided at home, and performed the necessary labour around her father's house; but, oh! how different from the Lucy that once rendered the old man's house so happy!

The old man was reproached for taking back to his hearth and to his bosom such a reprobate. But what father's heart is so hard as to cast off an only child?

Lucy had sinned: perhaps, under the influence of the one all-absorbing passion of love, she had not even known, at the time, that it was sin. She had trusted her all to one who had proved

faithless to the trust. It was a fevery dream of pleasure ; and, when she awoke to the reality, how altered was every feeling ! Her desertion, the dying words of Maltravers, had seared her very soul, and she awoke from the stupor of sin to repentance and a new life, with a character remodified, regenerated even, by the griefs she had suffered. Her very form and person were changed. The round fullness and plumpness of health had departed for ever from her. The eye had lost its roguish twinkle ; the sparkle of mirth had become for ever extinguished in it. The curls of golden hair that clustered, like streaks of sun-set, over her marble shoulders, existed no longer ; confined in a knot, and parted straight and smooth over her forehead, they were suffered to wanton in the wind no more. The marble shoulders were covered by the coarse vesture of her condition, and were no longer exposed to the public gaze. The light, jocund laugh was hushed ; the lithe, elastic step had ceased. She never smiled ; and, yet, there was no discontent in her countenance. There was ever a feeling in her heart, that all she now enjoyed, from God or man, were undeserved blessings ; and that single feeling, though it could not give mirth, or even cheer-

fulness, to her countenance, gave it an expression of mingled gratitude and resignation, that rendered it still more touching. Self seemed for ever banished from her heart. Not one solitary instance of self-indulgence ever marked her intercourse with her fellows. There was no pompous, obtrusive exhibition of self-denial. It seemed her nature now to live for others; to serve them, to benefit them all in her power, and to be satisfied with the crumbs that fell from their tables.

All the attendant demons that hovered around her for her destruction, and who had exulted over her fall, (they were the demons of her own sex,) could find no avenue of temptation. Her heart was so fixed on her Saviour, it could not be drawn from its embrace. Her affections, even for her son, were so chastened, so controlled by duty, religion, and eternity, they found no place for sin. Her humility was so unaffected, her opinion of herself so debased, that no insult could wound her, and no vanity reach her heart.

They tried her constancy through others. Her son fell sick through their agency, and was sick nigh unto death. She rather rejoiced at the prospect of his being taken from this wicked world, while too young to have encountered its con-

taminations. He recovered, and she again commenced her labours for his character. Her father's friends forsook him; the neighbours no longer allowed their children or youth to enter his doors. She shed a few natural tears at the disgrace, but renewed her assiduous attentions to her father, and, by her affections and services, endeavoured to soften the sting inflicted on his heart.

Her father's health failed, and, with his health, his temper; but her care and fondness, her gentleness and forbearance, never failed. The length of his sickness, and his varied wants, consumed their little property, and poverty began to stare them in the face. No murmur escaped her lips: no murmur arose in her heart: even poverty was too good for a sinner like her. Her father died; and the unfeeling creditors, claiming all that was left, turned her and her child from the house that had been the home of her infancy, the shelter of her sorrows.

Taking her little boy by the hand, now old enough to follow her steps, with their slender wardrobe in a bundle on her shoulder, she left the house, with no answer to all the reproaches that rang in her ears. The demons trooped after

her, to watch if no earthly sorrow, no sinful grief, would arise in her soul. At the angle in the road, where the maple grove first shuts out of view the little brown cottage, she turned, and cast a last glance on that loved home. The end of the cottage could be seen amidst the clumps of lilacs that covered the lower windows. The bees were busy around their hives near the back garden fence. The sunlight gave a chequered shade, as it struck the old grape-vine, as it covered their rude wood-shed. The sweet-brier, that reached even to her chamber window, was alive with its small pink flowers. She looked at all, calmly, quietly, with a sense that it was the last time; but the only feeling that the demons could detect in her breast was, "I have deserved all this—God be thanked, it is no worse!"

A sigh escaped her; perhaps a tear swelled in her eye; but she resolutely turned from the view, and commenced her long pilgrimage.

CHAPTER XX.

REVIVALS OF RELIGION.

At a public meeting in Pandemonium, during a pause in other business, Ernest inquired of the dictator whether it were true that a man who had, by murder or duel, sent a soul to the demoniacal assembly, was exempted, when he reached Pandemonium, from the task of temptation.

Being answered in the affirmative, he then inquired, in a haughty tone, why it was proposed to subject him to that duty, when it was well known he had killed his man in a duel.

The dictator, in a still haughtier manner, ordered the secretary to turn to his record of the night after Ernest's death. It was found there recorded that, in consequence of the haughtiness and wilfulness of his behaviour, he had been subjected to the punishment of being a tempter, notwithstanding he had killed a man; but with the permission to leave the victim at such intervals as would be considered proper.

Ernest demanded if there was any appeal from this decision ; but the dictator, with a frowning brow, told him to beware farther comment, lest their great master should be aroused again. This threat quieted Ernest ; for he remembered, too clearly, the last encounter with that dread being, and he had no-disposition to undergo another.

A troop of demons now entered from a neighbouring city, where a powerful revival of religion had commenced, and the attention of the whole community had been turned from their ordinary pursuits of business or pleasure, to the great subject of religious duty. Upon such occasions, there is always much excitement—much that is merely animal and sympathetic—mingled with much that will endure throughout eternity. It is a time of awful responsibility to good men who have the management of such scenes ; it need not be wondered at that it should produce excitement and agitation in the minds of demons.

Here let it be remarked, that the characters and modes of operation, the thoughts, feelings, and beliefs of demons, remain the same after death as before. Experience produces a belief in some things, where none existed before ; but

in the demoniacal mind, there must be growth and expansion, as in all minds. There is no intuition where none existed in the living state. The new modes of existence open of course new sources of knowledge; but that knowledge is acquired or neglected, according to the anterior habits and dispositions of the subject.

Of course, infidels, after death, unless forced by circumstances to examine the subject, retained their skeptical views and doubts of the reality of religion. These skeptical views and doubts were immediately dismissed, as soon as they came in contact, as tempters, with the minds of the religiously impressed; and though they could not tell how long such impressions would operate, or what change they would produce in the character, yet they could not doubt their existence. Hence, as tempters, they had many things to learn respecting human nature, and many more to unlearn.

Demons are not omniscient; they are but men, with superior means of information, and some superior powers; but they differ, as men do, and from the same reasons.

This troop of demons were the tempters employed in that populous district, taking advantage

of the time of night to leave their victims, and demand advice, and perhaps assistance, from their more experienced elders in Pandemonium.

Ernest listened to their descriptions and details with the strictest attention. It was a new theme to him. Religion had never been suffered to cross his mind one moment in life, as a personal thing. It was an excellent expedient to keep the public in awe and to civilize the lower classes; but, as a matter about which the heart had any thing to do, in which the affections were concerned, by which the character was moulded and reformed, he had no conception. Some truths, to be sure, had been forced upon his mind, in his present state of existence. He believed in God, and trembled. He had some faint glimmerings in the truth of the atonement, and the existence of a Mediator; but he shut his thoughts against such ideas, as being too painful for a moment's contemplation.

Now, the whole subject, in all its bitterness, came up, in secret conclave, and was discussed as if every one believed a hated truth.

"The progress of a revival, so called," said Dr. Dominie, "calls for renewed vigilance on our part, and combined, as well as individual

efforts. We all know the effect of operating on masses, and here we have our weapons turned against us, and experience how masses can be led to right as well as wrong. Your efforts as individual tempters should be to prevent thought. Amuse the mind as much as possible. If it begin to show a tenderness on religious subjects, withdraw it by gentle means. On such occasions never tempt to great sins; the temptation will be at once rejected, and will recoil on your own head: perhaps it is as well not to tempt even to sin, lest the subject become alarmed, and repentance should at once follow. Let the temptation be to perform some secular duty, laudable in itself; the more laudable and necessary, the easier will you keep the conscience free from alarm. Some demons are injudicious, and spread before the soul, at a time when sin is likely to alarm it, the common bait of sensual and animal delights, when an attention to ordinary secular duties will withdraw the mind from the religious impression, and not arouse the conscience. Keep your victims from the meetings that are continually held, by business, if possible; but by any excuse you can. Health, on such occasions, you are seldom allowed to touch. If ever persuaded

to go, bring some ludicrous images to remembrance, in the midst of the discourse. Endeavour to fill the mind with some business or pleasure. Should impressions deepen, engage the mind in some controversy or quarrel concerning doctrines. Inflate the natural pride of the heart. Should the work still go on, then impress the soul with despair of being forgiven. Show its sins in such a light as to lead it to relinquish all hopes of salvation. This measure, however, is not always a very effective one, and requires a skillful and crafty hand to manage it. If what is termed conversion must take place, the easier way, and one followed by most tempters of late years, is to hurry the soul into a premature surrender of itself to the Almighty; to endeavour to produce a deception of its spiritual condition, and lead it to the class of the self-deceived or the hypocrite."

"In earlier times," interrupted an experienced demon, one who had been religiously educated, had passed the ordeal of many a revival, and had resisted their effects, "in earlier times, self-deceptions were rare. Every thing, then, in revivals was so much under the control of a higher power, and the manner of managing an opposition so untried, that if the subject resisted our sugges-

the house could stop the effect of his eloquence. I had irritated the lungs of several, and set them coughing, with the hopes of withdrawing attention in the confusion, but in vain.—It was winter; and, as usual in that country congregation, the sleighs were tied to the fence near the meeting-house; and, as the preacher advanced in his application, I excited a horse, in full sight of the windows, ordinarily a sober, sedate animal: after rearing and prancing for a while, he fell backward into the sleigh, and lay there, kicking, with his feet in the air. Many of the men, seeing his situation, ran to relieve him, and the whole congregation turned to see the cause of the disturbance, and the entire force of the preacher's pungent application was lost. The doctor said afterward, he believed the devil entered into the horse. He was nearer the truth than he supposed!

“The existence at present of so many different religious sects and modes of belief, even in small towns, can be used as a means of destroying revivals. For a time, while true religion operates, the members of these different denominations will work together harmoniously in their great duty. If such is seen to be the case, you have but to excite that very laudable and commendable spirit

of proselytism, and the genuineness of the revival, and sometimes the very work itself, will be destroyed. I know of no cause more operative than this. The instant the public mind can be turned to forms and zeal for sects, the truth will be neglected. Extraneous excitements, such as politics, or gala days, or any great public business, may be of service, but nothing like as effective as the desire of proselytism."

CHAPTER XXI.

EXORCISMS.

As Ernest left the conclave, he accidentally encountered Belgrave, and inquired of him, with some surprise, whether it were possible for a demon to enter a consecrated church; he had supposed, from some recollections of stories in life, that such could not be the case.

Belgrave laughed aloud. "Consecrated church! Nothing on earth is consecrated from us! You

remember some of the old German reports from Roman Catholic countries, where we allow a belief to be spread, that holy water and consecrated ground are exempt from demoniacal visits. We encourage such a belief, for it gives us easier access to the minds of the credulous worshipper. Holy water! consecrated ground! sacred precincts! garb devoted to God! These are the very best devices we have to cheat the souls of men, and lead them from realities to forms. Why, my dear sir, talk of our never entering church! The church, whether the splendid cathedral of the Catholic or the plain meeting-house of the Dissenter, is the very best place on earth for the exhibition of our power and our craft. To drive off impressions; to sew pillows of delusion under every arm-hole; to prevent man from seeing his true character, by believing himself religious, and therefore safe; these are the great engines we employ, and never more effectually than in church. Any thing, to make a religion of forms takè the place of a religion of truth, answers our purpose; and we are willing to have holy water sprinkled in our faces every day, and we be driven, nominally, from under every holy roof,

if, by so doing, we can lead men to place their reliance on form."

"Are no places sacred, then? none exempted from demoniacal visits?"

"None whatever on earth; for, if there were, earth would be no longer a scene of trial and probation. The sinning soul, fleeing to these cities of refuge, and continuing there, might thus find an exemption from temptation, and perhaps from sin. No, no: we have access to the priest at the altar; to the hermit in his cell; to the nun at her solitary devotion; to the friar in the chair of the confessional, with the holy water at his feet; as well as to the citizen at his business, or the rake at his pleasures. But I am surprised at your questions: you seem to be in strange ignorance of what common sense or common information ought to have given you."

"Strange," thought Ernest, "that there cannot be even civility among demons!—But," inquired he, after a pause, "is there no form of exorcism that will drive the demon from the heart?—no ceremony that will prevent the effect of his temptations?"

"None," replied Belgrave. "Form is of no avail, either before God or demon. We come

directly before the bare heart and naked thoughts, and produce our effect there. Can *form* operate on pure spirit? I see you do not make much progress in your Mental Philosophy!"

"But is there no state of the mind, then, that can free man from the grasp of the demon? What do you most dread in the heart?"

A shade of anger mingled with the contempt that had hitherto marked Belgrave's countenance, whether at the stupidity of Ernest, in perseveringly insisting on an answer, or at some anterior recollection of his own, we cannot tell. "If you must know," said he, "there is:—It is *prayer*! We have no control over the mind when offering sincere, fervent prayer; and we aim, as much as possible, to prevent the victim from that state of mind."

"Can you prevent it?"

"You must remember that the mind is free. We cannot *oblige* a free agent to do any thing: we can only spread inducements and temptations before the heart. We cannot enter the will itself, and compel the subject to form any decision or embrace any plan: man is free; and our power consists in being able to see the naked operations of the great machinery of the mind within, and

to know what temptations would be most available, and where to place them. It is the depravity that reigns within—the love of sin in man's own heart—that induces him to coincide with these temptations, and act under them."

"Why do you apply temptations when you know, from the knowledge of the character, that they will be inefficacious?"

"We know no such thing. We know nothing of the permanent character, except what we see in the life and actions. We can form a conjecture respecting that character from the habitual run of the thoughts. We have better means of judging, it is true, than the living have; for they look at the actions merely, and we at the thoughts. We can only tell that there is a governing change of character from an habitual change of thought; but how permanent that change may be, we know not. In placing temptations before those that are called good men, we have the hope that we may make them so sin, as to lose their characters for goodness and their evidences of regeneration. But, even if we know that our solicitations will be unheeded, there is a malicious pleasure in tempting, in order to give the holy man as much trouble as possible."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE WANDERER.

It was a summer noon, and on the dusty highway a woman, holding the hand of a little boy, was seen plodding along with wearied frame and wasted look.

All day long had she been traversing that dreary, dusty road. The night had seen her take her rest on the hay of a neglected barn, and the day again to resume her journey. She had fared but hardly. The charity of New England towards strangers and *trampers*, as they are termed, is but cold. The national character has altered in this particular; altered from the great influx of foreigners among us. So many unworthy objects have solicited the charities of the New England poor farmer—so much deception has been practised upon them, by which they have supported vice, instead of poverty, that, owing to the natural and growing caution of their race, they reject the solicitations of all strolling beg-

gars ; and, if they have any thing to give, bestow it rather on the suffering poor around them, whom they know.

Poor Lucy Woods had fared but hardly. Here and there, a draught of milk, a crust of bread, the remains of a mutton bone, had been ungraciously bestowed upon her, with the usual question, "Why do you not work, as we do?"

It was now noon ; and she had walked without intermission since early morning ; anxious to be as far as possible from all the scenes and persons she once knew. She stopped at a small farmhouse, by the way-side, and asked for food, for bread and milk, the easiest article for the charitable farmer's wife to place before a beggar, and the one that will administer the most and the best nourishment. It was rather grudgingly given her, and the usual question put, "Why she did not work."

She replied, humbly and quietly, that she was going to the neighbouring town for work.

"Why did you not stop at the tavern below for food?"

"I have no money, and the landlord never gives, lest he should encourage beggars."

"The wiser man, he. Our country is covered

with these foreign beggars, who will live upon the charity of us poor folks, or steal, sooner than work."

"I am no foreigner; I am seeking for work, and am ready to do any thing, that I may earn an honest support."

"Is that your boy?"

"It is, madam."

"Where is his father?"

"His father is dead."

"You are a widow then?"

"I never was married, madam," was the calm reply, without even a struggle of heart to repress the bitter truth, advantageous as it might have been.

"Out of my house, you wanton trollop! Out of my house!—To think that I have been wasting my good food on such a hag as you!"

"I am ready to go, for I have done you no wrong."

"Take your bastard with you, and don't darken my doors with your presence again: a wanton hussy, tramping around for lovers!"

"Madam, you belie me. I am seeking for work. Were I *now* the wanton you suppose me, should I not have other means than work for sup-

t? The very fact that I am begging at your
r for food, and am desirous of labour, ought
show you that what I may have been, I am no
ger. But I go." Taking her son by the hand,
again commenced her journey.

As night drew near, we find Lucy Woods at
door of a well-built white house, in a pleasant
lage, a trim garden, arranged in rectangular
cision, stretched to the south of the house along
public road; a small yard, enclosed by palings,
pickets, as they are called in New England,)
parated the house from the street, through which
unused path led through the lilac-bushes to
front door. Lucy chose not that entrance;
t, passing around the side of the house, entered
kitchen in the rear; and remarked, when en-
ing, that she had been directed to the reverend
ner of the house, as one who needed help.
The minister and his lady were called to the
chen, and Lucy's appearance scanned with
rid scrutiny.

"Have you any recommendations from your
st place?"

"I have never served as yet; my father died
at very lately; I had been his assistant for a
ng time."

"Still, you might have had a certificate of good character from the minister of the congregation to which you belonged."

"I did not think of it, or think I should need it. I am strong, willing to labour, and acquainted with most kinds of country work. This little boy will be with me, and partake of my bed; and a reasonable deduction from my wages must be made for his board. I shall see he gives no trouble."

"All that is reasonable, and we shall be willing to take you on trial. You are a widow, I suppose. How long since your husband died?"

"I might deceive, if I pleased, by a false answer, but I will not. I never had a husband, and this, my poor fatherless boy, must for ever bear the stigma of being base-born."

"And do you dare," said the minister, rising in wrath, "do you dare, harlot as you are, to ask for shelter and work, for board and lodging, under my pure roof? Begone! lest I send for the constable!"

"Hear me, reverend sir. I could unfold the tale of my seduction and ruin, and show you why and how I fell. I am no wanton now."

"Begone, I say, lest I forget my manhood, and

drive you off with my cane," said he, brandishing the weapon as he spoke.

"I go," she said, drawing up herself to her full height as she obeyed him—some flashes of her former spirit kindling in her eye—"I go. Can you, as a servant of Christ, justify to your conscience the rejection of a penitent harlot, whose sin has never been repeated, and who supposed, under your pure and reproachless roof, she could find shelter, and could labour for her support and that of her innocent boy? You have no children that I could possibly contaminate. My future conduct would have shown how sincere and how thorough was my repentance. But I go."

"Oh, my God!" she uttered aloud, as she took the walk that conducted to the street, "is penitence of no avail to wash away sin? Will not a life of repentance atone, through Jesus Christ, for one act of transgression? Yes: I thank thee, through a Redeemer's blood! yes: in thy sight, but not in erring man's."

We stop not to inquire the feelings of the stern master of the household, who, in the strength of his untried virtue, would not allow the impure even to cross his threshold. God sees not as man

sees. Returning penitents are received by him who was the friend of publicans and harlots. Would it not have been better to have taken the erring one by the hand, and have aided her return to virtue?

Night was near; but there was still another place in the village, that had been mentioned to her, where a domestic was needed. She reached the house as twilight commenced; stated her business to the feeble lady of the house, who called her husband, whose benevolent smile and affectionate address soon placed Lucy at her ease. The condition of herself and boy was soon told; and listened to in silence by the wife, and commiserated by the husband. She was installed in her duties, and when these were performed, she was shown her future apartment, a room over the projecting kitchen of the building, rather separated from the rest of the family.

Having washed her boy from the stains of travel, and commended him to his Maker, she laid him on the bed, and commenced the regulation, in the room, of the slender warbrode she had brought with her. Her habitual order and neatness soon began to make the low and gloomy room seem like home. She had read her accus-



tomed chapter in the little Testament she had with her, and had prepared herself for the night, her body by ablution and her soul by prayer. She had scarcely blown out her light, when she heard a slight rustling noise at the door of her apartment, and an attempt to raise the latch. She had locked the door, and now stood without moving. Presently, a whisper was heard:—"Lucy, Lucy! let me in." She answered not, but stood aghast. It was the voice of her new master. "Lucy! don't be shy; let me in, I say. You have told me of your character, and I know you can have no objections to see me." Lucy was still silent, not daring even to breathe audibly. "I know you are not in bed; I have just seen your light put out. Let me in, I say, or it shall be the worse for you. You have acknowledged your character." Still no breath, no answer. Soon she heard him stepping softly away, muttering vengeance between his teeth.

"And can I have no harbour here?" groaned out poor Lucy. "Is there no belief in penitence or reformation in the world? Having sinned once, is there no restoration to virtue and respectability for woman? None: none."

No, poor Lucy, there is none: penitence seems

of no avail ; subsequent virtue seems to be always suspected ; and the scorn of the unfeeling world seems for ever to visit the single lapse from purity with eternal condemnation.

Sleep hardly visited her pillow that night ; and never so much before had the trust she had placed in God been so shaken.

The morning dawned ; and, as soon as the light permitted, her mistress made her appearance at her chamber, and told her that her husband, upon second thoughts, had decided that it would not be creditable or proper to allow a character of her description to remain an inmate of his house, and sent to require her to leave his dwelling immediately.

"I have brought you up a little breakfast," continued the wife, "without his knowledge, for yourself and boy, and some food for the way ; but I advise you to quit the town as soon as possible, for my husband is a man in authority, and does not feel inclined to permit you to remain in town, where you may contaminate our young men, and lead many astray. I do not judge so harshly, but he says your penitence is all a farce, and you would soon make our house a mere place of foul assignation."

Lucy received her alms without reply ; and with a faint heart and heavy step, passed into the public street:

"Has vice, then, the advantage over virtue?" thought she. "No: it cannot be. Had I been inclined to vice, here would have been a shelter and a home. But it is all for the best."

Faintness and sickness of heart soon overcame her, and she sat down by the road-side. The exertions of the few past days had been prodigious, and she had been kept up only by the hope that, in a strange place and new situation, she might recover a measure of respectability by being useful, and then be able to bring up her son to labour. The disappointment had been excessive ; and the stimulus to exertion no longer existing, she laid herself down by the road-side, as she supposed, to die.

Her little boy, though very young, had not been an unobservant spectator of these events ; and, though he pondered them silently in his heart, from submission to his mother, yet he had drawn from them many an instructive lesson into his young heart. His mother, with difficulty, called him to her side.

"I am dying," said she : "the fatigue, the

anxiety, the agony of the last few weeks, has been too much for my frame, and I must leave you, Robert. There is a weight upon my chest, as if a heavy hand was pressing on my heart, which shows that life is over with me; and I, the admired, the joyous, the beautiful Lucy Woods, must die a beggar's death in the ditch of the wayside. But my mind wanders. Robert, God is good, and your mother sinful. I suffer nothing but what I deserve. Remember, in after-life, the first lapse from virtue and honour is every thing. *Beware of the first sin!*"

A faintness came over her, and she sank down on the green bank. The child looked on in wonder and in sorrow. He knew what death was, but he hardly knew what would be the consequences to himself. He supported his mother's head; placed her on the green-sward, as conveniently as his strength would allow, and ran to seek for help. He soon found it. Several labourers, seeking their early toil, gathered around her, and bore her, though insensible, to a neighbouring farm house. A physician was sent for. The minister of the society was informed that a dying woman was at the dwelling of one of his parishioners; and, with characteristic Yankee cau-

tion, one of the selectmen was notified that a stranger, most probably a travelling pauper, was breathing her last, and might bring down expense upon the town.

Lucy awoke to some degree of consciousness, but the physician asserted there had been some inward rupture, and that she could not live, as she was bleeding internally. The minister and the selectman arrived at the same moment, time enough to hear the almost inaudible prayer of the dying Magdalen, expressing her confidence in the righteousness of Christ, begging that her enemies might be forgiven, and requesting that the blessing of Heaven might rest on her unprotected child.

As she breathed her last, the minister and the selectman at once recognized their late visitor. How did they feel? were there no goadings of conscience, as they remembered that her death might be laid to their door? or did they, as they shook hands in the apartment of death, congratulate each other, that they had done their duty to put down public mendicancy? God knows.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE WANDERER AT HOME.

MEANTIME, a far different scene was enacting in that room of death, than the minister or the selectman, or the gazing labourers, were aware of.

A bright and beautiful company of angelic ~~beings~~ were hovering around the low couch, waiting for the separation of the living principle from its clayey tenement. It burst forth, unconscious at first, benumbed by its corporeal associations, but as reason and spiritual perception dawned, it looked around in wonder. The mild air of an early summer morning was breathing its balm over the emaciated body, late its resting place. The rising sunbeams were gilding the cold, pale forehead, and gleaming over the yellow hair; but the mild summer air, and the gleaming sunbeams, were to her but as nothing. The gales of heaven were breathing peace around her soul, and the sunlight of divine approbation was gilding every feeling of her heart.

She found herself, gently, insensibly, irresistibly, wafted upward on the wings of angels, their radiant countenances smiling on her soul with a quiet as pure, as calm, as holy, as evening in Paradise.

"Oh! no, no!" was the uttered feeling: "I am not worthy of this! the harlot! the outcast! the impure! no: no."

There was no direct reply, but a song of choral harmony burst forth, and still the burden fell upon the ear: "Wash'd, wash'd in the blood of the Lamb! clad in the righteousness of Christ! redeemed! saved!" while other groups of attendant spirits caught up the strain, and on the long track of light that marked the path to the distant star of rest, the joyful pæan sounded, uttered in the melody of Heaven. Was there no look back to earth? no remembrance of the young, the innocent, left a prey to men and demons in this lower world? Some pang there might have been, but the first consciousness of awakened existence was too passive, almost too infantile, to admit of much remembrance, certainly of no anxiety; and the whispered words of one of the angelic attendants, "He is in God's hands, who will

claim his own," quieted all apprehensions and thoughts.

Kind reader, you have waded with me through the guilt and degradation of demoniacal existence; go with me, for a moment, to yon bright star, now leaving earth's horizon, and witness the happiness of the blest.

Each star, with its attendant planets, is filled with its own holy and happy beings—beings who have never fallen, and confirmed in holiness—continue their residence in these happy homes for eternity.

Sin has entered our earth, ruined its happiness, destroyed its inhabitants, and vitiated even the comforts and beauties of its physical enjoyments. It must be purified and regenerated, to be the fit residence of pure and holy beings. As one after another of the human race is ransomed from earth, they are conveyed to a distant starry world, where quietness and rest await them, until the Resurrection-day; then they return to this new-built earth, its happy inhabitants for eternity.

What? Are they not around us, and with us, on earth, watching our steps, and leading us to God? No: the angelic host do that ministering; for how could the mother attend the steps of the

erring child ; how could the sainted father watch the downward course of the profligate son, without pangs that would rend their angelic hearts, and dim with earthly tears the happiness of heaven ? No : human nature continues the same, even in the world of joy ; and it is better for them to remain in blissful ignorance of the condition of their friends, until death makes their characters permanent, than to stain the felicity of their state by tears and grief over their impenitence. Do they remain in entire ignorance of the situation of their earthly friends ? By no means : it is not complete ignorance of such events that Providence aims at. It is, that their happiness should not be diminished by a constant view of the uncertainty of character, the waywardness of conduct, the sin and the folly, mingled in the earthly course of their friends.

But if you wish to ascertain how much information they receive, and how much they are still interested in their earthly attachments, accompany me to yonder bower, by the side of the river of life, where heavenly flowers of every hue, and of delicate fragrance, keep out the sun. Do you see yon matron ? She left a sorrowing husband and a family of children when in the prime of

life. She had lived long enough to carry them all over the dependant years of infancy. Her work was done, and well done, and she now rests from her labours. Years have passed. From the village where she once lived—where all her toils and labours are registered, and where she hopes, with all that happy family, to wear out eternal years—from that village, another matron has just arrived, brought by angelic attendants, once her intimate friend in the ways of life, Now she can hear the results of the events of years upon the character of her family, without a soul-harrowing knowledge of the details of afflictions and of discipline that have produced those results.

“My husband, is he with you yet? Does old age sit lightly on him? Has he taken another partner to his bosom, to lighten his toils and share his responsibilities?”

“He is still with us, shedding the brightness of his example round: old age begins to creep upon him, and bend his once-erect and noble form, and silver his raven locks. No partner has he chosen to fill your place: his children alone have been the lighteners of his toils and the partakers of his comforts.”

"That eldest born, she for whom a mother's pangs were first felt, and who grew up to marriageable womanhood under my eye, what has she done?"

"After standing, with credit to herself and you, at the head of her father's household, until her younger sister could take her place, and assume the same responsibility, she has gone to a home of her own; where, amidst a group of young immortals, she is acting your part over again; remembering your instructions and example, and perpetuating your influence to other generations."

"My boy, too, over whose feeble frame I toiled by day and night in infancy, what of him?"

"After an upright, Christian course, in his college education, he is now an acceptable, learned, and influential minister of Christ. Dating, as he does, his conversion from his mother's death, he never looks back upon that mother without associations of the most interesting kind."

"Those two younger ones, what of them?"

"The slender daughter has grown up a talented, accomplished, Christian woman; and, at the head of her father's household, is smoothing his down-hill path to the grave with her affection

and attentions. The little boy is now a young man of promise, just entering business; conscientious in his dealings, affectionate in his character, he is beloved by all around. I often see bright eye sparkling with pleasure and health, as I meet him in the streets."

Is not this preferable to having watched their toils and struggles, their backsliding their progress? By and by, the husband himself will join her; and then, as years pass on, after another of her children will be ripened heaven, until the circle is complete, and intergence from earth no longer needed. ●

CHAPTER XXIV.

EYE-TEETH CUT.

THE next victim brought to Pandemonium a suicide, who, to escape disgrace on earth, sought another world, where deeper disgrace fouler shame awaited him.

The murderer, the seducer, the destroyer of innocence, and the producer of guilt in others, were hailed and honoured below, rose to rank and estimation, and became supreme in wickedness and power; but the suicide—poor, craven wretch!—who had supposed that demoniacal existence was preferable to an earthly one—he was compelled to assume the most menial and disgraceful employments of the demoniacal world.

We know too little of spirit, to be able to understand such employments, could they be here detailed. Suffice it to say, that such a wretch had entered Pandemonium, and was now to receive his doom, 'that fearful looking for of fiery indignation that shall devour the adversaries.'

His youth had been well instructed in the thrift of this world, but his parents had thought little of moral precepts or upright motives. "Get money" was the maxim. "You perceive, son John," his father would say, "that here in America, station in society, rank, respectability, personal influence, office, every thing, depend on wealth. Why was A. B. elected mayor? Because he was the richest man in the city. Why, with inferior talents, is C. D. nominated for Congress, but for his superior wealth? Why is E. F. the leader of fashion

in his circle, but because he is the richest? You may go on so, through the whole alphabet, and find that wealth governs every thing. Aim at wealth, then, as the great object in life. I have not much to give you; if you inherit wealth, it must be from your grandfather Crosby; flatter him, serve him, in all his peculiarities, and inherit his wealth."

John was not slow to follow his father's advice, and soon became a favourite of his grandfather. Old Mr. Crosby was a man that had acquired much property by slow details, and he was desirous that his grandson should learn the value of little earnings, slowly accumulating by persevering industry: so, when his grandson came, one day, to beg a little money for his amusements, "John," said he, "you must earn your money."

"Well, grandfather, what shall I do?"

"John, I will give you three cents a pound for all the old iron you will go round and collect for me; you will then have laboured for your spending-money."

"Very well, grandpa."

So John went out, and bargained with his companions to bring him old iron, at one cent a pound, and thus, without an effort of his own, received

his three cents from his grandfather. After a while, the old gentleman discovered the bargain, and said, "That boy will get along in the world!"

Such was the first moral lesson the young merchant was taught—the first lesson of bargain and sale.

On his next application for spending-money, his grandfather gave him the produce of a certain fruit-tree to sell on shares. John sold the fruit, reported the sale at a price less than what he received, and diminished the quantity sold, thus doubly cheating his grandfather.

"I suppose," (John overheard his father say,) "that grandpa Crosby will find that John *has cut his eye-teeth!*"

This was lesson the second in morality and integrity.

'The boy is but the father of the man;' and John Frisbie, when he became established as a merchant, on capital that his grandfather had left him, pursued the same course of overreaching in bargains and sales. His reputed wealth, and the dashing style of his sales-room, gained him credit. He became a director of a bank, on some of his grandfather's old stock. In these, the days of his prosperity, men smiled, and shook their heads,

and said, in his hearing, "Look out for Frisbie! he is a sharp man: *he has cut his eye-teeth!*"

This was the third lesson in morality the world had taught him, and his education was now completed!

He lived in an expensive style; kept his horses and buggies; dressed extravagantly; and seemed to roll in wealth. Common gains were not enough. He engaged in all the wild speculations of western lands; bought real estate of those 'whose eye-teeth were cut' before him; and in the depression always succeeding the period of inflated speculation, failed, and left nothing but 'a beggarly account of empty boxes' to his creditors. His horses and dogs, his carriages, and all his luxuries, were taken from him, and he flung upon the world to commence life anew.

"The world owes me a living," said he, "and I intend to get it, in some form or other."

There seemed to be an external reformation at first, and he managed the few fragments left of his former fortune with so much adroitness and tact, that he kept up his reputation as an expert business man. The bank suffered, and his endorsers suffered; but public sympathies are never with banks or rich endorsers, and he was for-

though he had, using his influence as director, passed, with his endorsement, paper that was to be worthless, representing it as good for the board. Men, who were acquainted with his act, began to suspect his honesty; but he boldly claimed, that he supposed his own endorsement was sufficient to make the paper good. His attendant demon had hitherto left him to himself, knowing that the strong desire for riches, the current of worldliness, would lead him, without external promptings, directly to fraud. The devil's knowledge of men and business, and his activity of character, pointed him out to an untried company, as a proper person for their secretary; and he entered upon his new office with some indistinct resolutions of forming a new character, and of being honest to his employers. He gave great satisfaction, by his active exertions, and quickness in acquiring the details of his new business, and unlimited confidence was to be placed in him. His demon suggested now was the time, by silent and small pecuniary means, to repair his shattered fortunes; but he rejected the hint at once. "For," said he to himself, the thought rose up in his mind, "I do not know how I can do it without detection." The de-

mon became alarmed, lest, tasting the sweets of an open and honest character, reformation should begin.

One day his neighbour, the lottery office keeper, came in for a policy of insurance, and suggested that he should like to pay the premium *in his way*. "You can credit the company with the cash, and supply the deficiency when the prizes come into your hands."

The bait took, and the bargain was made. But the lottery office keeper and the devil had both *cut their eye-teeth*, and our secretary was drawn in to purchase more tickets to draw prizes (!) to cover up the first deficiencies.

Frisbie, at first, hoped that a prize would enable him, before the next semi-annual exhibit was to be made to the board, to pay all he owed. His demon flattered him with this hope, and that thus he was only borrowing the company's money, and certainly could repay it before it was missed. Alas! how many defalcators, in the very commencement of their guilt, have quieted their consciences by the same sophistry!

Soon his old habits of dishonesty regained their full force; and all he cared for was to cover up the deficiencies in his accounts, and take as much

as he could, and not be discovered. The confidence placed in him, enabled him for a long while to do this: by false entries; by charging premiums on book lower than what he obtained, trusting to the want of thoroughness in the directors, that the discrepancy would not be detected; by adding trifles to the discount on prompt payments of losses, or on drafts; and by fictitious small losses, placed so far back on the books, that, on the semi-annual inspection, the board supposed that they had forgotten them.

How long this might have lasted, cannot be told. His two friends, the lottery office keeper and the devil, were in a hurry for their share; the latter wished to hasten him to desperation, in order, if possible, to lead him to self-destruction; so he persuaded the former to demand some share of the plunder from Frisbie, threatening to denounce him to the company, if he refused. The first compensation did not satisfy him, and he applied again, and was refused. He then wrote an anonymous letter to the directors, advising them to examine their accounts, and giving them some hints of the manner in which their funds had been abstracted. The demand for an examination was made, and a committee of auditors appointed to

investigate ; but Frisbie, foreseeing the result of their examinations, and that credit, and fame, and property, were all gone, was impelled by his demon to the act of suicide ; and now stood before the pandemoniacal assembly to await his doom.

The details of his life having been read, and the usual formulas attended to, the dictator, in a loud, severe voice, uttered the suicide's judgment :

" John Frisbie, because you have cut off your days by your own act, and have, uncalled, rushed into eternity, you are doomed to go back to earth, and serve out the usual length of man's life in the body of a brute ; and I command you to enter a *carman's horse*, as I know of no animal whose condition is more miserable."

CHAPTER XXV.

ROBERT WOODS.

ROBERT WOODS, when his mother died, was too young to tell where his native town was ; he

could tell his own name and that of his mother, but he knew too little of the names of other persons, or places, in consequence of the seclusion in which his mother kept him, to give any information respecting the town that claimed his parentage, and which, by the laws of the state, should now support him.

The minister and the selectman, each kept his own secret respecting his birth ; and the town where his mother died, was obliged to support him, receiving some little compensation from the state, he being one of the "state poor." His first residence was the poor-house, where, under the control of a stern overseer, he was badly fed, worse taught, compelled to any laborious duty that his strength could perform, and the dry crust of bread, that constituted his meal, seasoned with blows and curses.

But Robert was like some plants in nature, the more they are trampled upon, the faster they grow. The poor fare, the hard labour, the blows and the curses never crushed his spirit ; they only seasoned his frame, and hardened his constitution to endurance. He had that elasticity of spirits and character, that rose superior to any bad treatment of body or mind. He remembered many

of his mother's instructions upon this very point. She had said so much of all that he was to do and to suffer in life, from the stain of his birth and his poverty, that he supposed it was all a matter of course ; hence he preserved a most rigid silence about any peculiarity of his birth, and took labour and toil, reproach and contempt, as a part of every boy's experience. He had a peculiar temperament. There seemed to be printed instantly on his heart, 'things will be better and brighter presently ;' and long before he could express it in words, or understand the words if expressed to him, he acted upon it as a principle. It was something more than *hope* ; it was a romantic confidence in that which he could not explain, but only feel.

In after life, when ideas and imaginations crowded on his mind, this confidence still continued, but never gave rise to castles in the air, or dreamy outlines of fancied happiness, realized only in fairy lands. It was a principle within that impelled to action, not an imagination that excited to romance. This principle was the source, therefore, of resignation to his situation, and cheerfulness in the performance of his duties. He never complained ; was always ready to



oblige, to take labours upon him that really did not belong to him, and to receive with gratitude any little favours bestowed. He was solitary, however, not seeking the company of other boys of the same age in the poor-house, for he remembered how the boys of his native village would not play with him, on account of his birth, and he supposed that the same reason might operate among his new associates ; and even when his good sense showed him that such could not be the case, as they could know nothing of his birth, and were alike, ' poor-house children' with him, the habit had been so formed of a love of solitude, that he continued it from choice. But solitude was of no disservice to him ; it created no gloom, no morbid sensibilities ; it strengthened his dependence upon himself, and led him to study the broad book of nature open before him.

Ernest, his tempter, left him pretty much to himself in his earliest years. His own haughtiness and indolence of character were such, that he as yet did not choose to take much interest in his victim, and the condition under which he was made a tempter, did not demand his presence. He was ignorant of the consequences to himself that such neglect might bring ; and he felt, that

as he had killed his man in a duel, that the common exemption ought to have been his lot, and that his punishment for contumacy at the commencement of his demoniacal career, was unjust. In doing this, he only carried into his new existence his old character, formed in life. In consequence of this neglect, most of the principles of right, instilled into Robert's soul by his mother in early years, were never forgotten, and formed the basis of much that was good even in his earliest intercourse with the world.

Instructions, he now had none. There was no orphan institution in or near the place, that would give him, with a support, something of an education; and he grew up with no knowledge of books, but much information derived from nature and from observation. At the proper age, he was *bound out*, as the term is, to one of the most enterprising men of the town, not as an apprentice, but as a servant, to perform such labours as his master demanded, in return for food, clothing and instruction. This was at ten years of age, and he was to continue in that situation until fifteen; and then, either be bound apprentice to some trade, or continue with his present master until he was twenty-one, at his option.

His master owned a large farm, had a forge, furnace, grist-mill, and saw-mill upon it, and carried on an extensive dealing in produce with all the neighbouring towns. He was industrious, energetic, and, when not provoked by passion, of the average kindness. He never neglected his duty to his boys, and exacted the utmost from them. They were well fed, properly though coarsely clothed, had an opportunity of going to school in the winter, and were always required to be at meeting twice every Sabbath. He punished severely, though not unjustly ; but he punished carelessness and forgetfulness as heavily as he did crime.

Under such a master, Robert formed a character for energy, despatch, and accuracy, beyond his years ; and such qualities soon recommended him to the confidence of his master, who, though he was never partial, knew when to reward merit. He was surprised to discover that the overseer of the poor had given Robert no schooling, and that he was utterly unable to read. But the term of the winter school commenced, and Robert surprised every one by the rapidity with which he learned every thing placed before him. The winter was a profitable one to him, and his energy

and native quickness were never so apparent, as in the overcoming every difficulty in this new employment.

Spring arrived, and with it, the commencement of his laborious duties on the farm. But though at work, his mind was not idle; he thought upon every thing he had read, or every thing he saw. Some little book was always in his hat to occupy every moment of rest.

As soon as the season of planting was over, his master sent him to the saw-mill to attend its operations. As he soon became expert in its management, the attendance upon that became his exclusive business, and, as it affected his character, and of course his subsequent destiny, a description of the place is desirable.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE SAW-MILL.

THE town in which Robert Woods was now residing, lay on the western slope of a range of

high, rocky hills, which reached far to the east, constituting what may be termed a mountainous region, though not equalling in height or grandeur the White or even the Green mountains. The farm lay on the south-west slope of these hills, and had the usual variety of upland and lowland, of meadow, pasture and corn ground. The screen of mountains on the north and east kept off the cold, damp blasts of early spring, and protected it, during summer, from the severity of many a north-easter. It had its cold blasts, however, for the clear piercing gales of the north-west had not much to break their force, and they scoured the frozen ground in winter, and tempered the heat of summer. Gentle gales from the south and south-west would breathe up through the sheltered valleys, and even in winter bring the gulf-stream air, in its genial warmth, to soften the rigours of the season. The whole range was covered with a luxuriant growth of hemlock or chestnut, those ornaments, in summer and winter, of a New England forest. On the extreme eastern part of Mr. Curtis' farm, a large stream of clear cold water, formed amid the rocks and roughnesses of the mountain range, dashed over the barrier and precipitated itself on

the plains below, where, after visiting in its rapid course every part of his large possessions, it quietly sought the level plains, and in silence crept towards its final resting-place.

On the western declivity of this mountain range there was a deep cleft or ravine in the rock, from which this stream, by successive leaps, sought the plain. On the range, this ravine was filled by a small lake, extending about a quarter of a mile in length, and never exceeding ten or twelve rods in width. At its eastern extremity it received several small brooks, but its only outlet was the stream above mentioned, known by the name of Roaring Brook. An artificial dam had been flung across the western end to deepen the lake, and to give still more power to the fall of the stream. On the north and south sides of the little lake, the hills rose high and precipitous, clothed with hemlock to the very edge of the water, with now and then a bare gray rock peeping through the dark green covering.

On the west side, standing in the very gorge, the whole expanse of the rich lowland, with all its variety of meadow and cultivated ground, its farm houses and barns, spread itself out to view; a delightful scene, when the earliest morning

rays of the sun shone full on grove and field, and brought out every hue distinct. The eastern view was limited by the rough and rolling country, produced by the mountain range. Standing on the broad, solid, stone dam, was a small saw-mill, turned by the water of the stream, as it hurried through the gate-way. Immediately below, the water took a leap of several feet into a rocky basin, on the side hill, around which a second dam had been flung, built with still more solid masonry, under which arose the red chimney of a smelting furnace, the immense bellows of which wheezed and groaned in their efforts to supply the air necessary for a blast: while, ever and anon, the dark thick smoke arose, and settled, in massy wreaths, on the light airy limbs of the overhanging hemlocks and spruces. A few rods below, on the same level, stood a forge, its great trip-hammer moving by water, and beating out and flattening, at a stroke, the red-hot bar.

The stream then made another turn, and dashing down some ten feet at a single leap, it foamed and raged and roared down the remaining declivity, among the scattered granite fragments of the mountain, and the refuse cinders of the forges. Not far from the foot of the hill, a broad raceway,

conducted under the narrow road in a rude duct, carried a portion of the waters to the of a flour-mill, and then lazily sought the brook, which, as if fatigued by its late e was sleeping quietly in a small green me one of the most placid spots that nature made: the mountains on the east, a belt of nut timber on the north, a few scattered maples on the west, kept off the blasts; whi to the south, the eye, from its elevation, stre over the cultivated grounds and fruit orc and cornfields of the wealthy proprietor.

It was amid such scenery as this that the d of Robert Woods was fixed; amid such wil rough beauties his character was to be forr

Of all the boys who were labourers or Curtis' farm, and around his premises, non seemed so faithful as Robert: he could wor master said, as faithfully and as effectively, his eye was not upon him, as when he wa him, and that was the case with no other He was therefore selected to do such l around the mills on Roaring Brook as a b his age could do; and as he showed much q ness and ingenuity, the saw-mill soon becar principal care, or rather he was the only a

ant allowed to the man who attended that mill. He went to the mills, after an early breakfast, carried his frugal dinner, and remained until evening closed the labours of the day. The mills were more than a mile from the house, and but few dwellings around them, and those of the rough and sooty attendants of the forge and furnace. Robert's duty was, at certain intervals, to wheel in the charcoal at the furnace, to open or shut the gate of the raceway to the grist-mill, when needed, and after the log was placed on the carriage by the man, to watch the progress of the work, until a new log was required.

The whole scenery and place was new and astonishing to young Robert. Nature had never before been seen in its grandeur, and, in silent wonder, he examined every thing around him. One anecdote will show the first opening of his imagination and his heart to the sublime, and what peculiar source of that sublime produced the strongest effect on him :

A gentleman, who had come to transact some business at the furnace, himself a man of refined and cultivated taste, saw, as he ascended the rough sloping road from the grist-mill to the forge, a boy of intelligent face, large, bright blue eyes,

and curly yellow locks, with a little basket seemingly of food in his hand, stop and look admiringly at the lower water-fall, and say to himself, "how beautifully the dark green of the hemlock is softened by the falling spray of the water-fall!" "That boy," thought he, "has an eye for the beautiful, and a soul to feel it. I will watch him." He saw him look with awe on the huge mass of smoke issuing from the long furnace chimney, and start at the unearthly sound of the wheezing bellows, but laugh instantly at his own terrors as soon as he saw them move and creak under the influence of the water-wheel. The gentleman entered the trip-hammer forge, and the boy silently followed him. Business, for an instant, took off his attention, but he soon turned round, and saw the boy jumping up and down in the greatest ecstasy, clapping his hands with delight, while even the tears were running down his cheeks.

"What is the matter, my lad, what do you see that pleases you now?"

"Look there! look there!" said the boy, pointing to the two trip-hammers, as they alternately rose and fell, with their ponderous strokes, and beat out the bar of iron on the anvil beneath them, "Is not that strong? that comes home!"

"That lad," said the gentleman, turning to the proprietor near him, "will make an energetic and useful man, if well directed. I never saw so great an admiration of the forcible, in one so young."

CHAPTER XXVII.

EDUCATION.

ROBERT was a boy of great mechanical ingenuity, and he soon made his saw-mill a convenient residence, even for his books. He put up for himself little shelves, from the corners of the old slabs, that he cut off and trimmed with his axe, and though nails to him were scarce, he saved every old one he met, to use in his favourite retreat. Here on the west end of the saw-mill, when the sun was in the east, would he stand or sit and gaze on the bright western scene, and seem perfectly happy. On a little ledge, projecting from the southern hill, and hanging over

the abyss west of the saw-mill, there once had grown a large chestnut; years before, it had been cut down, and in a circle around the stump of the parent tree, had grown several young and flourishing shoots, now a foot or more in diameter: in the middle of these, where the old tree had stood, Robert had fixed a board seat, with a stool for his feet, and here, at noontide, would he sit to eat his frugal dinner: before him, the waterfall, with the hemlocks at its base, just reaching to a level with his station; south of him, the rough mountain rose above his head, and screened him from the sun, while the roar of the waterfalls, mixed with the din of the forges, and the groaning of the bellows, formed a strange combination of almost unearthly noises, that roused his infant imagination, and produced a taste far more refined and correct than schools and education could have done.

He had moments, often, and sometimes hours, to himself, when no labour was required by the man upon whom he waited, and those moments be devoted, in his retired nook, to mental culture. The scenes and circumstances in which he was placed, had not made him visionary or musing. His mind was too active, and too desirous for im-

provement, for any musing, visionary romance. If the contemplation of the beautiful and sublime around him had been the sole occupation of his mind, he might have become a visionary, and steeped all his powers in melancholy musings ; but such contemplation came in, as the relaxation of a mind devoted to labour, and desirous of cultivation, and gave a hue, though not a direction, to his thoughts.

At school, he had admired the facility with which the older pupils handled the pen, but he was not considered old enough to be entrusted with any advance beyond the earliest pot-hooks and trammels and other spider tracks, that are called writing, in our primary schools. But the little insight into the mysteries of writing, which the winter had given him, was not lost. He had seen the common black colour used for dying, in a farmer's house, manufactured in the spring, from copperas and chestnut bark ; and he soon had what ink he needed, in an old broken mug, that his mistress had flung away. Money, to purchase articles, he, of course, had none : "town-house poor" are not famous for being entrusted with that article : but with Robert, ingenuity was made to supply the place of money. The quills,

dropped by the geese as they wandered around the highway, were his for the picking up ; and, as for paper, the strips of the white birch bark, stripped from the tree with great care, served him admirably : and, before the summer was through, his little niche in the saw-mill was full of hieroglyphic rolls, imitations of the little copy-book lent him by the foreman.

This foreman was of great assistance to Robert ; he had conciliated his good will, by being always ready to do little errands for him. He would buy his tobacco and other little articles for him, at the village store, in the evening, and bring them up in the morning, which saved Smithson from a walk, as he resided near the mills. He lent the lad such few books as he owned, principally the school books of the children ; he gave him nails, and lent him his tools, but, above all, he gave him time.

Kindness and good will are seldom lost ; they certainly were not wasted on Robert Woods. The same readiness to oblige, made him friends every where. His mistress began to cast an eye of favour upon him, for he never fretted or whined at any additional labour placed upon him, and often volunteered a helping hand when work pressed

in the dairy or garden. For some such little assistance, coming at the precise moment of need, Mrs. Curtis called him into the parlour, a *sanctum* to him, and diving into the recesses of a deep and spacious cupboard, filled with preserves, and pickles, and cake, and dainties, which, to Robert, were as yet nameless, she cut off a huge piece of plum cake, and wrapping it in a paper, gave it to him as a part of his dinner that day. Can any of my little readers, if any such have had patience to wade thus far into my book, remember the first time they had ever eaten a piece of cake? Robert could! He was now eleven years old, and, on this day, for the first time, he placed between his lips the luxury of cake!

The grateful look, the eyes swimming in tears, the trembling of the voice in pronouncing the customary thanks, showed how much Robert was touched. He said nothing; but he thought "how shall I return this kindness?" As he started for his daily work, he met Mr. Curtis in the yard.

"Well, Robert, I hear a good account from Smithson of you, and I hope I shall continue to hear it."

"Will master please to give me one cent?" stammered out the boy.

"One cent! what for?"

"To buy a fish-hook."

"Fish-hook! no: it will only make you idle. One cent! a pretty thing for a poor-house boy to ask" And turning in irritation, walked into the house.

Mr. Curtis thought, I suppose, that his contract with the overseer made no mention of money, and he always abided strictly by his contracts!

For a few steps towards the mills, Robert felt a trifle discouraged; but in an instant the usual buoyancy of spirits prevailed. "I shall find some way to get a hook, any how, and I can make a line from the horse hair I saw by the barn, when the old horse's tail was trimmed." So saying, he sprang lightly over the fence, and gathered his horse hair, and secured it in his pockets.

One of the men, who were milking, had flung his jacket off on the large stone by the bars of the yard, and his knife, tobacco-box, and two or three cents in money, had rolled out on the stone. "There's a cent," said Robert, "but I shan't take it, though no one sees me; 'tant right, and mother said, 'beware of the first sin.'" So he called the man, and gave him his jacket, and went whistling and light-hearted to the mills and

the mountains, to the solitary beauties that began to fill his heart.

While he was wheeling his charcoal into the furnace, a gentleman came upon business, whose horse seemed frightened at the novel appearance around him, and was unwilling to remain tied to the post. Robert offered to hold him, at a distance from the forge, and soothe him until his owner was ready to remount him. When in his seat, pleased with the cheerful readiness to oblige, which the boy exhibited, he flung to him a six-cent piece. Robert took it with gratitude, but replied that he did not expect to be paid for what he had done. As he continued his work, "What!" said he aloud, "another present to-day! thank Heaven for that."

His plan was immediately formed of what he would do with this his *first money*. He never was long in forming any plans—rapidity of combination and quickness of decision being already his incipient characteristics—and, when formed, he dismissed the whole thought from his mind, and again resumed the repetition to himself of the little geography lesson he had found time to read over since morning.

Robert's habit, already formed, was that of

intense mental application, while at labour. His book lay where he could snatch a look at it at any interval, and thus the whole of its contents would be committed to memory during hours of labour.

Let me recommend Robert's habits of study and thought to every one. When a decision has been formed, it is useless to spend the time in reflecting how it might have been better formed, and still more foolish to waste time in visionary imaginations respecting its results.

When noon arrived, he asked Smithson's leave to go over to one of the huts on the side of the mountain.

"What is your errand?"

"Bill Thompson told me he would sell me his hook and line, and a gentleman to-day at the furnace gave me six cents; I want to go and by it."

Bill Thompson was found, and the desired bargain accomplished, after some higgling and dispute on Bill's part, and Robert returned to his afternoon's labour.

As soon as the lengthened shadows had closed over a deep part of the little lake, Robert, who had seen the dashing up to the surface of many trout in the evening before, carefully let down his

well-baited hook, and soon had the gratification of landing on the dam, a large and beautiful trout: another, and another followed. Some boys, excited by success, would have continued the sport; but Robert rolled up his line, and laid it in his secure nook, and having dressed, as cleanly and carefully as possible, his speckled captives, he hurried home to his supper and evening chores, and, with a heart filled with affection and gratitude, presented the trouts to his mistress for her breakfast, and sat down to his own bowl of bread and milk, happier than the rich or the great.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FIRST FRIENDS.

"ROBERT," said Mr. Curtis, one morning, as he was visiting and inspecting his mills, "Smithson and Gray, and the other foremen, say that you do all your work well, and in season, and labour hard. I would not give you a cent, even when

you asked me not long since, because I never give money to boys whom I have taken to bring up, but I will put you in the way of earning some money for yourself. The rich Mr. Clifford, who lives about five miles down the valley, came up to purchase a horse from me, and breakfasted with us; he was so pleased with the trout we had, that he wishes to buy some for his own table. As you have now presented Mrs. Curtis with so many breakfasts, of which you have not been a partaker, I shall give you this afternoon to procure fish, and go and sell them to Mr. Clifford. It will be a lowery day, and I suspect a good one for the large trout. He will give you nine pence a pound for a string, not exceeding six pounds, once every week, and I shall allow you time for obtaining them and carrying them, hoping that you will occasionally remember Mrs. Curtis, and that she is fond of trout."

The look of gratitude in Robert's eyes told him that there was no danger of his forgetting her.

The afternoon proved a favourable one, and the six pounds were soon obtained, numbering about eight fish; and Robert started, on foot, for his ten-mile walk, a mere trifle to one of his mental energy and hardy frame.

He came into Mr. Clifford's back kitchen, and stated his errand to the black servants there, and showed his fish, lying cool amid some fresh wet grass in his basket. The housekeeper was called, and information sent to the celestial regions of the house. Orders were soon received to have the little boy come into the parlour, as Mr. Clifford's daughter wished to see the fish.

Robert entered the room, perfectly collected, though amazed at the wealth, luxury and ostentation around him. What a contrast!—The coarsely dressed, poor-house, base-born boy, in one hand a little chip hat with half the rim torn off, and entirely gone, and the top of the crown sewed in with strips of rushes by Robert's own hand, in the other his basket of fish; his naked feet rather muddy with travel—what a contrast, by the side of the delicate, pale-faced daughter of the rich man; her long black hair tied into the usual Chinese form, the brown ribbands floating over her rich French dress; her large hazel eyes bright with intelligence, and moist with feeling, with a little incipient pride lurking in their broad open stare—What a contrast! But more in externals than in soul. If ever two children were alike in temperaments, Robert Woods and

Julia Clifford were the two. In both, the same indomitable perseverance, the same sunny feeling, shedding its rays over the heart, "better and brighter hereafter;" the same commencing love of the beautiful and the grand in nature, and of the energetic and effective in man. But in externals, what a contrast!

The little girl sprang to the basket, and eagerly inspected its contents.

"How beautiful! see, father, see the bright red and yellow spots on the mottled-gray ground. How beautiful!"

"If you like to look at them, little girl," said Robert in his independent tone and homely style, "I will clean them from the grass a little more. You see, Mister," turning to the father, "I put grass round them to keep 'em fresh and cool." So saying, he took out one of the best proportioned fish, and taking a large leaf from his basket, he wiped it clean from its grass, and held it up by the mouth for the inspection of the child.

Mr. Clifford, at first, was disposed to reprove the boy for his bluntness, but, as he looked at his fine glowing face, smiling with benevolent pleasure, as he held up the fish and pointed out the beauties of its spots and fins to his daughter, he

checked himself. "It is only his manner, there is no intention to be rude," was his thought.

Turning to the boy, he inquired where he obtained the fish.

"Up at Curtis' mills," was the answer.

"I thought I had seen your face before. Do you remember the first time you ever visited those mills, what you said about the colouring of the falls, and the strength of the trip-hammer?"

"Oh! you are the gentleman that stood there, are you?"

"Yes, my lad. My dear," said he, turning to his wife, "this little lad, a child from the poor-house, I am told, at the first sight of the spray of the falls, softening the colouring of the evergreens beyond, made as just a remark of its beauty, as an experienced landscape painter could have done."

"I remember that morning well," broke in Robert; "the sun was just breaking through the morning mists; a little rainbow looked like a bridge made of peacock's feathers across the spray of the fall, and the piers of the bridge were two clumps of dark hemlocks on each side." And the boy's face beamed again with the well-remembered beauty.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford exchanged looks of approval.

"I would not let our man, Barney Carey, cut down those hemlocks, and Smithson said he needn't; and I have trimmed out the rough branches on each side, and cut a crooked path to the very front of the falls behind the hemlocks, and then took away the alder-bushes in front; so that as you stand on the road, you see the green bank then the hemlocks, and then the fall between them. I left a white birch behind the hemlocks because its white stem looked so pretty, mingle among the dark green. I wish you would come and see it again."

"I will, my lad, if only to gratify your taste which is remarkable for his age," said he, turning to his wife.

Julia, in the mean time, had turned from the fish, and was looking at the boy, who, with glowing cheek and kindling eye, was describing one of his beautiful spots. She now turned to her father: "May I see it, too, pa?"

"Yes, my dear; we will ride there the first beautiful morning: but I must now pay the boy." He gave him a handful of change.

"This is not right," said the lad, in a sturdy

tone; "let me see: six ninepences. How much do they make? Two ninepences, a quarter; four, a half dollar. I want three quarters of a dollar, and you have given me more." Returning the overplus, he took up his basket.

"Have you studied arithmetic, then?" said Mr. Clifford.

"A little, sir; ~~Smithson~~ lent me his son William's arithmetic, and I have looked into it a little; but he wants it again, and now I can buy one," said Robert, looking at his money, which seemed the Bank of England to him.

"Here, my lad: take this arithmetic of Julia's, and keep it to remember us. I can buy you another, Julia."

The grateful boy, flushed by success, sought his long and dark way home.

Little did Robert Woods think how much that visit was connected with his after-destiny, both for weal and woe.

What did he think? Did he think of the dark-haired, bright-eyed girl, that admired his fish? Or did he plan out what he was to do with his money and his book? Time will tell: but of the connection of those individuals with his future destiny, he certainly did not think.

Julia Clifford's mother was the Olivia of Ernest Maltraver's earthly hopes ; and in that room, when Robert arrived, was the demon form of Ernest himself, watching the heart of his former love. He had lost sight of his victim ; had reported at Pandemonium that he was dead, he believed ; but had received a severe discipline for the neglect of his duty, which had much irritated his haughty spirit. Upon hearing Robert mention his name, he knew him at once ; and, in the present moment of his irritation, his haughty and cruel temper exulted much at the discovery. He left the house with the boy, and accompanied him to his little garret bed, with a feeling towards him which earth cannot conceive, but which hell understands : the slightest exhibition of which was to thwart his plans, to sear his heart, to darken the sunny benevolence of his character and to ruin his happiness for ever.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SANHEDRIM OF PANDEMONIUM.

"THERE is much misjudgment manifested by demons in their temptation," said the dictator, at one of the stated meetings of Pandemonium, "and it behooves us all to endeavour to grow wiser by experience. For the inefficient and idle among us, the refractory and stubborn, we have immediate punishments; for the unsuccessful, punishments more remote, in subjecting them to other trials. The principal defect in your management arises in not adapting your temptations to the peculiar temperament and disposition of the victim. You act too much upon general principles; sometimes essaying to destroy a whole generation by intemperance; sometimes by extravagant expenditure; sometimes by public business; generally taking some one well-known temptation, and adhering to that, through all changes of character. In this way, souls slip through your fingers, and your efforts fail.—In times like these, in a part of the

country where gross crimes—such as murder, stabbing, highway robbery, &c.—are comparatively unfrequent, it is much better never to tempt the subject to commit them; or to place him in circumstances where he might be tempted to commit them, if he were in the Western states: public opinion and the force of law are such, that the victim revolts, and endeavours to escape our thralldom. At present, in most cases, the less downright sin committed, the better. Make a man believe he is moral and good, and he will look no further; he will leave religion out of view. If your object is to torment a known good man, do it by little trials, rather than great ones. There is a resource in religion that bears up its possessor under great trials, when he would hardly think to apply to it for endurance of small evils. Tempt with little things: the more trifling, the more effective, because the least suspected. The happiness of families is much more easily destroyed by a little fretfulness, a slight irritability, in the parent, than it is by violence of passion. Violent and strong tempers are much more apt to feel the influence of principle in their government, than slight ill-humour; because we can suggest a temptation to ill-humour, which the

ill of the victim at once coincides with, and takes his own; when, being on his guard, he could crush the risings of a stronger passion. This remark particularly applies to those who save the temptation of the female sex. A woman's fortitude and strength of character will be called out by great trials, and she will sustain them like a heroine or a Christian, when she will sink at once under minor trials, lose her resignation, murmur and repine at her lot, and make herself and all around her uncomfortable. A multitude of little things: such strokes tell on the character and destiny."

The next speaker had been a physician of great repute, but who had fallen a victim to intemperance. "As the stomach," said he, "is almost the only bodily organ we are allowed to attack, we should aim at producing such an irritation and derangement of the powers of that organ, as to destroy the temper, and make the man peevish and irritable. Dyspepsia is a grand instrument, in our hands, to undermine character and a good disposition, and to create a habit of fretfulness and discontent. Let no victim forget he has a stomach! In youth, excite it to excess, and create a gluttonous disposition or a habit of intem-

perance. Through its weakness in early life, create a nausea at certain descriptions of food, that will make the man, in after-life, even if health has made his stomach strong, fastidious about his food, unreasonable in its demands, and uncertain in what he wants. This will, unquestionably, act upon the mental and moral habits, and produce a fastidious, unreasonable, and uncertain character in every thing. The temptations addressed to the stomach, in very early childhood, are generally the most durable and the most effective of any. Luxury, gluttony, intemperance, are direct consequences; while irritability, discontent, a dissatisfaction with their common condition, are, though indirect, no less certain."

"The property," remarked one who had been a merchant, "you all know, we have no liberty to touch, except by special permission on extra occasions." But we can confuse the judgment in its management, by placing motives and plans that are foolish, in a pleasant light. We can make men bold, where they ought to be, timid; and timid, where boldness would have led to success. Or, if we see success in business would ruin a soul, we can suggest wise and efficient

plans, which, from our superior knowledge, we know would prove efficient."

"We once," said an aged demon, "received a permission, as did the demons in the time of Job, to try the effect of the loss of property upon the character and temper of a very good man, one who had employed his wealth in benefits to his fellow-men, and who was looked up to as the most useful and charitable man in his neighbourhood. Intelligence was brought to him that a bank had failed, in which he owned a large amount of stock. I saw his mind as he received it. He was alone, and had no character, therefore, of consistent piety to keep up, in the estimation of beholders. The first feeling was, 'It is the Lord: I submit;' then thankfulness that he had been permitted to enjoy it so long, and make others partakers of its blessings. A sigh arose; and he said aloud, 'That was Charles' portion, poor boy; he will have less to begin life with; but it is as well:' and then went to his duties, as active and as cheerful as ever. A state refused to pay her liabilities, of whose scrip he was a large owner. He was a little more serious in his ordinary demeanour, but never murmured. 'That was to

have been my daughter's share; but I have given her an education, and it must suffice instead.' Western lands were of no profit; other banks were unable to pay dividends; immense and sweeping fires ruined his insurance stock; his friends failed, and left him to pay his endorsements, until no vestige remained of his late huge property. But there was no murmur; a deeper shade of seriousness gathered over his countenance; he smiled less cheerfully than before; but no complaint, no reproach of Providence. In informing his children that he was ruined, he told them he had paid every debt, and had sacrificed every thing to do it; that he was stripped of what he once hoped would have made them respectable and happy, and now they must exert their own powers for support. He soon received from them such assurances of their indifference to earthly goods, as relieved his solicitude. The daughters immediately turned their talents and accomplishments to use; and, by their gains as teachers, were soon able to contribute their mite to the support of their father. The son, though in college, spent his long vacation in teaching, and his shorter ones in translating French and German books for the press, and acquired enough

to continue him in his studies, and carry him through his profession.—Our object was lost. They all became better and happier by the loss of property, and we left him, as a hopeless case. Some of his property, that was thought to be worthless, has turned out well. His friends have been enabled to repay him for his endorsements; the insurance companies and banks have recovered from their losses; he has recalled his daughters to bless his now humble home; and has saved sufficient to send his son into the world an active, energetic, well-educated man.”

“We all felt,” said the dictator, “that, in that case, the experiment was a bad one, especially for the children; and that wealth would, much more likely, have been a source of more effective temptation to them than poverty.—But, as I commenced with saying, we must grow wise by experience; and as direct temptations are given, by our laws, to tyroes, we that have more experience must assist them more by our suggestions and advice.”

“Which is preferable in our temptations, afflictions or success?” inquired a younger member of the group.

“Neither afflictions nor success,” replied the

dictator, "are directly under our control ; but, as I have said before, it will depend upon the peculiar character and temperament of the subject. Some men are rendered haughty, rash, luxurious, and selfish by success ; and afflictions bring them down to humility, self-control, and a correct religious feeling : hence, with such men, success is our best engine. Again, others are rendered peevish, irritable, despondent, and inactive, by afflictions and losses ; and success will produce in their minds cheerfulness, thankfulness, and self-respect ; therefore, on such bring afflictions. But success in plans, or the want of it, is not under our control."

"I remember," said the aged demon, "that in one of my earlier temptations, I was allowed by the Higher Power to permit my victim to be successful in any thing he undertook, with the condition only, that this privilege was never to be changed. I would suggest plans ; if he embraced them, success always followed, until he obtained the reputation of being the most lucky person in the world. My object was, in obtaining this privilege, to entice him to be a gambler, and, by giving him constant success, make him a professed blackleg, with the reputation of a cheat,

and secure my prey in that way. He played some, and of course, by the terms of my compact, never lost: but constant success completely sickened him of play; he said there was no excitement, where he knew that he must be victorious. It was so in most things. I tempted him, in his acquaintance with a beautiful girl, to attempt her seduction. As the thought came up in his mind, the will seized it, and began to canvass it. 'Most observers would say, I cannot do it; but I never failed in any thing yet, and I know that I could accomplish my object. But why should I ruin the poor girl? She is beautiful and innocent, and happy now. I will not do it.' So he avoided her, and the temptation failed. Had he not been sure of success, I could have entangled him in her pursuit, as a mere matter of gallantry, and, perhaps, accomplished my object. It is true, I sometimes led him into sin; but external pleasures palling from satiety, he turned his mind to science and literature, and was there eminently successful. In the progress of his studies, religion came up to view, and he carried his talismanic success into his endeavour to obtain it: so that my very plan was the cause of my failure."

"No preconceived plans," said the dictator,

“are of much avail: we must be governed, not by general rules, but by individual circumstances.”

Oh, man! what a thorny path thou must lead to reach the Eternal City! How many snares and pitfalls! how many enemies to encounter! Within, the depravity of your own heart; without, the assaults of so many insidious foes, placing forbidden fruit before your morbid appetites, and leading you on to destruction; their temptations coinciding with, and strengthening the impulses of your native depravity. How can you ever reach eternal life? Can any one be saved? Is there no one, then, to pluck the fruits of the trees of life, or bathe in the river of bliss that rolls at their feet? Yes, blessed be God, through Jesus Christ, who only gives us the victory! there will be hosts redeemed from the thralldom of depravity, the dominion of sin, the influence of demons! Heaven will not be tenantless and deserted; but the song of Moses and the Lamb will resound throughout eternity, sung by countless millions of the human race!

CHAPTER XXX.

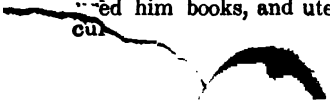
ROBERT AT FIFTEEN.

ROBERT WOODS has now reached the age of fifteen, the time when the decision is to be made whether he will continue in his present situation or be bound apprentice to some mechanic. By this time, he had made himself so useful to his master, who had such confidence in his skill and integrity, that but few thoughts and few words sufficed to continue him as the bound apprentice to Joseph Curtis, to acquire the business of farming, taking care of a saw-mill, &c., to use the words of the indentures. Robert was now a strong, athletic, agile youth, of the size and activity of a lad of eighteen; an adept in all the exercises and sports of boyhood; accustomed to labour; considering it a duty, and therefore a pleasure, and never a task. He was almost exclusively employed at the saw-mill, at least in the spring, summer, and autumn months; and feeling it so much his permanent residence, he

had done what his taste suggested to make it picturesque, if not beautiful.

A little room at one end—made of coarse slabs, it is true, but made with neatness—gave him a place for retirement and study, and a receptacle for his books and the implements of his various business or amusement. A lock and key secured it from intruders; and here he laid the foundation of all that he proved to be in after-life. A window, consisting of a sliding pannel, like those in stables, looked out on the west, and overlooked the plunge of the foaming water, after it had left the wheel. It is true, there were cracks in several places, and the light and rain came in through various chinks and crevices; but his book-shelf was dry, his little nook for his birch-bark rolls was dry, and he cared not for himself. Something else besides children's copies and respectable pot-hooks and trammels, began to cover those birch-bark rolls. The first openings of a young mind, the first stretchings after immortality, the first rays of a young imagination, stimulated by the beauty around him, began to appear on those rolls.

Robert had money now; and money had provided him books, and utensils, and tools, of various



rious kinds. His fish were well sold; and not only Mr. Clifford was the purchaser, but others, even at the county town, though fifteen miles distant, patronised the young fisherman. He laid snares for the ruffed grouse; (or partridges, as they are called in New England; he soon procured, first a coarse little gun, and then a rifle, and his game brought a ready price.

He never forgot his dear, good Mrs. Curtis, as he called her; and she always had her share of game and fish, and that always at the very time when they were most acceptable.

What was the secret of Robert Woods' success? Had he received demoniacal assistance? Am I describing an impossibility? By no means. The secret of his success was simply the effect of *strength of body, steadiness of nerve, and coolness of judgment*. Possessing all these qualities, any one can be successful in athletic pursuits or in the acquisition of game. He learned things quickly, it is true; but he did not receive them by intuition. He observed coolly: he then drew his conclusions, rapidly it is true, but generally accurately. He had steadiness of nerves in body, and steadiness of purpose in mind, and he accomplished what he desired. There was no miracle

in all this : no more than what any one, possessed of strength, steady nerves, and a cool head, could accomplish. Had fencing been a practice he could have learned, he would have been a first-rate swordsman : strength of wrist, quickness of eye, and coolness of judgment, would have made him one. As it was, he excelled in horsemanship, in swimming, in all amusements and labours, where his strength of body and quickness of determination could be brought into use. Did he make no mistake then ? Frequently : he was not infallible ; but he never made the same mistake twice !

To give one anecdote of his boyish years will illustrate these remarks :—Bill Thon showed him a large string of pickerel that he had caught in Spruce pond, about two miles from Curtis' mills, and Robert tramped over there one leisure afternoon, to take his share. Supposing their habits were like those of a trout, he hunted for them and fished for them as he would do for that fish. He spent the whole afternoon and came home with only one little pickerel that had bit at his worm, that might have weighed a quarter of a pound.

Meeting Bill Thompson, he complained of

luck. Bill asked how he fished. Robert told him.

"Why, you fool, Bob! Don't you know any better than that? You see, you must take a piece of a frog's leg, or the belly of a roach or perch, and keep skittering it on the top of the water."

"Oh ho!" said Robert, "then the pickerel take their food on the surface of the water, when moving, do they?"

"I don't know where they take their food, and don't care; I know that I can't catch 'em without skittering."

The hint was enough. He studied their habits, and in a short time added the best of pickerel to his stock.

Where was Ernest all this time? Close upon his path, night and day; tempting him to fretfulness, to boasting, to any thing that would make him disagreeable to others; but his mother's dying speech, 'beware the first sin!' was a talisman against all demoniacal influence. In the winter, the boys of the school, instigated by Ernest, would not play with him, because he was a poor-house boy; Smithson, in summer, was often fretful and impatient, and jealous of his success. Need we say to whom this change was owing? Ernest's

feelings were none of the most affectionate or parental. He—the haughty, the nobly descended, the admired and imitated in life—to be obliged to use his great powers to instigate farmers' lads, and the foreman of a saw-mill, to torment a poor-house boy, was too degrading!

There was a bitterness of hostility against poor Robert, that would have plunged him in the saw-mill pond, or held him under the trip-hammer, if he had been allowed.

Had Julia Clifford made her promised visit to the falls? She came once with her father; admired them as much as Robert expected; laughed more than he expected at his little cubby-house, as she termed it, and his birch-bark copies; but stopped when she saw her ridicule made Robert look sad.

Mr. Clifford made some judicious presents to the lad in books, and encouraged him in his progress.

But even this one visit was made a source of unhappiness to Robert. Smithson, even his friend Smithson, sneered at the gallantry, and alluded for the first time to his being one of the town-poor, and daring to look up to the squire's daughter; and he went to bed, in his little garret at Mr.

is', more decidedly uncomfortable in mind he had been for years. Next morning, however, as he faced the rising sun, in his run to the lake, braced by the air, and invigorated by the freshness of all around him, he felt, if he could not utter, "Better and brighter hereafter." He could only say, "Never mind: I'm doing what I can, and that will make me happy, even if I am run out by the town."

CHAPTER XXXI.

BIRCH-BARK POETRY.

As we said before, Robert Woods was now a bright and beautiful lad, buoyant with health, blessed with an indomitable perseverance of character, and a determination to become something in the world, and to elevate his condition in it.

His past trials and grievances were remembered, as the dew of the morning is in the noon-

tide sun. They had had, however, a salutary influence on his character. He was no longer dependant upon a single being for his happiness; that lay in himself alone. But, though solitary, he was not discontented: his employments and amusements all coincided to make him happy, though alone. He laboured for his master's interests faithfully and perseveringly, and satisfied him. He read at his leisure hours, and at rainy times, in the evening and early morning. He pursued, with avidity, those engagements that brought money to his pocket; and he husbanded that with frugality, indulging himself in no luxury, excepting books and cleanliness.

As his mind expanded, he wrote down his thoughts in the form of a journal, at first on birch bark, and then, as he grew able, on paper. A sensibility and imagination like his, soon led to poetry; and a perusal of the best English poets presented models to his mind. He wrote mere verses at first, with now and then a poetical image bursting out of the barrenness around. He studied nature in her sweetness and wildness, and nature inspired him with imagery and poetry.

We might give many specimens of this birch bark poetry, had we room. One will suffice:

AN OCTOBER EVENING.

The setting sun now shuts the day ;
 His face, no vapours cloak.
 No gold-tinged clouds around him play ;
 His last rays smile not, cheer not, now ;
 But with a stern and bloody brow
 He wades through seas of smoke.

No blushing beams the path unfold,
 In which the monarch treads :
 A path, where once the living gold
 Fringed ev'ry deep black cloud with fire,
 And bade night's eastern steeds retire,
 Nor show their star-crown'd heads.

Where once the rosy twilight blush'd
 Upon the dark blue sky,
 The thick smoke has in anger flush'd,
 And in its dun and moveless clouds,
 The sun, his red face sullen shrouds,
 Nor backward turns his eye.

No mists fantastic rise and curl
 Upon the glassy lake,
 Or on its breast their forms unfurl ;
 But on its wave the dun cloud lies,
 Like those which o'er life's current rise,
 That hope and joy forsake.

Sear'd is the poplar's quivering leaf,
 And crisp'd and red, the oak ;
 Like life, their course as gay and brief.
 For, always, as decay appears,
 Her gayest robe the forest wears,
 And smiles at death's last stroke.

Life's pleasures are as briefly bright
As autumn's leaves so gay ;
Then why regard their sickle light !
Though dazzling as they may be now,
Like snow-wreaths on the cataract's brow,
They soon will melt away.

Now on rides night with quicken'd pace,
A night of cold and gloom,
Her brows, no star-form'd circle's grace :
Now, closing round, she covers all
With the same sad and darksome pall;
A darkness like the tomb.

Robert's character had been formed much opposite to what Ernest had expected. Irritation, opposition, reproach, and neglect of school-mates and boys of his own age, had led him, not to discontent, fretfulness, reproaches of his Maker, and other unamiable traits, but to a reliance on God, to a knowledge of the way of salvation, to a study of the Holy Book, and to an independence of man's opinion and the world's feelings.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ANNIVERSARIES.

WE have not interrupted the thread of our story to describe the yearly visits that Ernest made to his late body. At the close of the first twelve months after his death, he felt an impulse from without, that seemed as irresistible as fate, to direct his steps to the church-yard, where, under a lordly monument, his clay was crumbling, amid the clay of his ancestors, into its primordial elements. As the dial hand of Time pointed to the precise moment of his dissolution, he found himself within the coffin, his ghastly remains in full view before his spiritual senses, with all the loathsome details of animal disorganization and putrescence distinct before him.

Late researches have shown, that, in the modern mode of burial, the pure body does not sink to corruption as soon as once conjectured. In a tight coffin, especially if a leaden one has been employed, either as the outer or inner envelope,

air, the great cause of decomposition, has no access. The common idea of worms destroying the body is not literally true, unless worms have been generated in the body by the progress of disease; and their ravages are confined to the viscera, or soon stopped by want of pabulum.

The face and features will remain unaltered for years, as has been ascertained by those who have been disintombed, until, by exposure to the air, they fall into powder, and disappear. Putrid gases, that are first formed, become condensed by pressure, and the flesh having decayed, the bones, sinews and skin remain, presenting a perfect outline of what was once the body.

Hence, the visit of a demon soul to its late residence continues for years, especially if the individual were so rich as to be buried with all precautions against decomposition, a just punishment for pride, abuse of wealth and rank.

By a law from above, over which he could have no control, the *living principle* was obliged again to enter the few remaining parts of the body at each such visit, and, for twenty-four hours, partake of long-forgotten bodily tortures and pains, precursors of future woe to the body as well as the soul.

The consciousness or soul of Ernest was once more within his body, and the living principle endeavouring to reanimate the long-since torpid nerves, and revivify the long-since stagnant and putrid blood. Once more susceptible of pain, every effort that the living principle made was a source of the most intense agony to Ernest.

As the nervous influence began to pervade the body, if parts had decayed, a dreadful burning sensation seemed to be eating and corroding that part. He was now alive to all the want of air, the pressure of the mass above him, the incapability of breathing. There were attempts to gasp, to gather breath, but in vain ; so that the pangs of suffocation, of death from strangling, were lengthened out for twenty-four hours. Though the brain and other organs of sensation were decayed, the consciousness, from its former association, took their place, and felt again bodily pangs.

When the more volatile parts of the body had crumbled into dust, the bodily pangs were lessened ; there was still, however, the burning sensation, where any thing had entirely decayed, and the pains of the bones and skull, the skin and stronger fibres. Then, as the bodily pangs di-

minished, memory commenced her details ; conscience wielded its scorpion whip, and remorse, that worm that never dies, began its gnawings at the fibres of the soul.

The object of this yearly pilgrimage was now apparent ; to force on the soul those ideas of the past, that the demon, in his intercourse with the existences around him, was too apt to endeavour to cast off ; and to give him a foretaste of that future woe, when memory, conscience, and remorse, a brood of vipers in the soul, would sting, and poison, and destroy, eternally.

Memory took up her tale ; conception gave distinctness and personality to each scene, and the whole life of Ernest Maltravers passed in review. There was no possibility of ridding himself of the train of thought. A perceptible, external impulse kept his mind intent, and the laws of association operated, unchecked by the will. Childhood, youth, manhood, all passed in slow, distinct, systematic review before his mind. Every event that had a tendency in forming the haughtiness and sensuality, the cruelty and lust of his character, was present to his memory, together with the manner in which he might have escaped the effect.

The object of the first year's review, was to show to Ernest how his character was formed; how he had voluntarily been the means of creating dispositions that became strong as natural propensities, and how he had had, in his own power, the capability of forming a different character, and of leading a happier existence.

Subsequent years brought different pictures of the past. Sometimes the long list of privileges and advantages that he had possessed would be placed before him, glowing in all the freshness of the light of memory. His talents, his wealth, his station, his friends, each by each, in particular succession, would arise before him, enumerated with a clearness, with a precision, that conscience recognized to be true. Sometimes, conception would, almost miraculously, bring back the past. There he would stand, in the midst of well-known scenes, a living, moving, corporeal being once more. Earth's freshness would be round him; Hope's gentle gales breathing once more in quietness over his heart. Beauties, long since relished and forgotten, would once more refresh his wearied spirits. Purity of childhood, an unknown guest at present, would return; the morning of his existence, in all its bright beauty,

would be with him, its dew unsullied, its brightness unstained : and then, the flood gates of the present would be opened, and the waters rush in and sweep off the past.

One by one of the objects of his passions, or the victims of his lust, came before him ; first, innocent and pure, lovely and beloved ; then, with contaminated minds, foul, loathsome, and unchaste ; seen first at the cottage door, freshness, beauty and purity breathing around them ; seen last, on the bare floor of the brothel, the last breath exhaling amid the orgies of the intemperate or the foulness of the impure : and all, his guilt, his crime. Are those real shades that stand around him, and repeat their accusations ? No : he is alone. It is memory ; but there they stand, distinct, vivid : each, with a sorrowful history of the past ; each pointing the finger at him as the cause.

There would be present what he might have been. Certain epochs of his existence would be before him, that were turning points in his destiny, where, had virtue been obeyed, he would have attained honour, and station, and respectability, and usefulness.

As Ernest entered Pandemonium, the day after

his first visit to his late body, he encountered Sidney, who at once perceived, from the horror yet apparent in his mind, what had been his employment.

"Oh ho!" said, he, "I see where you have been: so, you have had one of those delectable evenings we all are subject to; worse than the orgies of dissipation; the head-ache of the next morning is nothing to the feeling of to-day: eh! Maltravers? What did your worshipful haughtiness say to your late body? pretty much corrupted by this time? Has that last disorder—no, I mean the one before the last—spread much?"

"If you all have such nights," returned Ernest, "why do you insult me with such ridicule?"

"Insult! forsooth. You are not on earth, Master Maltravers, and must bear a great deal, I can tell you, in this world. But it is true, we all have such nights; and they are not beds of roses either, I assure you. But each heart knows its own bitterness."

"Are all, elders and all, subjected to such discipline?"

"I am told, none are exempt, not even the dictator. Such visits are not under the master's control; they are brought about by the Higher

Power. Such visits last until the whole body, bones and all, have decayed; and then, something more terrific, it is said, supply their place. What that condition is, few, in this country, know. Older demons, in other climes, refuse to speak of it, and no tradition of its effects have been handed down to us.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ROBERT AT TWENTY.

OUR story now advances a few years. Robert Woods is now more than twenty years of age, a strong, powerful, athletic man; with a person and countenance such as ladies love to look upon with admiration: the feeling soul reflected in his clear blue eye; manliness of character, energy and determination stamped in every line of his countenance.

He is standing by the bed side of a sick man, in a miserable hut on the mountain side, soothing his pains, administering medicine, and food, and comfort. The night had almost worn away;

thin streaks of gray light began to steal upon the darkness of the east; and the earliest summer birds began to stir in their forest nests.

The sick man moved and seemed to arouse himself from a partial slumber. Robert was at his side in a moment.

"Will you take your drink now, Smithson?"

"How kind you are," said the sick man, "after your days of toil, and nights of study, to watch over my sick bed."

"Never speak of it, dear Smithson. I have had a fine night to study and read. You are now better, I know, by your voice."

"Yes, much better, thanks to your kind care; I believe you were born to be a blessing to all around. Oh! Robert, how often do I think about and regret the many, many times I have been cross and unreasonable to you, the many times I have thwarted your plans, and made you work beyond your hours, and now, you are returning it with kindness."

"But you have not done so of late years, Smithson."

"No: you conquered me by your forbearance and uniform kindness; and even when I opposed you, and ridiculed you the most, I felt I

was doing wrong, and would determine to do otherwise ; but as soon as I saw you successful in every thing, making money and making friends, I would feel the same hostile jealousy, and would twit you of your low condition. It would seem then, that some evil spirit would enter my heart, and prompt me to do what I disapproved in my hours of reflection ; it was an evil spirit, that of envy and jealousy, and I entertained it until your conduct showed me what Christianity and religion were, and what effect they could produce, and I hope now, through your example and influence, I am changed in heart and purpose."

"Do not grieve now, Smithson ; it is all over ; and, though rough and bitter at the time, it did me good. Had you praised me, as you began to do, I should have been vain and proud, confident of success, and boasting of my powers. But your reproaches taught me to look within, to grow humble, to place dependence for friendship and favour on God alone, and never to depend on man. The conduct of my earliest companions in Mr. Curtis' family, the neglect of my school-fellows, your occasional taunts, and your growing coolness, drove me to self-dependence, to a resort to books and



ary sports for amusement, and to a confidence
heaven. But for these causes, how different
old I have been ! It was a bitter medicine,
it cured me of pride, it prevented me from
being a boaster, and it laid the foundation for my
present knowledge, which I am turning to such
an account, and for my present prosperity,
which I am thankful to be allowed to use for
my benefit. Cheer up, my friend. I shall
see you again at the head of our new saw-
mill. In the mean time, remember Mr. Curtis.
I assure you, that your wages will still go
and your family not suffer by your long
absence."

Ernest, as he heard the foregoing conversation,
swelled, in demoniacal hatred, as he perceived
his very plans to torment and injure his vic-
tim had been the very means of forming his char-
acter for what it now was, and of placing him in
an elevated situation he now occupied.

In order to understand some of the allusions
in the above conversation, it is necessary to detail
the conversation that had taken place a few
months previous, at the house of Mr. Curtis.

Robert had been absent the greater part of the
day ; and evening having arrived, Mrs. Curtis

began to wonder where he was, as it was one of those evenings he had appropriated to reading out loud to her, as she had lately lost the use of her eyes.

Robert had become a great favourite with both the old people, and had made himself very necessary to their comfort, as they were childless. Mr. Curtis, now almost too old to manage business, had left the control in Robert's hands.

"Where is Robert to-night?" said Mrs. Curtis; "he is not often so late on reading evenings."

"I suppose he is detained by business, though I do not know what business there is at the mills to keep him."

"What a blessing Robert Woods is to every body!" exclaimed the old lady; "every thing goes on well and happily where he is concerned. With what ease he manages business, and yet finds time for every thing; and, then, how kind to all! How attentive he was to you, Mr. Curtis, in your sickness last winter! I feel towards him as tenderly and affectionately as if he were my own son."

"I wish he was my son," was the old man's reply. "Poor Robert! I feel sorry at the stain on his birth. To have been born of poor, but

honest parents, however low, would have been no ignominy in this free country ; but to be what he is will prove, I am afraid, an obstacle to his rising in the world."

"But, husband, no one knows of that ignominious birth but ourselves, and that through Robert's confidence. The world can never know it, and place it as an obstacle."

"Well, well, we will hope for the best ; but the world always finds out what is against a man. But here he comes."

"I am sorry," said Robert, "to have outstayed my time ; but when you hear of my business, you will not blame me."

"It must have been prosperous and successful, to judge by your looks."

"That must depend upon circumstances hereafter. But to the facts. In studying the new work on minerals that I have lately obtained, I ascertained that certain external indications of soil and appearances of the water accompanied the presence of iron ore. Knowing how expensive it was for us to cart all our ore over the mountains from the Plympton ore bed, whence we have always obtained it, I was in hopes to find some nearer home ; and I had formed that hope

from some recollections of similar indications in the low ground to the east of South mountain. Yesterday I went there, and find there is an extensive bed of the brown iron ore lying in that valley. Here are specimens of it; and, if it open as well as these will indicate, it is as good as the Plympton ore. I found that the land was owned by Captain Foster, of Clairville. To-day I went down to see him, being determined promptly to purchase the land at once. Captain Foster owns a number of acres next to South mountain, extending back almost to your land, and running south to the turnpike, most of it on the south slope of the hills. I reasoned, that even if there was but little ore there, the wood might pay the interest on the money, and more too, if made into charcoal. The captain, at first, asked seven dollars an acre, but I finally got it for five. I paid him seventy dollars down, which is all the money I am worth, and he agreed to take my note for the remainder, to pay when I could."

"How was it that Captain Foster was willing to take your note, he is called a pretty tight man?"

"I suppose," said Robert, looking down, "he remembered that I saved the life of his son a few

months ago, when he came near drowning in our millpond."

"Oh, Robert!" said Mrs. Curtis, "you were born to be a blessing to every one! I do not wonder that all are ready to do you a service, when you have done so much for others."

"That explains it," said Mr. Curtis. "But, Robert, you must not be in debt for that land. I will advance the money: for if you can find ore so near our furnace, it will be of incalculable advantage to us, and will make you a rich man."

We need hardly say that Robert's knowledge of mineralogy was too accurate to have been mistaken. The new bed of brown oxyde of iron opened to the best advantage, and the South mountain iron ore soon became famous over the county, and supplied other furnaces besides that of Curtis and Woods, which new firm was announced in the county papers, and soon became one of the richest in the neighbourhood.

In the course of the next year or two, Robert's temporal prosperity was farther increased by the discovery of a chalybeate spring on his ground, near the south turnpike road. He cleared the soil in its vicinity, built a slight wooden edifice over the spring, and recommended its waters to

the neighbouring sick. Smithson was the first to cure his rheumatism by its efficacy ; and soon its reputation was spread abroad, and its throng of visitors so increased, that a hotel was erected by Curtis and Woods, and tenanted by a respectable landlord. Smithson was stationed as manager of the spring. Houses sprang up around the hotel, all erected on Robert's ground. Visitors from a distance were attracted by the reputation of the spring, and detained by the romantic scenery of the mountains and mills, which Robert took care to beautify, simply and yet elegantly, leaving to nature all her beauties, and calling in the assistance of art but very sparingly, and that in the most judicious manner.

So the 'poor-house boy' was now a rich landed proprietor ; even at twenty-three, partner in a wealthy firm ; accumulating property, and managing it with judgment, sharing it in charity with all that were needy ; a blessing to all around, beloved and respected ; all from energy of character and soundness of mind, united with virtuous habits and affectionate manners.

And how did his demon tempter feel at all this success ? Chagrined, mortified, alarmed ; angry at Robert and at the conclave of Pandemonium

for placing him in such a situation ; endeavouring to oppose his son in his success, but in vain ; and thwarting his plans just enough to keep him from self-confidence and pride, and to lead him to deeper thoughts and sounder decisions.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

STRANGERS AT THE SPRINGS.

As Robert was one day standing on the piazza of his new hotel, watching the coming in of the weekly stage, desirous of seeing a person on business, a splendid travelling-carriage, with four horses and out-riders, came sweeping up the long avenue to the hotel. An elderly gentleman and a young lady were its only tenants. Upon inquiry whether they could obtain rooms, they alighted, and passed near where Robert was standing. He scarcely looked at the father, so struck was he by the splendid and perfect beauty of the daughter. Tall, rather largely formed,

though not in the least degree disproportioned, her figure showed the fullness of ripened beauty. Her complexion was clear, though pale; that hue which, in the female face, marks the union of thought, judgment, and sensibility; the latter under the strictest control, but existing a hidden fire in the heart, fertilizing and warming every trait of character, without itself appearing the governing power. When warm feelings or sensibility obtain the entire control, the cheek exhibits it by its flush, the eye by its moisture, the hand by its warmth; but a clear, pale complexion is the exponent of thought, judgment, and self-control.

Her eyes were large and lustrous; in their colour, hazel; in their expression, varied. If any fault could be found with their expression, it was their capability of assuming haughtiness of reserve.

As she stood in the piazza, waiting for her father to give directions to the servants, she cast no glances on the spectators around, as most young girls would have done who are conscious of their beauty. She had too much self-dignity to demand, or even desire, the admiration of the multitude. Neither did she cast her eyes, in

bashful modesty, on the ground, as some young beauties suppose they must, to keep up a character of maiden softness. Her looks were fixed carelessly on her father; and as her side-face was turned towards Robert, he was struck with admiration at the strong intellectuality and self-dependence of her whole countenance and manner.

Let us accompany the father and daughter to their private parlour, and listen to their conversation.

"Is it your intention, father, to remain here for the night, or to go on to our own residence?"

"We are too far from Belleville to reach there in any season; and besides, my dear, you have forgotten that we have no more a house of our own to enter at Belleville."

"Yes, father; but I thought our tenant was to leave at any moment you desired."

"Moments in business, my dear Julia, are longer than they are in romance. Our tenant, Mr. Clark, is a good man, and deserves more than a moment's notice to prepare to leave a house he has occupied for so many years. Besides, even if we decide to reoccupy the place, our own preparations cannot be made in a moment; and

there will be, undoubtedly, much to be done, to make the place what it once was."

"You speak, my dear father, as if there was still a doubt in your mind whether you should occupy the old house."

"Yes," replied Mr. Clifford, a shade of sadness stealing over his face, "I have many doubts. There will be many painful associations connected with your mother's memory brought up by the place; griefs renewed, that so many years' residence abroad has not been able to destroy. Yes, I am in doubt. But," speaking more cheerfully, "the place is yours now, having been exclusively your mother's, and being secured to you upon your marriage. I shall be guided by you, certainly, in my return thither."

"Far be it from me, my dear father," replied Julia, "to drag you to a place where you would be unhappy. I have not many recollections, or associations of any description with the house. I left it, you know, at thirteen, for my boarding-school; and as you left it soon after, and it was placed under the care of a tenant, I therefore never revisited it; and, then, our absence abroad has filled my mind with other scenes. I have

no doubt a residence there would revive much that was delightful in my infancy ; but I have no desire to press you to revive any old griefs, for any residence will be as pleasant to me."

"I have been endeavouring," uttered Mr. Clifford, at length, after a long pause, "to recollect this place, and these springs that they speak of so much, but I am perfectly at fault. I think they must have sprung up since our departure. I will ask the landlord." And he rang the bell. "Present my compliments," said he to the waiter who entered, "to the landlord of the hotel, and ask him if he can spare a few moments' conversation."

"I have been endeavouring," said Mr. Clifford to the landlord, as he entered, "to recall to my mind any traces of the place where we now are. I resided about ten miles from here, some ten or twelve years ago, but I can remember nothing on this road that would answer at all to the village I see around me."

"It has all sprung up," replied the landlord, "within a very few years. An enterprising young man discovered an ore bed on the side of the mountain, which he has made very profitable ; and soon after, in his farther pursuit for

ore, He came across the chalybeate spring which is near us. It being on his own land, he cleared it out, erected a shed, at first, over it, and recommended it to some rheumatic persons of his acquaintance. It was of such service to them, that its reputation increased; and soon the proprietor enclosed it, erected bathing-rooms, and appointed a keeper. It became, finally, a place of so much resort, that this building was erected for the accommodation of its visitors: that long one-story building, situated at right angles with the hotel, contains the bathing-rooms, with all necessary apparatus. The spring itself is behind those pillars supporting that dome, all owned by that same enterprising young man, who is making himself the wealthiest among us."

"What is his name?"

"Woods, of the firm of Curtis and Woods, iron manufacturers."

"Woods! Woods! I have no recollection of the name."

"Probably not, sir, he was not a native of this town. His story is rather singular"— But at this moment the landlord was called from the room, and left his story unfinished.

"Woods, Woods, I remember no such young man."

"Probably," said Julia, "some young man who came into the county since we left it."

CHAPTER XXXV.

LOVE'S PROGRESS.

THE next morning our travellers preferred breakfasting at the common table, as Mr. Clifford observed that such intercourse did not lessen their own dignity, but often added materially to their knowledge of persons and events.

Robert was at the table, for he boarded at the hotel, when the ore bed required his immediate supervision. His seat was directly opposite to Julia and her father. Julia could not but note the manliness of his person, the exceeding beauty of his face, the air of intelligent decision, mingled with benevolence, that pervaded every feature. When he spoke, the rich full tones of his voice

came, like a trumpet tone, upon her ear. His remarks, made to the landlord, who was at the head of the table, though respecting common place things, were full of sound sense, with occasionally such an original and shrewd observation, that Mr. Clifford was aroused to take a share in the conversation.

American society, at a common inn table, never waits for a formal introduction, and conversation takes place, and information is given and exchanged, without the speakers' having the least knowledge of each other's name.

In the progress of the breakfast, some casual remark led Mr. Clifford to perceive that the owner of the springs was conversing with him; and he then made such inquiries respecting the discovery of the spring and the ore bed as led to a long interview, in which Robert volunteered his services to show the strangers both the bed and spring.

The names of the strangers soon led Robert to remember the gentleman who had excited his first ambition, and whose money and presents had been the first link in the great chain of sequence that had made him what he was. Of Julia, he remembered little or nothing. The visions of early beauty had faded away among the pleasant

blings of infancy ; and, as he endeavoured to re-
new them, and recollect her, it was a shadowy
picture of something bright, seen far off in child-
hood, like the remembrance of the summer morn-
ings, when, fresh and young, he ran to the mills,
or like the recollection of the bright ripple of the
lake on some sunny afternoon of unusual success
in sporting.

He did not make himself known ; at first, be-
cause he supposed they would be but temporary
residents at the springs ; and subsequently, as he
found himself interested in the appearance and
character of Julia, and took a delight in her
society, he disliked lowering himself in her opin-
ion by an acknowledgment of what he had been,
though determined to be honest, whenever cir-
cumstances brought him to that point.

The unsophisticated character of his mind, the
freshness of all his feelings and views, the accu-
racy of all his judgments and opinions, and the
uniform kindness and benevolence of his conduct,
soon raised him very high in the estimation of
both Julia and her father, while the latter ap-
preciated his talents, penetration into causes, and
accuracy of judgment. The method with which
every thing in his multifarious concerns was

managed ; the prudence that checked his boldness, and the boldness that prompted required prudence, in all his business transactions seemed wonderful in so young a man.

These traits of character, and other accomplishments of our hero, were not seen all or forced upon the mind by his obtrusion. Every day some new thing would come by mere accident ; some new excellency, new accomplishment of mind or body.

There is no one cause of the rapid growth of regard, progressing in friendship and tenderness in love, so powerful as the facts we are mentioning : the gradual accidental discovery in every interview, of some new, interesting character, or some new excellency of mind or body. An accidental acquaintance of that kind at first excites our curiosity ; that excitement continually kept alive by the new, slow, gradual developments of character ; the deeper acquaintance is constantly increased by these continued discoveries. Regard sprouts and finds fuel for its consumption in the new traits every day brought to light ; and friendship and even love arise, in a much more rapid

ner than where acquaintance has been long, and the character fully known.

There was a striking similarity of feeling, taste, and even character, in Julia and Robert, and this similarity forced itself every day the more strongly on Julia's mind. Passages in books, that she admired, he would quote or appeal to as being pleasing to him, and that, without knowing her opinion. External beauties, the fondness for forests and the solitary loveliness of nature, affected both in the same way. If she wished for books, Robert knew where to find them. If she desired a solitary ramble, Robert knew to what still, retired forest glade her steps could be directed. If she expressed a fondness for riding, horses were at the door, and Julia had occasion to admire a new accomplishment, which she had not ascertained before.

Mr. Clifford continued his residence at the springs, for he found that the water and the air were having some beneficial effects on his shattered frame; and Julia's new employments and amusements made her happy, for never before, during her long education, had she been enabled to enjoy the pleasures of country scenery, so much her delight. Without other society that

interested her, she soon found her entire interest taken up in Robert. Some circumstances of danger, in which they were both placed, and the idle gossipings of the visitors at the springs, in consequence of it, revealed to themselves their mutual feelings, and opened the eyes of Mr. Clifford to his daughter's attachment.

Impelled by some secret influence, he hastened to the iron-works to see Robert; he found no one but Mr. Curtis, who, upon inquiry, told him of Robert's having been originally a town-pauper, but having had the credit of making his way to his present prospects and wealth by his own industry and genius.

After some search he found Robert at the saw-mill, and as he stood on the green bank of the little lake, the whole of the scene once witnessed in Robert's early life flashed over his memory. He advanced, and said to Robert, who was standing directing the workmen, "I have been here before."

"Yes, Mr. Clifford, you have been here on an errand of charity, and all that you see, and all that I am, are the results of that charity, and the advice given on that memorable day. Your kindness made me what I am; taught me the

value of industry, of perseverance, of economy ; and you see the happy results."

Mr. Clifford looked gratified for the moment, but in a more severe tone he replied :

"It is not to recall those charities, that I came here. Robert Woods, you have engaged the affections of my daughter, the sole remaining solace of an old man's life. I do not blame you for it. I blame myself for allowing you such opportunities, and for not foreseeing what would be the consequences of placing a person of your character and accomplishments in Julia's society. Mr. Curtis has told me that you were once a town-pauper. I give you credit for all that your perseverance and energy have accomplished, but to think that my daughter should marry one that that has risen from so low a station as you !"

Robert interrupted him rather proudly : "Mr. Curtis told you the truth, but not the whole truth. I have been not only supported by the charity of this town, but my birth is base. I am an illegitimate child of a very poor woman. I tell you this in all honesty, for I would not that the father of Julia Clifford should say that any thing that was against me I have kept back."

He looked up in the face of Mr. Clifford, pale

and, breathless, but with a conscience clear of deception or concealment.

Mr. Clifford stood aghast. "It cannot be, Mr. Woods, it cannot be; I cannot give my Julia to such a man, had he the wealth of the Indies, or the worth of Washington. I trust you will never see my daughter again. I shall at once remove her from this dangerous neighbourhood, and persuade her to forget one not worthy of her."

Robert seemed almost stunned by this sudden blow. He stood motionless and gasping for breath, as Mr. Clifford took his way down the hill. His eyes followed him until the turn in the road hid him from view, and he then sank on the ground in despair.—But despair reigns not long in a young and sanguine mind, and it requires more grief and disappointment to crush the youthful heart, than romances and novels suppose.

Ernest gazed on his son's agony as his handiwork, and felt he was avenged for his attempts to marry the daughter of Olivia. "I have made you miserable," said he, "and I go now to other employments. You have enough to torment you, and occupy your thoughts without my presence and temptations."

Robert lay not long on the green-sward where

he had flung himself. His principles conquered. "I have done no wrong," he said. "It is no breach of trust or confidence, no breach of the great rule of rectitude, to love Julia Clifford. It has been no breach of that rule, to have loved her, and followed her, and endeavoured to obtain her. My birth, and my early condition, takes nothing away, in this land of freedom, from my merits, and adds nothing to my obligations. It may not be expedient for that proud man to give his daughter to a man situated as I have been; but it is no crime for a man situated as I am now, to ask her love. I may have lost her. I may see her no more; but I shall never regret the attentions I have paid her; nor still less regret the disclosures that I made to him. My conscience is clear, and I will resume my daily labours, and seek happiness in employment. How differently should I have felt, had I the consciousness of the guilt of concealment to torment me.—And I shall see her no more! The forests will wave in vain their green branches; she, that shared with me my love for them, will be gone. The birds will sing in vain among their boughs; she, who felt their melody, will be away. Nature will smile in vain in all her beauty; she,

who enjoyed it with me, will be gone.—But why do I feel thus? Nature is not altered, and I must not suffer myself to lose its charms. Duty, duty, not enjoyment, must be my motto and my aim hereafter.”

We find among the birch-bark poetry of this period, the following farewell. Whether it ever reached Julia's hands, we know not, though we rather suspect it did; as there was a copy of it, but not in his own handwriting, found in the Post-Office, directed to him, with a withered rose between the leaves.

FAREWELL

Farewell ! thou best beloved : the months have roll'd away,
The brightest months of life ; and gloomy frowns the day,
When thou and I must part, no more on earth to meet.
Although, within my breast, the warmest love may beat ;
Though all my thoughts to you, in fond affection swell,
Yet I must utter now, that one sad word, *farewell*.

For me, will beat no more that lov'd and valued heart ;
No more, o'er that dear face, those warm emotions dart ;
No more that thrilling voice, in low and melting tone.
Shall vibrate on my heart, now turning fast to stone.
The last note of that voice, forever will it dwell
Upon my lonely heart, though uttering *farewell*.

Yes : other eyes will see that countenance so lov'd ;
And, with that thrilling voice, will other hearts be mov'd ;
Towards other friends more lov'd, those warm affections burn ;
To gladden other fields, that stream of love will turn.

While, cold and desolate, this heart will ever dwell,
Nor ever beat again with such a sad *farewell*.

As long as life shall throb within this wearied frame,
So long shall burn my love, a strong but smothered flame.
So long the memory of all that thou hast been,
Thy kindness and thy warmth shall throb this heart within.
And, oft in pain and grief, my ruin'd spirit dwell
Upon the hour I spake that last sad word, *farewell*.

Think'st thou, in after-life, a kinder friend thou 'lt meet ?
Think'st thou another heart can with such passion beat ?
They 'll love thee, dear, 'tis true, but light will be that love,
Compar'd to that I feel, and all that I would prove.
But why allow the mind on maddening thoughts to dwell ?
There 's nothing left for me but one sad word, *farewell*.

We part, to meet no more. The stream of time rolls on,
And all that's left of life will soon be spent and gone ;
Then let us think of God and holiness the more,
And strive to meet again on heaven's calm peaceful shore
Let heavenly hopes alone within our bosoms dwell,
And we shall not then feel that last sad word, *farewell*.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

POLITICS.

ANOTHER few years to be passed over without
record.

A new and unexpected event disturbed the

peaceful district among the mountains, connected with a change in the general politics of the country.

The county had always been a strong opposition district, and the same member had been returned for years with no opposing candidate. The old farmers, merchants, and other leading men, had been always on the same side, and no information upon general politics had ever reached the ears of the voters, except through such channels as they pleased.

But a new state of things was beginning to take place; new interests sprang up, as manufacturing capital called in another class of labourers, with other views. Newspapers and pamphlets upon the other side in politics found their way to the hotel at the springs, and were scattered and read throughout the district by the young men.

The member of Congress, who had been their representative for so many years, died suddenly at Washington, and a new election was ordered. An aristocratic lawyer, residing at the county-town, had been nominated by the junto who usually governed the county, without any appeal to the voters, or even any farce of a convention.

It is true, this had been the usual course, but an under-current of feeling had long subsisted against it, and it now burst forth. "No lawyer! no aristocrat!" was now the cry throughout the county. "Let us have one of ourselves, one of the people!" said the operatives. "Let us form a young man's party!" was the watchword of the boys. Measures were not so much spoken of as men. It was the upheaving of the vast mass of society, long kept down by the pressure of aristocratic institutions, desirous to rid itself, in any way, of the incubus that had ridden it so long. A candidate was to be sought for. He must be an operative himself, a real *worky*, exclaimed one party. He must come from the mass, in order that he may rightly represent the mass, said another. He must be a young man, exclaimed all the boys, in one wild huzza. Robert Woods was the man, they all exclaimed. Robert Woods was a poor-house boy, he is a real *worky*, and is young. He has good sense and tact. He has distinguished himself as a man of talent in the assembly. No one would unite so many votes of the labouring classes. He had been poor; had struggled from poverty and obscurity into wealth and distinction; and, what was wonderful, had carried

no envy with him. His uniform kindness, the charity and benevolence of his disposition, the good use he had made of his wealth, all gave him a popularity that promised success.

The offer of the nomination was made to Robert before his heart had recovered from its soreness at the loss of Julia, from the aristocratic notions of her father, and he fell in easily with a party whose object was to put down the pride of the great. He accepted the nomination, and commenced the canvass of the county with great zeal. To add to the probabilities of his success, the general government introduced a measure calculated to foster those very institutions and employments in which Robert and his party were personally interested, but which were always violently opposed by the aristocratic party of the county.

The rude encounters that Robert met with, the opposition, the taunts of his poor-house origin, the coldness of some former friends, all had a beneficial effect on his character, and restrained all emotions of pride and vanity.

Our hero was prepared for all the common opposition he encountered ; but he was not prepared to see his earliest friend, his partner, Mr. Curtis, to whom he looked as a father, desert him at

this hour. Mr. Curtis was a politician of the old school. It seemed like sacrilege to decry the nominations or decisions of the central caucus at Clairville. His party prejudices had strengthened with his age; and he could not conceive how one that he had educated, and who was his partner, could think differently from him. He bore it, at first, in moody silence. He began to blame Robert for absenting himself from his employments to go on electioneering tours. But when Robert showed him that the business of the firm was never more prosperous, he was obliged to be satisfied.

On a visit to the county-town, several of his old associates in politics reproached him severely for allowing his young partner to oppose his political views. Instigated by Ernest, he said many harsh things of Robert, in his own vindication, and, among other remarks, dropped a hint of his knowledge of Robert's illegitimacy.

The report flew like wildfire. Large handbills were issued, and posted all over the county, proclaiming, in capitals a foot long, that Robert Woods, the young men's candidate, the falsely-styled people's candidate, was a bastard.

Ernest went back to his watch over Robert

with sentiments of gratified malice. But not so did old Mr. Curtis ride home : he had betrayed a secret entrusted to him. The staring handbills had been sent before him, and he saw them, wherever he stopped, posted at every corner, in every bar-room, at the turnpike-gate, at the watering-place on the side of the mountain, the trough of which Robert had hewed out himself, and conducted the little stream from a cold spring to it. Robert's good qualities, his kindness to him, his public spirit, his attention to the welfare of others, all were before him ; and he rode into his own yard with a saddened spirit. His wife presented him a handbill, as soon as she saw him. "Who could have done this? How could the world have ascertained the birth of Robert Woods?" were the first exclamations he heard. "Did you tell it? Oh, Mr. Curtis!" bursting into tears. "Robert Woods has been your servant, your slave for nearly twenty years. He has increased your property to ten times its original value : he has laboured, in season and out of season, for your advantage. 'In the day-time, the drouth has consumed him, and the frost by night.' He has watched by your bed-side, and has rescued you by his kindness from death ; and

this is your return!"—Grief choked her utterance—grief for the estrangement of the two she loved the best on earth.

The old man said nothing. It was not his custom to allow others to know his resolutions: he seemed satisfied with the one he had formed, and never after alluded to it.

Robert was returning from a political meeting, held in the extreme section of the county, where he had been called upon to give an exposition of the views and opinions he entertained upon the subjects then agitating the county. This he had done with great clearness and precision, but with no attempts at stump oratory or eloquent appeals. He showed those whose suffrages he solicited, that a change having taken place in the employments and means of wealth in the district, a correspondent change ought to take place in political measures. It was no tergiversation to accommodate one's views of the policy of the government to the changes that had taken place in the condition of the people. No general rules of policy could be laid down that would suit all generations; an enlightened and liberal mind would feel no hesitation, and experience no disgrace, in altering or modifying his views of national mea-

sures whenever the interests and happiness of the people demanded it. The new employments of the county had called in a new population, with new wants; the interests of that population required an entire change in the policy of the government. That change, the party now administering the general government were endeavouring to accomplish; and he felt it to be the interest and therefore the duty of the district, to coincide with the more liberal and expanded views of the administration, and not adhere to the exploded policy of former generations.

No one ought to be accused of a change of politics, when that change was produced by a difference in the affairs of the world; and the politician could be called neither wise nor rational who would remain fixed in his attachments to the old plans, merely because his grandfather approved of them.

Such was the outline of Robert's argument and it had its effect, in satisfying many that change of their votes would not be a reproach to them.

He was riding homeward leisurely in a mild and beautiful summer afternoon, reflecting on the speech he must make in his own village the

evening, when, at the well-known watering place, the illiberal placard stared him in the face with its broad capitals, announcing to the public that the self-styled liberal candidate, the young men's protégé, the poor-house candidate, was a degraded illegitimate, the child of some strolling harlot; fit, very fit for a member of Congress, to represent the enlightened people of Clair county!

A pang like death shot through Robert's heart as he read it. "There is but one man knows that secret, can he have betrayed me?" was the first thought. His horse's head was turned, and in a few minutes, he was at Mr. Curtis' door. "Where is Mr. Curtis?" said he to his wife, who only made her appearance, her eyes swollen with weeping. "He is sick," was the reply, "and on the bed. Oh! Robert, I little thought that he would have been the one to injure you."

Robert needed no more, but instantly mounting his horse, turned in the direction of the hotel of the springs, where he often boarded, in the hurry of business. His first resolve was, instantly, to dissolve the connection between himself and his partner; sell out his improvements, and remove to some distant part of the country. He found himself urging his horse to the top of his speed,

but was not sensible of it, until a stumble of the animal laid him and his master prostrate on the road. Robert remounted, and checked his speed. "This is not a proper frame of mind," said Robert, aloud, "in which to decide upon important steps. I am angry and disturbed. I will not go to the hotel, or any where, to meet those who may still farther excite me to do that which will be improper. To the saw-mill," he continued with bitterness, "to the saw-mill, you unfortunate illegitimate ; to your old haunt when a town pauper ; that is the fittest place for your present degradation, and the fittest place for reflection too," he continued in a calm voice.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE ELECTION.

It was summer, and the saw-mill not in use and Robert traversed the scene of his youthful feelings and aspirations, with no one to witness

the ebullitions of his grief. He cast himself in full length on the green bank of the saw-mill dam : the cool breeze from the lake fanned his fevered cheek ; the murmuring of the distant water-falls ; the measured beating of the trip-hammers ; the gurgling of the water through the holes of the flume beneath him ; the thousand songs of the birds filling the forest branches ; the gentle sighing of the pines as the breeze waved their tops, all, in mingled harmony and quietness, struck upon his ear, and calmed his heart. There was the mellow sun-light sleeping on the feathered hemlocks, and chequering the side-hill grove ; there was the long track of light through the middle of the lake, seen and admired so often in childhood ; there were the eastern hills, once felt as if they were the boundaries of the universe, now his own property, with the ore waggons winding at their feet, now seen and now hidden, as some taller chestnut intercepted the view. ●

Every sound of the hill-side, and the lake ; every ray of beneficent sunshine that gilded the prospect ; every gale that breathed over the bright and peaceful scene, reminded him of infancy, of youth, of all that Providence had done for him, of what he once was, when ragged and

barefoot, the beauties of all these sounds sights, the reviving freshness of all these ga had first wafted into his inner soul, peace, co dence, and happiness.

"Why should I despair?" he uttered al "why should I ever murmur? How m more—oh! how much—have I than I deserve. pride, ambition, that now influences me." Pra soon brought calmness, and calmness crowded despair, and crushed the rising pride of his he Rising in quiet resignation from his recum posture on the green-sward, he bathed his in the cool lake; then catching his horse by bridle, that had been grazing near, he remoun and rode the usual circuit to his mills, interr now for several days by the political canv and gave with perfect calmness all the neces orders. The workmen were astonished at equanimity of his appearance, and the evi control he had acquired over his feelings. of his most ardent followers inquired if he sh be present at the political meeting in the even and address the people. Woods replied in affirmative. "You will have friends eno there, I tell you, Mr. Woods, to protect you f insult."

"I do not need them," was Robert's reply: "no one is more gratified than I am by the favours of my friends, but I do not fear insult, and I shall be prepared for all manner of obloquy and reproach."

A larger crowd than usual had assembled in front of the school-house at the Four Corners, as the central place was called, where Robert had proposed to address that section of the county nearest to his own property. The meeting was filled with those who had known him from childhood, with all the farmers and labourers, who had grown up with him, with all the operatives in the newly-established iron-works; the swarthy hammer-men and forge-tenders, in their red flannel shirts, unwashed from the labours of the day, were there; the charcoal burners, hardy men of the mountains, were there, delighting to crowd their black and dusty frocks among the silk stockings and white cravats of the young bucks and merchant clerks of the village. All the ore diggers, toiling sons of Erin or of Allemain, smelling of iron and earth, were present in all their original *loveliness*, prepared for a row if necessary.

As Woods made his appearance on the platform erected for him, various noises of shouts and hisses,

cat-calls, groans, screams, oaths in Irish and English, saluted his ears, in which some delicate words of allusion to his illegitimacy could be heard louder than the rest. He requested silence, and stood elevated above the multitude, gazing around him at the confusion of his friends, and the uproar and exultation of his enemies. He saw that the boldest step was the best. As he stood, prepared to speak, curiosity to hear what he would say, began to still the crowd. When some one called out, "Does he confess it?"

Robert immediately, in a loud, clear, calm voice, replied, "Confess what?"

"Your bastardy! the stain on your birth!" was heard from a dozen voices.

"Yes!" echoed our hero, in a stentorian voice. "Is it a crime, that it needs confession? Yes: I do confess it. And *what do you intend to do about it?*" he continued, in a still louder voice, with a sneer mingled in the tone. "What business is it of yours?" directing his eye and pointing his finger to a group of young dandies from Clairville, among whom the son of the opposing candidate was prominent; "Is it my crime? Am I to blame for my birth? Were I the well-bred, well-dressed seducer of innocence that appeared

before you, to ask your suffrages, confession of guilt would be proper.—Men of Clair county! I have no guilt to confess to you. I ask not your votes because, like some of those young bucks, I know who my grandfather was, though even their aristocratic pride dare lift the veil no farther back. I do not even know who my father was: but I know *who I am, and what I am!*—a vindicator of the people's privileges, a representative of the working classes, an encourager of the industry of the whole. What difference can the stain upon my birth make with the measures that you and I advocate? Are the principles which you supported yesterday with such zeal, altered by my birth, because my father was a villain and my mother frail? Ah! well do I remember that mother!" (his voice changing to the tenderest and most feeling tones that ever thrilled the heart.) Such was the effect of the sincerity and feeling of the tone, that every noise was hushed. "Well do I remember that mother! And I do, in the sight of my Maker and this assembly, solemnly declare my belief, that my mother fell the victim of seduction, and was no frail wanton. The virtues that she taught me—the lessons of principles that she inculcated from my earliest recollections

—show me that my belief is correct. Who my father was, I never heard. Perhaps some seducer of innocence from our immaculate county town, that seems, so disposed to lord it over us poor sons of the forest; perhaps the father of some of yon batch of dandies, though I am sure I hope not! Whoever he was, I never knew him. But I have confessed now all I know respecting my birth; and again I ask, What has that to do with the principles that I support and the measures I advocate?—But I have done with myself. If you choose to favour me with your suffrages, I shall make every effort to carry into effect the great principles for which we have been struggling. If my birth unfits me for that office, I submit: but the principles remain the same, and the necessity of their being established, as part of our national policy, remains the same.”

He then, without any farther allusion to himself, proceeded in a most eloquent and animated defence of the policy of his party, and showed, in a most convincing and triumphant manner, that it was the true policy for the working classes, for the people at large, and for the nation.

He occupied so much time, and led his hearers over such an extent of facts and arguments, that

their minds were drawn away from the person and birth of their orator, to his subject; and he concluded amid loud and repeated cheerings.

The night was one of agitation and debate through the whole county. Much was said respecting the candidates, and many were a long time in making up their minds which they should prefer, measures or men. But Robert Woods slept soundly: he felt that he had done his duty; he had been open and candid; that no one could accuse him of duplicity; and that, whatever should be the result of the election the next day, he had nothing with which to reproach himself. He had forgiven the course which his partner had taken. He did not call it treachery; for he felt that it had been done hastily, without due consideration.

At peace within, the world looked bright without. "I have enough," thought he, "to make me happy. Providence has bestowed upon me good things beyond my desert, and I must not repine; and I will not repine, if I do not find my ambition gratified."

The next morning found him with the same equanimity. Immediately after breakfast, he turned his steps to the mills, being determined to

spend the day quietly at the saw-mill, and not be present at the excitement at the polls. It being a special election, for that office only, it was supposed that the votes could be returned to the county-town, canvassed, and the result known, before sun-down.

The day was spent happily, though soberly, by Robert. By a strong effort of his mind, he prevented his thoughts from being occupied about the election, or even about Julia; and he experienced the quietness that those feel who have such control over their thoughts and memories. Occupation, constant but pleasant, was the great secret of his success in this regulation of his imagination; occupation, and reflection on the many blessings which he already enjoyed.

Ernest looked upon this state of mind with perfect frenzy. "Can nothing torment him?" said he. "I have exhausted all my sources of irritation; and, yet, he is calm, quiet, resigned, and even happy." Ernest had misjudged, both as to the mode of torment and the time of its introduction; and, in his desire to irritate, had overlooked the peculiarities of his son's character and temperament.

The afternoon declined; and as the sun drew

nearer the western woods, it cannot, be denied but that Robert often cast his eye down the road, to espy the coming of some one with the result of the election.

About four o'clock, a labourer at the mills brought the result in their precinct, Four Corners, as it was called. Robert's majority was large, larger than had been anticipated by his most sanguine friends. "For," said the labourer, "old Father Curtis came down as soon as the polls opened; collected a crowd around him; confessed how treacherous he had been to you, in revealing the secret of your birth; and declared he had no other way of recompensing you for the injury, but to fling his vote for you, and to urge his friends to do the same. And there the old man stood, through the heat of the day, among the rabble of both sides, near the door of the school-house, holding votes for you, and doing what he could for your election."

Robert was affected, even to tears, at this statement; and seizing his horse's bridle, he directed him to Mr. Curtis' house, where a complete reconciliation took place between the partners. While he was soothing the old man's feelings, and speaking comfortable things to Mrs. Curtis, intelligence

came that Robert's majority in the county was not far from ten : so that Mr. Curtis had the satisfaction of feeling, that his exertions had contributed mainly to the election of his favourite.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ROBERT AT WASHINGTON.

CONGRESS being in session, Woods made his appearance at his seat as soon as practicable. He found the administration very much engaged to carry into effect the measures for which he had been elected ; and his arrival was hailed by that party as an accession of strength, and as an indication of a change in popular feeling. While the subject was under debate in the committee of the whole, soon after Robert's arrival, an opposition member, after an irritating speech against the measure, turned round sneeringly to the seat of the new member, and said : "It is claimed by the advocates of this measure, that the late change

in that gentleman's district is an indication of a change in popular feeling every where. That gentleman feels himself so fresh from the oven of public opinion, that he can give us, I presume, all the popular reasons and popular slang fitted for the occasion."

All eyes were turned upon the new member; and, as no one claimed the floor, they seemed to require a speech from him. He immediately rose, and firmly, though modestly, made some apology for thrusting the opinions of so young a member upon experienced legislators. He then plainly and forcibly detailed the advantages of the proposed measure to his district, and to operatives and working people generally: then showed how a change of policy in the country had been produced naturally by a change of circumstances, and therefore it involved no reproach to change one's opinions and votes.

The train of thought, through his short speech, was new and striking, and was listened to with great attention, accompanied, as it was, by a powerful voice and elegant enunciation, and it produced its effect in altering the votes of a sufficient number of members to carry the measure.

Great was the joy of the administration in

accomplishing such an important object, and great the favour with which our new member was received at the White House, and other circles of the President's adherents.

Our story must now draw towards its close. But one more scene, and we must leave Robert Woods triumphant in happiness, a happiness brought about by kindness of temper, firmness of decision, honesty of purpose, soundness of judgment, persevering industry, and the smiles of Heaven.

It is the President's levee. In one corner of the splendid apartment is seated a tall, majestic-looking lady, clad in mourning; from her face the early bloom of youth had faded, and the stately paleness of almost matronly beauty had succeeded.

The President approached her: "I wish, this evening, my dear ward, to introduce to you a young friend of mine, who has lately distinguished himself in the House; a man of great wealth, I am told, and certainly of great talents. He is from that district, where, I understood from your late father, some of your property is situated. I hope," added he, smiling, "that he will be able to subdue your hitherto unconquerable aversion to matrimony."

A slight though haughty blush, for a moment,

coloured the marble cheek of Julia Clifford, at this speech, and she replied, in rather a cold tone, "I thank your excellency for your good wishes and kind efforts for my happiness, but must be allowed to be the best judge myself of what will produce it. But," added she, in a gayer tone, as if conscious of the haughtiness of the reply, "I certainly can have no objections to an acquaintance with your young friend, who ever he may be."

Though Julia had not the least suspicion of the person whose arm the President now took, she knew him instantly, though time and care had given the stamp of manliness to his form and features; and the blood forsook her cheeks and lips, and it required the utmost efforts of her strong mind and steady nerves to prevent her from fainting.

The number of ladies present, the entire absence of all expectation of seeing Julia, and the quickness with which the President led him forward, prevented a recognition on his part, until the name of Miss Clifford sounded in his ears. "You have met before?" said their introducer, as he saw their mutual recognition. The confusedness of their replies, the tell-tale colour of

their cheeks, and the sparkle of their eyes, betrayed their secret to him at once, and he turned from them, without any farther remark, smiling as he did so.

We need not dwell on this renewed acquaintance. The death of Mr. Clifford, the present reputation, wealth, and standing in society of Woods, had removed all real obstacles to their union, and the imaginary obstacles Julia was willing to encounter.

"We can settle," said Julia, "at some place remote from your early life, where the stain upon your birth will not be known to your reproach."

"No," replied Robert, firm in his integrity to the last, "I will not practise even an implied deception. I settle down in my old town. I can meet with no greater insults or reproaches than I have met with, and then I shall never shudder at the idea of detection. I have a beautiful lot of land, on which I shall erect my permanent residence. The earliest haunts of my childhood, with all their 'birch-bark recollections,' as you call them, will be near me. My property, and my business will be around me. The friends I have made, will assist, support, and comfort me, whether in adversity or prosperity. I shall be happier there

than in any other place. I can soothe the declining years of those two valued old friends who had the care of my childhood. Yes, yes: as I have no knowledge of my native place, the place and the scenes of my boyhood shall be my resting-place for life. The same stream that murmured its beauties to my young ears, shall soothe my aged senses. The same green trees that waved over my flaxen locks, while life was young, shall cast their leaves over my gray and whitened head. I will grow old with the willows that I planted when life's current bubbled in my veins, and perhaps their long pendulous branches may sweep over my grave at their feet."

Their marriage was celebrated amid the gayeties and splendours of the Capitol; and the wealthy and eloquent bridegroom took his rank among the leaders of his party, and the first men of the land.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

DEMONIACAL PUNISHMENT.

As Ernest stood, in anger and hatred, viewing the happiness of the newly-married pair, two of the runners of the Pandemonic council of his district made their appearance before him, and summoned him, in the dictator's name, to make his appearance immediately before his bench of judgment.

When he arrived, he found an immense crowd gathered, to attend, as they said, his trial for neglect and contumacy. Ernest at once stepped to the base of the throne, and inquired, in an exceedingly haughty manner, why he had been so abruptly summoned from his duties, to that tribunal.

An unusual sternness pervaded the features of the dictator, as he slowly turned his eyes on Ernest, and without reply or other notice, ordered the accusation to be read. The shrivelled secretary looked still paler and more malicious, as

he unfolded the roll ; the usual sneer of his voice had more than its common virulence of hatred, as he slowly read. " Ernest Maltravers is accused of neglect of demoniacal duty as a tempter to Robert Woods, and has been summoned to this august presence, to answer to our dictator, and through him to our great master, for his delinquencies."

" Why summon me, more than any other baffled demon," exclaimed Ernest, " and why, at this period of my career, when a life-time is given for our temptations ? There is some personal ill-will and malice contained in this accusation."

" As it regards the time," said the dictator, coolly, " your control over your victim has now ceased. A member of Congress, engaged in public life, requires our most experienced and vigilant tempters, [" one would suppose," whispered Sidney, " that some of our members of Congress had enough of the devil in them without any external temptation !"] for national evils may depend upon their success in tempting. Had you, then, by your exertions, brought your victim up to this important station, a wicked man, fit for our associate, you would have been released from

your obligations, as long as he continued connected with national affairs, and remained before the public eye: but your victim is an honest, upright, religious man. ["And yet a member of Congress!" exclaimed Sidney.] The very trials you have obliged him to undergo, have only strengthened his virtue and established his character for integrity and uprightness. Had this been the result of mere ignorance or mistake on your part, it would still show you to be culpable, and deserving of punishment: how much more, when the course you have taken has been to gratify personal malice, without any regard to consequences. I know that it is a great gratification to exercise our malice; but policy, and the laws of our great master, and the interests of his kingdom, require that our private malice should be laid aside, if it interferes with our great objects.

"You saw that in early boyhood, every slight of his companions, every sneer at the town-pauper, instead of irritating Robert Woods, only drove him to depend upon himself, to seek in his own mind resources for his own happiness; and yet you persevered in such injurious irritations, for the mere purpose of tormenting. Your victim was of that temperament to have had prosperity

to him boastful, self-confident, and forgetful of Providence. He was kind-hearted and affectionate; you could have tempted him to have seduced his confidence and happiness in earthly goods, and not in the Deity. His skill and personal strength would then have made him the leader of his companions, and you and they would have easily hurried him into wrong; but instead of that, you would not allow the 'poor-se boy' any friends or any companions; you gave him to thoughts, to intellectual exertion, to dependence upon God. If he made a friend by his kind deportment and amiable temper, you took off that friendship, not by Robert's improper conduct. The insults of the foreman of the saw-mill; the betrayal of his confidence by his partner; the reproaches respecting his birth by Mr. Ford, all operated alike; they showed him the injustice of men; and while he felt his character did not deserve such treatment, he knew that his situation did, for his mother had imprinted it on his young heart that it must be so, and would be so, and he did not murmur. You brought out the secret of his birth before his election for the purpose of personal irritation, when, had it waited until after the election, or after the

consent of the father had been gained to his marriage, he would have had some motive for concealment; you then could have spread temptations for deception before his mind, and, probably, would have been successful; but, by bringing this reproach upon him while such important events were uncertain, you made it a matter of honour, and of course of interest, to be open; and it was a matter of more credit and satisfaction to him, to obtain his office and his mistress, when such a stain on his birth was known, than if it had been kept concealed. You took continually, in your desire to torment, the readiest course to lose your victim: with ordinary judgment you could have seen this, and probably did see it; hence the accusation, that you have preferred the gratification of your own private malice, to the interests of your master's cause, and are, therefore, punishable."

Ernest could hardly be restrained from replying until the dictator paused; he then burst out, "Who made me amenable to your laws or to your tribunal? True, I have taken the course you say; I have endeavoured to crush the hopes and plans of my illegitimate son; and what is that to you, or to any of this grinning assembly?"

I did not enter upon my task voluntarily, and should have long since relinquished it, and permitted the bastard to take his own course, had he not dared to intrude into the presence of my Olivia's daughter, and then to love her and marry her. I did as I chose, and whether he is saved or lost, I care not. I shall plague him yet, and thwart him in public and private, whatever becomes of Satan's cause. He may take care of that himself or employ some other agent; I choose to gratify myself. I never submitted to your decisions, Mr. Dictator, and owe you no fealty. You may force me here, if you choose, and keep me by force, but I tell you to your face I defy your authority. Punishment, forsooth! We carry about in our bosoms a greater punishment than your puny power can inflict; and external states of control or neglect can little affect the mind that feels as we do. Corporal woes, you cannot try; and I cannot see how all that you can do, can add to the mental suffering we all experience, you, as well as the weakest of us here. You may show us what our doom will be, but you cannot hasten it, for the end of the world, and this state of existence, is not within your power. I have disobeyed you, and I mean to do

so, whenever and wherever my gratification is concerned. I defy you and your power!"

A deep and intense awe now pervaded the whole of that vast assembly, but the dictator seemed unmoved. He arose; and in a calmer and much more quiet tone than usual, he turned to the assembly: "He defies our power; it is time to make him feel from whom we derive it, and how great it is." Turning to Ernest, he continued in the same calm, cold, hard tone, the tone of concentrated indignation, "Ernest Maltravers, no one defies our power, unscathed. As you think that mental woe cannot be increased, and bodily punishment is beyond our control, we will show you how sadly, how foolishly, you have erred. And, first, as to corporeal punishments; though we have not the power to send you into a human body, as we once had, yet we can make you animate the carcase of the vilest brute; and, with all your human, rational, demoniacal attributes of intellect and soul, be confined to its mean and miserable existence, conversant only with its bodily wants and sufferings, the mind still active and acute as ever. We do, therefore, by the power and authority vested in us by our great master, doom you, as a punishment for haughti-

ness, contumacy, and pride, to be driven from this assembly, in the form of a female skunk, to be the parent of skunks, and to lead the life, suffer the disgrace, and die the death of that despised animal ; and as fast as death ends one body, your soul shall animate another, through successive generations, until Robert Woods shall pay the debt all mortals owe."

He ceased : the pangs of renewed corporeal existence fell on the haughty Ernest Maltravers, and when perception again returned, he found himself in the body of that loathsome animal, in the forest paths of the estate of his despised son !

THE END.

