CLARKSVILLE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

VOL. 51--NO. 7. CLARKSVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1883. WHOLE NO. 2,488.

AT COST!

We have placed on our

BARGAIN COUNTER!

Which will be sold at

COST OR LESS!

GOOD GOODS, BUT ODDS And ENDS,

Consisting of

Men's, Boys' & Youths' High & Low Shoes,
Men's, Boys' & Youth's Stiff & Straw Hats,
Ladies', Misses' & Children's Low Shoes & Slippers,
Ladies' and Children's High Shoes,
Boys' and Youths' High Shoes.

We are making room for the Largest and Best Selected Stock of Boots, Shoes, Hats, &c., ever brought to Clarksville. Just received another lot of the

LIGHT RUNNING DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINES.

Call and see them. Respectfully,

BOWLING & WILLSON.

LOCKERT & REYNOLDS

HAVE ADDED

SCHOOL BOOKS

AND

SCHOOL SUPPLIES

To their Stock, and are Prepared to Furnish or

EXCHANGE AT INTRODUCTORY RATES,

The Text Books adopted by both City and County Schools. Please give us a share of your patronage.

Respectfully,

LOCKERT & REYNOLDS.

DRUGS! DRUGS!

S. B. STEWART,

29 Franklin Street,

(Stand formerly occupied by McCauley & Co.)

Has on hand a complete stock of

Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Shoulder Braces, Trusses, Sponges, Brushes, Chamois Skins, Perfumery, Fine Soaps, &c.

Special attention will be given to the Compounding of Medicines, and a careful and competent Prescriptionist will be in attendance at all hours. S. B. STEWART.

March 18, 1882—tf

The Clarksville Wagon Co.

Reduces its Prices.

We have on hand a large stock of superior Wagons of all the various sizes, and made of the very best materials, which we now offer at a reduction of $10.00 to $15 00 per Wagon, according to size, below our previous prices. The TIMBER used in our Wagons has been seasoning under our sheds from 3 to 5 years and is of the very best.

Every Wagon Warranted.

All who need Wagons would do well to see and price our stock before buying.

JOS. ELLIOTT, Manager.

March 9, 1882.

Sewanee Planing Mill

G. B. WILSON & CO.,

Manufacturers of

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS,

And Dealers in

Builders' Material of Every Description.

PRICES AS LOW AS THE LOWEST.

Cor. Spring and Commerce Sts - Clarksville Tenn

Jan. 1, 1880-tf.

Magistrates' Blanks for Sale at this office.

MONEY SAVED IS MONEY MADE.

Then before buying your

Boots, Shoes, Hats, Trunks

—AND—

Gents' Furnishing Goods

Call and examine our stock, whether you buy or not, for it is no trouble to show goods. We have a full line of

Ladies' and Misses' Kid Button Boots,
Ladies' and Misses' Pebble Button Boots,
Ladies' and Misses' Kid Empress Tie,
Ladies' and Misses' Pebble Empress Tie.

—Full line of—

SLIPPERS,

—Consisting of—

THE LANGTRY TIE,

Something new.

PLAIN And BRAIDED OPERAS, NEW PORT TIES, BUTTON NEW PORT. OLD LADIES' SHOES,

Which we guarantee to give

SOLID COMFORT:

A full line of GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS. Agency for

THE RED STAR SHIRT,

The best ever offered in Clarksville for $1.00. A full line of

GENTS' NIGHT SHIRTS.

I handle nothing but Good Goods, and make everything come up to what it is represented to be. Respectfully,

M. A. STRATTON,

Corner 1st and Franklin Sts.

GRANGE Warehouse Association,

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.,

Commission Merchants

For the Inspection and Sale of

LEAF TOBACCO.

T. HERNDON Supt'. and Salesman.

Cash advanced on Tobacco in store, or in the hands of responsible farmers and dealers. All Tobacco insured while in store at the expense of owner, except where there is no advance, and then without written orders not to insure.

DIRECTORS.

W. F. TAYLOR, Todd Co., Ky., Pres. W. W. GILL, Logan Co., Ky., Vice-Pres.
T. M. ATKINS, Montgomery Co., Tenn., Sec'y. T. M. BARKER, Christian Co., Ky
J. S. FLOWERS, Logan Co., Ky. L. B. SIMS, Caldwell Co., Ky.
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T. F. NORTHINGTON, Montgomery Co., Ten. R. Y. JOHNSON, Montgomery Co., Tenn.
A. H. CARDEN, Crittenden Co., Ky. JOHN DUNN Robertson Co., Tenn.

Jan. 6, 1883-8m

J. C. KENDRICK. JOHN H. PETTUS. GEO. S. IRWIN.

Kendrick, Pettus & Co.,

Tobacco Salesmen,

—AND—

General Commission Merchants,

CENTRAL WAREHOUSE,

Cor. Main and Front Streets, - Clarksville, Tenn.

Just Below the New Tobacco Exchange.

All Tobacco in our warehouse in Clarksville, on which advances have been made, will be insured at owners' expense until sold; and all Tobacco received by us at our warehouse in Clarksville, upon which there is no advance, will be insured at owners' expense, unless we have written instructions not to insure; and after being sold, all Tobacco will be held at the risk of the buyer. nov5-tf

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FOX & SMITH,

Clarksville, Tenn.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

HARDWARE

IRON, GUNS, and

Agricultural Implements.

The Finest Stock of Axes in the City
Oliver Chilled Plows,
Oliver Chilled Sulky Plows,
Syracuse Chilled Plows,
Clarksville Cast and Steel Plows,
Studebaker and Humboldt Wagons,
Chicago Galvanized Fence Wire.

Cooking and Heating Stoves.

Chimney Flues, Stone and Iron Pipe.

Prompt attention to all orders for

ROOFING, GUTTERING, And Plumbing.

BLANK BOOKS

Of Every Description

Made to Order at this Office.

GETHSEMANE.

ELLA WHEELER.

In golden youth, when seems the earth
A summer land for singing mirth,
When souls are glad and hearts are light,
And not a shadow lurks in sight,
We do not know it, but there lies
Somewhere, veiled under evening skies,
A garden all must sometimes see—
Somewhere lies our Gethsemane.

With joyous steps we go our ways,
Love lends a halo to the days,
Light sorrows sail like clouds afar,
We laugh and say how strong we are.
We hury on—and hurrying go
Close to the border-land of woe
That waits for you and waits for me—
Forever waits Gethsemane.

Down shadowy lanes, across strange streams,
Bridged over by our broken dreams,
Behind the misty caps of years,
Close to the great salt font of tears,
The garden lies; strive as you may,
You cannot miss it in your way,
All paths that have been or shall be
Pass somewhere through Gethsemane!

All those who journey soon or late
Must pass within the garden's gate;
Must kneel alone in darkness there
And battle with some fierce despair.
God pity those who cannot say,
"Not mine but thine; and only pray,
"Let this cup pass," and cannot see
The purpose in Gethsemane.

FRANKENSTEIN:

—OR,—

THE MODERN PROMETHEUS.

BY MRS. M. W. SHELLEY.

CHAPTER V.

Clerval then put the following letter into my hands:—

"To V. FRANKENSTEIN.

"MY DEAR COUSIN,—I cannot describe to you the uneasiness we have felt concerning your health. We cannot help imagiing that your friend Clerval conceals the extent of your disorder; for it is now several months since we have seen your handwriting; and all this time you have been obliged to dictate your letters to Henry. Surely, Victor, you must have been exceedingly ill; and this makes us all very wretched, as much so nearly as after the death of your dear mother. My uncle was almost persuaded that you were indeed dangerously ill, and could hardly be restrained from undertaking a journey to Ingolstadt. Clerval always writes that you are getting better; I eagerly hope that you will confirm this intelligence soon in your own handwriting; for, indeed, Victor, we are all very miserable on this account. Relieve us from this fear, and we shall be the happiest creatures in the world. Your father's health is now so vigorous that he appears ten years younger since last winter. Ernest also is so much improved that you would hardly know him; he is now nearly sixteen, and has lost that sickly appearance which he had some years ago; he is grown robust and active.

"My uncle and I conversed a long time last night about what profession Ernest should follow. His constant illness when young has deprived him of the habits of application, and now that he enjoys good health, he is continually in the open air, climbing the hills, or rowing in the lake. I therefore proposed that he should be a farmer, which you know, cousin, is a favorite scheme of mine. A farmer's is a very healthy, happy life; and the least hurtful, or rather the most beneficial, profession of any. My uncle had an idea of his being educated as an advocate, that through his interest he might become a judge. But, beside that he is not at all fitted for such an occupation, it is certainly more creditable to cultivate the earth for the sustenance of man, than to be the confidant, and sometimes the accomplice, of his vices, which is the profession of a lawyer. I said the employments of a prosperous farmer, if they were not of a more honorable, they were at least a happier species of occupation than that of a judge, whose misfortune it was always to meddle with the dark side of human nature. My uncle smiled and said that I ought to be an advocate myself, which put an end to the conversation on that subject.

"And now I must tell you a little story that will please and perhaps amuse you. Do you not remember Justine Moritz? Probably you do not; I will relate her history, therefore, in a few words. Madame Moritz, her mother, was a widow with four children, of whom Justine was the third. This girl had always been the favorite with her father; but, through a strange perversity, her mother could not endure her, and, after the death of M. Moritz, treated her very ill. My aunt observed this, and, when Justine was twelve years of age, prevailed on her mother to allow her to live at her house. The republican institutions of our country have produced simpler and happier manners than those which prevail in the great monarchies that surround it. Hence there is less distinction between the several classes of its inhabitants; and the lower orders being neither so poor nor so despised, their manners are more refined and moral. A servant in Geneva does not mean the same thing as a servant in France or England. Justine, thus received in our family, learned the duties of a servant, a condition which, in our fortunate country, does not include the idea of ignorance, and a sacrifice of the dignity of a human being.

"After what I have said, I dare say you will remember the heroine of my little tale; for Justine was a great favorite of yours, and I recollect you once remarked, that if you were in an ill humor, one glance from Justine could dissipate it, for the same reason that Ariosto gives concerning the beauty of Angelica—she looked so frank-hearted and happy. My aunt conceived a great attachment for her, by which she was induced to give her an education superior to that which she had at first intended. This benefit was fully repaid; Justine was the most grateful little creature in the world; I do not mean that she made any professions, I never heard one pass her lips; but you could see by her eyes that she almost adored her protectress. Although her disposition was gay, and in many respects inconsiderate, yet she paid the greatest attention to every gesture of my aunt. She thought her the model of all excellence and endeavored to imitate her phraseology and manners, so that even now she often reminds me of her.

"When my dearest aunt died, every one was too much occupied to notice poor Justine, who had attended her during her illness with the most anxious affection. Poor Justine was very ill; but other trials were reserved for her.

"One by one, her brothers and sister died; and her mother, with the exception of her neglected daughter, was left childless. The conscience of the woman was troubled; she began to think that the deaths of her favorites was a judgment from Heaven to chastise her partiality. She was a Roman Catholic, and I believe her confessor confirmed the idea which she had conceived. Accordingly, a few months after your departure for Ingolstadt, Justine was called home by her repentant mother. Poor girl! she wept when she quitted our house; she was much altered since the death of my aunt; grief had given softness and a winning mildness to her manners, which had before been remarkable for vivacity. Nor was her residence at her mother's house of a nature to restore her gayety. The poor woman was very vascillating in her repentance. She sometimes begged Justine to forgive her unkindness, but much oftener accused her of having caused the death of her brothers and sisters. Perpetual fretting at length threw Madame Morits into a decline, which at first increased her irritability, but she is now at peace forever. She died on the first approach of cold weather, at the beginning of this last winter. Justine has returned to us, and I assure you I love her tenderly. She is very clever and gentle, and extremely pretty; as I mentioned before, her mein and her expressions continually remind me of my dear aunt.

"I must say also a few words to you, my dear cousin, of little darling William. I wish you could see him; he is very tall of his age, with sweet laughing blue eyes, dark eyelashes, and curling hair. When he smiles, two little dimples appear on each cheek, which are rosy with health. He has already had one or two little *wives*, but Louiso Biron is his favorite, a pretty little girl of five years of age.

"Now, dear Victor, I dare say you wish to be indulged in a little gossip concerning the good people of Geneva. The pretty Miss Mansfield has already received the congratulatory visits on her approaching marriage with a young Englishman, John Melbourne, Esq. Her ugly sister, Manon, married M. Duvillard, the rich banker, last autumn. Your favorite school-fellow, Louis Manoir, has suffered several misfortunes since the departure of Clerval from Geneva. But he has already recovered his spirits, and is reported to be on the point of marrying a very lively pretty French woman, Madame Tavernier. She is a widow, and much older than Manoir; but she is very much admired, and a favorite with everybody.

"I have written myself into good spirits, dear cousin, yet I cannot conclude without again anxiously inquiring concerning your health. Dear Victor, if you are not very ill, write yourself, and make your father and all of us happy; or—I can not bear to think of the other side of the question; my tears already flow. Adieu my dearest cousin.

ELIZABETH LAVENZA.

"Geneva, March 18th, 17—."

"Dear, dear Elizabeth!" I exclaimed when I had read her letter, "I will write instantly, and relieve them from the anxiety they must feel." I wrote, and this exertion greatly fatigued me; but my convalescence had commenced, and proceeded regularly. In another fortnight I was able to leave my chamber.

One of my first duties on my recovery was to introduce Clerval to the several professors of the university. In doing this, I underwent a kind of rough usage, ill befitting the wounds that my mind had sustained. Ever since the fatal night, the end of my labors and the beginning of my misfortunes, I had conceived a violent antipathy even to the name of natural philosophy. When I was otherwise quite restored to health, the sight of a chemical instrument would renew all the agony of my nervous symptoms. Henry saw this, and had removed all my apparatus from my view. He had also changed my apartment; for he perceived that I had acquired a dislike for the room which had previously been my laboratory. But these cares of Clerval were made of no avail when I visited the professors. M. Waldman inflicted torture when he praised, with kindness and warmth, the astonishing progress I had made in the sciences. He soon perceived that I disliked the subject; but not guessing the real cause, he attributed my feelings to modesty, and changed the subject from my improvement to the science itself with a desire, as I evidently saw, of drawing me out. What could I do? He meant to please and he tormented me. I felt as if he had placed carefully, one by one, in my view those instruments which were to be afterward used in putting me to a slow and cruel death. I writhed under his words, yet dared not exhibit the pain I felt. Clerval, whose eyes and feelings were always quick in discerning the sensations of others, declined the subject, alleging in excuse his total ignorance; and the conversation took a more general turn. I thanked my friend from my heart, but I did not speak. I saw plainly that he was surprised, but he never attempted to draw my secret from me; and although I loved him with a mixture of affection and reverence that knew no bounds, yet I could never persuade myself to confide to him that event which was so often present to my recollection, but which I feared the detail to another would only impress more deeply.

M. Krempe was not equally docile; and in my condition at that time, of almost insupportable sensitiveness, his harsh, blunt, encomiums gave me even more pain than the benevolent approbation of M. Waldman. "D—n the fellow!" cried he; "why, M. Clerval, I assure you he has outstripped us all. Ay, ay, stare if you please; but it is nevertheless true. A youngster who, but a few years ago, believed Cornelius Agrippa as firmly as the gospel, has now set himself at the head of the university; and if he is not soon pulled down, we shall all be out of countenance. Ay, ay," continued he, observing my face expressive of suffering, "M. Frankenstein is modest; an excellent quality in a young man. Young men should be diffident of themselves, you know, M. Clerval; I was myself when young; but that wears out in a very short time."

M. Krempe had now commenced an eulogy on himself, which happily turned the conversation from a subject that was so annoying to me.

Clerval was no natural philosopher. His imagination was too vivid for the minutiæ of science. Languages were his principal study, and he sought, by acquiring their elements, to open a field for self-instruction on his return to Geneva. Persian, Arabic and Hebrew gained his attention after he had made himself perfectly master of Greek and Latin. For my own part, idleness had ever been irksome to me; and now that I wished to fly from reflection, and hated my former studies, I felt great relief in being the fellow pupil with my friend, and found not only instruction but consolation in the works of the Orientalists. Their melancholy is soothing, and their joy elevating, to a degree I never experienced in studying the authors of any other country. When you read their writings, life appers to consist in a warm sun and a garden of roses—in the smiles and frowns of a fair enemy, and the fire that consumes your own heart. How different from the manly and heroical poetry of Greece and Rome.

Summer passed away in these occupations, and my return to Geneva was fixed for the latter end of autumn, but being delayed by several accidents, winter and snow arrived, the roads were deemed impassable, and my journey was retarded until the ensuing spring. I felt this delay very severely; for I longed to see my native town, and my beloved friends. My return had only been delayed so long from an unwillingness to leave Clerval in a strange place before he had become acquainted with any of its inhabitants. The winter, however, was spent cheerfully; and although the spring was uncommonly late, when it came, its beauty compensated for its dilatoriness.

The month of May had already commenced, and I expected a letter daily which was to fix the date of my departure, when Henry proposed a pedestrian tour through the environs of Ingolstadt, that I might bid a personal farewell to the country I had so long inhabited. I acceded with pleasure to this proposition. I was fond of exercise, and Clerval had always been my favorite companion in the rambles of this nature that I had taken among the scenes in my native country.

We passed a fortnight in these perambulations; my health and spirits had long been restored, and they gained additional strength from the salubrious air I breathed, the natural incidents of our progress, and the conversation of my friend. Study had before secluded me from the intercourse of my fellow creatures, and rendered me unsocial; but Clerval called forth the better feelings of my heart; he again taught me to love the aspect of nature, and the cheerful faces of children. Excellent friend! how sincerely did you love me, and endeavor to elevate my mind, until it was on a level with your own. A selfish pursuit had cramped and narrowed me, until your gentleness and affection warmed and opened my senses; I became the same happy creature who, a few years ago, loving and beloved by all, had no sorrow or care. When happy, inanimate nature had the power of bestowing on me the most delightful sensations. A serene sky and verdant fields filled me with ecstacy. The present season was indeed divine; the flowers of spring bloomed in the hedges, while those of summer were already in bud; I was undisturbed by thoughts which during the preceding year had pressed upon me, notwithstanding my endeavors to throw them off, with an invicible burden.

Henry rejoiced in my gayety, and sincerely sympathized in my feelings; he exerted himself to amuse me, while he expressed the sensations that filled his soul. The resources of his mind on this occasion were truly astonishing; his conversation was full of imagination, and very often, in imitation of the Persian and Arabic writers, he invented tales of wonderful fancy and passion. At other times he repeated my favorite poems, or drew me out into arguments, which he supported with gaeat ingenuity.

We returned to our college on a Sunday afternoon; the peasants were dancing, and every one we met appeared gay and happy. My own spirits were high, and I bounded along with feelings of unbridled joy and hilarity.

CHAPTER IV.

On my return, I found the following letter from my father:—

To V. FRANKENSTEIN.

"MY DEAR VICTOR,—You have probably waited impatiently for a letter to fix the date of your return to us; and I was at first tempted to write only a few lines, merely mentioning the day on which I should expect you. But that would be a cruel kindness, and I dare not do it. But what would be your surprise, my son, when you expect a happy and gay welcome, to behold, on the contrary, tears and wretchedness! And how, Victor, can I relate your misfortune? Absence cannot have rendered you callous to our joys and griefs; and how shall I inflict pain on an absent child; I wish to prepare you for woful news, but I know it is impossible; even now your eye skims over the page, to seek the words which are to convey to you the horrible tidings.

"William is dead! that sweet child, whose smiles delighted and warmed my heart; who was so gentle yet so gay; Victor he is murdered!"

"I will not attempt to console you; but I will simply relate the circumstances of the transaction."

"Last Thursday (May 7th) I, my niece, and your two brothers, went to walk in Plainpalais. The evening was warm and serene, and we prolonged our walk further than usual. It was already dusk before we thought of returning; and then we discovered that William and Ernest who had gone on before, were not to be found. We accordingly rested on a seat until they should return. Presently Ernest came, and inquired if we had seen his brother; he said that they had been playing together, that William had run away to hide himself, and that he vainly sought for him a long time, but that he did not return.

"This account rather alarmed us, and we continued to search for him until night fell, when Elizabeth conjectured that he might have returned to the house. He was not there. We returned again with torches; for I could not rest when I thought that my sweet boy had lost himself, and was exposed to all the damps and dews of night; Elizabeth also suffered extreme anguish. About five in the morning I discovered my lovely boy, whom the night before I had seen blooming and active in health, stretched on the grass livid and motionless; the print of the murderer's finger was on his neck.

"He was conveyed home and the anguish that was visible on my countenance betrayed the secret to Elizabeth. She was very earnest to see the corpse. At first I attemped to prevent her; but she persisted, and entering the room where it lay, hastily examined the neck of the victim, and clasping her hands, exclaimed, 'O God, I have murdered my darling infant!'

"She fainted, and was restored with extreme difficulty. When she again lived, it was only to weep and sigh. She told me that that same evening William had teased her to let him wear a very valuable miniature that she posessed of your mother. The picture is gone, and was doubtless the temptation which urged the murderer to the deed. We have no trace of him at present, although our exertions to discover him are unremitting; but they will not restore my beloved William.

"Come, dearest Victor; you alone can console Elizabeth. She weeps continually, and accuses herself unjustly as the cause of his death; her words pierce my heart. We are all unhappy; but will not that be an additional motive for you my son, to return and be our comforter? Your dear mother! Alas, Victor? I now say, thank God she did not live to witness the cruel, miserable death of her youngest darling!

"Come, Victor; not brooding thoughts of vengeance against the assassin, but with feelings of peace and gentleness, that will heal instead of festering the wound of our minds. Enter the house of mourning, my friend, but with kindness and affection for those who love you, and not with hatred for your enemies.

"Your affectionate and afflicted father,

ALPHONSE FRANKENSTEIN.

"GENEVA, May 12th, 17—."

Clerval, who had watched my countenance as I read this letter, was surprised to observe the dispair that succeeded to the joy I at first expressed on receiving news from my friends. I threw the letter on the table, and covered my face with my hands.

"My dear Frankenstein" exclaimed Henry, when he perceived me weep with bitterness, "are you always to be unhappy? My dear friend, what has happened?"

I motioned him to take up the letter, while I walked up and down the room in the extremest agitation Tears also gushed from the eyes of Clerval, as he read the account of my misfortune.

"I can offer no consolation, my friend," said he; "your disaster is irreparable. What do you intent to do?"

"To go instantly to Geneva; come with me, Henry, to order the horses."

During our walk, Clerval endeavored to raise my spirits. He did not do this by common topics of consolation. Those maxims of the Stoics, that death was no evil and that the mind of man ought to be superior to despair on the eternal absence of a beloved object, ought not to be urged. Even Cato wept over the dead body of his brother.

Clerval spoke thus as we hurried through the streets; the words impressed themselves on my mind, and I remembered them afterwads in my solitude. But now, as soon as the horses arrived, I hurried into a cabriolet, and bid farewell to my friend.

My journey was very melancholy. At first I wished to hurry on, for I longed to console and sympathize with my loved and sorrowing friends; but when I drew near my native town, I slackened my progress. I could hardly sustain the multitude of feelings that crowded into my mind. I passed through scenes familiar to my youth, but which I had not seen for nearly six years. How altered everything might be during that time! One sudden and desolating change had taken place; but a thousand little circumstances might have by degrees worked other alterations, which, although they were done more tranquilly, might not be the less decisive. Fear overcame me; I dared not advance, dreading a thousand nameless evils that made me tremble, although I was unable to define them.

I remained two days at Lausanne, in this painful state of mind. I contemplated the lake; the waters were placid; all around was calm and the snowy mountains, "the palaces of nature," were not changed. By degrees the calm and heavenly scene restored me, and I continued my journey toward Geneva.

The road ran by the side of the lake, which became narrower as I approached my native town. I discovered more distinctly the black sides of Jura, and the bright summit of Mont Blanc; I wept like a child; "Dear mountains? my own beautiful lake! how do you welcome your wanderer? Your summits are clear; the sky and lake are blue and placid. Is this to prognosticate peace, or to mock at my happiness?"

I fear, my friend, that I shall render myself tedious by dwelling on these preliminary circumstances; but they were days of comparative happiness, and I think of them with pleasure. My country, my beloved country! who but a native can tell the delight I took in again beholding thy streams, thy mountains, and, more than all, thy lovely lake.

Yet, as I drew nearer home, grief and fear again overcame me. Night also closed around; and when I could hardly see the dark mountains, I felt, still more gloomily. The picture appeared a vast and dim scene of evil, and I foresaw obscurely that I was destined to become the most wretched of human beings. Alas! I prophesied truly, and failed only in one single circumstance,—that, in all the misery I imagined and dreaded, I did not conceive the hundreth part of the anguish that I was destined to endure.

It was completely dark when I arrived in the environs of Geneva; the gates of the town were already shut; and I was obliged to pass the night at Secheron, a village half a league to the east of the city. The sky was serene; and, as I was unable to rest, I resolved to visit the spot where my poor William had been murdered. As I could not pass through the town I was obliged to cross the lake in a boat to arrive at Plainpalais. During this short voyage I saw the lightnings playing on the summit of Mont Blanc in the most beautiful figures. The storm appeared to approach rapidly; and, on landing, I ascended a low hill, that I might observe its progress. It advanced; the heavens were clouded, and I soon felt the rain coming slowly in large drops, but its violence quickly increased.

I quitted my seat and walked on, although the darkness and storm increased every minute, and the thunder burst with a terrific crash over my head. It was echoed from Saleve, the Juras and the Alps of Savoy; vivid flashes of lightning dazzled my eyes, illuminating the lake, making it appear like a vast sheet of fire; then for an instant everything seemed of a pitchy darkness, until the eye recovered itself from the preceeding flash. The storm, as is often the case in Switzerland, appeared at once in various parts of the heavens. The most violent storm hung exactly north of the town, over that part of the lake which lies between the promontory of Belrive and the village of Copet. Another sturm enlightened Jura with faint flashes; and another darkened and sometimes disclosed the Mole, a peaked mountain to the east of the lake.

While I watched the storm, so beautiful yet terrific, I wandered on with a hasty step. This noble war in the sky elevated my spirits; I clasped my hands and exclaimed aloud "William, dear angel! this is thy funeral, this is thy dirge!" As I said these words, I perceived a figure which stole from behind a clump of trees near me; I stood fixed, gazing intently; I could not be mistaken. A flash of lightning illuminated the object, and discovered its shape plainly to me; its gigantic stature, and the deformity of its aspect, more hideous than belongs to humanity, instantly informed me that it was the wretch, the filthy demon to whom I had given life. What did he there? Could he be (I shuddered at the conception) the murderer of my brother? No sooner did that idea cross my imagination than I became convinced of its truth; my teeth chattered, and I was forced to lean against a tree for support. The figure passed me quickly, and I lost it in the gloom. Nothing in human shape could have destroyed that fair child. He was the murderer; I could not doubt it. The mere presence of the idea was an irresistible proof of the fact. I thought of pursuing the devil; but it would have been in vain for another flash discovered him to me hanging amoung the rocks of the nearly perpendicular ascent of Mount Saleve, a hill that bounds Plainpalais on the south. He soon reached the summit and disappeared.

I remained motionless. The thunder ceased; but the rain still continued, and the scene was enveloped in impenetrable darkness. I revolved in my mind the events which I had until now sought to forget; the whole train of my progress toward the creation; the appearance of the work of my own hands alive at my bedside; its departure. Two years had now elapsed since the night on which he first received life; and was this his first crime? Alas, I had turned loose into the world a depraved wretch, whose delight was in carnage and misery; had he not murdered my brother?

No one can conceive the anguish I suffered during the remainder of the night, which I spent cold and wet in the open air. But I did not feel the inconvenience of the weather; my imagination was busy in scenes of evil and dispair. I considered the being whom I had cast among mankind, and endowed with the will and power to effect purposes of horror, such as the deed which he had now done, nearly in the light of my own vampire, my own spirit let loose from the grave, and forced to destroy all that was dear to me.

Day dawned, and I directed my steps toward the town. The gates were open, and I hastened to my father's house. My first thought was to discover what I know of the murderer, and cause instant pursuit to be made. But I paused when I reflected on the story that I had to tell. A being whom I myself formed, and endued with life, had met me at midnight among the precipices of an inaccessible mountain. I remembered also the nervous fever with which I had been seized just at the time that I dated my creation, and which would give an air of delirium to a tale otherwise so improbable. I well knew that if any other had communicated such a relation to me, I should have looked upon it as the rayings of insanity. Besides, the strange nature of the animal would elude all pursuit, even if I were so far credited as to persuade my relatives to commence it. Besides, of what use would be pursuit? Who could arrest a creature capable of scaling the overhanging sides of Mount Saleve? These reflections determined me, and I resolved to remain silent.

It was about five in the morning when I entered my father's house. I told the servants not to disturb the family, and went into the library to attend their usual hour of rising.

Six years had elapsed, passed as a dream but for one indelible trace; and I stood in the same place where I had last embraced my father, before my departure for Ingolstadt. Beloved and respected parent! He still remained to me. I gazed on the picture of my mother, which stood over the mantelpiece. It was a historical subject, painted at my father's desire, and represented Caroline Beaufort in an agony of dispair kneeling by the coffin of her dead father. Her garb was rustic, and her cheek pale; but there was an air of dignity and beauty, that hardly permitted the sentiment of pity. Below this picture was a miniature of William, and tears flowed when I looked upon it. While I was thus engaged Ernest entered; he had heard me arrive, and hastened to welcome me. He expressed a sorrowful delight to see me. "Welcome, my dearest Victor," said he. "Ah! I wish you had come three months ago, and then you would have found us all joyous and delighted. But we are now unhappy, and I am afraid tears instead of smiles will be your welcome. Our father looks so sorrowful; this dreadful event seems to have revived in his mind his grief at the death of mama. Poor Elizabeth also is quite inconsolable." Ernest began to weep as he said these words.

"Do not," said I, "welcome me thus; try to be more calm, that I may not be absolutely miserable the moment I enter my father's house after so long an absence. But, tell me, how does my father support his misfortunes; and how is my poor Elizabeth?"

"She indeed requires consolation; she accused herself of having caused the death of my brother, and that made her very wretched. But since the murderer has been discovered—"

"The murderer discovered! Good God! how can that be? who could attempt to pursue him? It is impossible; one might as well attempt to overtake the winds, or confine a mountain stream with a straw."

"I do not know what you mean; but we were all very unhappy when she was discovered. No one would believe it at first, and even now Elizabeth will not be convinced, notwithstanding all the evidence. Indeed who would credit that Justine Moritz, who was so amiable and fond of all the family, could all at once become so extremely wicked?"

"Justine Moritz! Poor, poor girl, is she the accused? But it is wrongfully; every one knows that; no one believes it, surely, Ernest?"

"No one did at first; but several circumstances came out, that have almost forced conviction upon us; and her own behavior has been so confused as to add to the evidence of facts a weight that, I fear, leaves no hope for doubt. But she will be tried to-day, and you will then hear all.

He related that the morning upon which the murder of poor William had been discovered, Justine had been taken ill, and confined to her bed; and, after several days, one of the servants happening to examine the apparel she had worn on the night of the murder, had discovered in her pocket the picture of my mother, which had been judged to be the temptation of the murderer. The servant instantly showed it to one of the others, who, without saying a word to any of the family, went to a magistrate, and, upon their deposition, Justine was apprehended. On being charged with the fact, the poor girl confirmed the suspicion in a great measure by her extreme confusion of manner.

This was a strange tale, but it did not shake my faith; and I replied earnestly, "You were all mistaken; I know the murderer. Justine, poor good Justine, is innocent."

At that instant my father entered I saw unhappiness deeply impressed on his countenance, but he endeavored to welcome me cheerfully; and after we had exchanged our mournful greeting, would have introduced some other topic than that of our disaster, had not Ernest exclaimed, "Good God, papa? Victor says that he knows who was the murderer of poor William."

"We do also, unfortunately," re-

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

A good Baptist clergyman of Bergen, N. Y., a strong temperance man, suffered with kidney trouble, neuralgia, and dizziness almost to blindness, over two years after he was told that *Hop Bitters* would cure him, because he was afraid of and prejudiced against "Bitters." Since his cure he says none need fear but trust in *Hop Bitters*.