CLARKSVILLE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

VOL. 51--NO. 12. CLARKSVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1883. WHOLE NO. 2,493.

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,

BOWING & WILLSON.

J. F. WOOD,

55 Franklin Street,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

HARDWARE,

Queensware,
Glassware,
Tinware,
Stoves, Grates,
ROOFING, GUTTERING
Tin and Sheet-Iron Work

At Lowest Prices.

DRUGS! DRUGS!

S. B. STEWART,

29 Franklin Street,

(Stand formerly occupied by McCauley & Co.)

Has on hand a complete stock of

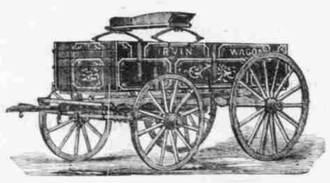
Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Shoulder Braces, Trusses, Sponges, Brushes, Chamois Skins, Perfumery, Fine Soaps, &c.

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.

M. A. STRATTON

Is Now Receiving his

NEW FALL STOCK

—OF—

BOOTS, SHOES,

HATS, CAPS

—AND—

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

Prices Guaranteed to Be as Low as any House

—IN THE—

UNITED STATES,

—ON THE—

SAME GLASS OF GOODS.

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.

—:o:—

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.

CORONACH.

WALTER SCOTT.

He is gone to the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need is the sorest.
The fount re-appearing
From the rain-drops shall borrow;
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing,
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing,
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel incumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber?
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and forever.

FRANKENSTEIN:

—OR,—

THE MODERN PROMETHEUS.

BY MRS. M. W. SHELLEY.

CHAPTER XV.

"Cursed, cursed creator! Why did I live? Why, in that instant, did I not extinguish the spark of existence which you had so wantonly bestowed? I know not; despair had not yet taken possession of me; my feelings were those of rage and revenge. I could with pleasure have destroyed the cottage and its inhabitants, and have glutted myself with their shrieks and misery.

"When night came I quitted my retreat, and wandered in the wood; and now, no longer restrained by the fear of discovery, I gave vent to my anguish in fearful howlings. I was like a wild beast that had broken the toils, destroying the objects that obstructed me, and ranging through the woods with a stag-like swiftness. Oh, what a miserable night I passed! the cold stars shone in mockery, and the bare trees waved their branches above me; now and then the sweet voice of a bird burst forth amidst the universal stillness. All, save I, were at rest or in enjoyment; I, like the archfiend, bore a hell within me; and finding myself unsympathized with, wished to tear up the trees, spread havoc and destruction around me, and then to have sat down and enjoyed the ruin.

"But this was a luxury of sensation that could not endure; I became fatigued with excess of bodily exertion, and sank on the damp grass in the sick impotence of despair. There was none among the myriads of men that existed who would pity or assist me; and should I feel kindness toward my enemies? No; from that moment I declared everlasting war on the species, and more than all, against him who had formed me and sent me forth to this insupportable misery.

"The sun rose; I heard the voices of men, and knew that it was impossible to return to my retreat during that day. Accordingly I hid myself in some thick underwood, determining to devote the ensuing hours to reflection on my situation.

"The pleasant sunshine and the pure air of day restored me to some degree of tranquility; and when I considered what had passed at the cottage, I could not help believing that I had been too hasty in my conclusions. I had certainly acted imprudently. It was apparent that my conversation had interested the father in my behalf, and I was a fool in having exposed my person to the horror of his children. I ought to have familiarized the old DeLacey to me, and by degrees have discovered myself to the rest of his family, when they should have been prepared for my approach. But I did not believe my errors to be irretrievable; and after much consideration, I resolved to return to the cottage, seek the old man, and by my representations win him to my party.

"These thoughts calmed me, and in the afternoon I sank into a profound sleep; but the fever of my blood did not allow me to be visited by peaceful dreams. The horrible scene of the preceding day was forever acting before my eyes; the females were flying, and the enraged Felix tearing me from his father's feet. I awoke exhausted; and, finding that it was already night, crept forth from my hiding-place, and went around in search of food.

"When my hunger was appeased, I directed my steps toward the well known path that conducted me to the cottage. All there was at peace. I crept into my hovel and remained in silent expectation of the accustomed hour when the family arose. That hour past, the sun mounted high in the heavens, but the cottagers did not appear. I trembled violently, apprehending some dreadful misfortune. The inside of the cottage was dark, and I heard no motion; I cannot describe the agony of this suspense.

"Presently two countrymen passed by, but pausing near the cottage, they entered into conversation, using violent gesticulations; but I did not understand what they said, as they spoke the language of the country, which differed from that of my protectors. Soon after, however, Felix approached with another man. I was surprised, as I knew that he had not quitted the cottage that morning, and waited anxiously to discover, from his discourse, the meaning of these unusual appearances.

"'Do you consider,' said his companion to him, 'that you will be obliged to pay three months' rent, and to lose the produce of your garden? I do not wish to take any unfair advantage, and I beg therefore, that you will take some days to consider of your determination.'

"'It is utterly useless,' replied Felix, 'we can never again inhabit your cottage. The life of my father is in the greatest danger, owing to the dreadful circumstance that I have related. My wife and sister will never recover their horror. I entreat you not to reason with me any more. Take possession of your tenement, and let me fly from this place.'

Felix trembled violently as he said this. He and his companion entered the cottage, in which they remained for a few minutes, and then departed. I never saw any of the family of DeLacey more.

"I continued for the remainder of the day in my hovel in a state of utter and stupid despair. My protectors has departed, and had broken the only link that held me to the world. For the first time the feelings of revenge and hatred filled my bosom, and I did not strive to control them; but allowing myself to be borne away by the stream, I bent my mind toward injury and death. When I thought of my friends, of the mild voice of DeLacey, the gentle eyes of Agatha, and the exquisite beauty of the Arabian, these thoughts vanished, and a gush of tears somewhat soothed me. But again, when I reflected that they had spurned and deserted me, anger returned, and a rage of anger; and unable to injure anything human, I turned my fury toward inanimate objects. As night advanced I placed a variety of combustibles around the cottage; and after having destroyed every vestige of cultivation in the garden, I waited with forced impatience, until the moon had sunk to commence my operations.

"As the night advanced a fierce wind arose from the woods, and quickly dispersed the clouds that loitered in the heavens; the blast tore along like a mighty avalanche, and produced a kind of insanity in my spirits, that burst all bounds of reason and reflection. I lighted the dry branch of a tree, and danced with fury around the devoted cottage, my eyes still fixed on the western horizon, the edge of which the moon nearly touched. A part of its orb was at length hid, and I waved my brand; it sunk, and with a loud scream I fired the straw and heath and bushes which I had collected. The wind fanned the fire, and the cottage was quickly enveloped by the flames, which clung to it, and licked it with their forked and destroying tongues.

"As soon as I was convinced that no assistance could save any part of the habitation, I quitted the scene, and sought refuge in the woods.

"And now, with the world before me, whither should I bend my steps? I resolved to fly far from the scene of my misfortunes; but to me, hated and despised, every country must be equally horrible. At length the thought of you crossed my mind. I learned from your papers that you were my father, my creator; and to whom could I apply with more fitness than to him who had given me life? Among the lessons that Felix had bestowed on Safie, geography had not been omitted; I had learned from these the relative situations of the different countries of the earth. You had mentioned Geneva as the name of your native town; and toward this place I resolved to proceed.

"But how was I to direct myself? I knew that I must travel in a southwesterly direction to reach my destination; but the sun was my only guide. I did not know the names of the towns that I was to pass through, nor could I ask information from a single human being; but I did not despair. From you only could I hope for succor, although toward you I felt no sentiment but that of hatred. Unfeeling, heartless creator! you had endowed me with perceptions and passions, and then cast me abroad, an object for the scorn and horror of mankind. But on you only had I any claim for pity and redress, and from you I determined to seek that justice which I vainly attempted to gain from any other being that wore the human form.

"My travels were long, and the sufferings I endured intense. It was late in autumn when I quitted the district where I had so long resided. I traveled only at night, fearful of encountering the visage of a human being. Nature decayed around me, and the sun became heatless; rain and snow poured around me: mighty rivers were frozen, the surface of the earth was hard and chill and bare, and I found no shelter. Oh, earth! how often did I imprecate curses on the cause of my being! The mildness of my nature had fled, and all within me was turned to gall and bitterness. The nearer I approached to your habitation, the more deeply did I feel the spirit of revenge enkindled in my heart. Snow fell, and the waters were hardened, but I rested not. A few incidents now and then directed me, and I possessed a map of the country; but I often wandered wide from my path. The agony of my feelings allowed me no respite; no incident occurred to mitigate my rage and misery could not extract their food; but a circumstance that happened when I arrived on the confines of Switzerland, when the sun had recovered its warmth, and the earth again began to look green, confirmed in an especial manner the bitterness and horror of my feelings.

"I generally rested during the day, and traveled only when I was secured by night from the view of man. One morning, however, finding that my path lay through a deep wood, I ventured to continue my journey after the sun had risen; the day, which was one of the first of spring, cheered even me by the loveliness of its sunshine and the balminess of the air. I felt emotions of gentleness and pleasure that had long appeared dead, revive within me. Half surprised by the novelty of these sensations, I allowed myself to be borne away by them, and forgetting my solitude and deformity, dared be happy. Soft tears again bedewed my cheeks, and I even raised my humid eyes with thankfulness toward the blessed sun, which bestowed such joy upon me.

"I continued to wind among the paths of the wood, until I came to its boundary, which was skirted by a deep and rapid river, into which many of the trees bent their branches, now budding with the fresh spring. Here I paused, not exactly knowing what path to pursue, when I heard the sound of voices, that induced me to conceal myself under the shade of a cypress. I was scarcely hid, when as a young girl came running toward the spot where I was concealed, laughing as if she ran from some one in sport. She continued her course along the precipitous sides of the river, when suddenly her foot slipped, and she fell into the rapid stream. I rushed from my hiding place, and with extreme labor, from the force of the current, saved her and dragged her to shore. She was senseless, and I endeavored by every means in my power, to restore animation, when I was suddenly interrupted by the approach of a rustic, who was probably the person from whom she had playfully fled. On seeing me, he darted toward me, and tearing the girl from my arms, hastened toward the deeper parts of the wood. I followed speedily, I hardly knew why, but when the man saw me draw near, he aimed a gun, which he carried, at my body, and fired. I sunk to the ground, and my injurer, with increased swiftness, ran into the wood.

"This was, then, the reward of my benevolence! I had saved a human being from destruction, and as a recompense, I now writhed under the pain of a wound, which shattered the flesh and bone. The feelings of kindness and gentleness, which I had entertained but a few moments before, gave place to hellish rage and gnashing of teeth. Inflamed by pain, I vowed eternal hatred and vengeance to all mankind. But the agony of my wound overcame me; my pulses paused, and I fainted.

"For some weeks I led a miserable life in the woods, endeavoring to cure the wound which I had received. The ball had entered my shoulder, and I knew not whether it had remained there or passed through; at any rate, I had no means of extracting it. My sufferings were augmented also by the oppressive sense of the injustice and ingratitude of their infliction. My daily vows rose for revenge, such as would alone compensate for the outrages and anguish I had endured.

"After some weeks my wound healed, and I continued my journey. The labors I endured were no longer to be alleviated by the bright sun or gentle breezes of spring; all joy was but a mockery, which insulted my desolate state, and made me feel more painfully that I was not made for the enjoyment of pleasure.

"But my toils now drew near a close; and, two months from this time, I reached the environs of Geneva.

"It was evening when I arrived, and I retired to a hiding-place among the fields that surround it, to meditate in what manner I should apply to you. I was oppressed by fatigue and hunger, and far too unhappy to enjoy the gentle breezes of evening, or the prospect of the sun setting behind the stupendous mountains of Jura.

"At this time a slight sleep relieved me from the pain of reflection, which was disturbed by the approach of a beautiful child, who came running into the recess I had chosen with all the sportiveness of infancy. Suddenly, as I gazed on him, an idea seized me, that this little creature was unprejudiced, and had lived too short a time to have imbibed a horror of deformity. If, therefore, I could seize him and educate him as my companion and friend, I should not be so desolate in this peopled earth.

"Urged by this impulse, I seized on the boy as he passed, and drew him toward me. As soon as he beheld my form, he placed his hands before his eyes, and uttered a shrill scream; I drew his hand forcibly from his face, and said, 'Child, what is the meaning of this? I do not intend to hurt you; listen to me.'

"He struggled violently. 'Let me go,' he cried; 'monster! ugly wretch! you wish to eat me, and tear me to pieces; you are an ogre; let me go, or I will tell my papa.'

"'Boy, you will never see your father again; you must come with me.'

"'Hideous monster! let me go; my papa is a syndic;—he is M. Frankenstein; he would punish you. You dare not keep me.'

"'Frankenstein! you belong then to my enemy,—to him toward whom I have sworn eternal revenge; you shall be my first victim.'

"The child still struggled, and loaded me with epithets which carried despair to my heart; I grasped his throat to silence him, and in a moment he lay dead at my feet.

"I gazed on my victim, and my heart swelled with exultation and hellish triumph. Clapping my hands, I exclaimed, 'I too can create desolation; my enemy is not impregnable; this death will carry despair to him, and a thousand other miseries shall torment and destroy him.'

"As I fixed my eyes on the child, I saw something shining on his breast. I took it; it was the portrait of a most lovely woman. In spite of my malignity, it softened and attracted me. For a few moments I gazed with delight on her dark eyes, fringed by deep lashes, and her lovely lips; but presently my rage returned; I remembered that I was forever deprived of the delights that such beautiful creatures could bestow; and that she whose resemblance I contemplated would, in regarding me, have changed that air of devine benignity to one expressive of disgust and affright.

"Can you wonder that such thoughts transported me with rage? I only wonder that at that moment instead of venting my sensations in exclamations and agony, I did not rush among mankind and perish in the attempt to destroy them.

"While I was overcome by these feelings, I left the spot where I had committed the murder, and was seeking a more secluded hiding place, when I perceived a young woman passing near me. She was young; not indeed so beautiful as her whose portrait I held, but of an agreeable aspect, and blooming in the loveliness of youth and health. Here, I thought, is one of those whose smiles are bestowed on all but me; she shall not escape; thanks to the lessons of Felix, and the sanguinary laws of man, I have learned how to work mischief. I approached her unperceived, and placed the portrait securely in one of the folds of her dress.

"For some days I haunted the spot where these things had taken place; sometimes wishing to see you, sometimes resolved to quit the world and its merits forever. At length I wandered toward the mountains and have ranged through their immense recesses, consumed by a burning passion which you alone can gratify. We may not part until you have promised to comply with my requisition. I am alone, and miserable; a man will not associate with me, but one as deformed and horrible as myself would not deny herself to me. My companion must be of the same species, and have the same defects. This creature you must create."

CHAPTER XVI.

The being finished speaking, and fixed his looks upon me in expectation of a reply. But I was bewildered, perplexed and unable to arrange my ideas sufficiently to understand the full extent of his proposition. He continued—

"You must create a female for me, with whom I can live in the interchange of those sympathies for my being. This you alone can do; and I demand it as a right which you must not refuse."

The latter part of his tale had kindled anew in me the anger that had died away while he narrated his peaceful life among the cottagers, and, as he said this, I could no longer suppress the rage that burned within me.

"I do refuse it," I replied; "and no torture shall ever extort a consent from me. You may render me the most miserable of men, but you shall never make me base in my own eyes. Shall I create another like yourself, whose joint wickedness might desolate the world? Begone! I have answered you; you may torture me, but I will never consent."

"You are in the wrong," replied the fiend; "and, instead of threatening, I am content to reason with you. I am malicious because I am miserable; am I not shunned and hated by all mankind? You, my creator, would tear me to pieces, and triumph; remember that, and tell me why I should pity man more than man pities me? You would not certainly, call it murder, if you could precipitate me into one of those ice-rifts, and destroy my frame, the work of your own hands. Shall I respect the man, when he contems me? Let him live with me in the interchange of kindness, and, instead of injury, I would bestow every benefit upon him with tears of gratitude at his acceptance. But that cannot be; the human senses are insurmountable barriers to our union. Yet mine shall not be the submission of abject slavery. I will revenge my injuries; if I cannot inspire love, I will cause fear; and chiefly towards you, my arch-enemy, because my creator, do I swear inextinguishable hatred. Have a care; I will work at your destruction, nor finish until I desolate your heart, so that you curse the hour of your birth."

A fiendish rage animated him as he said this; his face was wrinkled into contortions too horrible for human eyes to behold; but presently he calmed himself, and proceeded:—

"I intend to reason. This passion is detrimental to me; for you do not reflect that you are the cause of its excess. If any being felt emotions of benevolence toward me, I should return them an hundred and an hundred fold; for that one creature's sake, I would make peace with the whole kind! But I now indulge in dreams of bliss that cannot be realized. What I ask of you is reasonable and moderate; I demand a creature of another sex, but as hideous as myself; the gratification is small, but it is all that I can receive, and it shall content me. It is true, we shall be monsters, cut off from all the world; but on that account we shall be more attached to one another. Our lives will not be happy, but they will be harmless, and free from the misery I now feel. O my creator, make me happy; let me feel gratitude toward you for one benefit! Let me see that I excite the sympathy of some existing thing; do not deny me my request?"

I was moved. I shuddered when I thought of the possible consequences of my consent; but I felt that there was some justice in his argument. His tale, and the feelings he now expressed, proved him to be a creature of fine sensations; and did I not, as his maker, owe him all the portion of happiness that it was in my power to bestow? He saw my change of feeling and continued:—

"If you consent, neither you nor any other human being shall ever see us again; I will go to the vast wilds of South America. My food is not that of man; I do not destroy the lamb and the kid, to glut my appetite; acorns and berries afford me sufficient nourishment. My companion will be of the same nature as myself, and will be content with the same fare. We shall make our bed of dried leaves; the sun will shine on us as on man, and will ripen our food. The picture I present to you is peaceful and human, and you must feel that you could deny it only in the wantonness of power and cruelty. Pitiless as you have been toward me, I now see compassion in your eyes; let me seize the favorable moment, and persuade you to promise what I so ardently desire."

"You propose," replied I, "to fly from the habitations of man, to dwell in those wilds where the beasts of the field will be your only companions. How can you, who long for the love and sympathy of man, persevere in this exile? You will return and again seek their kindness, and you will then have a companion to aid you in the task of destruction. This may not be; cease to argue the point, for I cannot consent."

"How inconsistent are your feelings! But a moment ago you were moved by my representations, and why do you again harden yourself to my complaints? I swear to you, by the earth which I inhabit, and by you that made me, that, with the companion you bestow, I will quit the neighborhood of man, and dwell, as it may chance, in the most savage of places. My evil passions will have fled, for I shall meet with sympathy; my life will flow quietly away, and, in my dying moments, I shall not curse my maker."

His words had a strange effect upon me. I compassionated him, and sometimes felt a wish to console him; but, when I looked upon him; when I saw the filthy mass that moved and talked, my heart sickened, and my feelings were altered to those of horror and hatred. I tried to stifle these sensations; I thought, that, as I could not sympathize with him, I had no right to withhold from him the small portion of happiness which was yet in my power to bestow.

"You swear," I said, "to be perfectly harmless; but have you not already shown a degree of malice that should reasonably make me distrust you? May not even this be a feint that will increase your triumph by affording a wider scope for your revenge?"

"How is this? I thought I had moved your compassion, and yet you still refuse to bestow on me the only benefit that can soften my heart and render me harmless. If I have no ties and no affections, hatred and vice must be my portion; the love of another will destroy the the cause of my crimes, and I shall become a thing of whose existence every one will be ignorant. My vices are the children of a forced solicitude that I abhor; and my virtues will necessarily arise when I live in communion with an equal. I shall feel the affections of a sensitive being, and become linked to the chain of existence and events, from which I am now excluded."

I paused some time to reflect on all he had related, and the various arguments which he had employed. I thought of the promise of virtues which he had displayed on the opening of his existence, and the subsequent blight of all kindly feeling by the loathing and scorn which his protectors had manifested toward him. His power and threats were not omitted in my calculations; a creature who could exist in the ice-caves of the glaciers, and hide himself from pursuit among the ridges of inaccessible precipices, was a being possessing faculties it would be vain to cope with. After a long pause of reflection, I concluded that the justice due both to him and my fellow creatures demanded of me that I should comply with his request. Turning to him, therefore, I said:—

"I consent to your demand on your solemn oath to quit Europe forever, and every place in the neighborhood of man, as soon as I shall deliver into your hands a female who will accompany you in your exile."

"I swear," he cried, "by the sun, and by the blue sky of heaven, that if you grant my prayer, while they exist you shall never behold me again. Depart to your home and commence your labors; I shall watch their progress with unutterable anxiety; and fear not but that when you are ready I shall appear."

Saying this, he suddenly quitted me, fearful perhaps, of any change in my sentiments. I saw him descend the mountain with greater speed than the flight of an eagle, and quickly lost him among the undulations of the sea of ice.

His tale had occupied the whole day, and the sun was upon the verge of the horizon when he departed. I knew that I ought to hasten my descent toward the valley, as I should soon be encompassed in darkness, but my heart was heavy and my steps slow. The labor of winding among the little paths of the mountains, and fixing my feet firmly as I advanced perplexed me, occupied as I was by the emotions which the occurrences of the day had produced. Night was far advanced when I came to the half way resting place, and seated myself beside the fountain. The stars shone at intervals, as the clouds passed from over them; the dark pines rose before me, and every here and there a broken tree lay on the ground; it was a scene of wonderful solemnity, and stirred strange thoughts within me. I wept bitterly, and clasping my hands in agony, I exclaimed, "O, stars and clouds and winds, ye are all about to mock me; if ye really pity me, crush sensation and memory; let me become as naught, but if not, depart, depart, and leave me in darkness."

These were wild and miserable thoughts, but I cannot describe to you how the eternal twinkling of the stars weighed upon me, and how I listened to every blast of wind, as if it were a dull, ugly sirocco on its way to consume me.

Morning dawned before I arrived at the village of Chamonix; but my presence, so haggard and strange, hardly calmed the fears of my family, who had waited the whole night in anxious expectation of my return.

The following day we retured to Geneva. The intention of my father in coming had been to divert my mind, and to restore my lost tranquility; but the medicine had been fatal. And unable to account for the excess of misery I appeared to suffer, he hastened to return home, hoping the quiet and monotony of a domestic life would by degrees alleviate my sufferings, from whatever cause they might spring.

For myself, I was passive in all their arrangements; and the gentle affection of my beloved Elizabeth was inadequate to draw me from the depth of my despair. The promise I had made the demon weighed upon my mind, like Dante's iron cowl on the heads of the hellish hypocrites. All my pleasures of earth and sky passed before me like a dream, and that thought only had to me the reality of life. Can you wonder that sometimes a kind of insanity possessed me, or that I saw continually about me a multitude of filthy animals, inflicting on me incessant torture, that often extorted screams and bitter groans?

By degrees, however, these feelings became calmed. I entered again into the every-day scene of life, if not with interest, at least with some degree of tranquility.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Slander and Detraction.

American Register.

Blackstone says that there is no wrong without a remedy. But can either the civil law or social regulations afford any adequate protection against, or redress for, the serious wrongs done by slander and detraction? Men are not only prone to listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, but still more so to the artfully devised statements of envy, hatred and malice. And the injuries thus inflicted, either in business affairs, or upon a man's reputation, even more sacred and valuable to him than property, may be ruinous in their consequences. Here is a flagrant wrong; but where is the remedy? The ordinary suit for slander has become disreputable, and almost obsolete. Besides this it is wholly inapplicable or unavailable in the most serious cases. The slanderer often approaches the parties he desires to influence in the garb of friendship and confidence, pretending falsely to be giving information for the benefit of, and out of friendship for the parties to whom the malicious and false communications are made. So that the victim of the slander and defamation is often not allowed even to know the source from which the injury originates. And the wrong often injures the party to whom the slander and detraction are communicated as much and sometimes even more than the victim of the malice himself. Indeed, the slander is often designated to produce variances, and to injure both.

As no adequate remedy can exist for such wrongs by suit, protection can only be found in a higher tone, and more rigid conservatism in social and business affairs. Slander, detraction, and defamation should be scorned, eschewed, and frowned down; and credulity should be withheld from all attempts at defamation, however plausible, and covered under the guise of professed friendship. The methods of slander are often subtle and most imposing. Cicero said, "There is nothing which wings its flight so swiftly as calumny; nothing which is uttered with more ease; nothing is listened to with more readiness, and nothing dispersed more widely."

Dean Swift said, "The worthiest people are the most injured by slander, as we usually find that to be the best fruit which the birds have been pecking at."

Peter the Great is said to have remarked to a man speaking ill of another in his presence, "It is easy to splash mud; but I would rather help a man to keep his coat clean."

Madame Roland exclaimed, "What indulgence does the world extend to those evil speakers, who, under the mask of frendship, stab indiscriminately with the keen though rusty blade of slander."

In the language of St. Bernard, "Slander is a poison which extinguishes charity, both in the slanderer and in the person who listens to it."

And in the words of Leighton, "Calumny would soon die of itself if nobody took it in and gave it lodging."

Cowper says:

"The man who dares traduce because he can
With safety to himself, is not a man.

In the inimitable language of Shakespeare:

"The jewel best enameled,
Will lose its beauty, and so no man that hath a name,
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame."

And again:

"No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes."

The only protection which can be provided against this greatest of all pests to society and the world, is to elevate the manners and bearing of men, cultivate an abhorrence for the foul spirit of defamation, and utterly eschew detraction, and refuse all attention and credence to its disgusting details.

GODEY' LADY'S BOOK for October comes to us as the brightest and best that has ever appeared of this magazine. Its steel frontispiece, "Our Daisy," is a gem, and its fashion-plates, colored by the French process, are excellent in design and execution, while its full size cut paper pattern of a fall mantle, and its colored work design are all that the ladies could desire. It is rich besides in fashion cuts and descriptions, and the stories by Christian Reid, Emily Lennox, and K. M. Hayen are above the average magazine literature. The offer to forward a quarter reduced size copy of the magazine to all who apply to the publishers for it, will cause the book to find its way to many homes that have not seen it for years. It certainly merits its claim; viz., the oldest, brightest and cheapest—being only $2.00 per year.

A Voice From the Press.

I take this opportunity to bear testimony to the efficacy of your "Hop Bitters." Expecting to find them nauseous and bitter and composed of bad whiskey, we were agreeably surprised at their mild taste, just like a cup of tea. A Mrs. Cresswell and a Mrs. Conner, friends, have likewise tried, and pronounce them the best medicine they have ever taken for building up strength and toning up the system. I was troubled with costiveness, headache and want of appetite. My ailments are now all gone. I have a yearly contract with a doctor to look after the health of myself and family, but I need him not now.

S. GILLAND,

People's Advocate, Pittsburg, Pa.

July 25, 1878.