CLARKSVILLE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

VOL. 51--NO. 16. CLARKSVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1883. WHOLE NO. 2,497.

BOWLING & WILLSON,

The Leading House for Fine and Late Style Goods,
Consisting of

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS,

—AND—

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

Our stock is larger and more complete than any heretofore brought to this market. A great variety of

BOYS' AND GIRLS' SHOOL SHOES.

OLD LADIES' SHOES,

SOLID COMFORT.

FARMERS' BOOTS AND SHOES.

EXTRA GOOD.

GENTS' FINE BOOTS AND SHOES,
LADIES AND MISSES FINE SHOES.

Soft and Stiff Hats,

STETSON'S MAKE.

Gents' Fine Underwear and Hosiery.

Collars, Cuffs, Shirts and Ties

Boots and Shoes made to order, and any Boot or Shoe we sell that rips we will have it

REPAIRED FREE OF CHARGE.

Money saved by examining these goods before buying elsewhere. Respectfully,

BOWLING & WILLSON.
17 Franklin Street.

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

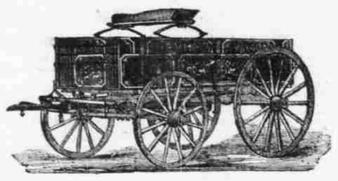
Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Shoulder Braces, Trusses, Sponges, Brushes, Chamois Skins, Perfumery, Fine Soaps, &c.

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.

GOLD DOLLARS.

$17 50 IN GOLD

WILL BE PAID AS FOLLOWS:

$10.00 in Gold to the girl or boy under fifteen years old, who will furnish a list of the largest number of complete words, using only the letters of the alphabet contained in the three words

STRATTON'S SHOE STORE.

$5.00 in Gold to the same who furnishes the second largest list.

$2.50 in Gold to the same who furnishes the third largest list.

All names must be written plainly with ink, correctly spelled, and placed in regular columns, and the lists mailed to either W. O. Brandon of the Tobacco Leaf, or B. M. DeGraffenreid of the Democrat, in time to reach them by noon December 15, 1883. These gentlemen will open same and publish their report in the Tobacco Leaf, Democrat and CHRONICLE in time to award the prizes on January 1, 1884. Competition open to all under fifteen years old.

Respectfully,

M. A. STRATTON,

—DEALER IN—

BOOTS, SHOES,

HATS, CAPS

—AND—

Gents' Underwear.

CHANGE OF FIRM.

Mr. WALTER McCOMB withdraws from the firm of McComb, Hurst & Co., to remove to Nashville, and his interest ceases this day, the remaining partners assuming all liabilities.

JOS. A. BOILLIN is a partner in our firm from this date, and the business will be conducted as heretofore, under the firm name of JOHN HURST & CO.

CLARKSVILLE, TENN., September 1, 1883.

JOHN HURST & CO.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

—AND—

LIQUOR DEALERS,

Are now well equipped for the Fall Trade. They are daily adding to their already Ample Stock of

Groceries, Liquors

—AND—

Field Seeds,

And are offering the same at unusually low prices. Call and see. Orders promptly attended to.

JOHN HURST & CO.

September 8, 1883.

R. S. BROADDUS, AGENT.

RICHARD IS HIMSELF AGAIN

With a large and well selected stock of Dry Goods, Clothing, Trunks, Boots, Shoes and Hats. In Black and Fancy Dress Goods his stock is surpassed by none in the city, embracing all the new French Novelties in Woolen and Silk Dress Fabrics, all colors in Plain and brocaded Silk Velvets and Velveteens and a great variety of other dress goods at from 15c. to $1 per yard. Ladies, don't fail to see these goods before buying. Those who have seen them say they are the handsomest in the city. The most Elegant and Stylish Ladies Wraps, Russian Circulars and Newmarkets in the city, at popular prices.

DOWN GOES TABLE LINENS AND TOWELS.

Good Bleached Linen Table Damask at 50c., worth 75c., real Barnsley's Bleached Table Damask at $1, worth $1.50, 68 in. real French Table Damask at $1.50, worth $2.00, Good Fringed Red Bordered 8-4 Linen Table Cloths for $1.00, worth $1.50, good Doylies to match at 50c. per doz., worth 75c. The best 25c. Towels in the city, Large size Napkins cheap. The Largest, Handsomest and Cheapest Stock of Hamburgs in the city.

Large Stock of Ready Made Clothing for Men and Boys, the low prices will surprise you. I defy the State to produce a better $10, $15, $20 or $25 Suit than I offer. I sell a full suit of clothes for $5.

For Railroad Men I have Overalls, Colored Flannel Shirts, Blankets, Comforts, Clothing and Gent's Furnishing Goods at lowest prices. Call gentlemen and be convinced.

The Best Boots and Shoes are sold by R. S. Broaddus, Agent, at the lowest prices. One and All, if you want prosperity, buy your goods from

R. S. BROADDUS, Agent

POLISHED PLATE GLASS.

By a recent agreement between Western Manufacturers of Plate Glass, one uniform scale of prices was adopted, making all Plate Glass One Price. We are agents for one of the largest Factories in this country, and ask a share of your patronage, as our prices are the same as Louisville or Cincinnati. Give us a trial.

We also carry in stock a full line of

Single and Double Strength Window Glass

In all desirable sizes.

Paints, Paint Brushes, Varnishes, Etc.

Best goods at living prices, is our plan.
Respectfully,

LOCKERT & REYNOLDS.

JOB WORK OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
Done NEATLY and CHEAPLY at the

CHRONICLE OFFICE.

FRANKENSTEIN:

—OR—

THE MODERN PROMETHEUS.

BY MRS. M. W. SHELLEY.

CHAPTER XXIII.

My present situation was one in which all voluntary thought was swallowed up and lost. I was hurried away by fury; revenge alone endowed me with strength and composure; it modeled my feelings and allowed me to be calculating and calm, at periods when otherwise delirium or death would have been my portion.

My first resolution was to quit Geneva forever; my country, which when I was happy and beloved, was dear to me, now in my adversity, became hateful. I provided myself with a sum of money, together with a few jewels which had belonged to my mother, and departed.

And now my wanderings began, which are to cease but with life. I have traversed a vast portion of the earth, and have endured all the hardships which travelers, in deserts and barbarous countries, are wont to meet. How I have lived I hardly know; many times have I stretched my failing limbs upon the sandy plain, and prayed for death. But revenge kept me alive; I dared not die, and leave my adversary in being.

When I quitted Geneva, my first labor was to gain some clue by which I might trace the steps of my fiendish enemy. But my plan was unsettled; and I wandered many hours around the confines of the town, uncertain what path I should pursue. As night approached, I found myself at the entrance of the cemetary where William, Elizabeth, and my father reposed. I entered it, and approached the tomb which marked their graves. Everything was silent except the leaves of the trees, which were gently agitated by the wind; the night was nearly dark and the scene would have been solemn and affecting even to an uninterested observer. The spirits of the departed seemed to flit around, and to cast a shadow, which was felt, but seen not, around the head of the mourner.

The deep grief, which this scene had at first excited, quickly gave way to rage and despair. They were dead, and I lived; their murderer also lived, and to destroy him I must drag out my weary existence. I knelt on the grass, and kissed the earth, and, with quivering lips, exclaimed,—"By the sacred earth on which I kneel by the shades that wander near me, by the deep and eternal grief that I feel, I swear; and by thee O Night, and by the spirits that preside over thee, I swear to pursue the demon who caused this misery, until he or I shall perish in mortal conflict: For this purpose I will preserve my life; to execute this dear revenge, will I again behold the sun, and tred the green herbage of the earth, which otherwise should vanish from my eyes forever. And I call on you, spirits of the dead; and on you wandering ministers of vengeance, to aid and conduct me in my work. Let the cursed monster drink deep of agony; let him feel the despair that now torments me."

I had begun my adjuration with solemnity, and an awe which almost assured me that the shades of murdered friends heard and approved my devotion; but the furies possessed me as I concluded, and rage choked my utterance.

I was answered through the stillness of night by a loud and fiendish laugh. It rung on my ears long and heavily; the mountains re-echoed it, and I felt as if all hell surrounded me with mockery and laughter. Surely in that moment I should have been possessed by frenzy, and have destroyed my miserable existence, but that my vow was heared, and that I was reserved for vengeance. The laughter died away; when a well known and abhorred voice apparently close to my ear, addressed me in an audiable whisper,—"I am satisfied; miserable wretch! you have determined to live, and I am satisfied."

I darted toward the spot from which the sound proceeded; but the devil eluded my grasp. Suddenly the broad disk of the moon arose and shone full upon his ghastly and distorted shape, as he fled with more than mortal speed.

I pursued him; and for many months this has been my task. Guided by a slight clue, I followed the windings of the Rhone, but vainly. The blue Mediterranean appeared; and, by a strange chance, I saw the fiend enter by night, and hide himself in a vessel bound for the Black Sea. I took my passage in the same ship; but he escaped, I know not how.

Amid the wilds of Tartary and Russia, although he still evaded me, I have ever followed in his track. Sometimes the peasants, scared by this horrid apparition, informed me of his path; sometimes he himself, who feared that if I lost trace I should despair and die, often left some mark to guide me. The snows descended on my head, and I saw the print of his huge step on the white plain. To you first entering on life, to whom care is new, and agony unknown, how can you understand what I have felt, and still feel? Cold, want and fatigue were the least pains which I was destined to endure; I was cursed by some devil, and carried about with me my eternal hell; yet still a spirit of good followed and directed my steps, and, when I most murmered, would suddenly extricate me from seemingly insurmountable difficulties. Sometimes, when nature, overcome by hunger, sunk under the exhaustion, a repast was prepared for me in the desert, that restored and inspirited me, The fare was indeed coarse, such as the peasants of the country ate; but I may not doubt that it was set there by the spirits that I had invoked to aid me. Often, when all was dry, the heavens cloudless, and I was parched by thirst, a slight cloud would bedim the sky, shed the few drops that revived me, and vanished.

I followed, when I could, the courses of the rivers; but the demon generally avoided these, as it was here that the population of the country chiefly collected. In other places human beings were seldom seen; and I generally subsisted on the wild animals that crossed my path. I had money with me, and gained the friendship of the villiagers by distributing it, or bringing with me some food that I had killed, which, after taking a small part, I always presented to those who had provided me with fire and untensils for cooking.

My life, as it passed thus, was indeed hateful to me, and it was during sleep alone that I could taste joy. O blessed sleep! often, when most miserable, I sank to repose, and my dreams lulled me even to rapture. The spirits that guarded me had provided these moments, or rather hours of happiness, that I might have strength to fulfill my pilgrimage. Deprived of this respite, I should have sunk under my hardships. During the day, I was sustained and inspirited by the hope of night; for in sleep I saw my friends, my wife, and my beloved country; again I saw the benevolent countenance of my father, heard the silvery tones of my Elizabeth's voice, and beheld Clerval enjoying health and youth. Often, when wearied by a toilsome march, I persuaded myself that I was dreaming until night should come, and that I should then enjoy reality in the arms of my dearest friends. What agonizing fondness did I feel for them! How did I cling to their dear forms, as sometimes they haunted even my waking hours, and persuade myself that they still lived! At such moments, vengeance, that burned within me, died in my heart, and pursued my path toward the destruction of the demon, more as a task enjoined by Heaven, as the mechanical impulse of some power of which I was unconscious, than as the ardent desire of my soul.

What his feelings were whom I persued I cannot know. Sometimes indeed, he left marks in writing on the barks of the trees, or cut in the stone, that guided me, or instigated my fury. "My reign is not yet over" (these words are ligible in one of these inscriptions): "you live, and my power is complete. Follow me; I seek the everlasting ices of the North, where you will feel the misery of cold and frost, to which I am impassive. You will find near this place, if you follow not too tardily, a dead hare; eat and be refreshed. Come on, my enemy; we have yet to wrestle for our lives; but many hard and miserable hours must you endure until that period shall arrive."

Scoffing devil! again do I vow vengeance; again do I devote thee, miserable fiend, to torture and death Never will I omit my search, until he or I perish; and then with what ecstacy shall I join my Elizabeth, and those who even now prepare for me the reward of my tedious toil and horrible pilgrimage!

As I still pursued my journey to the northward, the snows thickened, and the cold increased in a degree almost too severe to support. The peasants were shut up in their hovels, and only a few of the most hardy ventured forth to seize the animals which starvation had forced from their hiding-places to seek for prey. The rivers were covered with ice, and no fish could be procured; and thus I was cut off from my chief article of maintenance.

The triumph of my enemy increased with the difficulty of my labors. One inscription that he left was in these words: "Prepare your toils only begin; wrap you yourself in furs, and provide food, for we shall soon enter upon a journey where your sufferings will satisfy my everlasting hatred."

My courage and perseverance were invigorated by these scoffing words; I resolved not to fail in my purpose; and, calling on heaven to support me, I continued with unabated fervor to travers immense deserts, until the ocean appeared at a distance, and formed the utmost boundary of the horizon. Oh, how unlike it was to the blue seas of the South! Covered with ice, it was only to be distinguish from land by its superior wilderness. The Greeks wept for joy when they beheld the Mediterranean from the hills of Asia, and hailed with rapture the boundary of their toils. I did not weep; but I knelt down and, with a full heart thanked my guiding spirit for conducting me in safety to the place where I hoped, notwithstanding my adversary's gibe, to meet and grapple with him.

Some weeks before this period I had procured a sledge and dogs, and thus traversed the snows with inconceivable speed. I know not whether the fiend possessed the same advantages; but I found that, as before I had daily lost ground in the pursuit, I now gained on him; so much so, that when I first saw the ocean, he was but one day's journey in advance, and I hoped to intercept him before he should reach the beach. With new courage, therefore I pressed on, and in two days arrived at a wretched hamlet on the seashore. I inquired of the inhabitants concerning the fiend, and gained accurate information. A gigantic monster, they said, had arrived the night before, armed with a gun and many pistols; putting to flight the inhabitants of a solitary cottage, through fear of his terrible appearance. He carried off their store of winter food, and placing it in a sledge, to draw which he had seized on a numerous drove of trained dogs, he had harnessed them, and the same night had pursued his journey across the sea in the direction that led to no land; and they conjectured that he must speedily be destroyed by the breaking ice, or frozen by the eternal frosts.

On hearing this information, I suffered a temporary access of despair. He had escaped me; and I must commence a destructive and almost endless journey across the mountainous ices of the ocean—amid could that few of the inhabitants could long endure, and which I, the native of a genial and sunny climate, could not hope to survive. Yet, at the idea that the fiend should live and be triumphant, my rage and vengeance returned, and, like a mighty tide, overwhelmed every other feeling. After a slight repose, during which the spirits of the dead hovered round, and instigated me to toil and revenge, I prepared for my journey.

I exchanged my land sledge for one fashioned for the inequalities of the frozen ocean; and, purchasing a plentiful stock of provisions, I departed from the land.

I cannot guess how many days have passed since then; but I have endured misery which nothing but the eternal sentiment of a just retribution, burning within my heart could have enabled me to support, Immense and rugged mountains of ice have barred up my passage, and I often heard the thunder of the ground sea, which threatened my destruction. But again the frost came, and made the paths of the sea secure.

By the quantity of provision which I had consumed, I should guess that I had passed three weeks in this journey; and the continual protraction of hope, returning back upon the heart, often wrung bitter drops of despondency and grief from my eyes. Despair had indeed almost secured her prey, and I should soon have sunk beneath this misery; when once, after the poor animals that carried me had with incredible toil gained the summit of a sloaping ice mountain, and one sinking under his fatigue died, I viewed the expanse before me with anguish, and suddenly my eye caught a dark speck upon the dusky plain. I strained my sight to discover what it could be, and uttered a wild cry of ecstacy, when I distinguished a sledge, and the distorted proportions of a well known form within. Oh, with what a burning gush did hope revisit my heart! warm tears filled my eyes, which I hastily wiped away, that they might not intercept the view I had of the demon; but still my sight was dimmed by the burning drops, until, giving way to the emotions that oppressed me, I wept aloud.

But this was not the time for delay; I disencumbered the dogs of their dead companion, gave them a plentiful portion of food; and after an hour's rest, which was absolutely necessary, and yet which was bitterly irksome to me, I continued my route. The sledge was still visible; nor did I again lose sight of it, except at the moments when for a short time some ice rock concealed it with its intervening crags. I indeed perceptibly gained on it; and when, after nearly two day's journey, I beheld my enemy at no more than a mile distant, my heart bounded within me.

But now, when I appeared almost within grasp of my enemy, my hopes were suddenly extinguished, and I lost all trace of him more utterly than I had ever done before. A ground sea was heard; the thunder of its progress, as the waters roiled and swelled beneath me every moment more ominous and terrific. I pressed on, but in vain. The wind arose; the sea roared; and, as with the mighty shock of an earthquoke, it split, and cracked with a tremendous and overwhelming sound. The work was soon finished; in a few minutes a tumultuous sea rolled between me and my enemy, and I was left drifting on a solitary piece of ice, that was continually lessening, and thus preparing for me a hideous death.

In this manner many appalling hours passed; several of my dogs died; and I myself was about to sink under the accumulation of distress, when I saw your vessle riding at anchor, and holding forth to me hopes of succor and life. I had no conception that vessles ever came so far north, and was astounded at the sight. I quickly destroyed part of my sledge to construct oars; and by these means was enabled, with infinite fatigue, to move my ice-craft in the direction of your ship. I had determined, if you were going Southward, still to trust myself to the mercy of the seas, rather than abandon my purpose. I hoped to induce you to grant me a boat with which I could still pursue my enemy. But your direction was northward. You took me on board when my vigor was exhausted, and I should soon have sunk under my multiplied hardships into a death, which I still dread—for my task is unfulfilled.

Oh! when will my guiding spirit in conducting me to the demon, allow me the rest I so much desire; or must I die, and he yet live? It I do, swear to me, Walton, that he shall not escape; that you will seek him, and satisfy my vengeance in his death. Yet, do I dare ask you to undertake my pilgrimege, to endure the hardships that I have undergone? No, I am not so selfish. Yet, when I am dead, if he should appear; if the ministers of vengeance should conduct him to you, swear that he shall not live,—swear that he shall not triumph over my accumulated woes and live to make another such a wretch as I am. He is eloquent and persuasive; and once his words had even power over my heart; but trust him not. His soul is as hellish as his form, full of treachery and fiend-like malice. Hear him not; call on the names of William, Justine, Clerval, Elizabeth, my father, and of the wretched Victor, and thrust your sword into his heart. I will hover near, and direct the steel aright.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WALTON, IN CONTINUATION.

August 26th, 17—.

You have read this strange and terrific story, Margaret, and do you not feel your blood congealed with horror, like that which even now curdles mine? Sometimes seized with sudden agony, he could not continue his tale; at others, his voice broken, yet piercing, uttered with difficulty the words so replete with agony. His fine and lovely eyes were now lighted up with indignation, now subdued to downeast sorrow, and quenched in infinite wretchedness. Sometimes he commanded his countenance and tones, and related the most horrible incidents with a tranquil voice, suppressing every mark of agitation; then, like a volcano bursting forth, his face would suddenly change to an expressin of the wildest rage, as he shrieked out imprecations on his persecutor. His tale is connected, and told with the appearance of the simplest truth; yet I own to you that the letters of Felix and Safie, which he showed me, and the apparition of the monster, seen from our ship, brought to me a greater conviction of the truth of his narrative than his asseverations, however earnest and connected. Such a monster has then really existed; I cannot doubt it, yet I am lost in surprise and admiration. Sometimes I endeavored to gain from Frankenstein the particulars of his creature's formation, but on this point he was impenetrable.

"Are you mad, my friend?" said he, "or whither does your senseless curiosity lead you? would you also create for yourself and the world a demoniacal enemy? Or to what do your questions tend? Peace, peace! learn my miseries, and do not seek to increase your own."

Frankenstein discovered that I made notes concerning his history; he asked to see them, and then himself corrected and augmented them in many places; but principally in giving life and spirit to the conversations he held with his enemy. "Since you have preserved my narration," said he, "I would not that a mutilated one should go down to posterity."

Thus has a week passed away, while I have listened to the strangest tale that ever imagination formed. My thoughts, and every feeling of my soul have been drunk up by the interest of my guest, which this tale and his own elevated and gentle manners have created. I wish to soothe him, yet, can I counsel one so infinitely miserable, so destitute of every hope of consolation, to live? Oh, no! the only joy that he can now know will be when he composes his shattered feelings to peace and death. Yet he enjoys one comfort, the offspring of solitude and delirium; he believes that when in dreams he holds converse with his friends, and derives from that communion consolation for his miseries, or excitements to his vengeance, they are not the creations of his fancy, but the real beings, who visit him from the regions of a remote world. This faith gives a solemnity to his reveries that renders them to me almost as imposing and interesting as truth.

Our conversations are not always confined to his own history and misfortunes. On every point of general literature he displays unbounded knowledge, and a quick and piercing apprehension. His eloquence is forcible and touching, nor can I hear him when he relates a pathetic incident, or endeavors to move the passions of pity or love, without tears. What a glorious creature must he have been in the days of his prosperity, when he is thus noble and god-like in ruin! He seems to feel his own worth and the greatness of his fall.

"When younger," said he, "I felt as if I were destined for some great enterprise. My feelings are profound; but I possessed a coolness of judgment that fitted me for illustrious achievements. This sentiment of the worth of my nature supported me, when others would have been oppressed; for I deemed it criminal to throw away in useless grief those talents that might be useful to my fellow creatures. When I reflected on the work I had completed, no less a one than the creation of a sensitive, rational adlimal, I could not rank myself with the herd of common projectors. But this feeling, which supported me in the commencement of my career, now serves only to plunge me lower in the dust. All my speculations and hopes are as nothing; and, like the archangel who aspires to omnipotence, I am chained to an eternal hell. My imagination was vivid, yet my powers of analysis and application were intense; by the union of these qualities I conceived the idea, and executed the creation, of a man. Even now I cannot recollect, without passion, my reveries while the work was incomplete. I trod heaven in my thoughts, now exulting in my powers, now burning with the idea of their effects. From my infancy I was imbued with high hopes and lofty ambition; but how am I sunk!

"O my friend! if you had known me as I once was, you would not recognize me in this state of degradation. Despondency rarely visited my heart; a high destiny seemed to bear me on, until I fell, never, never again to rise."

Must I then lose this admirable being? I have longed for a friend, I have sought one who would sympathize with and love me. Behold, of these desert seas I have found such a one; but I fear I have gained him only to know his value and lose him. I would reconcile him to life, but he repulses the idea.

"I thank you, Walton," he said "for your kind attentions toward so miserable a wretch; but when you speak of new ties and fresh affections, think you that any can replace those who are gone? Can any man be to me as Clerval was, or any woman another Elizabeth? Even were the affection not strongly moved by any superior excellence, the companions of our childhood always possess a certain power over our minds, which hardly any later friend can obtain. They know our infantine dispositions, which, however they may be afterward modified, are never eradicated, and they can judge of our actions with more certain conclusions as to the integrity of our motives. A sister or a brother can never, unless indeed such symptoms have been shown early, suspect the other of fraud or false dealing, when another friend, however strongly he may be attached, may, in spite of himself, be invaded with suspicion. But I enjoyed friends, dear, not only through habit and association, but from their own merits; and, wherever I am, the soothing voice of my Elizabeth, and the conversation of Clerval will be whispered in my ear. They are dead, and but one feeling in such a solitude can persuade me to preserve my life. If I were engaged in any high undertaking or design, fraught with extensive utility to my fellow creatures, then could I live to fulfill it. But such is not my destiny. I must pursue and destroy the being to whom I gave existence; then my lot on earth will be fulfilled, and I my die."

September 2d.

MY BELOVED SISTER,—I write to you encompassed by peril, and ignorant whether I am ever doomod to see again dear England, and the dearer friends that inhabit it. I am surrounded by mountains of ice, which admit of no escape, and threaten every moment to crush my vessel. The brave fellows, whom I have persuaded to be my companions, look toward me for aid, but I have none to bestow. There is something terribly appalling in our situation, yet my courage and hopes do not desert me. We may survive, and if we do not, I will repeat the lessons of my Seneca and die with a good heart.

Yet what, Margaret, will be the state of your mind? You will not hear of my destruction, and you will anxiously wait my return. Years will pass, and you will have visitings of despair, and yet be tortured by hope. O my beloved sister! the sickening failings of your heart-felt expectations are, in prospect, more terrible to me than my own death. But you have a husband, and lovely children, you may be happy. Heaven bless you and make you so!

My unfortunate guest regards me with the tenderest compassion. He endeavors to fill me with hope, and talks as if life were a possession which he valued. He reminds me of how often the same accidents have happened to other navigators, who have attempted this sea, and in spite of myself, he fills me with cheerful auguries. Even the sailors feel the power of his eloquence; when he speaks, they no longer despair, he rouses their energies, and while they hear his voice, they believe these vast mountains of ice are mole-hills, which will vanish before the resolution of man. These feelings are transitory; each day's expectation delayed fills them with fear, and I almost dread a mutiny caused by this despair.

September 5th.

A scene has just passed of such uncommon interest, that, although it is highly probable that these papers may never reach you, yet I cannot forbear recording it.

We are still surrounded by mountains of ice, still in imminent danger of being crushed in their conflict. The cold is excessive, and many of my unfortunate comrades have already found a grave amid this scene of desolation. Frankenstein has daily declined in health; a feverish fire still glimmers in his eyes; but he is exhausted and when suddenly roused to any exertion, he speedily sinks again into apparent lifelessness.

I mentioned in my last letter the fears I entertained of a mutiny. This morning, as I sat watching the wan countenance of my friend,—his eyes half closed, and his limbs hanging listlessly,—I was roused by half a dozen of the sailers, who desired admission into the cabin. They entered, and their leader addressed me. He told me that he and his companions had been chosen by the other sailors to come in deputation to me, to make a demand, which in justice I could not refuse. We were immured in ice, and should probably never escape; but they feared that it, as was possible, the ice should dissipate, and a free passage be opened, I should be rash enough to continue my voyage, and lead them into fresh dangers, after they might happily have surmounted this.

They desired, therefore, that I should engage with a solemn promise, that if the vessel should be freed I would instantly direct my course southward.

This speech troubled me. I had not despaired, nor yet had I conceived the idea of returning, if set free. Yet could I, in justice, or even in possibility, refuse this demand? I hesitated before I answered; when Frankenstein, who had at first been silent, and, indeed, appeared hardly to have force enough to attend, now roused himself; his eyes sparkled, and his cheeks flushed with momentary vigor. Turning toward the men he said,—

"What do you mean? What do you demand of your captain? Are you then so easily turned from your design? Did you not call this a glorious expedition? and wherefore was it glorious? Not because the way was smooth and placid as a southern sea, but because it was full of dangers and terror; because at every new incident, your fortitude was to be called forth, and your courage exhibited; because danger and death surrounded, and these dangers you were to brave and overcome. For this was it a glorious, for this was it an honorable undertaking. You were hereafter to be hailed as the benefactors of your species; your names adored, as belonging to brave men who encountered death for the honor and benefit of mankind. And now, behold, with the first imagination of danger, or if you will, the first mighty and terrific trial of your courage, you shrink away, and are content to be handed down as men who had not strength enough to endure cold and peril, and so, poor souls, they were chilly, and returned to their warm firesides. Why, that requires not this preparation; ye need not have come thus far, and dragged your captain to the shame of a defeat, merely to prove yourselves cowards. Oh! be men, or be more than men. Be steady to your purpose, and firm as a rock. This ice is not made of such stuff as your hearts might be; it is mutable, cannot withstand you, if you say that it shall not. Do not return to your families with the stigma of disgrace marked on your brows. Return as heroes who have fought and conquered, and who know not what it is to turn their backs on the foe."

He spoke this with a voice so modulated to the different feelings expressed in his speech, with an eye so full of lofty design and heroism, that can you wonder that these men were moved? They looked at one another, and were unable to reply. I spoke; I told them to retire and consider of what had been said; that I would not lead them further north, if they strenuously desired the contrary; but that I hoped that, with reflection, their courage would return.

They retired, and I turned toward my friend; but he was sunk in languor, and almost deprived of life.

How all this will terminate, I know not; but I had rather die, than return shamefully,—my purpose unfulfilled. Yet I fear such will be my fate; the men, unsupported by the ideas of glory and honor, can never willingly continue to endure their present hardships.

September 7th.

The die is cast; I have consented to return, if we are not destroyed. Thus are my hopes blasted by cowardice and indecision; I come back ignorant and disappointed. It requires more philosophy than I possess, to bear this injustice with patience.

September 12th.

It is past—I am returning to England. I have lost my hopes of utility and glory; I have lost my friend. But I will endeavor to detail these bitter circumstances to you, my dear sister; and while I am waited toward England, and toward you, I will not despond.

September 10th, the ice began to move, and roarings like thunder were heard at a distance, as the island split and cracked in every direction. We were in the most imminent peril; but as we could only remain passive, my chief attention was occupied by my unfortunate guest, whose illness increased in such a degree that he was entirely confined to his bed. The ice cracked behind us, and was driven with force toward the north; a breeze sprung from the west, and on the 11th the passage toward the south became perfectly free. When the sailors saw this, and that their return to their native country was apparently assured, a shout of tumultuous joy broke from them, loud and long continued. Frankenstin, who was dozing, awoke, and asked the cause of the tumult.

"They shout," I said, because they will soon return to England."

"Do you then really return?"

"Alas! yes; I cannot withstand their demands. I cannot lead them unwillingly to danger, and I must return."

"Do so, if you will, but I will not. You may give up your purpose, but mine is assigned to me by Heaven, and I dare not. I am weak, but surely the spirits who assist my vengeance will endow me with sufficient strength." Saying this, he endeavored to spring from the bed, but the exertion was too great for him, he fell back and fainted.

It was long before he was restored, and I often thought that life was entirely extinct. At length he opened his eyes, but he breathed with difficulty, and was unable to speak. The surgeon gave him a composing draught, and ordered us to leave him uddisturbed. In the meantime, he told me that my friend had certainly not many hours to live.

His sentence was pronounced! and I could only grieve, and be patient. I sat by his bed watching him; his eyes were closed, and I thought he slept; but presently he called to me in a feeble voice, and bidding me come near, said,—"Alas! the strength that I relied on is gone; I feel that I shall soon die, and he, my enemy and persecutor, may still be in being. Think not, Walton, that in the last moments of my existence I feel that burning hatred, and ardent desire for revenge, I once expressed, but I feel myself justified in desiring the death of my adversary. During these last days I have been occupied in examining my past conduct, nor do I find it blamable. In a fit of enthusiastic madness I created a rational creature, and was bound toward him, to assure, as far as it was in my power, his happiness and well being. This was my duty, but there was still another, paramount to that. My duties toward my fellow creatures had greater claims to my attention, because they included a greater proportion of happiness or misery. Urged by this view, I refused, and I did right in refusing to create a companion for the first creature. He showed unparalleled malignity and selfishness in evil; he destroyed my friends; he devoted to destruction beings who possessed exquisite sensations, happiness, and wisdom; nor do I know where this thirst for vengeance may end. Miserable himself, that he may render no other wretched, he ought to die. The task of his destruction was mine, but I have failed. When actuated by selfish and vicious motives, I asked you to undertake my unfinished work; and I renew this request now, when I am only induced by reason and virtue.

"Yet I cannot ask you to renounce your country an i friends, to fulfill this task; and now, that you are returning to England, you will have little chance of meeting with him. But the consideration of these points, and the well balancing of what you may esteem your duties, I leave to you; my judgment and ideas are already disturbed by the near approach of death. I dare not ask you to do what I think right, for I may still be misled by passion.

"That he should live to be an in-

(Concluded on fourth page.)

Indulgent parents who allow their children to eat heartily of high-seasoned food, rich pies, cakes, &c., will have to use Hop Bitters to prevent indigestion, sleepless nights, sickness, pain, and, perhaps, death. No family is safe without them in the house.