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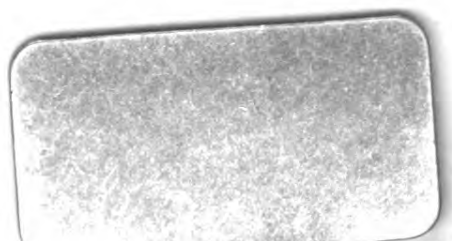


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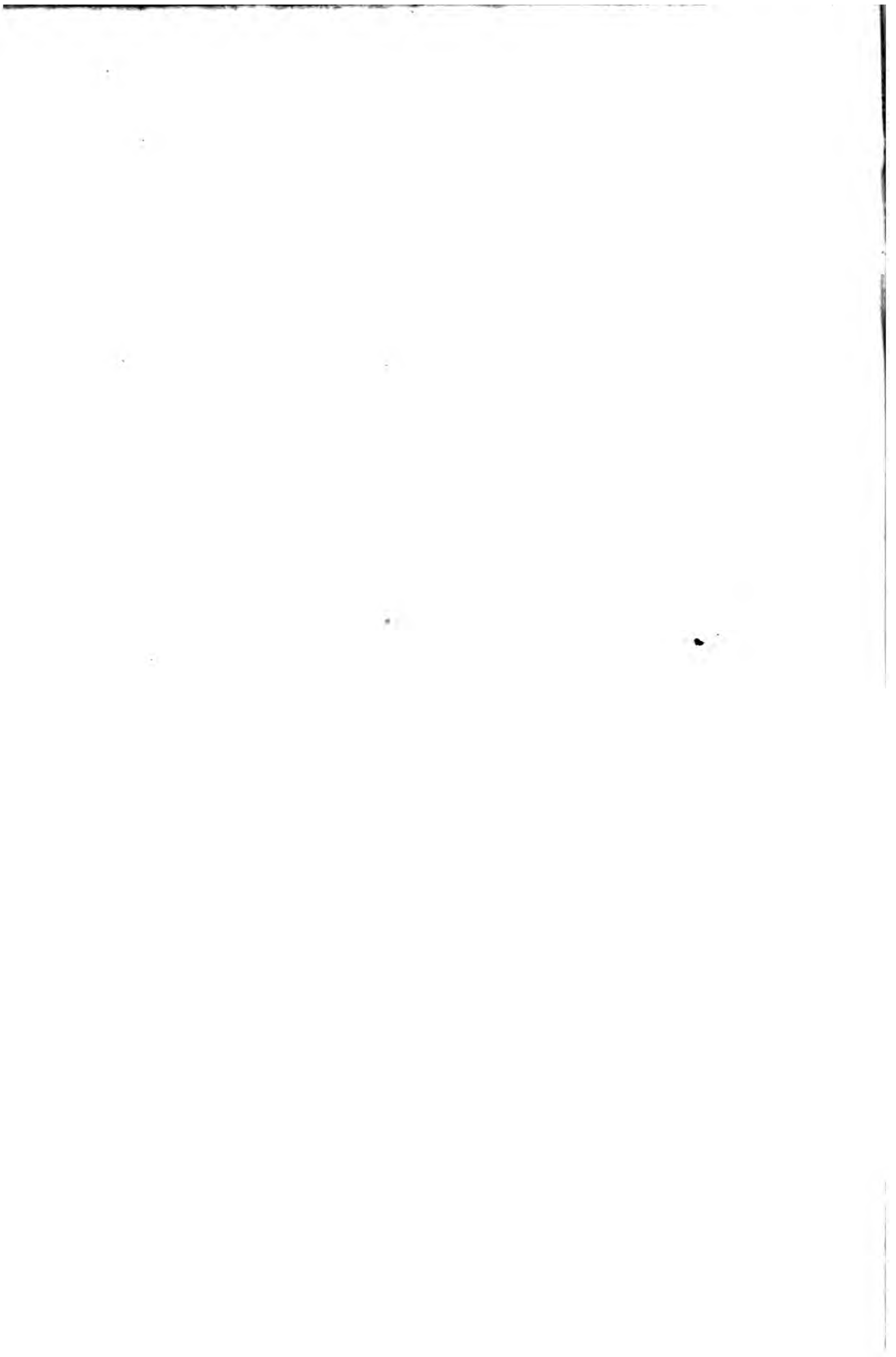




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**ANNALS OF THE  
TWENTY-NINTH CENTURY.**

*Give me leave  
To speak my mind, and I will through and through  
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,  
If they will patiently receive my medicine.*

**MERCHANT OF VENICE.**

*If the contents please thee, and be for thy use, suppose the man of the moon  
or whom thou wilt to be the author.*

**BARTON.**

ANNALS OF THE  
TWENTY-NINTH CENTURY;

OR,

The Autobiography of the Tenth President of the  
World-Republic.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.



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# ANNALS OF THE TWENTY-NINTH CENTURY.

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## CHAPTER I.

### A MESSAGE FROM JUPITER.

GREAT as were the events I narrated in the last chapter, sentinel moon had not walked his paces round the earth more than five times since their occurrence, when steps were adopted by the various planets with the view of constructing machines to permit of interplanetary navigation.

The establishment of astronomical batteries in each of the solar provinces now proceeded with great assiduity. Day after day our brother stars signalled to us, and to each other, of the progress of their work—progress so encouraging as served equally to extinguish our impatience and fan our delight. Jupiter was the first to telegraph the full

details of its scheme to promote interplanetary travelling. It proclaimed to the whole solar federation that the gun it would fabricate would be several thousand metres in length, that a fulminate had been compounded suitable for its propulsion, and that the plans would be perfected for the unmasking of the celestial battery, ere our planet had run two orbits. Jupiter closed this information by displaying a grand cartoon, in which was depicted the figurative meeting of all the solar races in the sun. The idea was painted by the pencil of prophecy. It foreshadowed the institution of intersidereal ferries, and the journeyings of intermundane travellers. The picture was a poem in its sentiments and in its beauty, and an augury of the benisons and benefits time was about to unlock.

These several tidings from Jupiter, perhaps the most delightful and all-important which had ever been vouchsafed man since the twinkling of the star of Bethlehem, were welcomed with unbounded acclamation. We saw that the grand era of interstellar communion was on the eve of consummation. The churches were crowded with worshippers. Praise's incense

arose from the whole world. The earth was but a mighty altar loaded with the sacrifices of grateful hearts, and mankind, but one large congregation, uniting in one triumphant song of thanksgiving. Having thus tendered our fervent thanks to Heaven, we then greeted and gratulated our brother races, by illuminating the world with the insignia of joy. In a few hours more we found that a wave of delight had spread through the whole solar system, for every planet was soon beaming with the emblems of exultation over the Jupiterian tidings.

During these halcyon days, the army previously organized to invent a cannon with the minimum of size and the maximum of strength, suitable for firing travellers to the foreign planets, was busily proceeding with its labours. Thousands of brains heaved tumultuously from day to day in sore travail, until the force of the mental current swept away those difficulties which at first appeared impregnable. By the ingenious plans which had been framed, it was found that a gun of only two miles in length would be sufficient to pitch missiles as far as Jupiter. Such an ordnance was ordered to be

made forthwith, so anxious were we to keep close at the heels of Jovian enterprise.

The engine of time rolled on; and its small yet powerful minute wheels, its larger daily wheels, and still larger and larger weekly and monthly wheels, were working great revolutions, great reformations, and great advances. Into the maw of this all-conquering machinery of father Time were now crammed the most prodigious problems that man had ever subjected to solution. There was not a brain in the human race but dipped into the very depths of drudgery, that man might scale the battlements of his purpose.

The clock of history stood at August 13, 2868, when the Jovian cannon was completed. With eagerness inflamed into impatience in our world, and, doubtless, in all other planets, the trial-shooting of this the mightiest of all solar machines was awaited. Our delight was filtered from anxiety, as we witnessed the success of the Jupiterian bombmanship.

To Saturn the missiles were first thrown, and, as we ascertained by the signals, they all hit their mark. A few days further on the Jovians notified their intention to fire to all

the planets in succession. Wistfully we looked for the fulfilment of the promise, speculations rising the while from millions of human minds as to the language, the customs, the appearance, and the history of the Jovian race. For a few days we saw planet after planet served with a ballistic communication from the mighty postal gun, and at length the earth's turn came. Jupiter's cannon, mightier, in fact, than his thunderbolt in fiction, was then fired, and despatched to us what we supposed would be man's maiden message from the stars. The progress of the missile was watched with all the more earnestness when the annoying discovery was made it was so badly aimed that it flew wide of its mark. Amid intense vexation it was seen to rush past the world with a momentum which bore it on for several millions of miles. Meanwhile the astronomical sentinels on the other side of the globe, having by telegrams been apprized of the event, were carefully reconnoitering it as it careered in its erratic course. For a while we dreaded it would come within the gravitation frontiers of other planets. Millions of curious eyes surveyed it day and night from hour to hour,



until they saw it checked in its progress, and held a doubtful victim between the earth's attraction on the one hand and that of Venus on the other. It now became a prey to the librations of indecision. It was now allured by the persuasive gravitation powers of one orb and anon of another. After a week's freakish flaunting, during which it was wheeled towards the earth, and anon enticed by the attractions of Venus, now decoyed by the influence of the sun, and anon cajoled by the fascinations of the planets, it at length yielded to the superior inducements of the earth. The world so long impaled by suspense was now elevated to the summits of delight. It having been discovered that the message from Jupiter would fall near America, a rush was made by millions from the eastern to the western hemisphere. All the American observatories became so crowded, that thousands of temporary telescopic batteries had to be erected. Meantime the dot to which all eyes were now directed enlarged until it became perfectly clear it would fall into the Pacific Ocean. Unseen, unfortunately, the bolt hit this world and hid itself in the ocean's bed. The search caused

one of the most exciting incidents of this exciting age. The occasion formed one of those melo-dramatic scenes which salt the insipidities of history, and which time but sparingly dispenses. In the many there is majesty. The numbers present, but more particularly their unbounded enthusiasm, sealed the spectacle with immortal importance. Immense flocks were in balloons, multitudes were in ships, and still greater crowds were in submarine vessels, while legions were below all, burrowing in the earth in quest of the missing missive. After three hours' toil, the search was successful. The band that found the bomb consisted of Brindley Telford's pupils. In the exuberance of their joy, they hurried out of their sub-oceanic retreats, and proclaimed the news which spread only too fast. The millions at the bottom of the Pacific, indeed, being apprized almost in the same moment, the result was a simultaneous rush airwards. From this reason the submarine race of three miles excited a turmoil of collusions, collisions, and confusion—a farrago of disorder which became more tumultuous as the myrmidons pushed pell-mell upwards. Ere one mile was run the scramble

was indescribable: what then was the hurly-burly ere the goal of the atmosphere was reached? The water was churned into foam. Those vessels, driven by whales, sharks, and other bulky animals, fared worst, owing to the scramble making these marine steeds unmanageable. But what commenced so ill ended well. Though the ocean almost in a moment seemed to vomit forth a mighty congeries of fleets—fleets which now blackened its frothy bosom for ten square miles — no accident marred the occasion. The submarine ship bearing Brindley Telford's pupils, and having in tow the Jovian bomb, was necessarily the focus of all this furious ferment; but it was piloted successfully to the senatorial yacht. Arrived here, the young men handed Shakspeare Socrates amid great acclamation this trophy, by formally putting the cordage which held it into his hands. The mighty thunderbolt of Jove, weighing some hundreds of tons, was then raised by means of a windlass, and in a few minutes laid on the deck of the vessel. Its fabric was composed of a remarkable metal unknown on earth, which we afterwards found possessed the levity of aluminium with the

ductility and strength of steel. But all our thoughts and hopes lay not in the shell, but in the invaluable documents and insignia which we believed to be locked up in its kernel. Machinery was therefore applied at once to unseal the partition of suspense that stood between man and the gratification of his curiosity.

But here I am brought to the disclosure of one of the mightiest deceptions which ever mortified man. What we supposed was filled with documents, was in reality only a solid ball. Man's patience afforded but little protection against the galling pangs of so bitter a disappointment. Consolation itself was ignored for a while, as we mourned over the fact that an expedition, conducted throughout with such spirit, inspired with such glowing hopes, and animated by such a keen excitement, should have ended without its end being attained.

But how oft is there least necessity for vexation when we consider there is most. The morbid feelings excited by puny myths, torture us more than the vexations caused by sad realities. On this occasion we found we had no

plea for sorrow, for before the world had tumbled ten somersaults in the solar circus, another Jupiterian thunderbolt had been hurled at the earth. Anxiously its course was watched, until it was noticed to alight about 8 P.M., and disappear off the shores of San Salvador. A search was instantly instituted. Millions hurried from all parts of the earth to join in the hunt. More eager than ever were the crowds. The late disappointment seemed only to have whetted the appetite of men for a knowledge of Jovian affairs. Keener became the pursuit, more numerous the seekers, until 1 P.M., when the bomb was found and placed in the flagship, Pinta. Delight conquered all our doubts when we found that this missile was totally unlike the last. Amid the most intense interest it was burst. In his unrestrained eagerness, Shakspeare Socrates jumped into the breach, and immediately discovered parchments, plants, seeds, minerals, models, bottles, periodicals, engravings, maps, philosophical instruments, and, above all, innumerable non-descript paraphernalia, concerning the use or meaning of which we were totally at sea. Seizing various of the documents, the President

waited not a single second more, but leaping out, opened them, and saw that the Jovians understood the arts of printing, book-making, and illustration. Though the print was to us hieroglyphical, and the language a mystery, we felt that time and study would ere long unseal both. Happily the pencil speaks a universal language, and wisely the Jupiterians had used it as the interpreter of their meaning. Proud, therefore, were we of the contents of the bomb, knowing, as we did, that their examination would teach our world myriads of unknown facts, and possibly unriddle hundreds of hitherto misunderstood phenomena. Amazing was the contagion of the news. In a few moments it spread through forests of surrounding vessels, and vented itself in cries of exultation, which extended over miles, and bore on their wings the gratitude of millions to Heaven for the blessed intelligence from the stars.

After the other foreign articles had been thoroughly scrutinized, the order was given to steam to the peninsula of San Salvador.

Imposing was the procession thither. Balloons gyrated overhead, interspersed with aërial

squadrons of humanity on electric wings, while below the ocean's surface was whisked into yest by the millionaire flotilla. Flags fluttered, bands played, and men sang. Within the area of the human ken nothing met the eye but studied magnificence. The rejoicings were redoubled when we reached port. From land as well as sea triumph raised its head, joy clapped its wings, and delight chanted its songs. Already San Salvador had been crowded with millions who, on the watch-towers of eagerness, had been looking out for our arrival. Man, in view of this vast influx, had already supplied the place with additional telegraphic, pneumatic, and railway facilities. The intelligence we bore with us we were therefore able to radiate over the world a few seconds after our arrival. Simultaneously commenced the publication of the details of the contents of the famous bomb. Fac-similes were taken of the Jupiterian books and engravings, copies made of the maps, models framed of the various instruments, descriptions written of the other contents, and photographs taken of the bomb. The Senate likewise appointed a commission, under Müller Bowring, to study Jovian

hieroglyphics, and to discover their key; another, under Stephenson Watt, to examine the various instruments.

The crowds in the meantime were immersed in a lather of excitement, and every minute their numbers and disorder were increasing. By 2 P.M. San Salvador was besieged by nearly one-half of the inhabitants of the world, and the muster was made with a rapidity as if the very stones of the streets had been transmuted into men by the magic of some Deucalion. Discord itself could not have contrived a more ravelled confusion. Within a few square kilomètres were packed more inhabitants than the world possessed in mediæval times. The streets and houses were as thickly beset with human beings as Egypt once was with locusts, and the air as densely populated with balloons and aërial armadas as the same country was once with flies. Yet every successive second was adding perplexity and entanglement. The railway termini were still unceasingly disgorging millions of passengers, while balloon, pneumatic tube, and ship were bringing legions. The clamour of voices and flapping of wings, the whiffing of aërial crafts, the arrival of trains, the cries after in-



telligence, and the roars for order, formed part of the inventory of the nearest approach to a Bedlam and a Babel the world ever witnessed. Before the stress of the unspeakable commotion, and the irresistible demand for news, the cabinet of the world might have been pardoned had it stuck in the slough of the deepening embroilments. For this reason, admiration was universally excited when Shakspeare Socrates bravely surmounted the almost insurmountable intricacies, and reduced such a stew of anarchy into order. The remedial steps were the very perfection of strategy. Manifestoes were first published, declaring the presents from Jupiter would be exhibited as soon as discipline had been attained ; that, on account of the pother of confusion, the city would need to be evacuated ; that a plan had been designed by which the great multitudes would be methodically marshalled by each citizen simply following his own representative in Congress ; that each leader would therefore appear in mid air in his official balloon, decked with its due insignia ; and that his followers only required to take up a position at the point where it should weigh anchor. Amazing was the metamorphosis which

followed upon this command. The captains of each latitude in Senate hieing out from the city were like the queens among bees, each leading his own hive, and conducting it whither he listed. The spectacle nobly exemplified the wonderful organization which was possible, through scientific agency, in this age. By a simple manœuvre, order was, in a few minutes, reduced out of unmitigated tumult. The one thousand eight hundred standard balloons meanwhile flew westwards, each followed by its own swarm. Like the stars of Bethlehem, they led the obedient followers. At length they were seen to file in a vast circle, according to the latitude they represented, so that, as at the great jubilee, men were arranged according to their geographical distribution. Meanwhile a central platform had been prepared for the Senate, and, rising from it, a pedestal for the reception of the Jupiterian articles. In a few minutes a dot in the sky to the east was interpreted by the telescopes as a huge balloon, bearing the cabinet of the world, and the massive missive from our brother planet. Amid storms of heart-thrilling music the mighty aërial vessel arrived, and at length deposited its precious cargo. Armed

with periscopic apparatus, the multitudes beheld the presents from the distance with as much distinctness as though they had been in their hands. By this time the cabinet issued another manifesto, ordering the dismissal of the assemblage two hours hence, and declaring the articles would be scattered over the earth, and borne on from latitude to latitude, from the earth to the moon, and from the moon to its satellite, until they had been thoroughly inspected by the whole human family.

At length the hour of departure arrived. Music pealed and wafted the sentiments of man to the skies, while the stupendous gathering gradually dissolved. During this and the following week, the Jovian articles were exhibited from country to country. For a fortnight they proved more bewitching than the fabled basilisks. For a fortnight the world's business was almost neglected. For a fortnight man did little more than speculate concerning Jupiter, its customs, its language, and its history.

When the effervescence caused by the uncorking of the Jupiterian bottle had subsided, we were enabled to subject the puzzles

with which it supplied us, to the analysis of mental chemistry. The seeds sent us we carefully sowed, the metals we subjected to a strict examination, the hieroglyphics we hopefully left to the linguistic commission in particular, and to the ingenuity of man in general.

Meantime Jupiter was fulminating missives to the various planets, and in the course of another month our turn came for a second volley. Eagerly the ball was watched. With some anxiety it was seen to bear down direct upon Pekin. Such was the excitement generated in the city, that on the receipt of the news all its inhabitants flew to the subterranean retreats, while the aërial voyagers in the vicinity sailed out of the way. The bomb was meanwhile spied from a safe distance, and was seen to strike right into the heart of the city, and crash upon one of its buildings. Those around now hastened to the spot, and discovered that the bomb had utterly demolished a splendid hall, destroyed much of its furniture, and lodged itself deep in the earth. The tidings were at once telegraphed to the Senate, and the self-buried inhabitants informed that danger was past. In a moment the earth

unloaded itself of a population of half-a-million. The empty streets in a single moment teemed with multitudes, and the erewhile void atmosphere became crowded with aërial mariners. As for the senates, they being in Africa at this moment, were hurried by tube to the spot a few minutes later. With pleasure we found that our precautionary measures had saved the world from a repetition of the wild excitement created on the former occasion. Only two millions were present at the opening of the iron missive, and no demonstrations took place. We were too earnest to allow our energies to evaporate into ceremony. The scene needed no pageants, for in itself it was pregnant with transporting interest. Our appetite for Jovian news was only rendered the more keen by an examination of the contents of the former message. Rapturous was the gratification elicited as we opened this postal communication from our brother star, and found it supplied us with more documents, more models, more seeds, and, as formerly, a variety of articles whose use or import was to us an enigma. Our duty now lay in exhibiting these contents. We therefore distributed them over the world,

the moon, and the moonule, making arrangements by which they might be inspected by all members of the human family. After this object had been accomplished, we planted the seeds, handed over the books to the linguistic commission, and put the other various Jupiterian imports into the hands of the *savants*.

A few days later the third Jupiterian mail arrived. On this occasion it fell near the antarctic zone of the moon. The circumstance naturally whirled the lunarians into a frenzy of delight. The confusion caused by the more volatile citizens was only second to what recently happened at San Salvador. Happily the lunar municipal council modulated the movements of the multitudes with such admirable tact, that what commenced amid impetuous turbulence merged into method. The contents of this despatch were hailed with a riot of joy, comprising, as they did, funds of new specimens, new seeds, and new instruments.

A month later the fourth Jupiterian postal-bag reached the world. After being carefully espied for some time, it was seen to point towards Baffin's Bay. At this moment there

were on the surface of the water ten thousand mighty ships. Under them were shoals of submarine crafts, while at the bottom of the sea was at work a mighty array of marine farm-labourers and marine agricultural fishes. A spectacle of most tumultuous activity therefore ensued when the astronomical sentinels telegraphed to the fleets of vessels on and below these waters, and to the busy population of workers at the ocean's bed, to escape from danger. The hurried flight of the vessels formed one of the sights of the age. The celerity with which their anchors were weighed, the speed with which their machinery was set in motion, and the rush eastwards of the mammoth armada, comprised a visual feast which the sharp spice of excitement only rendered the more pleasant. The race of the ten thousand sturdy champions of the deep was a picture which, had it been seen by Homer, he would have blushed over his *Iliad*—a picture which, had it been viewed by Virgil, he would have written no *Æneid*, and a picture which, had it been beheld by Nelson, he would have considered his grandest fleets as but a congregation of ugly, misshapen, sluggish

junks. The lashing monsters ground down the mighty waves into froth. Their trail was a mighty pathway of foam. The breakers were their playthings. Thousands of telescopes were meanwhile pointed towards the ball, which, after the escape of the vessels, the submarine farm-workers and the fishes, was seen to dash upon the waters, and make a splash as if a torpedo had burst at the spot. The fleet which had retreated so hastily, now as hastily returned. The submarine workers likewise rushed back, so that in a few swings of Time's pendulum the search for the bomb had commenced. Ere the Senate arrived it was found, so that our duty simply lay in opening the metallic envelope and unpacking its contents. On this occasion we were entranced with ecstasy to behold a perfect Jovian laboratory; sixty-eight elements were discovered carefully bottled up, many of which were puzzles to our chemists. A thousand chemical compounds were likewise sent, including jars of various fluids and solids. In addition to these, we were favoured with nearly one tonne of geological specimens, and a herbarium with a census of eight thousand species.



The next despatch fell in the Gulf of Mexico, and was almost entirely filled with zoological specimens. There were a perfect museum of stuffed animals, an aquarium filled with various Jupiterian fishes, and ten thousand cuts, illustrating all the features of the Fauna of our brother world. The fishes were deemed by us the richest of these bequests, as being the first animate exports from the stars that had been imported into the world.

The next mail bag unfortunately hit one of the mammoth nocturnal mirrors in New Zealand, and smashed it to atoms. Its valuable contents nevertheless proved more than a compensation for this damage. On opening it, indeed, volumes of glee and gladness were generated to behold various Jupiterian mammalia jump out of the breach. These of course we caught, and carefully trained and fed, examining the while their peculiarities. The remainder of the bomb was filled with cages and pens containing other animals, all of which we found alive. We were at first surprised to find that it was possible they could be conveyed in safety so far through non-aërial regions ; but on investigating the interior of the shell, we found

a most ingenious aëri fier in operation, and another apparatus for the consumption of foul gas.

Man was imbued with felicity over this circumstance, for he considered that in a few weeks more the sons of Jupiter would be invading our world. As a testimony of our jubilation at the importation of living creatures into our globe from a foreign star, we signalled our thanks and congratulations to the Jupiterians, and our desire that they might soon send some of their race as ambassadors to our planet.

Alas! when we forget that what potency we may enjoy is lent from the armoury of heaven, how oft are we reminded of our innate frailty? We were rejoicing at the supposed glories in store for us, too oblivious that heaven alone was the dispenser of our joys. As a tonic, therefore, to our humility, it was vouchsafed that we should not be permitted to see our brother race in Jupiter so soon as circumstances predicated — nay, Providence decreed that the inter-planetar missives should cease for a while. So it was that the Jovian gun was hopelessly damaged at the very time an embassy was about to be despatched to our world. The

astronomical sentinels at the peak of Teneriffe, were the first to discover the sad truth. A few minutes later the electric nerve plexus of the world conveyed the news to the telegraphic ganglia stationed in each household. As man had his rejoicings on December 26, 2871, over the promised joy of the fraternization of the solar races, he now appointed, January 1, 2874, as a day of humiliation.

## CHAPTER II.

I AM MADE PRESIDENT OF THE MUNDO-LUNAR  
REPUBLIC.

THE world had now to content itself with the investigation of the Jovian specimens already sent. Happily it was long ere the intoxication of the curiosity caused by the contents of the Jovian bottles abated. There was still ample material with which to unseal the lore of this planet. Thousands of unexplored enigmas invited inquest, and gladly all the world enrolled themselves as Œdipi. They formed the soil for delightful and profitable study. Our souls expanded in beholding the surpassing wisdom of the by-laws of nature specially framed for Jupiter. We discovered that for the planet's larger size, and its greater distance from the heat and brilliancy of the sun, Providence had supplied the most wise and beneficent compensations. Astronomers, even as far down Time's

river as the nineteenth century, had such a poor idea of heaven's wondrous adaptations, that they believed the outlying planets of the solar system to be greatly destitute of light. So far from this, we found that God had furnished an equivalent to counterpoise the perspective, for the further the planets were from the sun their ether was the deeper, and their bounties of refraction the greater. Jove thus possessed nearly as large a sun as the world; Saturn, though decreed by the philosophers of the nineteenth century to enjoy but one-nineteenth part of the light dispensed to the earth, in reality received a share equally liberal. Herschel, which would otherwise have been prescribed but one-three-hundred-and-sixteenth part of our light, actually possessed as much as though it had only been one-tenth of its actual distance from the sun. The ethics of Jupiter inflamed our souls with piety, the scientific peculiarities of the planet inspired us with devout admiration.

On till 2876 there was little to chronicle. No doubt trusty progress had all the while been marching onwards. Fickle and inconstant though he was in his movements, he was

ever leal and loyal in his motives. Though oft limping with difficulty, he never halted before any obstacle, nor despaired before any failure! Though he, therefore, astounded the world at this time by no sensational wonders, he deserved none the less applause, for he had ever been at his post and fought as strenuously in the days of embarrassment as in the hours of his greatest victories. So skittish is fortune that it sometimes exacts of us more brain toil to remedy a trifling evil than it does at other times to frame a great invention. Man toils; heaven is the paymaster.

History had, therefore, little to say till its chanticleer heralded the close of 2876, when Shakspeare Socrates resigned his chair, that he might spend the December of his life in the peaceful regions of philosophy. Fuming clouds of speculations meantime arose from the hotbeds of journalism as to who might, should, or would, be elected in his stead. My heart quaked when I found my own name first whispered, then openly declared, and ultimately noised abroad as a candidate. Having just completed my hundredth year, I was eligible for the office, confined as it is to centenarians. While suffer-

ing from these emotions, a deluge of telegrams and tube-grams poured in upon me, and soon afterwards the air was darkened by aërial machines flying towards my residence, bringing crowds of friends and bushels of despatches. To have read all the missives would have consumed some days; to have spoken to each of my friends would have occupied hours. I therefore procured secretaries to answer my letters, while I addressed my friends in a body. I had now to withstand a torrent of flattery. Some of the greatest men of the age were present, and assured me that the finger of circumstances pointed to me as the successor of Shakspeare Socrates.

It soon transpired that the contest lay between my brother Stephenson Watt and myself.

In elections, as in all things, man proposes, but God disposes. My soul was liberated from the rack of anxiety as I felt the verdict lay in the repositories of God's own purposes, and that men were but voting machines worked by the mainspring of fore-ordination. In keeping with that noble system of electioneering which so redounds to the honour of modern times, all was conducted with calmness, and hallowed by

solemnities. What a contrast from the furious plebiscites of past times! The inequalities of society then rendered elections vats fermenting with intimidation, bribery, and corruption. But most shocking of all in the electoral cauldrons, vice precipitated a base sediment of doubtful and neutral voters. These, like the fabled bats, stood on the frontier lines of opposing parties, ready to take the victorious side. Canvassing, wire-pulling, trickery, riots, furious declamations, and angry party spirit, formed the components of these contests, to neutralize which there was only the inefficient palliative of the ballot.

How pure is the modern method, when there is no canvassing nor animosity, and where each votes upon the strength of his own judgment! No base neutrals, nor baser doubtfuls, now exist. The suffrage is man's heritage, and all are bound to exercise it in virtue of their fealty to heaven and earth.

Before the poll, S. Watt and I met in the moon. Our life-long intimacy and heart-entwined attachment rendered it a bitter reflection to be thus set forward as rivals. He avowed in the fervency of his honesty, that I



was the most worthy among the sons of men for the vacant office, while I could not but think his more mature age and riper experience formed greater recommendations than any I possessed. "Should I not retire?" I asked.—"No," said he; "man desires us to stand, that Providence may make His choice."

On Christmas Eve the election took place. The clocks in the earth, moon, and the lunar satellite, which were now synchronous, had just struck eight, when the booths were opened in the three worlds. By 10 o'clock all had voted on earth. The following hour the state of the poll as regards the senior world was ascertained and published, which showed I was a few thousands of votes in a minority. But the question was still unsettled, inasmuch as the lunarian voting was unknown. The time that elapsed till then, was one of painful suspense, which was deepened when a despatch came from the moonule, showing the voting there to be nearly equal. At length a bulletin came from the moon, containing the state of the lunar polling. The result was at once noted and the news telegraphed, that I, Diogenes

Milton, was President of the Mundo-lunar Commonwealth. Thus stood the suffrages:—

Milton	{	World . . .	833,168,321
		Moon . . .	46,326,362
		Moon's satellite . . .	4,841,128
Watt	{	World . . .	837,170,126
		Moon . . .	40,802,421
		Moon's satellite . . .	4,723,641

The result was not received amid the bloated and blatant pomp of silly celebrations, and paltry pæans and pageants. Thanksgiving and praise hallowed the election, and imparted to it its due solemnity and importance.

Thus was I by the votes of the great constituency of humanity, and by the grace of God, raised to the loftiest human position. Under the weight of the mighty responsibilities of the office I was bowed to the dust. Without heaven's help, I saw I was a mere grasshopper. By His mercy alone, could I honourably be the vice-regent of his beloved people. Great as was the post, it were better to be a door-keeper in the house of God, with his fear, than without it to rule three worlds.

My investiture by my predecessor, was a

most touching ceremonial. Few eyes there were but were flooded, as Socrates left the chair he had so worthily filled, and consigned to me his mantle. Renouncing his position in the very vortex of politics, in this the busiest age in history, he then assumed the humble vocation of teacher, that he might be enabled to sow those seeds of instruction, which were bursting from the ripe fruits of his experience, into the minds of the rising generation. In this noble work, he well earned the title of the Nestor of the world's Nestors.

Vastly different were the installation solemnities from the turgent twaddle of coronations in past times. Then ovations were like the tale of the idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. Now they are religious, intellectual, and edifying. They raise the mind above the earthliness of earth, and make it expatiate in the realms of holy sublimity. The services commemorating my elevation to the highest of worldly positions taught me humility, and reminded me my appointment proceeded from heavenly patronage, and that I was not man's sovereign, but God's servant.

## CHAPTER III.

## I JOURNEY TO VENUS.

I HAD scarcely sat down in the presidential chair when the news electrified the world that Lavoisier Lesseps had invented the means of rendering the mundo-lunar guns capable of pitching human beings in safety as far as Mars or Venus. After great searchings of heart, Cassini Bianchini and myself volunteered to be the earth's ambassadors to these stars. After senatorial deliberations, Bianchini was commissioned to journey to Mars and I to Venus. Both of us, though doubtful if we might ever return to our world-home, had hopes that the inter-stellar cannon, in course of facture in these planets, would be ready to bear us back to the earth in due time to spend the evening of our lives in the bosom of our families.

In view of our resolutions, many sad scenes were inevitable. Amid tears, Cassini left his

office in the Astronomical Council and I the chair, the cares of which I had scarcely tasted. Amid grief we left our brethren in the Lyceum, whose faces to us, and our faces to whom, were mutually so well known. But the bitterest tears on my part were shed as I enclasped my aged parents. Too well we knew we were about to be sundered for ever.

In defiance of the sorrow-tempests which raged within us, Cassini and I bravely steered towards our purposed haven. We ourselves undertook the superintendence of the signalling by which the two planets were advised regarding our intentions. We witnessed, moreover, the trial shooting of the blank bombs to both worlds, and saw placed beyond doubt the security of the system under which we were to perform such unexampled journeys. Lastly, we saw S. Watt installed as the temporary President of the World, and Tycho Rosse ordained as the successor of Cassini.

Our every connexion with the earth being thus essentially absconded, Jan. 16, 2877, saw one-half of the great household of man stationed around the Cotopaxi cannon to witness the departure of Cassini for Mars. Amid prayer

and praise, our brother entered the bomb. Amid the impressiveness of mute eloquence, broken only by the soft strains of music, the astronomical carriage was driven into the iron volcano from which it was so soon destined to be blown into another world. No celebrations were needed. The simple spectacle was so touching, that no eye viewed it except through a lens of tears. The blood of humanity was boiling with excitement—the whole world was on tip-toe. What could prove more heart-piercing than the evanishing from our sight of one so beloved, to see him in the flesh, and while yet his image lingered on our vision, to realize that he had been borne away millions of miles. The explosion itself, by its resounding roar, declared this was no ordinary juncture. Though the furnaces of a hell had burst, or though a hammer had beat upon our tympana, the din could not have been more deafening. The gun fired, and our brother now departed, the assemblage was dismissed with the speed of a dissolving view.

The following day we learned that our brother had safely reached his destination, amid the congratulations of the Marsian world.

After a few more diurnal revolutions, the third of mankind assembled at the Himalayas to witness my exodus from the world's Goshen into the Venusian Canaan. As in the former case prayer and praise formed the truest commemorative solemnities. Salutes, salvos, and the shams and show of ceremony, would have been sacrilege upon so sacred an occasion. For myself, my past vexations had so inured me to severations from my brethren, that I was enabled with composure to peep out of the poop of my bomb while my friends raised it, and placed it above the great gaping tunnel of the gun. A few more beats of my sorrow-pierced heart, and the imposing spectacle formed by the on-looking millions was to me obliterated for ever by the missile in which I was enclosed being pressed home. I then lit the gas of my chamber, and telegraphed to the artillerists to fire. My hand was scarcely removed from the signal knob when I was at a distance of thousands of miles from the world. Looking out of the port-holes of my vehicle, I beheld it only a small moon-like body. As if by magic, the great muster of mankind which I had viewed but a moment previously had not only

melted away, but the great plains on which they were stationed appeared now but an insignificant spot on a small luminary. The importance of man himself shrank in my estimation as I beheld the wondrous metamorphosis. What is the world, mused I, to the eye of superior beings but the kennel of mannikins? What is man, but a microscopic parasite, which burrows upon the skin of the world's frame? What are our mighty performances, but the petty, puny, levities of animalcula? After a few lingering looks at my mother earth, and a few languishing thoughts of home, and of those I had, peradventure, left for ever, I went to the prow of my vessel, and looked out upon Venus. I tried to realize I should soon be one of its inhabitants. My Father in heaven being the creator of all things and all beings, I attempted to throw off the coils of my cosmopolitanism, and to recognize myself as a member of God's universal constituency. Standing upon an antipodes of feeling from those stunted, stunted, weazen-souled poetettes of the past, who, whisking up dirty, besmeared sentiments, arrogantly called patriotic, into poetic suds, nicknamed their brethren who lived on the other side



of imaginary lines, foreigners, aliens, and enemies, I enfranchised my soul from the durance of worldom, and asserted myself to be a liege, not of a paltry plot in a starlet, but a citizen of the boundless realms of Almighty God.

As hours rolled on, I, though still beyond the pale of an atmosphere, and therefore surrounded by a star-spangled, dark firmament, began to discern the features of the new world to which I was bound. Even at this mighty distance, I, by the aid of my telescope, could ascertain the unspeakable magnificence of its scenery. At length I arrived at the due point wherein it was necessary for me to burst the shell in which I was enclosed, and by balloon to descend upon this strange world. I accordingly took the requisite precautions, and, at the proper moment, pulled the trigger. The dissolution of the iron chrysalis, and my emergence in my balloon butterfly, I managed with all the ease of an experienced inter-stellar mariner. The dangers of my journey were now ended. I was entrenched in security. My sole duty lay in piloting my craft towards my haven.

Meanwhile, Venus swelled upon my vision, until its disc merged into a ball, and the ball into a mighty world. The realms below me became so expanded as to thrust beyond the range of eyesight great tracts of the surrounding regions. A portion of Venusian land, of a few hundred miles in diameter, now appeared larger than did the whole of that world but an hour earlier. To the easily duped ocular organs Lucifer seemed rushing downwards to overwhelm me in ruin, but to the trustworthy eye of reason, I was quickly yet cautiously, precipitately yet carefully, flying down upon Lucifer. Consulting my log-lines and aneroids, I found it was now time to slacken my pace. I therefore stopped my engines, applied the ultra-aërial drag, and graduated my speed so as to bring me to the shores of the planet. I now took my telescope and looked over the bulwarks of my craft, and lo! I saw what appeared to be millions of angels in mid-air! Amaze-ment-struck, I did not at first realize that those in such bright array were the Venusians awaiting my arrival. Though my soul had been making its entrance into heaven, I could not have imagined that the spectacle could have

been more magnificent. Amid the turmoil of my sensations, my eyes gloated upon the country below, which appeared to be the perfect embodiment of a Paradise. Millions of beauties crowded my vision, until I was lost in a maze of admiration. I espied lands to which the grandest prospects of my native world were insipid. They were emblazoned with colours so brilliant, so pure, and so harmoniously blended, that I thought man's conception of the heights of art and the splendour of extra-terrestrial nature utterly untutored. I thought the richest tints known to man were dingy and dull, as I surveyed the gorgeous georama. I was also entranced with the clearness of the ether. The outlines of hills thousands of miles away were as sharp to my eyes as the furrows on my fingers. No fallacious dimness veiled the mountains, no dubious mists enshrouded the valleys. The scenery was as serene and lucid as truth.

As I thus contemplated so much at which to wonder, tears overflowed their eyelid banks when I considered I belonged to a race whose staple trades for thousands of years had been war, rapine, and robbery, and whose annals

were so long a reflex of the plots of a hell. In my contrition I felt that all men were Cains, branded with the die of sin, and unworthy of the sympathy and friendship of the sinless races of the other stars, and still less of the mercy of the Most High. I was now about to appear as a monster of sin among a righteous race. Shame would almost have made me retreat to my native world. While cruciated by these feelings, I entered the Venusian atmosphere. Feasts of joy now regaled my senses. Below, the bright world was brighter; above, the dark firmament had become azure. The beauties of reflection and refraction now dawned upon me, and before their glories the stars had modestly retired. Tides of enravishing music flooded my ears and enraptured my soul. If the spectacle reminded me of a Paradise, even more so did the ineffable harmony. It dealt a blow to my pride in the art, as taught by mankind. I saw that the best of our composers had only been groping amid the elements of the divine science. I had hitherto imagined that my fellow-men had reached the pinnacles of music, but I found they had only scaled one of the crags at its base.

At this moment I was steering towards the centre of the great throng, for there I beheld one whose appearance led me to suppose he was the Moses of the Venusian Israel. I was right. True, no gaudy ornamentation, no jewelled crown, no sceptre, and no throne, declared his office, for I found that neither pride, pomp, nor vanity had even a name in the planet's dictionary. His intellectual and benevolent features were the best scutcheon of his authority. With my tear-sealed eyes rivetted upon him, I continued to descend. In a few seconds he boarded my vessel. He then embraced me with tenderness and affection. Intense joy, chequered with intense grief, buffeted me at this moment. I saw welcome imprinted on the faces of all, yet it was accompanied with so significant evidence of their sorrowing amazement at my un-Venus-like unsightliness, as transfixed my soul with shame. Such was the force of the vexation, and perchance disappointment, which infected the great myriads, that their insignia of delight drooped, their music ceased, and nothing was seen but the symbols of sorrow, nothing heard but sobbing and sighs. "*Salvo pontro!*" and

“*Salro sandro!*” were the exclamations which meantime I heard on all sides,—words whose meaning I afterwards found to be “Alas! he is blind!”—“Alas! he is deaf!” *Pontro*, however, had reference to that spiritual amaurosis by which I saw not the incorporeal world, and *sandro* to that spiritual want by which I heard not the music of the spirits of the invisible creation. The flood of my affliction was overwhelming as I beheld that the sad metamorphosis from gladness to grief had been caused by the marks of sin which were endorsed upon my features. Nor could I wonder at the distress of those around, when I considered the circumstances, for as I viewed with pardonable envy their matchless beauty and surpassing symmetry, how could they but behold with tears the woeful badges of ruin and sin? For the first time they contemplated the mournful sight of a head crowned with age’s snows, shoulders bent by the load of years, and a face which betrayed life’s autumn, and which Time’s ploughshare had completely furrowed,—because, unlike me, all were cast in the mould of perfect beauty, and all were in the bloom of a perennial youth.

Vain man! you have so oft aped the peacock; you have strutted about puffed up with pride within, and caparisoned with tinsel without; you have so oft, by your gait and gaiety, your conceits and deceits, your millinery and man-millinery, challenged admiration; behold in my reception in Hesperus the imperfections of man's tabernacle, and the perjury of his pretensions! When Venusians thus beheld in the human frame, with its traces of ruin, and its signs of debasement, an object for tears, what, mused I, must be the feelings of angels, when they regard man's precious eternal soul, worshipping and loading with offerings its pitiable mutilated tenement?

My heart would have been flint had I witnessed unmoved a sinless race weeping at the tokens of death and desolation they had seen in man. My eyes mercifully showered out their tears to extinguish the grief-conflagration in my soul. Yet it was a consolation that their tear-streams flowed from the heart-springs of pity and love. With genial sweetness, which was balm to my feelings, they addressed me, and though I knew not their tongue, their musical articulation was a language in itself—a

language which bore a most impressive meaning. So mellifluous was their intonation, that I at first imagined they were singing. So euphonious were their accents, so melodious their modulations, that I thought the most dulcet warblings I had heard on earth were in comparison hoarse and harsh, and the most exquisite vocalization guttural and gruff. Before the flow of the inimitable music-elocution which beat upon me from all sides, I was glad to keep my tongue a prisoner, lest it might betray still further at such a moment man's ruined capabilities.

I now re-surveyed the myriads by whom I was encompassed. Had I known their speech, I would have asked where were the aged, or were all who came to welcome me in their youth, unaware as I then was that bent shoulders and tottering limbs, infirmities and impaired senses, were here unknown; and that all the inhabitants were Moses, whose eyes did not dim, and whose natural force remained unabated. When a solitary exile in the moon, I believed afflictions had sunk my soul to the very zero of humility; but lo! I now found I had to be abased to still lower depths. Could I fail to be, when I saw



how unspeakably above man's conception was God's handiwork when not besmeared and disfigured by sin?—when I saw that in the earth God had shown but a sample of his wisdom, and reserved his masterpieces for other worlds? Here I witnessed the noblest creations of Providence, pure as they had come from His hand. I saw in the citizens the untarnished and unmutilated images of the Most High. I was inebriated with admiration, and yet overpowered by a sense of the depth to which man had fallen. Like Paul on his way to Damascus, I was blinded by the light of heavenly wisdom. Perceiving the goal of purity, I was humbled in the dust, when I saw how distant therefrom was poor man. When the grief-clouds were so far dispelled, my senses were feasted with super-earthly fascinations. Music of angelic beauty volleyed its heart-piercing chords, ambrosial odours wafted their fragrance, while my eyes descried groves, glebes, and arbours, extending as far as the horizon, and with a distinctness which made me imagine I was endued with superhuman ocular powers. I revelled in the joys of the visual banquet, without seeking to know the cause. At length

I observed, for the first time, with due wonder, that owing to the propinquity of this world to the sun, daylight here had a brilliancy which would have shamed the brightest noontide at the earth's equator. To learn the effect of the scene with the naked eyes, I doffed the spectacles which I had up to this considered necessary on account of the excessive sunshine, and marvelled to find they had only been a restraint upon my enjoyment of the Divine prospect. So far from my organs of sight being overwhelmed by the intense light, it imbued them with a power which they had never enjoyed in my mother world. Such was its purity, that in place of wearying the eyes like the befouled worldly daylight, it armed them with new strength. Looking up to the sun itself, I was able to gaze upon it with eyes which betrayed not a tremor. What a serene scene I then beheld! The sun's increased size, compared to what it is as seen from the earth, can afford terraneans no conceptions of its increased effulgence. Directing my attention thereafter to this country in the morning star, my joy was stimulated when I experienced fully the power and scope of my unassisted

vision. To the very verge of the horizon, every object, though no larger than a man's hand, appeared with a distinctness which almost made my mind gainsay my eyes. Trees hundreds of miles distant I could not only discern, but enumerate their very branches and leaves. For the first time I gazed upon a prospect guiltless of obscurities, and upon a perspective without dimness.

In the great georama, my retinae pictured myriads of untold charms, but they looked in vain for masonic fabrications. I thereupon correctly concluded the salubrity of the climate rendered houses superfluous, and that Flora alone sufficed to supply the inhabitants with shelter. Nor was this a disparagement to the citizens, for the super-terrestrial luxuriance of the vegetation supplied all the exigencies and luxuries of domiciles. Day and night they were exposed to the weather, for the weather had no asperities to make exposure hurtful. Coughs and colds, aches and agues, rheums and sickness, were unknown, because Venus knew no baneful fluctuations of temperature, no malaria, and no miasms; and because its inhabitants

possessed no weak links in the chain of their organization.

Meanwhile, millions were escorting me to the subjacent floral city. Here, trees, shrubs, and flowers displayed such paradisaic beauty, as made me view the fertility of our world as but a short advance from sterility. Than the bowers made of such botanic paragons, imagination could not have planned more perfect shrines of loveliness, nor convenience suggested more complete nests of comfort. But what surprised me most was the sight of spring, summer, and autumn arm-in-arm. The plants and trees had the peculiarity of being concurrently evergreen, ever-flowering, and ever-fruiting. Buds, blossoms, and fruits adorned the same branches, each displaying the richest tints of heaven's palette. Having arrived in this Eden, devotional exercises were commenced. My boiling emotions in beholding a world of saints engaged in thanksgiving found no vent until the sluices of my eyes were opened. But it would be as difficult for me to describe as to forget the scene.

The sun now set, but, strange to say, no night ensued. Nor did the great congregation disperse. With unabated fervour the observances

proceeded. They were entirely musical, for music I afterwards found was the language medium through which the praise of Venusians was borne to heaven. So enravishing were the strains, that the long services seemed to have magically obliterated my ideas of time. On the wings of music I was wafted nearer to glory than ever I was in my life's pilgrimage. As for the Venusians, their devoutness seemed to deepen as hour followed hour. But, alas! my earthliness at times made my eyes, despite the sublime musical fascinations, wander after wonders. To me the advance of nightfall without the approach of darkness formed a phenomenon whose singularity seduced my attention. As the sun set, I beheld that the Venusian moon acquired amazing brilliancy; that Mercury, the evening star's evening star, donned a wondrous radiance; and that the earth and moon themselves acquired a marvellous splendour. Coruscations besides so illuminated the sky that artificial lights were unnecessary.

I had marvelled up to this point how it was the Venusians, blessed with such amazing intellects, had not framed a system such as that in the world to produce artificial day during the

night; but I now beheld the reason which rendered this superfluous.

Meanwhile, though my spirit entered with devout fervour into the vespers, my flesh was weak. The imperious tyranny of sleep, indeed, began to assert its sway. I noticed with amazement the amazement of those around, as they observed the premonitory symptoms of my surrender to the twin brother of death. I knew not, forsooth, that slumber was unknown to the citizens of this star, and that they were now about to observe what was to them unnatural. Possessing, as they did, a mysterious knowledge of our planet, and of man's ruined estate, they knew sleep was a heritage of the fall, and that one-third of the time of human life was stolen by this strange power. Accordingly, when they saw I was about to succumb to an influence so subtle and un-Venus-like, they erected a platform and covered it with flowers as my couch. The structure was so lofty and so steep, that under the labour of ascending it I sweated and breathed heavily. To the Venusians these symptoms appeared so anomalous, that they were struck with horror and amazement. They anxiously rushed to my assistance, and made

signs for me to explain the cause why my face had undergone such a strange change in colour, and my breathing in its rapidity; and the meaning of the singular phenomenon of the fluids of my body bursting through my skin, and standing in such large drops upon my forehead and face. By dint of much difficulty I made them understand that though fatigued I was well, and that what appeared unnatural to them was natural to me.

Music was now resumed, amid whose enravishments I was floated into the realms of somnolence. The singular metamorphosis from life into the semblance of death was, I afterwards learned, viewed with tears. As my features relaxed, as my limbs became supine, and as my eyelid gates were gradually closed, they saw a mournful proof of man's mortality. To their eyes the phenomena seemed so abnormal, that what in earth would have been viewed as the evidences of health, inspired the Venusians with grief. Their love of insight and philosophy was such, that they eagerly watched all the phenomena of sleep. Unremittingly they pursued their observations upon my pulse, my respirations, and the temperature

of my body. When the lulling eclipse of my senses and will had ended, and my eyes were uncurtained, I was astonished to find I was still surrounded by innumerable multitudes, and that my awaking was evidently begetting unaccountable pleasure. Pæans thrilled the air. The skies were impregnated with music. I did not then comprehend the cause of the rejoicings, but I afterwards learned it was because the Venusites, as they had seen in sleep the tokens of the mortality of man's body, witnessed in my emergence from somnolence a symbol of the resurrection of his soul. Immediately after this one of them presented me with a picture, in which I was represented asleep on the couch I had just left, surrounded by the Venusians in the distance, and by a cloud of angels close at hand. What was my surprise to find that the sketch was not only a marvel in artistic taste, but showed that the angelic host by which I was environed was composed of many of my friends, who had crossed death's river and entered the world of spirits. These singular facts explained to me that things invisible to us were visible to the Venusians, and that they had communion with the inhabitants of the



unseen world, and had beheld with pleasure those spirits who, during the night, had guarded my soul and guided my slumbers.

All this day my every movement was made the object of scrutiny. At length circumstances thrust me into a most grotesque predicament. Hour having followed hour, during which I was in constant and strong expectation of beholding a magnificent banquet—a banquet with a whole world for guests—a banquet crowned with the fruits of a paradise and the ambrosia of a heaven,—I at length began to see that the Venusians were thinking neither of feasting themselves nor entertaining me. My disappointment became galling and my hunger unendurable. Through lack of food I was feeling faint. My growing weakness, therefore, animated me with courage to plead, for the first time in my life, the cause of my stomach. Having signified my condition, I was supplied with victuals, but in such small quantity, and amid such inquisitiveness on the part of the on-looking millions, that I was overpowered with bashfulness. My prying friends, unaware of my annoyance, aggravated it by making every mouthful I swallowed the source of

examination. Each had a telescope levelled at my mouth—each seemed to weigh to a gramme the amount of aliment I ingested, and the number of jaw-movements I made. My uneasiness fruited into chagrin when I saw that ere I had taken half-a-dozen bites the curiosity of my friends had dilated into amazement. Having quickly disposed of my meagre meal, my distress was augmented when I considered that while those around viewed me as a gourmand, the little I had eaten had only served to whet my appetite. Hunger at length outfaced my shyness. With bashful boldness I made significant but very undignified gestures, gesticulations, and grimaces, such as pointing to my mouth and laying my hands on my stomach, to denote my cravings were still unappeased. I blushed deeply as I beheld the astonishment and almost disgust which my seeming greed had excited. A multitude of emotions exploded within my soul when I saw that the flush which pervaded my features had inspired the Venusians with horror and sorrow. In a world where shame was unknown, shame was now for the first time witnessed. Still my wishes were immediately gratified. Another

dish was supplied to me much larger than the former, but still so small that I again drowned my reserve and dignity in my sense of hunger. With coy timidity, I repeated the former awkward pantomimic antics to betoken that the second meal was still unequal to my appetite. Upon this a cloud of interjections arose from the multitudes. Nevertheless I was indulged by having placed before me an enormous stock of viands. The surprise of the mighty convocation was now at a climax. They stared upon me aghast as I proceeded with my repast. Each morsel I chewed was watched with an ardour as if my life had depended upon the performance. All the feats of gastronomy on the earth could not have created one-thousandth part of the interest which was engendered by the partaking of my first feast in this foreign planet.

I suspected from the circumstances the frames of the Venusians were so constituted that sustenance was superfluous; but I afterwards found I was partly wrong. I learned nutrition formed such a subordinate function of their economy that they had only a very small refection once in the month. Accord-

ingly the citizens here naturally, in their estimate of man, docketed him as a glutton. Inexplicable it was to them that an impaired, rough-hewn creation like man should devour three meals daily, and gobble more food and guzzle more liquids at one diet than would a Venusian in a year. But primary sensations seal an impression of wonder on the mind only because their causes are misunderstood or sub-understood. In this instance, a few minutes sufficed to evaporate the amazement over man's feasting idiosyncrasies. It was seen that man's voracity was the result of the excessive waste to which his body is liable. They saw his tissues are so frail, and his corporeal machinery so shattered, that it is only by ravenous refreshments his system is kept in repair.

Of my surmise that the inhabitants here were always congregated I was disarmed this afternoon. After sublime psalmodic ceremonies, the mighty meeting dispersed. I was now left under the tutelage of Veritas, the President of this Paradise. Him I accompanied to his home, which I found to be a simple series of bowers reposing on the banks of a lake. At the first glimpse I received of

Venusian waters, my admiration was taken by storm. Such was their unearthly limpidity, their unnatural transparency, that the fish with which they teemed were as distinctly visible as the birds skipping over the waves, and the loch's bottom as legibly obvious as its surface.

“Surely,” said I, “the waters of my native world are solutions of filth and mud, when even its purest streams are so turbid and opaque!”

I now commenced the acquisition of the Venusian language. With a sweating brow, a sighing bosom, and aching eyes, I breasted its difficulties and mastered more and more of the territory of its dictionary. To my tutors, *Experientia* and *Bonitas*, endued as they were, like all Venusians, with a higher intelligence, keener perceptions, more brilliant imaginations, and more powerful memories, than stolid dull man, my progress naturally appeared slow and unsatisfactory. The powerful brakes of human debility clogged the wheels of my study. While the Venusopolitans could work with impunity interminably day and night, from week to week and year to year, the enthrallments I inherited from Adam chained me down

to only a few available hours in the twenty-four. Venusians had more working hours in a week than I in a month. Full often my beloved tutors mourned that my day was so mutilated by the exigencies of sleep, recreation, and feasting. So deep was their sympathy over my inaptitude for sustained mental work, that, with tears in my eyes, I pleaded I was a legatee to man's stupidity as well as his sin. But my teachers needed no plea, for well they knew my hebetude was beyond the area of my will. Job's patience would have palled before theirs. They persevered in their task so assiduously, that their zeal could not but kindle mine. Inexpressible was my delight when, a few days later, my tutors placed the Venusian Bible in my hands, and told me that henceforth my lessons would be from its pages. With fervour I, night and day, roamed through this heavenly illumined volume. By the study, my frigid piety was fanned into flame. On no book could I have so well whetted my linguistic capabilities. In three weeks, indeed, I had acquired so tolerable an idea of the language, that I could with ease converse with my friends.

Though I had for weeks been subjected to,

a system of drudgery, my tasks were ultimately pleasures. In the Venusian Scriptures I luxuriated in treasures of heavenly precepts and divine revelations. There I found the sweetest foretastes ever I enjoyed of the world to come. In the classics, moreover, what superhuman edifices of mental grandeur, eloquence, and poetry I discovered! I blushed to find our Shakspeares out-Shakspeared, and our Newtons out-Newtoned. I saw that the brightest stars of the world were nebulae compared with the humblest Venusian. Illusions, delusions, casuistries, and sophistries, were rocks upon which it was impossible for them to stumble. Folly, incapacity, and ignorance, being the children of sin and sectarianism, and bigotry and party strife being the progeny of mental obscurity, were unknown. Their writings were crystallizations of wisdom and truth. I saw that the dross of mythology, the forgeries of fallacy, the pinchbeck glitter of subtlety, and the pollutions of error, were only indigenous to the sinful soil of our world.

In antiquity I was surprised to find that the race greatly outstripped that of Adam. Venusian history was venerable when the earth was an

uninhabited waste, shrouded in impenetrable fogs. The years here were called orbits, and the months zodiacs. At the present I found the calendar proclaimed the date—Orbit 108321, Zodiac 8th. Viewed from this stand-point the human race is therefore only in its infancy—a circumstance which increased my veneration for the wisdom and knowledge of this planet.

Touching the language, such did I find its conciseness, preciseness, and simplicity, that I viewed the mother tongue of our mother earth as but a jungle of verbiage, a morass of barbarisms and pleonasm. Words oft focussed the meaning of phrases. One monosyllable oft embodied a sentiment. On an average it required eight lines of the terranean tongue for the translation of one of the Venusian. The language formed a menstruum in which thoughts could not only be expressed with surprising speed, but perfect perspicuity. What a multiplicity of strifes, heresies, wars, enmities, family quarrels, and lawsuits, mused I, would have been prevented in our world had man possessed a language with words so lucid and lucent. Equally expressive and explicit was the scientific nomenclature. Compared to it man's



appellations are vulgar nicknames. The planets, for instance, the Venusians had wisely classified according to their astronomical precedence. Mercury was, accordingly, termed the first, or Primus; Venus the second, or Secundus; the earth the third, or Tertius; and so on to the precinct planet, or Ultimus. In the colloquy betwixt Bonitas and myself, in which I was furnished with this information, my ignorance and stupidity frequently precipitated me into humiliating positions. My tutor having remarked, "I have told you what has been our christening of the members of the solar family, what has been yours?" I confessed that man had impiously designated them after blackguards and villains, and that he had named this sinless world after a sinful whore. Afterwards, when I spoke of the inter-planetary spaces as "regions of nihility," he said, "Speak not thus. These realms are highways teeming with spirits of the unseen world." I was again caught tripping when I spoke of certain things being "fortuitous," and others "not natural." "Chance," said he, "never existed, and nothing ever happened or will happen either unnatural or supernatural. Never again use

those blind and blinding words. Such terms are contraband to truth's vocabulary."

Transcending man in mental strength, the Secundines also possessed a greater number of senses and more acute powers of observation and sensation. They could descry with the naked eye what I could only grasp by telescopic aid; they could hear sounds unassisted which I could only distinguish by the auroscope. In addition to the five senses they enjoyed in common with man, they inherited many others. By virtue of these superhuman powers they could converse with the spirits of the unseen world. Divine revelations such as those vouchsafed to the patriarchs by the medium of dreams and signs were made to the inhabitants directly by a hidden power, which I could not comprehend, and which to man's inferior intelligence must ever, I fear, remain a mystery. This heavenly endowment forms a link between them and the world above. It renders the translation of their friends to heaven no separation. It is a bridge which obliterates the gulf between the seen and the unseen, and between time and eternity. About this time I discovered another instance

of their intellectual adroitness. I found they could solve the most difficult calculations by means of mental arithmetic. As an example of this power, I asked Bonitas how many changes could be rung on 312 bells, when he immediately supplied me with the correct answer. While I was in Venus, indeed, I never required to cipher. If I had a difficult computation, I had but to lay it before a Venusian child, when I was forthwith furnished with the solution. Wonderful to say, this amazing celerity in counting was conjoined to infallible accuracy. Logarithms, fluxions, and the differential or integral calculus, were no more to them than the alphabet to us.

By reason of the mystical union of those in heaven with those on Hesperus, I found the citizens possessed a knowledge of many things which to us were inscrutable. Revelations I read in their Scriptures which, though to them clear as noon-day, were to me inexplicable. "Child," said my tutors, "man's mental vision cannot catch those truths. Confine thyself to what thy mind can master. Heaven did not intend the mole to grasp such a mighty eyeful as the eagle." Even keeping within the safe

boundaries of this advice, I found unbounded scope for research among the Secundine classics. I learned that many worlds were older than the earth, and many younger; that at present many worlds were still unborn—some had only seen their first day, others were in the gradations on till the fifth day, and others still in course of being furnished for their Adams and Eves; while others, like ours, had entered upon their histories. The creation of man and our earth was an event so far from being unique or unprecedented in the volume of time, that God was ever raising new systems from nothing and creating new races. Myriads of cognate important truths, yet unascertained by man, I gleaned daily.

While we were so totally ignorant of Venus, I was super-amazed to find that Venus possessed not only a knowledge of our affairs, but actually understood many facts concerning us of which we ourselves were uninformed. I stumbled upon a volume which caused more tears to rain from my eyes than ever had fallen from them in any sorrow tempest. It taught me more in a few hours than in the nether world I had acquired in months. It com-

prised the chronicles of hell, a description of its territories, tables with an account of its population, and its accessions during different ages; and a number of maps illustrative of infernal geography. The author was a Secundine who had by divine instructions descended into Hades, travelled through its realms, noted its scenes, and learned its sad annals, that he might unfold the tale to the citizens of Hesperus. In perusing the book, I felt as if I endured the tortures of which I read. Over-horrid for human minds, I did not and could not undertake its translation. A deep study of its tales and details would have been to plant a hell in my own breast. Super-tragical and heart-rending were the enunciations and denunciations of human guilt contained in this terrible volume. Many men whom the world had in the past petted and fondled as its best sons, and viewed as the cream of mankind, were depicted here as the scum of hell; and thousands who had scaled the titular ladders of the church, whereof the devil was the carpenter, were painted here groaning and grovelling in Gehenna's deepest pits.

Entering the sad abodes of despair, the

## I JOURNEY TO VENUS.

Secundine saw they were, as described by poets, the regions of everlasting night and unquenchable fire—fire having heat without light, and flames without lambency.

In the precincts were those who had been snared by the seducing baits of idleness, pride, vanity, greed, gold, and gluttony. According to their offences, so were their penalties. Unsatiated and unsatiable hunger, unappeased and unappeasable thirst, alternate heats and colds, from which there was no shelter, watchings in which there was no hope of sleep, and pains for which there was no opiate, were the scourges reserved for the indolent. Serpent-like, the vain and proud fed on dust. Their heads were no longer crowned with manly dignity upon their shoulders, and their shoulders were bent and ossified towards the earth. Multitudes were alternately weltering in mud and sweltering among red-hot marl, who once lolled among the pseudo-grandeurs of the world. Standing when in the flesh on those pedestals of vanity, ancestral pride and entailed nicknames; making their chief studies game, games, and gaming; allowing to be drained into the jaw-box of luxury those forces which

should have reaped corn and made raiment, and monopolizing grounds for murderous sports whereon should have been planted factories, farms, and villages,—they were now mere curbstones, over which walked their former retainers and drudges. Epicures raved incessantly from the pains of unceasing gout, rheums, cramps, and colics. Sycophants lay smothered amid the nauseous fulsome fare they had administered to their superiors. Misers, bullock-like, had their heads hanging earthwards; their eyes, whose food in the world was gold, were the seats of inflammations, cancers, and neuralgias. Spendthrifts, and all who in the world had sauntered in the gardens of pleasure, were now in dungeons, where they were dammed in and damned, and where they were harrowed by the keen fangs of ungratified and agonizing appetites. Many were chained to their tombstones which, through the pride of their friends, had been larded with silly flatteries and abominable lies. Nemesis had supplanted with deformities the graces of those whose beauties in the flesh had been the gins which had led to the unsightliness of their souls. A most ghastly form among a hideous array of harri-

dans thus hailed the Secundine:—"I am Helen of Troy; witness my retribution; while the world for centuries saw me mirrored in the Iliad as the most beautiful of all damsels, I was all the while the ugliest of the ugly. Woe upon beauty; though the seal of heaven, it is the bait of hell."

Another disfigured figure thereafter thus accosted the visitor:—"Behold in me Cleopatra; in life I tenanted the most lovely of forms, in this awful deathless death I am shrouded in the habilaments of a fiend." A leader of fashion, now dressed in the rags of scorn and shame, confessed, "In life my raiment was to me what the waters of Bethlehem were to David. To furnish my wardrobe full many sparkling eyes were dimmed and full many noble forms were sent to a premature grave."

The visitor is next confronted by a miser, who declared that before his death he had entered into a solemn pact with sundry priests, by which, in return for the reversion of his great wealth, he had been promised that his soul would gain an entrance into Paradise, after it had ridden quarantine for a certain



time in the roads before heaven's haven called purgatory.

Even in this least hellish portion of hell the scene wrung pity from the tender heart of the Secundine. "I gleaned," said he, "in one sad glance, the sinners of thirty generations, who had performed on the lower octaves of guilt. They were scattered over a country of many leagues square, which was covered with the accumulated lies, deceits, scandals, and vanities of 8,000 years. Here and there were some of the cesspools into which the world's sewage of sin had drained its way. Strange to say, the most putrescent nuisances found here were on the earth smuggled about under the veil of goodness. Hell was actually strewn with pretences, pretexts, and apologies. These articles, indeed, had ever been the favourite counterfeit currency of error."

Penetrating deeper into hell, the atmosphere becomes more stench-fraught, and the yells and howls of the elfish inhabitants wax in horror. Here are the avaricious, the incontinent, thieves, liars, and suicides; and here the ears are deafened with groans, and the eyes crowded with the sight of men writhing in

unsightly contortions. Liars and deceivers, whose sins were branded into their features, were tottering about, vainly attempting to conceal their unconcealable guilt. In their faces, as in a book, one could read their every falsehood. They comprised all classes of the community, but especially base lawyers. Many of these knaves, who on earth had made clients their prey, were now the prey of clients. Thus they bewailed their lot:—"Life we spent in making falsehood ape truth, and in frustrating right. We waylaid reason, stultified justice, maligned innocence, and shielded crime."

One averred, "I had in my lifetime only one law plea, but it replenished my purse for forty years. Though I knew all along it was a hopeless case, I roguishly ever beguiled my dupes with hope, that I might keep myself in money."

Another lawyer deponed he was elevated to the Bench because he so outwitted justice as to make an execrable murderer appear as honest. Though he had sat on the Bench for thirty years, he admitted he had only settled five cases. One of these suits, in which a widow

endeavoured to save her estate from the hands of ruffians, extended over fifteen years, by which time she had died, and her persecutors had eaten up all her property. "Thus," confessed the judge, "while one mathematician could unriddle the most difficult question in geometry in a few minutes, it sometimes took hosts of lawyers many years to solve a simple problem in equity." "Shame!" rejoined the Secundine; "justice delayed was injustice."

Those who on earth had been hawks, who had fared on the credulity of mankind, were here the victims of those they had victimized. Some quacks, like prey among a pack of wolves, were hunted by those whom they had sent to premature graves. Some were immersed in deep pools, composed of their own boluses and balsams; others lay stifled amid waggon-loads of empiric literature, which they had stuffed down the wide throat of human cullibility. Swindlers, sharpers, and multitudes who had graduated in the various colleges of knavery, from private trickery to political jugglery, lay crouching and crawling in all directions, barbed by their own hooks and noosed in their own traps. The Secundine, in behold-

ing the scene, knew not whether to marvel the more at the height of man's cullibility or the depth of his deceit. Further on were the husbandmen of error, who, having sowed the seed of sophistry, were now reaping the fruits of retribution. Here were bands of novelists, who had performed fantasias on the strings of ribaldry; there were adventurers who had pawned principle for place. Here were the alchemists of mental philosophy, who pretended to have found golden truths in the dross of atheism; there were the poet-laureates of libertinism. Here were pedlars of sophistry, there those who fostered festering superstitions.

The visitor now entered the location of those who had sacrilegiously smuggled through death's door by putting an end to their own existence. Hosts were wandering about with cut throats, legions were suspended from gibbets, crowds were vainly struggling for breath at the bottom of ponds, and many were roaming about in a most pitiable plight, with protuberant eyes, livid cheeks, and gasping mouths, in a condition of continual asphyxia. Yet though all were at all times experiencing dying agonies, none had the prospects of even

a momentary remission from pain. They suffered death's pangs without the expectation of its quietus. The great proportion of the abject objects here had run death's blockade by means of poison. More than the half had sailed to hell by dint of the king of poisons, alcohol. "This devilish virus," said the book, "was a liquid which Nature meant as a fuel for spirit-lamps, but which man appropriated for himself under the specious title of a stimulant. Subtle was its power. It crowded the brain with demons and the body with diseases. It threw all the members of the body corporate into mutiny. The legs revolted against the will, and oft pitched the trunk and head into ditches. The arms gave the fists a free commission to riot in mischief. The tongue became insubordinate, and muttered and stut-tered over incoherent rigmaroles of rhodomontade. The stomach rose in insurrection, and repulsed its enemy. The eyes deluded the brain with fantasies and phantasmagoria. Saddest of all, the reason resigned its sceptre, the memory forsook its archives, and the judgment abdicated its throne. The little kingdom of the human frame was temporarily the prey

of hopeless anarchy. Drunkards, therefore," added the book, "formed the most tristful picture in this gallery of horrors, in respect of their vast numbers and their condign punishments. No plague or disease had ever committed such havoc upon the body and soul as strong drink. The Deluge swept not more people to destruction than did wine in each century of pre-millennial ages."

The story of one of these victims was peculiarly sad. "When I had lived sufficiently long for my mind to know its own possessions, I found I had been heir to the hapless hap of being born in a world in which I had not an inch of soil to till or a piece of yarn to spin. I was necessitated to be the slave of knaves. Life I found to be a race in which all were unequally handicapped—a race in which for one prize that went to worth, ten thousand went to assumption, presumption, and wealth; and a race in which poverty and the devil were allowed to take the hindmost.

"Seeing no earthly goal for which to run, I, alas! shut my eyes to the one heavenly, which is for all, and which all may win. To wile away my vexations, I amused myself on

the verge of drink's maelstrom. At length I was whirled into its eddies, and was then spun fiercely and more fiercely into the vortex, until—" "And here," adds the Secundine, "he burst into tears."

Further on were pillories, to which were pinioned thieves. Each had all his crimes exposed, and each was branded with the adamantine seals of contempt and reproach. Every covert act was now overt, and every stolen article exhibited. From age to age and century to century there they were exposed, targets for the ceaseless gibes and taunts of their fellow-sinners, their eyes the while only beholding the emblems of their infamy, and their ears only hearing words of scorn and arraignment. Nor was callousness allowed to appease degradation. Shame ever covered their hearts with incurable ulcers—ulcers which rendered them the more sensitive to the darts by which they were ceaselessly assailed.

The sight of so many of these villains deeply affected the Venusian, who in his vexation said, "Amazing it is that human beings should have been thieves, seeing their lives were so

short as to make what they stole not worth the stealing." Scrutinizing more closely these criminals, his sorrow expanded when he discovered that they consisted for the most part of those who on earth had been reputed honourable men. "It was not poverty, but riches," said he, "which formed the main incentive to robbery. For one theft the law prevented, it licensed ten. The greatest thieves were those whose larcenies had been perpetrated under the ambush of customs or Acts of Parliaments. Stern justice had transfused words like sinecure, honorary, and pension into names like pillage, rascality, and corruption. Millions, therefore, whose turpitude had escaped the meshes of law, were here victims in the nets of equity."

Deeper into hell reside the hypocrites. Among them are countless swarms of shades, consisting of the scum which had boiled up from all the religious vats of the numerous sectaries. These fanatics were dis-spread over a region knee-deep with broken altars, crucifixes, baldacchinos, mutilated images, tallow candles, torn surplices, and a host of the fopperies and fripperies of dandy ordinances.



Their souls were dyed with all the hues of deceit. Some mourned over the cruelties they had inflicted on others, some over the penances they had inflicted on themselves. All were roasting on fires whose combustibles were their own thoughts, words, and deeds. On earth their utterances, having their foundation no deeper than the gullet, had gravitated to hell. Those soulless discourses, petitions, and confessions burned on unconsumable, subjecting their authors to the direst torments. Many were here whose ambi-dexterous duplicity had sublimed their characters into the areas of respectability. So superficial had been the discrimination of man, that numberless rogues had gone through life never suspected and ever respected. Many who on earth had been titled upright were here labelled nefarious felons. Some who, by the suffrages of the Papal church, had been canonized and beatified, were here writhing in damnation. Amid mighty furnaces, red-hot with canons, bulls, inquisitions, indulgences, mercenary masses, and perjured prayers, the souls of many sinners were broiled from age to age. "I taught the way to heaven," cried one, "while I myself was fast hurrying along

the road to hell." "Alas!" cried another, "for the discrepancies between the tongue and the heart, for while I preached Christ my heart was the warehouse of Satan." Notable for their insufferable sufferings were those who had the effrontery to call themselves the descendants of St. Peter when they were often heirs to the infamy of Judas Iscariot. Basest among the base array were some Jesuits, and many who, with heaven on their lips and hell in their hearts, had fanned the flames of sectarianism.

Contiguous to those reprobates were the atheists, among whom priests figured largely. At such a diversity of angles had they departed from the straight line of right, that not two out of the myriads had the same obliquity. The rocks of error upon which they had stood on the world, were the rocks under which they were smothered in hell. Under the unbearable loads of their sins, their cries were piteous. "Woe is me!" exclaimed one; "I denied God though the very devil was a believer." Another said, "I wrote very unfairly the history of a few pulse-beats of the existence of a little isle magniloquently called Great Britain. I also studied philosophy to under-

mine philosophy's greatest truths. Believing that the intellect which was concentrated in myself was unmatched, I ridiculed the idea of being but a pigmy in the hands of a superior intelligence. Behold the result!" Danton was pictured deploring his godless life, and his bravado before death:—"My residence will be in annihilation, and my name will remain in the Pantheon of history." "Alas!" he said, "it is this Pantheon which sees annihilation, while my soul lives, and shall live in misery for ever. Ah, me! it was my soul's immorality which bribed my judgment to deny its immortality."

Infamous among these infamous were the founders of many base religionoids. Their agonies made them honestly confess their unworthy offences and pretences. Many were being cauterized on hell's hottest brasiers who preached there was no hell. Lost and undone were many who professed by briberies called indulgences, and sops called masses, to save others from punishment. Helpless amid a world of pain were those who pretended to be infallible. One bewailed his sins thus:—"I founded a church that I might from the pulpit

defeat the pulpit's object." Another avouched, "I prepared a creed and instituted a new religion, though I own my object was not to convert, but pervert."

While in this part of Hades, the visitor was amazed to hear shouts of laughter. He soon learned that the incongruity of hilarity in the realms of dole was found here, because grief could not be more intensified than by being harrowed and lacerated by the outbursts of jocundity.

The convulsive chucklings were all the more agonizing, because unrestrainable. While their faces were those of a Momus, their eyes were those of a Niobe. "I wept," said the Secundine, "to see them laugh, for while they chuckled, their hearts shed tears of blood."

Deeper into the bottomless pit, the ear is inundated with the yells and shrieks of the human voice, with the rude accompaniment of the hissing of vipers, the incessant pealing and rolling of thunder, the eruptions of volcanoes, and the crashing of falling rocks. This is the seat of ruffians, outlaws, and assassins. Fire and brimstone is their soil, sulphury chlorinated

and phosphoric fumes their atmosphere, thunder-pent clouds and burning ashes their sky, and ogres, hobgoblins, furies, snakes, and hell-cats, are their companions. In their tortures through walking over the red-hot marl, they flee here and there, only to find their anguish intensified by their being met in the foul embrace of some hideous boa-constrictor. Like Laocoons, many struggled in the grip of these loathsome reptiles. Many are haunted and hunted by the apparitions of those they had massacred. Many give way to tears, only to find their agonies aggravated, for no sooner do they flow, than they boil through the excessive heat, and scald the eyes and cheeks. In this quarter was the abyss appropriated to murderers. The Secundine marvelled to find it so populous. "Alas!" he cried, "for the blindness of earthly justice, I perceive that thousands have been assassinated who had been supposed to have died a natural death; and that thousands have been murderers who had enjoyed the reputation of being honest men."

Several of those who on earth had been professional criminals, on being asked if they had been punished in the flesh, answered,

“Nay, man rewarded us for our offences, and used the very means to encourage us in our evil callings. Imprisonment to us only meant a pleasing change of life; it relieved us from all care and vexation. Yea, in place of being horsewhipped, we were boarded at the public expense in magnificent mansions, called jails, and were attended by valets called turnkeys. While the virtuous had oft to struggle and sorrow in garrets and cellars, we, the dregs of the human race, were ministered unto like princes, in buildings fit for kings.”

“So injudicious was justice in my day,” said one arrant knave, “that in its jurisdiction the nation punished itself more than culprits. The arrows from the quiver of law were so awkwardly thrown, that their recoil upon the innocent was more severe than their blows upon offenders. Innocence was taxed, and guilt pensioned. It cost the innocent thousands of pounds to punish a murderer. Nay, after spending this sum, he in most cases was allowed to escape. Had I been an exemplary man, my country would have allowed me to toil and droil unhelped and unheeded; but because I became a thief and then a murderer, the

greatest lawyers of the age were summoned to study my crimes, one-third of whom were chosen to prove me innocent, one-third to prove me guilty, and the remaining third to act as umpires. My devilry had acquired me every consideration. No man of distinction could have been better attended or more kindly treated. My very infamies sounded like heroism in the ears of many. Nay, after my guilt was proven, public sympathy was evoked in my behalf, myriads rushed to sign petitions that my life should be spared; so that in the end the patronage elicited by my delinquencies excited the king of the country to graciously sign my reprieve."

"Did your infamy not urge you to flee from your country?" suggested the Venusian.

"Oh, no," was the answer. "I knew my country would save me this trouble, by taking charge of my emigration itself. Emigration, in truth, was my only punishment."

In further testimony of the unchastening chastisements of the world towards the culpable, another fiend declared that for smaller crimes he was favoured with a change of residence, and for greater a change of latitude; and that

whenever his session in a penal college ended, he had his vacation to plunder and thieve as much as he liked until he was again discovered.

The Venusian then surveys the dens appropriated to those who followed the barbarous profession of manslaughter. Millions were here tossed together, in moving and living heaps, in quagmires of stinking gore. They were wrestling with each other for breathing room, for they lay more densely packed than bees in a swarm. "We fought for territory on earth," was their cry, "though in it there were acres for each man. Discontented once with unmeasurable domains, we must now rest satisfied to be huddled here like vermin, buried by each other, and considering ourselves fortunate if once in an age we reach the outside of the human hive, in order to be relieved of the incubus and to enjoy a breath of air." On approaching nearer, the Venusian discovered there were more than murder-mongers in those great sheafs of shades. He found them a compost consisting of men, cockatrices, lizards, toads, asps, centipedes, and earwigs. Nor did these horrors exhaust the catalogue of their miseries. Some were impaled on swords and



bayonets, legions groaned from the wounds they had caused to others, myriads moaned under the weight of cannon, and all smarted from the effects of incurable wounds and unappeasable pains.

Several of the great bundles of spirits consisted of those who had worshipped Moloch in Biblical times. Other hills of humanity comprised Grecian, Assyrian, and Roman warriors. "None I could distinguish," says the Venusian, "in those great pyramids as having niched their names in the tablets of infamy." "If," mused I, "the commonalty of licensed murderers writhe under such excruciating tortures, what is reserved for their leaders?" For a while I thought they had special and hotter compartments in these realms; but my conflicting doubts were soon removed. As if in answer to my thoughts, the ground quaked, and an explosion ensued, as dreadful, as if hell itself had been cast into perdition. Hell seemed scared at its own horrors. Meanwhile, the vast host of shades and their detestable reptile companions had been hurled into the raging thunder-clouds overhead. Thereafter they fell down yelling and shrieking with agony, torn

and mutilated, yet unkilld, because their death was deathless. For some time the ghastly shower of wriggling serpents, lizards, and human beings fell thick and fast amid a concert of hellish howls and hissings. The ground for a few seconds uncovered, then began to be mantled with the legions, so that hell for leagues around was now darkened by the carcasses of the falling fiends. Those erewhile highest were now lowest, and those lowest highest. Those formerly buried from my sight were now exposed to view, revealing the ghosts of those leaders who had made the world a hunting-field of ambition and men mere game. They were encompassed by armies of caitiffs and varlets, mightier than ever they had witnessed in the flesh, and yet each one was burdened with insuperable sufferings. I shuddered; but knowing my errand, I asked one, more hideous than the others, for what he was now exposed to such carking woes. "I am Alexander of Macedon," was the reply. "In worldly matters I had the misfortune to be fortunate. Though in life's lottery I seemed destined to draw nothing but prizes, and though I subjugated what I believed was the world, it

was not till I died I saw that in war the victors are victims, and that in battles the devil alone is the conqueror, and death alone triumphant. Alas! for Arbela, the Granicus, the Issus, and Ecbatana, their names are cancers in my memory. Alas! for the infamies these places witnessed. Moloch gained the honours, I now receive the retribution. Those who called me a god, now treat me as their dog. Smothered beneath millions, I have not so much as the boon of dying."

The Secundine is next accosted by a female in these terms:—"Behold in me Semiramis. Comparisons were wont to be drawn between me and Sardanapalus. I was the viler, and therefore possess a more revolting berth in hell. He brought suffering only upon himself,—I brought it upon millions." The visitor thereafter reviews a conglomeration of the man-hunters belonging to all earthly nations during all ages. Mighty were the pyramids of Roman soldiers, prominent amongst whom were the grim visages of those foes of the human race, Pompey, Cæsar, and Maximin. Piles of Crusaders were further on, who, with allegiance to the cross on their lips and standards, had treason in their hearts.

More distant lie huge shade-drifts of German, French, and English drilled cut-throats. Sprinkled through these he found great bands of unkingly kings, ignoble nobles, and many of the erst famous, but now damned, Propagandists, who fermented war, and made others fight.

To his surprise there were myriads of the manes of those leaders of national murdering packs, whose valour had only lain in villainy, whose only conquests had been in drawing-rooms and at balls, whose only encounters had been with the fair sex; and who had strutted about bedecked with swords guiltless of blood, and martial gewgaws which had only sparkled at reviews, sham-fights, and levees. "In none of hell's blackholes," said he, "did I witness such a squad of pusillanimous cowards, poltroons, miscreants, and recreants."

Among the swarms of shades here were many inventors of implements of torture and death. The threnody of one ran thus:—"For a while I outstripped everybody in the superiority of my lethal instruments, but eventually I fell martyr to what were called the advances of the age. My hellish devices, once all the rage, were therefore discarded, because, according to

the spirit of the age, they were not capable of killing a sufficient number of men in the minute." By looking at the ordnance survey of hell enclosed in the volume, I saw that the abodes of misanthropes lay contiguous to this spot. I discovered that while their inmates were in the flesh haters of all mankind, they were now condemned to the horrid punishment of being haters of themselves. Words cannot tell how deeply each liege of this domain of demons loathed and abominated his own person.

Distinguishable for their punishments were many who on earth had been distinguished for their regal pomp. Many kings, who professed to have a licence to sin and tyrannize by divine right, were now the victims of divine wrath. Many who had fought with weapons desecrated by being consecrated by mass-mongers, who called themselves infallible,—many who massacred and pillaged under the banner of the cross,—and many who murdered under the auspices of hellish, holy alliances,—were now wallowing in despair and remorse under the shadow of the devil's trident. "Here," said the Secundine, "I viewed

despots the menials of their former slaves, and pugnacious Cæsars, Kaisers, Shahs, and Chams, the serfs of their erst vassals. Here were emperors with red-hot brands for crowns, Nessus shirts for garments, and snakes for robes. They were lying squat among the putrid *débris* of a sepulchre of pride and vanities, and a wilderness of ruined monuments, broken busts, wrecked plinths, shattered *bas-reliefs*, crashed thrones, torn diadems, and unctuous flatterers now putrescent. Conspicuous among them were many of the pet children of history. One rued the day when he purchased a lifetime of fame at the expense of an eternity of inexorable torment. One deplored the worthlessness of blood-bought conquests. Another decried the folly and imbecility of humouring Satan by falling into the hands of the god of battles. 'The devil,' sighed he, 'may fire the guns, but God directs the shaft. The devil may wage war, but it is God's prerogative to assign the victory.' Some cried, 'Would to heaven that Justice had settled what we referred to Satan's arbiters—steel, sulphur, charcoal, nitre, and lead;' and all, as their hearts were festering

with sores, had their mouths surcharged with lamentations. The anguish of one was specially prominent. 'With a tomb,' said he, 'on earth which cost millions of gold pieces, I am in hell, while myriads who have only the daisies and grass to bedeck their graves are in heaven. With a name which for centuries quickened the pulse of my countrymen, thrilled the souls of the school-boy and student, and awakened the fire of the historian, I am yet one of hell's detested helots, while millions, unregretted, unpraised, unknown, and without so much as an epitaph, are angels in Paradise.'"

With many of hell's minions the Venusian conversed. Cæsar deplored his sins thus: "The bloom of my virtues was caducous. My merits melted before the furnace of my ambition. I weeded the world's population, widowed innumerable wives, orphaned legions of children, and poisoned the air with the stench of human carrion, that I might make my name immortal. My commentaries were lacquer with which I gilded my sins with the hue of virtue. I marvel that men were duped into the belief I was a patriot. I patriotic, forsooth! Why, I

gloated and doted upon Rome as the miser upon his treasure, only because it was my personal property."

The visitor was distressed to discover that an infinite deal of hell's work had been performed in the name of heaven. "Priests and warriors," said he, "I descried huddled together, because they had connived in rogueries, and because their hearts were alike imbrued with blood. Here inquisitors were tortured on the rack of retribution, or burning on the stakes of vengeance. Here were many who made ambition their deity, and murder and rapine their religion. Here were some to whose tombs silly pilgrimages were made by silly people. So vile was the condition of all here, and so loathed were they by the very demon gaolers of hell, that for warders they had dragons whose expirations were smoke and flame, and whose perspirations were purulent poison. To the moans and groans which ascended from this pit the fiercest lamentations ever witnessed in the flesh were insignificant. To the filthy, foetid stench which nearly choked each victim, the most odious odours of earth were insipid. In this assemblage of autocrats,



theocrats, and monsters, some pontiffs transcended the others in hideousness. One upon whom torment had lavished its cruel ingenuity thus confessed his crimes:—‘I was born in calm times, but I lived to make them stormy. Instead of throwing the oil of my influence on troubled waters, I threw oil on troubled fires. Through me wars were concocted, populations pruned, consciences manacled, truth persecuted, family ties lacerated, and one wild wail of affliction made ascend from the Tigris to the Vistula.’ By this Titan in vice and others I was told that millions had been massacred by orders from Vaticans, and that there was scarcely a war but whose plans had been devised or revised in the cloisters. One monarch mourned, ‘I fermented wars at the bidding of priests, when I and my people desired peace. I was caught in a maelstrom of popish intrigue. I was a puppet in a play of which I was not even told the pre-concerted plot. On the proscenium of my own age I was, through my regal power, made a scene-shifter of history under the commands of a stage-manager called the Pope. Obeying those who called themselves the vice-regents of

heaven, I believed I was doing heaven's work. Nay, so much did I patronize the profession of papistry, that I purchased during my life no less than fifteen thousand masses, eighty Te Deums, and fifteen papal blessings, together with a miscellany of priestly merceries.' Another autocrat thus decried the duplicity and deceits of priestcraft:—'In the world my sins had completely mortgaged my soul, but those who titled themselves infallible assured me my spirit would be redeemed, and would safely reach heaven, after my sin-engrained heart and blood-besmeared hands had been bleached upon the fields of purgatory by masses and papal abstergents. For these soul-soaps and hyssops I paid honourably; but no sooner did death kidnap me to this irremeable prison, than I saw they had embezzled me, and that my immortal being was bankrupted for immortality.' Others piteously wailed that they, too, had been swindled into purchasing masses, those bonds upon the Purgatory Bank. 'Priests,' said one, 'alleged that purgatory was like a huge pawnshop, whereof the souls were the unredeemed pledges, and masses the currency by which they were ransomed.' Another avowed, 'My

soul-lawyers, the clergy, made me believe I was insuring my soul when I was paying them premiums called alms, which I found went to the rich, and investing money in charities, which I learned were doled out to swell the luxury of the luxurious.' Some priests present owned the truth of this impeachment. 'Our cowls and mitres,' they groaned out, 'were mere visors. With religion flowing from our lips, our souls were ever bibulous to error and corruption.' Another voice then loaded the region with jeremiads. 'Behold in me one who played every note in guilt's agamut, and whose life was one continued series of wiles and guiles. Born in the arctic zones of poverty, I, by being a crack player at war-chess, rose to the torrid zone of autocracy. To me pontiffs truckled, and kings pandered and paltered. Statesmen, who but for my success would have called me a traitor, hailed me as a liberator. Priests, who but for my prosperity would have excommunicated me, crowned my every atrocity with blessings.'"

The Secundine reviewed not the mighty shoals of spectres in this region without the most pathetic outbursts of sorrow. "My

vexation," said he, "suppurated into agony at the sight of this awful haunt of hell." Though the population consisted of myriads, each was invested by a microcosm of guilt. Murders, piracies, larcenies, arsons, and the fullest blown fruits of sin, lay in such mighty pyramids, and presented such a surfeit of contaminations and abominations, as might have sickened hell itself. Though more kings were here than would have supplied every parish in the world with a potentate, though there were more priests than would have filled ten times the number of benefices in the nineteenth century, and more nobles than the earth could have supported in their former luxury, and though earthly rank and greatness were concentrated here, there was nothing but squalor and degradation, nothing but bleak and blank desolation and monotonous misery. Alas! what lofty superstructures of impious ambition did men build upon the baseless base of their short and uncertain life. The Alexanders of history, though with the possibility of being despatched to hell at any moment, spent their few days in ever preparing new sacrifices of hundreds of thousands of human victims for Moloch's altar,

that, peradventure, they might rule a few nations, not worth the ruling.

But I have accompanied the Secundine only a short way in his tour through Hades. My heart which has only, by great wrestling against a tide of emotions, succeeded in proceeding so far, now succumbs to the increasing horrors of the narrative. What follows is so super-horrid, that the subject's pursuit would be a profitless penance. Happily, even hell's gloom adumbrated heavenly grace. While it pictured man's iniquity, it showed forth God's mercy. Amid hell's host there was not a single child. "I wept with joy," said the Venusian, "to know that all infants were in heaven." "Such floods of tears," mused I, "would have been saved had anxious mothers, ignoring the ignorant and rigorous dogmata of priests, trusted in God's loving kindness, and felt that when the Almighty called away the young it was to rescue them from the rude hands of a ruffian world. Blessed was the lot of those favourites of heaven—those honoured innocents. To live was to be dispensed danger and hazard; to die in infancy was the certainty of heaven."

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE ARTS AND SCIENCES OF VENUS.

HAVING acquired a command of the language, and released myself from the scaffolding with which I had built up in my memory a new linguistic temple, I now commenced to consecrate this knowledge edifice to its various uses.

Before coming hither, I had wrongly supposed that Secundus possessed transit systems. On expressing my surprise at finding none, Bonitas smiled, and asked "if the swallow could not perform its migrations without the agency of trains or tubes? Our natural strength," added he, "is such, that with our wings we can circumfly our orb in a few hours. Moreover, our frames are not like yours—ponderous, cumbersome, and overloaded with corporeal matter. Within our skin are but a few grammes of matter; within yours there are hogsheads of

non-vital water, and many pounds of physical solids." I then inquired how it would be possible for me to undertake my proposed wanderings around Hesperus, seeing I was so much burdened with a gross cargo of chemical elements, and seeing I possessed neither sufficient strength nor extraneous artificial apparatus. "I will carry you in my arms," was the reply. This colloquy rose from a discovery which I made this same day. Having gone out with my balloon, and having inflated it, to my amazement it would not rise. Trying next my electric wings, my efforts to fly proved utterly ineffectual. The truth then dawned upon me that here the atmosphere was more rarefied and more pure than the world's.

When the time arrived for my travels, Bonitas took me in his arms with as much ease as though I had been a child, and by dint of his wings bore me on through the skies with a speed which rendered the subjacent objects a maze. As I was wafted onwards, I found there was not a spot in this lovely world but administered refreshment to all my senses. Each moment I was regaled with an ever-changing banquet of lovely sights, melting music, and sweet

aromas. Even the pleasures of smell were so abiding, that their edge was never blunted, and so enravishing, that they were more agreeable than those of taste in the world. My tutor, in token of his super-earthly power, conveyed me hundreds of miles in a few minutes, and eventually placed me on the pinnacle of the largest mountain in this world. When my giddy head had rallied from the inebriation of stupefaction, a rich repertory of beauties lay in wait for my eyes. Twenty-one miles in height, the view from this peak formed the most extensive and delectable scene my retinae ever daguerreotyped. My nerves of vision were thrilled at a prospect in which the perception so transcended conception. It possessed the every attribute of magnificence. Below, every tree and shrub, though hundreds of miles distant, appeared with their features as sharp and clear as though they had been at our feet, while above heaven's azure was immaculate.

The amazing conjunction of strength, simplicity, and smallness in their telescopes captivated my attention, and then captured my approbation. Ours are like steeples, theirs, with infinitely greater efficacy, are in length



only a few mètres. My zeal made me eagerly examine their construction, that I might convey the benefit of Secundine ingenuity to my native world. My expectations were equally outstripped on scrutinizing the microscopes. They were pigmies in size and giants in strength. They were infinitely superior to ours, and were totally free from aberrations. Their powers may be judged by these facts. A small seed having been dissected and placed on an object-glass, what did I behold but an infinity of generations of plants locked up in its interior. Within the area of a pin point I espied a perfect garden of vegetation, and trees within trees, only waiting till Time disenthralled them from their pericarps. A small leaf having been microscopized, I viewed it as a world whose geography comprised hills, valleys, forests, rivers, and plains. Upon it I surveyed cities gorged with mighty populations, and oceans teeming with fish. I contemplated plains upon which grazed immeasurable flocks of animals of such minuteness that several millions could have marched abreast through the eye of a needle. On an egg being subjected to optical dilatation, I dis-

tinguished in it embryonic bebies of poultry. An ovum encased hundreds of future birds, and each of these had locked up within them other hundreds of chicks, and so on, until we came to that point where the lens refused to carry the eye further. To my amazement the lineaments of many of the fowls could be distinctly seen, though as many as four generations had to be born ere they could attain an independent existence. The animalcula of animalcula found upon insects I also recognized. Cells and molecules were seen to have embosomed within them genealogies of creatures embracing millions of the denizens of coming ages. Within the area of a nutshell there were unborn lineages of birds sufficient to populate mighty forests, and ulterior music adequate to thrill the skies. Many of the embryonic populations I saw were so far down the stream of time, that it may be hundreds of years ere they be promoted to the dignity of being distinct entities of life. Strange thoughts whirled through my brain as I pondered that in a single egg there is coiled up a chain of vital links which stretch into the future billions of years, and that within it are congregated

innumerable coveys of birds belonging to all prospective ages.

As my eyes had previously surveyed the puny races of the microscopic world, my ears were now regaled with their music and murmurs. Applying the auroscope over a needle point's area in a decayed leaf, there was rendered audible the inaudible wriggling of animalcula in water, the prancing of mites over the leaf's mountainous fibres, the flapping of aërial vibriones over the leaf's surface, and the whistling, chirping, cooing, and squeaking of nature's infinitesimal musicians.

An adaptation of the auroscope was now explained to me, whereby the internal movements of the planets are stethoscopized. On applying my ear, I distinctly distinguished the systole and diastole of the planet's heart caused by the motion of its molten currents. I should have wondered, had I not been past the stage of wondering, how it was possible to filter away foreign noises and abstract the desired sounds with such perfect purity. My Mentor lost no time in applying a solvent to my ignorance. He described to me with wondrous succinctness and distinctness the rationale of cosmical aus-

cultation, and how, by graduation of the instruments, they could suit for all depths from a mètre to 10,000 kilomètres.

In like manner I was shown all the inventions known to the world, and myriads were revealed which were unknown. I perceived the Secundines could not only make glass and stones and all inorganic substances malleable, but possessed a power undreamed of by man of making them transparent. Amazing was the variety of changes they performed upon the metals, especially in enduing them with an adventitious property, by which their tenacity, durability, and elasticity were infinitely increased. There being free trade in the commerce of knowledge, I was at once initiated into the mysteries of those operations, that I might be enabled to transplant the knowledge to my native world.

When I expressed my surprise at the power of robbing minerals of their opacity, they at once took steps to reinforce my amazedness by telling me that all things in nature could be transparentized, and that the world itself could be rendered crystalline. Confirmatory of these truths, I was taken to experimental gardens,

where I was wonder-struck to behold trees and plants, some transparent in part, and others in whole, according as it was deemed necessary to disclose to students the several parts of their economy. I was next shown animals, upon which the youths of the second planets were taught zoology and comparative anatomy, in some of which the skin was like a glass case, showing beneath the working of the muscles; in others, the skin and muscles were pellucid, showing the circulatory system; in others, all was perspicuous, save the bones, with the view of their being subservient to the study of osteology; while in others still, the whole body was vitreous. Astounding were the scenes thus revealed. "What pictures of vitality, what an accumulation of statical, dynamical, and vital wonders," mused I, "does the skin conceal!"

But still further singularities awaited my surcharged senses. They now showed me an original method of studying biology. They took me to a large plain, in which I was startled to find an animal, compared to the size of which the whale of our seas is but a minnow. Like an alligator in shape, it was three hundred

mètres in length, and proportionately broad and tall. This animal, they told me, had been forced by a peculiar system of feeding to this magnitude, that the Secundines might wander through its interior, and study thereby physiology and histology to full advantage. I confess I was horrified, when Bonitas informed me he would take me in his arms, and conduct me through the various vital chambers of this leviathan live anatomical theatre. Albeit, I at once donned non-aërial apparatus, and next moment I was conveyed in the arms of my guide to the forehead of the animal, which was so much accustomed to this treatment that it offered no objection. Re-assured, I leisurely took a promenade with my guide over the ample area between the beast's ears, eye-brows, and neck. Bonitas then led me round the great wall of one of the ears, and, by dint of a little climbing, we at length surveyed the large aural tunnel. In depth it appeared to be nearly twenty mètres. It was protected at the entrance by a dense jungle of hairs, and further in by what I calculated to be nearly four tonnes of wax. Having quitted the ear-cave, we travelled along the eyelid precipice, down the nose-hill, and

then alongside the verge of the lower shores of the right eye. The upper eye-lid, which was as large as the tail of a sperm whale, and which had a palisade of hairs as long and as thick as wands, washed down every few seconds a copious wave of tears, which ultimately escaped at the acanthus.

Having blunted the keen edge of my curiosity by beholding the eye, its pupil window, and its beautiful vibratile iris curtains, we applied a huge ophthalmoscope, by which we saw the interior of the ocular camera obscura. We now wended our way down to the bottom of the nose. Here we surveyed two gaping tunnels. Having ventured carelessly forward, I unwillingly and unwittingly tickled some of the nasal hairs, which caused the animal to sneeze. In this action such a hurricane of wind burst from the nostrils, as might have done justice to the bellows of Eolus. Happily my guide saved me from being blown away. Taking me in his arms, he then almost, before I was aware, flew with me through the nasal passage into the capacious gullet. Coincident with this he lit his electric lamp, by which we were enabled to view clearly the internal

arrangements of the chambers into which I was now introduced. Having inspected the suite of chambers for smelling, we sauntered ankle-deep among mucus, up the eustachian corridor, into the office in which the brain conducts its hearing business. Here we witnessed the machinery at work, and saw the nerve-telegraphs bearing their information to head-quarters. We now retraced our steps to the lobby of the pharynx, and then roamed down to the dining-room of the animal. The huge paunch was vacant. Soon, however, tonnes of pulpy food rushed in from the epigastric door, until the ventricular refectory was loaded with several waggon-loads of solid food, and several hundred hogsheads of water. The gastric juice now began to transude from the stomach's walls, and simultaneously the great organ began to twist and roll, and lash the food backwards and forwards. While the aliment was thus being triturated and digested, we crept through the pyloric portico into the duodenal vestibule. We then swam amid a river of chyme, now downwards, and anon upwards, and now forwards and anon backwards, around all the convolutions of the



alimentary canal. This intestinal incursion was fully two miles in length ; but the various interesting objects by the way, especially the cæcum, formed such an agreeable repast to my mind and memory, as amply indemnified me for my toil. We next rambled successively to the pancreas, the kidneys, the gall bladder and liver. While in this last nook, the Venusian cleverly cut a way by which we entered the venous system. Previously swimming in seas of bile, and pancreatic and intestinal juices, we were now in streams of blood. In consequence of going with the current, we in a few seconds journeyed a few hundred of kilometres between the liver and heart. When we reached its right auricle, we halted, and inspected the marvellous action by which the engine of the circulatory system, with its suction and force pumps, made so many millions of vital streams flow through this immense animal. Our curiosity having duly fared upon the scene, we, by a flank movement from right auricle to right ventricle, and right ventricle to vein, and vein to left auricle, eventually reached the left ventricle. We had not well entered it when the mighty cardiac force

swept us round the aorta, and down, down, down to the animal's sacrum. By skilful pilotage we managed to enter the iliac artery, continued our course to the femoral, and then gradually sought our way into the interior of the animal's thigh bone. For nearly a quarter of an hour we strolled through this great osseous pillar. While more massive than Cleopatra's needle, its construction was such as to raise to unexampled warmth my appreciation of the incredible engineering powers of Nature. Alike in the lacunæ canaliculæ and in the huge central marrow-tunnel, I found forage for my mind and my admiration. We now pushed through an artificial sinus which had been made in the beast's flesh. While in this by-way, we witnessed the alternate contraction and relaxation of the ambient muscles. While here, I was likewise shown the way in which the blood putties up wounds, builds up bone, solders up venous and arterial pipes, plasters on new skin, grows a vegetation of hairs, and lays down a pavement of nails and claws. Having left this spot, we steered our course by a tributary into the femoral vein canal. After passing, with a little difficulty,

through some valve-locks, we reached the ascending aorta, and thereafter the right auricle and right ventricle. After holding on here for some time by the heart's chordæ tendineæ-rigging, in order to behold to advantage its marvellous economy, we plunged into the pulmonary artery. The next moment we were washed into a cell in the animal's left lung. Cutting our way through the tissues, we found ourselves in one of the larger bronchi. So mighty was the bellows action of the lungs here, that I feared we should have been blown away. But my doubts soon dissipated. At the first I felt a whizzing and flapping, and when I looked up I was standing on the animal's upper-lip. Next moment we alighted upon the ground. After ablutions to wash the blood-stains we had contracted during our anatomical peregrinations, we rejoined our friends.

I was now conveyed to one of the mechanical colleges. Here new banquets of wonder were purveyed to my surfeited senses. Some sights specially entrapped my attention. Large bodies of metal, on being brought over a certain spot, were, to my bewilderment, cut in twain by some invisible power. The

evidence of my vision stunned my judgment. The explanation, while it allayed my curiosity, swelled my astonishment, for it seemed the division was effected by a thin jet of air, blown with amazing velocity, by means of specially contrived bellows. When I betrayed surprise, the Secundines at once remarked, “Why marvel, when it is so plain that air, sufficiently concentrated and sufficiently propelled, could bisect the world itself?”

Another mechanical feat was now executed. Some mighty logs of wood were placed into a machine, and in a few minutes were taken out, compressed into one-fifteenth of their original volume. I took up one of the pieces, and found it heavier than the heaviest metals, and harder than the hardest. A piece of copper was next inspissated to half its natural bulk. Water and air were thereafter taken, and endued with such spissitude, that they were both rendered weightier than platina. Other substances, aërial, liquid, and gaseous, were subjected to similar pressure, and in each case special features earned my admiration.

I was still more astonished at the workings of another machine. A piece of lead was first

placed in it, and when taken out a few seconds later, it was baked to twenty times its former bulk, without its texture suffering any porosity, or its appearance undergoing any change. Gold was then cooked to such a degree as to be lighter than cork. On examining the metals thus rarefied, I was delighted to find their solidity and impermeability were seemingly undiminished, while their tensile properties were increased. A variety of minerals and vegetables were similarly expanded. A piece of gold was specially dilated, and rendered so imponderable, that it floated about like a balloon. As I beheld these wonders, prescient visions hovered over my mind of the mighty mechanical revolutions the world would see when these inventions were made known to mankind. I saw that henceforth aërostats would be made to rise without gas, and that the heaviest metals would be made subservient to all machines requiring strength yoked to levity.

In the next scientific performance I was shown that the steadfast Secundine world, though it was worthy of being made the symbol of inflexible fixity, was in their hands

as pliable as clay in the hands of the potter. By dint of a skilful management of the subterrene currents, they made the seemingly rigid planetar crust mobile. Gradually I saw that the plain on which we were stationed was rising. So gentle withal was the motion, that the country, with its superincumbent trees, did not seem to recognize the movement. At length, after being elevated to the altitude of one mile, we were slowly lowered to our former position. To my utter amazement, these inscrutable marvels did not so much as cause the slightest sound, a crack in the earth's crust, or the uprooting of a single shrub.

I now perceived how alluring and ingenious were their modes of teaching. For geographical instruction were gardens, showing in miniature the maps of the several planets, gardens wherein ponds represented oceans, pools lakes, and molehills mountains. In the plot illustrative of our earth, not a single detail was omitted, and not a line inaccurate. For the teaching of astronomy, were other gardens, showing the orbits and relative situations of the planets and their satellites. From these I saw they could measure the stars and

their distances to a hair-breadth, and weigh them to within an ounce.

Shortly after this they gave me proof of their superhuman power by analyzing my mind, and contemplating in me the mildewed remains of the majestic souls bequeathed to our first parents. As if my blemished soul had been visible and tangible, they by their amazing metaphysical insight beheld its every feature, its every flaw, and its every hidden recess. Nay, so accurately did they distinguish through me the boundaries and dominion of man's passions and feelings, that they in a few hours delineated diagrammatically my spiritual anatomy as precisely as a limner could have sketched my face. For the first time my inner man viewed itself in a mirror. Ghastly and repulsive was the spectacle. "Thank God," was my exclamation, "that man knows not his psychical hideousness!" Yet the sight was as instructive as painful. In the map of my soul laid before me, I was first struck with the traces of sin's deluge. I saw the pristine provinces of rectitude almost overrun by an ocean of guilt. In place of a huge continent of innocence, as displayed in the cosmos of the Venusian

soul, I saw the bournes of each virtue curtailed, and invested by seas of sin. I beheld the cantonments of contentment and meekness swamped by the billows of envy and malice. Vanity and pride had inundated the paradisaic domains of humility, animosities the realms of love, selfishness those of charity. In short, each Christian grace was invaded and invested by the jagged and rugged shores of a contending demoniacal vice.

By a process of mental chemistry, I was then shown that man in former times was a compound being, consisting of fifty-one parts of matter and forty-nine of mind; that thereafter the soul and body oscillated in a condition of equipoise; and that now he consisted of fifty-one parts of mind and forty-nine of matter. The Secundines themselves I found to consist of an amalgam of ninety-nine parts of mind and only one of matter. I discovered that man was so low in the scale of intelligent beings, that only three or four of the nerves of the brain ever worked coincidently, the other millions lying idle. The thread of reflection, reason, or imagination being thus made to ply upon a weft with so few nerve yarns, man's mental fabrics were necessarily imperfect. Moreover, the human brain-loom



could not long bear the stress of active weaving. Hard thought was seldom permitted to fabricate its close-spun textures. Through the greater part of the day, the shuttle of reverie wove its flimsy figments, or incogitancy teased away at oakum-trifles. I was next taught that the correlation of forces was wider in its application than man supposed. For example, I saw sound changed into light, and light transmuted into sound. I learned that the spectrum was colour's octave, and the musical octave sound's spectrum. I discovered that each tint possessed a corresponding musical note, and that music's diapason and light's colours could be reciprocally paraphrased. I witnessed red translated into the key c. I saw a chromatic picture translated into a tune, and then beheld a piano causing a borealis display of hues. I saw that the harmonies and discords of music were identical, and that sound and colour were but allotropic conditions of the same subtle force. Further on, the tones of my voice were collected and made into a picture. Again, my voice was transposed into a flame. I was also gratified by being shown many colours of the spectrum which

man's eyes had never beheld, and hearing notes in music to which man's ears are not attuned.

For all philosophic problems, however intricate, the Venusians had a solvent. To them all the sciences were exact. Each was reduced to simplicity and accuracy—each possessed its mathematics. By the study of the geometry of music and the algebra of sound, I found a royal road to pierce to heights otherwise inaccessible. Nay, in a few hours I thereby acquired more of science than I had learned in the world in a century.

A few days later I was conveyed to the paradise of Hesperus. My terranean brethren can imagine the turmoil of my feelings when I was led through this Eden, and, above all, when I was shown the exact spot where the first parent of this world had drawn his first breath. The Venusian language itself, armed with such ineffable descriptive power, has no words wherewith to paint the beauty of this ultra-magnificent retreat. Carpeted by the most luxuriant flowers, perfumed by the most fragrant odours, curtained by trees and shrubs, inhabited by the most fascinating sylvan choristers, and with its feet laved by a sea,—a

sea glittering in daytime with sunbeam diamonds and by night glimmering with moonbeam pearls,—the scene declared that the upholstery of nature had here expended its richest efforts.

I was next shown the spot where the first marriage had been celebrated, and was then led to the site where grew the Trees of Good and Evil. Before me, I contemplated the tempting fruit unplucked. As I viewed the scene, and then turned my eyes towards the millions of Venusians around who had obeyed their father in heaven and gained immortality, I was overpowered with sorrow for poor man. A thousand grief-arrows transfixed my soul. The pressure of emotions would verily have broken my heart but for the safety-valve of my tears. When I looked up I saw that my intense affliction had kindled theirs. With their eyes impearled with tears, they sympathizingly hurried me away, and endeavoured to displace my sorrows with new objects of interest. First of all, they led me to a great cannon, and informed me that it was by its means they performed journeys to the Secundine satellite. The announcement astonished

me, as I knew not the Venusians were able to undertake such a feat. It seems, however, that it was but recently the gun had been forged, and that they had been empowered to travel to the Secundine satellite. I also learned Hesperus was so fertile, and the necessities of its inhabitants so few, that the colonization of its moon was deemed inexpedient. It was, therefore, only rendered a field for astronomical inquiry.

With pardonable pride I boarded this orb as the fifth world upon which I had planted my feet. Meeting my guides and myself were ten thousand Secundines from a neighbouring observatory, which we made our head-quarters. As night set in I espied a nocturnal picture, whose beauty I shall never forget. Standing at present nearer the sun than ever I had done, I witnessed a sky crowded with comets and lavish with scientific peculiarities. For a few days I imbibed hosts of truths unknown to men, and feasted my eyes on sights unknown on earth. Before leaving the satellite's observatory I was made peer through a telescope. I actually leaped with delight when I beheld clearly delineated on my mother world a signal

which notified that in a few months three of my fellow-men would be pitched to Secundus. Having by this time circumflitted this little globe and inspected all its inspection-worthy objects, we hastened towards the lunar ferry, where I bade it adieu.

On my return to Venus I asked Veritas how far the inhabitants had allowed their love of research to make them explore the planet's depths. I was answered in a practical shape by being taken into the interior, and by being driven through myriads of sub-secundine highways. I found Secundus was more honey-combed than Terra. So completely were its recesses dissected, that there was not a nook in its internal anatomy but had been scrutinized. Each stratum, each fiery current, and each subcuticular phenomenon, was known. In my subterranean perambulations Veritas was my guide. In a few hours he piled full many a valuable truth upon the shelves of my memory. He supplied me with the rationale of sub-Venusian wonders; he extricated me from many of the intricacies in which my mind was wrapt up concerning my knowledge of the world's internal arrangements. So well did he reason

from analogy, that he classified the similarities and dissimilarities of the subcuticular geography of the second and third planets. With deep interest I contemplated his parallel of the two spheres, scanned the complexities and yet simplicities of nature's plans, and how, while playing upon laws which were universal, it could still introduce into each planet special peculiarities, anomalies, and idiosyncrasies.

In the course of these sojourns I was amazed to discover that the inhabitants possessed the attribute of being fire-proof. I saw them, forsooth, swimming in molten currents with as much indifference as if they had been bathing in water. Yet this seemingly miraculous proceeding was not a miracle, because the Venusian frame being entirely spiritual, bating its small corporeal ash, was not liable to be chilled by frost or scalded by heat. The circumstance caused me to reflect that while it would be impossible for man to journey and live at the sun, there was nothing to debar the Secundine from doing this.

Meantime I had been making inquiry concerning the progress of the Secundine interplanetary gun. Veritas, who preferred to convey

information through the eye-portals to the ear doorways, led me to a great plain, that I might be satisfactorily answered. Here I found factories around a huge ordnance. Such was the skill of the Secundines, that though the astronomical cannon were the lineal descendants of those devilish inventions once used for murder, and though man had taken the initiative in the present movement, the Venusians were so completely before us in their mastery of the forging of celestial artillery, that I possessed no knowledge which their superior minds had not already attained.

Alas, before man can give birth to an improvement, an invention, or a reformation, behold what a toiling, droiling, and turmoiling! What mental pangs! and how many abortions! The amazing foresight and insight and the surpassing knowledge of the Secundines save them from the anxieties of doubt the harassments of experiment, and gropings in the bogs of difficulty. By their unerring intellect they hit their mark in one venture. Sin plants no stumbling-blocks in their path, temptation conceals no ambuscades. Intuition teaches them thousands of truths which the world has

only grasped through the labours of its greatest geniuses. Wisdom guards them from cares; forethought shields them from even so much as the possibility of accidents.

So superhuman was their mechanical acumen, that I observed hundreds of devices in connexion with the ordnance which were immeasurable improvements on man's rude and crude plans. These I duly noted, that I might transplant Venusian ingenuity to Terranean soil.

But my pen trembles, for it now invades holy ground. It is about to describe the most heavenly scene my eyes ever surveyed. On the greatest of the Venusian mountains I saw assembled the whole brotherhood of Venus. I gazed upon partings which excited no tears—I heard farewells uttered without sorrow. Gradually several thousands drew themselves aloof from the vast company, and crowded upon the mountain top, where blazed a huge fire. Music now pealed forth, but whether it proceeded from heaven itself or from Secundus I could not tell. In the midst of the holy raptures of the harmony, behold the selected thousands proved to be Elijahs and the on-looking millions Elishas. Those about to be translated having entered



the flames, the small portion of dust which belonged to their frames was precipitated and burned, and their sublimed purified souls straightway glided to Paradise. The honoured company comprised, I was told, the aged of the planet. Having run their course below in the nursery of time, they were called to a grander sphere above in the realms of eternity. Aged I have styled them, but they were only aged in years, and wanting in all age's attributes. "Venus," they told me, "though sinless, beauty-fraught, and abounding with joys and joy, was, after all, only a petty ante-chamber of heaven. Our solar system," they added, "is only a little jewel on the outer fringe of the outmost or first heavens, which first heavens contain the stellar cradles of all new races. By growth in knowledge these races are gradually graduated from the first to the unspeakable glories of the seventh heavens. Yet even there the souls of the saints find scope for illimitable improvement, for knowledge is an infinity, and progress knows no goal. The angels Gabriel and Michael are to-day," they told me, "infinitely advanced in heavenly truths from the time they had dealings with mankind, but still they are scholars,

and will be so for ever and ever. Endless advance being thus open to the glorified spirits, there is in the future life neither monotony nor *ennui*, weariness nor rest."

Meantime I was deeply immersed in the study of the scientific peculiarities of this planet. Pleasant and happy were my roamings in such Elysian fields. Ever and anon I came upon mighty truths which overwhelmed me with wonder. Such a feeling inspired me when I discovered that the Secundine atmosphere contained no nitrogen. It consisted solely of ozone in a condition of great rarefaction. The advantages of such an ether are incalculable. Its inmates are freed from such heavy pressure assessments as in our world. Its tenuity causes it to lenify the sun's heat, while it adds to its brilliancy. Its unblemishable purity frees the landscape from haziness and the skies from clouds. By its wondrous properties plants are fed without the circumstantial adaptations on earth. No cloudy argosies are required to ship cargoes of water from the seas, and bear them thousands of leagues into the midst of the land. Heaven here requires not to plant its reservoirs and its electric magazines in the skies, for

neither plants nor streams require rain supplies. By the economy of this planet, the vegetable kingdom receives all its sap from the ground, while the babbling, bubbling crystal rills, which, like robes, flow down from the mountains, have their origin in mighty springs. Thus the water circulation is not completed by an aërial but a subterrene medium. Here no lachrymose atmosphere weeps out its inconstant griefs, and deluges the fair face of nature. Here the beaming eye of sunshine is never bedewed or bedimmed with cloudy tears. Boisterous floods, raging winds, and a frowning or sobbing firmament, are unknown. Above all, the ether, being ozone, renders Venus an antiseptic globe—a globe in which baneful germs, vibriones, miasma, and all the apostles of death, can find no life.

These cognitions led me to suspect that man's short life and great proneness to disease after the deluge, had arisen from the earth's ether being loaded with nitrogen. I had long noted how infinitely more salubrious was this climate than that of my native world. Much as I had laboured here, I had never felt the sensations of fatigue. Little as I had paid attention to my health, I had never been so healthy. Though

I had undergone an amount of physical and psychical toil which would have killed me on earth, I had gained flesh and become more vigorous and alert. My intellect had received its dividend in the profits. My perceptions were keener; my imagination was brighter; my judgment truer; and my memory stronger. Yet, strange to say, I had reduced my sleep from six hours daily to two, and had curtailed my diet to one-sixth of its ordinary amount. The exigencies of slumber and aliment, in sooth, had been abridged, because here the ozonated air permitted so little bodily tear and wear.

## CHAPTER V.

## TERRA-VENUSIAN ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL.

HAVING now acquired such a command of the Venusian language as enabled me to speak with fluency, Veritas, after he had shown me the lions of Venus, convened a meeting of all the scions of this planet, in order that they and I might discuss together the relative conditions of Venus and the Earth. I looked forward to this meeting with fear and trembling, because, having seen the greatness of this world, I felt ashamed to be the representative of a race only conspicuous for its crimes and wars.

After I had been allowed a fortnight to prepare my mind and memory for the mental strain, the great Œcumenical council was convoked. By millions the hosts congregated. With magical speed they ensconced themselves methodically on a great plain. Each of them, equipped with auroscopes and speaking-

trumpets, was ready either to listen or speak. I, as principal actor in the scene, representing as I did the Earth, sat next Veritas, on a great platform in the centre of the meeting. They, on their part, had generously furnished me with every requisite to save me from fatigue, while I on mine had armed myself with the full library of microscopic books I had brought from the world, in order that where my memory failed I might be able to retreat upon my authorities.

The meeting commenced with praise. Veritas, in introducing the discussion, said it was well, when the great era of inter-planetar communion was about to commence, that each world should stand face to face, and compare itself with its neighbour, in order that the congregate planets might arrive at congregate knowledge.

In our first sederunt the condition of the church in both worlds was discussed, and as the mouthpiece of the Venusians, Veritas described its triumphant position, and, amid a flood of matchless eloquence, showed the narrow partition which existed between the church of Hesperus and the church above.

It now devolved upon me to paint the dark

annals of church history as regards the earth. With tears in their eyes, my friends listened to the sad tale. At its close, Veritas thus reprobated the want of evangelical spirit and catholic ideas in Christian countries in pre-millennial times:—"Your church," said he, "in nursing sectarianism, starved evangelism. There were differences of opinion upon points where there should have been indifference, and indifference where there should have been great enthusiasm.

"Instead of civilized Isaacs extending the hand of brotherly help to uncivilized Ishmaels their unconcern allowed them to rot in the ruts of ignorance. Oh Christendom! your philanthropy then lay dusty on the shelves of selfishness! Your missionary enterprises were mere flea-bites on the rhinoceros hide of ignorance!

"Your clergy were not Pauls and Peters, who wandered like spiritual lamplighters to illuminate the dark alleys of heathenism. They were mere sermon practitioners, chained, dog-like, to pulpit kennels. Nor did statesmen then adopt, or even understand, the compass of true statesmanship. With them lay the duty of preparing the paths for the Gospel

advance. They ought to have organized huge scientific missions, as the forerunners of Christianity. Legions of men in buckram and moleskin, armed with hammers and trowels, and all the paraphernalia of the arts and trades, ought to have been sent into the haunts of barbarism to propagate progress. Iron horses to invade the land, and iron leviathans to invade the shores and rivers of uncivilized nations, ought to have been made the evangels of knowledge; for the moment the highways of progress had been laid, and the iron limbs of art had pierced through the hearts of savage lands, the armaments of darkness and superstition would have been hopelessly demolished. One day of their rule would have been more potent than years of preaching by myriads of isolated missionaries."

"Alas!" I answered, "good schemes were not congruous with evil ages. Sneering scepticism vetoed them as Quixotic or Utopian. Britain, ever searching after wisdom in the fields of folly, and after sense in the hot-beds of infatuation, spent many millions of pounds and many lives in liberating some men from the King of Abyssinia, when the same purpose could have



been achieved by a small outlay of discretion. Had it spent the same amount in knitting Abyssinia to Christendom by the Gordian ties of railways and commerce, it would have in due time liberated from serfdom not one or two men, but millions. What was sunk in behoof of the schemes of the devil in connexion with the French war of 1870-71, might have wedded Asia and Africa with railways and telegraphs, and planted factories and workshops in their every latitude. What Europe in coalition squandered in the great war-hunt of twenty years over the great hunting-ground of the Continent to catch that man-tiger Napoleon, might have replenished the lands of the globe with railways and locomotives, and its seas with harbours and steamers. Had this been done, instead of millions of souls being sent to premature graves by balls, bullets, and bayonets, the nineteenth century would have earned the glories of the twentieth."

In describing the corruptions which crept into religions, I had to admit that "many sects only maintained a position by making their services musical masquerades, and their chapels and cathedrals mere music-halls, antiquarian

museums, picture and statue galleries. Various passages were recited out of a book, and this was labelled prayer. Various professional musicians performed some music, and this was ticketed praise. Yet, despite this great show, many of such churches were so lame, that they were only able to hobble along on State crutches."

Our first sitting ended, I was allowed to retire to rest, the Venusians meanwhile dispersing themselves over the broad expanse of the planet, to their several avocations. These they pursued until morning, when they returned in time for my awaking. The meeting having been thus convened, we discussed the histories of the two worlds. The narration of the Venusian, I was amazed to find, did not occupy more than a few minutes. There were no crimes to chronicle, nor errors to detail. Their annals only told of a gradual systematic progression along God's highway of heavenly intellect. As I anticipated, the government had been a republic since the planet's first orbit—a republic in which intelligence and worth had been the only distinctions, and in which the knee had only been bowed before the throne of heaven. Would to God that the

story of mankind had been as easily told! Hours passed, and I was still in the midst of the recital of man's infamies. With tears they listened; with weeping I was repeatedly interrupted. All in all, my story was so tragic, that my heart was wound up to such a pitch of tension as if it would have broken.

“Human history,” I said, “is divided into two great epochs—that of war, lasting 7,000 years, and that of peace, upon which man has just entered. During the first period, the world weltered in the stagnations of error. The tyrannies of kingcraft, priestcraft, and other devil-crafts, like great spurtles, kept the cauldron of human turmoil in a state of furious effervescence. Empires trampled down empires, kingdoms overturned kingdoms, paupers ousted kings, and kings crumbled into paupers. Might usurped right, and right might, in this mighty hell-tank of human affairs, rendering it a surging gurge of blunders and bloodshed. The vats of historical tumult fermented for 5,000 years, when the billowy waves of the Dark Ages rolled over man, so ominously that the torch of intelligence seemed quenched for ever.

“The history of man for these hundreds of

ages embodies but one mighty drama, the sorrows and infamies of which filled heaven with tears, earth with groans, and hell with victims. The wheels of progress were spoked. Vices were licensed, and crimes sanctified; peace was contraband, and liberty enslaved; force was the sceptre, and the sword law. Unkingly kings and unpriestly priests were the mainsprings, and the rabid rabble the machinery, of those iniquitous times. Millions upon millions lived and died without even so much as knowing their chief end. The world slept, but its sleep was a nightmare. The channels of usefulness were dry, because the energies of the vast tide of humanity rolled into the jaw-boxes of inanity and corruption. It would take months and years to audit the fearful ledger of guilt.

“Murder was the first transgression after the fall. The blood which then flowed was the source of that Satanic river of carnage which rolled on through the arid wastes of pre-millennial ages.

“Yet though the thundering tempests of war, whereof the devil was the Boreas, were ever overwhelming nations, decimating their

inhabitants, blasting the crops of intelligence, and blighting the growth of every righteous principle, the people were so acclimatized to devilry, and so benighted by darkness, that they cried not, and cared not for light. The book of history was unread, or misread. Man grappled not with the tragic teachings of the text-book of iniquity, because the devil had arrayed it with a spurious halo, and mantled its infamies with the deceitful glitter of regal and martial pomp. He read it forgetful that it was but a description of the motley procession of three hundred generations of erring pilgrims through the realms of sin and guilt to the grave.

“ Even influential men of civilized nations, who would have scorned to hurt a worm, applauded organizations which showered affliction over continents. These men would be found oft clubbed around festive tables loaded with alcoholic poisons. One after another would rise and disgorge a speech, the end of which was to demand that the company should take another dose of the baneful liquor. On went such fashionable orgies, until the blood of all present was more or less suffused with the subtle drug. At such

feasts the unchristian toasts of the 'Army and Navy' was drunk with enthusiasm by professing Christians. Even after battles where death and the devil had reaped their harvest, there was little or no contrition for the sins of the day, but rejoicings in honour of the victorious murderers. Nay, many while doing the devil's dirty work prayed to God for help, and if successful, they, in their blasphemous fondness for a religious pretext, caused *Te Deums* to be sung instead of *Te Diabolams*. Assassination, committed at the behest of a king, was magniloquently titled patriotism. Massacre by ball or bayonet gained titles, medals, and insignia; murder by poison or poniard led to the gibbet. History itself was but the almanack of war and the register of intrigue. Like Othello, it could say,

'Little of this great world can I speak,  
More than pertains to feats of broil and  
battle.'"

Into the details of the sad tragedies enacted on the blood-stained world stage I then entered. As my narrative pictured war after war, I noticed that the grief and astonishment of the Venu-

sians deepened. Ere I had come to the battle of Armageddon, my utterance was stifled with sobs. For the time I was overcome. A Venusian therefore rose, and thus vented his vexations over the mischiefs of the blood-hounds of humanity:—"These licensed homicides, with their eyes looking through the false lenses of sin, viewed their battues of man-shooting as shrines of glory. Ours, peering through the glass of truth, see them as the shambles of Satan. Martial fame to our vision, is but a spurious brightness reflected from the flames of hell. Licensed murderers called themselves patriots, though only patriotic in their fealty to the devil. Their campaigns were Satan's missions, and they his evangelists. Surely as ignorance was the food of war, war was the poison of society. Political convulsions, narcotism, and intestinal broils were its effects upon the lives of nations. By its intoxication they were ever whirling into the maelstrom of revolution. War was but a mighty draught-board, in which the moves were in killing Peters to glorify Pauls. Warriors were political alchemists, and lethal engines their re-agents. They decomposed kingdoms, compounded new

map-boundaries, new constitutions, and new laws. Battle-fields were the gambling-tables of ambition and power, whereof the devil kept the bank, and in partnership with death shared the profits."

Now, revived from my emotions, I thus answered these remarks:—"To the conquered nations was the baneful legacy of chaos, crime, and confusion. To the conquerors there was the poisoning influence of national pride or despotism. All pre-millennial nations ventured into the regions of vainglory, and all were swept into ruin and shame by the besom of retribution. Kings who built monarchies played at house-building with the sands of time, and within the water-mark of the tides of fate. Their fabrications were as unenduring as unendurable."

The shackles of assessment, with which war's burdens bound each nation, I next considered. "How galling to honesty, that everything eaten, drunk, or worn, should be mulcted by the tyrannous hand of taxation; that habitations, industries, and knowledge should have been scourged with imposts, while ignorance went not only scotfree, but was often



pensioned. The exchequers of war-cursed states were pitchers of the Danaides. Such was the prodigence of the nations of Europe in the eighteenth century, that it took two centuries ere their heads were raised above the oceans of debt. Governments then indulged in such malversations of public funds, as not only oppressed guilty coevals, but burdened an innocent posterity. Thus it was reserved for Christ-loving and peace-observing people to discharge those accounts incurred by their murder-loving ancestry. Even states reduced to insolvency persevered in extravagance. Though their lieges were tied to the chariot-wheels of Moloch, they boasted of their liberty. Astonishment itself might have stood aghast to behold Britain, in its prodigious prodigality, squandering millions more than its income, age after age, upon fruitless and bootless wars. With all its brilliant statesmen, it had no Joshua to lead it out of the wilderness of its difficulties. But politics in those days lay in the regions of diplomatic jugglery, not in those of honest economy ; and for one Joseph Hume there was a whole regiment of Ruperts of Debate.

“Could the angels in heaven,” I asked, “have surveyed in God’s universe a scene more sad than the world during those times? Could any spectacle more arouse grief than the hell engine war, with its hellish train of deaths and debts, public prodigence, and private indigence? With empty exchequers, overflowing workhouses, jails, and asylums, the world was still burdened with ten millions of sworn-in assassins. Its ramparts were filled with nearly a million cannon; its arsenals were loaded with munitions sufficient to exterminate the whole human family; and its seas were defiled with 5,000 vessels of war. Had other planets been warring against our orb, could we have expected more stupendous armaments?”

Coming to the darkest moments in history’s night, I showed the Satanic climax to which the hellish art had been carried.

“Instruments of war became so deadly that their use for only a few hours would have depopulated nations. Guns were constructed which could shower havoc, with chain-shot, grape-shot, and shells, far beyond telescopic ken. These missiles could scatter their contents simultaneously over two square kilo-

mètres. The balls could pierce holes like tunnels through mountains. The explosive mixtures were so fatal, that if thrown upon cities they would have dispersed them with the precipitancy and precision of the blow of a devouring angel, the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah. Hundreds of souls would have been launched wholesale into eternity with their firesides as their sepulchres. On the sea floated iron islands, teeming with armies. These aquatic fortresses, rushing into the vortex of battle, might at any moment have proved the churchyards of their vast populations. In the air soared balloon-batteries, which hurled from the clouds deluges of infernal recipes upon the armies below, and in the earth there burrowed armies of military miners, who schemed subterranean strategies. The mortiferous perfection of the artillery was such that mountain chains proved the only good batteries. Ten minutes' firing with a single battery could have swept the army of Xerxes off the face of the earth, and riddled the battle-field more fearfully than an earthquake. An enemy in London could have besieged Paris. France and England could

have gone to war without a single Frenchman or Englishman crossing the Channel.”

“Verily,” interpolated one of the Venusians, “the devil and his angels had then armed the world with the artillery of hell, and trained men to be fellow-murderers! Nay, they had taught men to be the exporters of each other’s souls to the regions of hell and death. In the furnace of war all good principles were consumed. How justly might a higher hand, seeing sin so triumphant, have vented judgment upon your erring world by a deluge of blood at this awful stage you now depict, by merely letting loose the dogs of war!”

Being asked to measure the political greatness of murder-trading nations a millennium ago, I answered:—“If we analyze the best of those bad federations—Britain under Victoria, Gladstone, and Disraeli—we find the filthy ingredients of seditions, agrarian outrage, discontent, party spirit, and repeated commercial and political eruptions from its volcanic society. Its population consisted of nearly forty millions of beggars, servants, jobbers, and drivellers, who lived on the territory belonging to thirty thousand landowners. The country abounded

with asylums, hospitals, shops for drinking poison, brothels, barracks for the murdering profession, and ramparts and forts the altars of Moloch. Religion itself was rendered an encumbrance. The State and the established churches were Siamese twins, tied abnormally, though prejudice long viewed the connexion as sacred. The nation was over-churched but under-ministered. The national religion possessed more sinecures than cures. But that it was supported by State endowment bladders it would have sunk. The statesmen of the day did not know their political algebra sufficiently to reduce to equations the rights of the several sects and of each citizen. Of this church the King was the Pope. But even those other bodies who had thrown off Erastianism had not thrown off their pride and self-conceit. One named the Free Church, though its existence only occupied the one two-thousandth part of human history, and which, while it lasted, only embraced the one two-thousandth part of contemporary humanity, still proudly raised its head; and when a commendable attempt was made to render it favourable to a scheme of Christian unity, there was mutiny, because some could not suffer its

insignificant individuality to be infringed. Rusty and cranky was the legislative machinery. A few hundreds of men selected by, or who selected themselves from, the nation, met in a hall, about one-half of whom ranged themselves on one side of a table, and the rest on the other side. The proceedings were a union of the garrulous and the histrionic. One man would jump up, unsheath his tongue and brandish his rhetoric, and with the accompaniment of gestures on his own part and occasional cheers on the part of his friends, roll out, perhaps for three hours, volumes of sentences at the rate of eighty words per minute. While each leading speaker's prattle and person were thus put out on parade, and while the bugbears of indurated prejudice were stalked about, the small modicum of modest commonsense present was often forced to skulk into corners. As a variation to the garrulity, a question was asked, when those who sat upon one side of the aforesaid table followed a man called the Premier into one room, while those on the other side followed another man who thinks he should be Premier into another room. The relative strength of the two forces was then taken, and

the leader who bags the more votes keeps or acquires office.

“Money hunting was universal. Many possessed fortunes who possessed not common-sense. Many who but for the feudal system would have been ciphers on the page of existence, were the lords of mighty manors. Honours were made genealogical, and were, therefore, often divorced from worth. Gold so benumbed charity, that a fall in the price of stocks at home caused more sensation than the news of a battle abroad—a battle, mayhap, whereby tens of thousands were prostrated in hospitals, groaning with pains and smelling with sores, and whereby hundreds of thousands were weeping for massacred friends, mourning over homesteads and property in ruins, and for prospects perhaps blasted for ever. Alas! what a want of charity in those who studied more eagerly the price of gold than the price of battle!

“The country’s moral temperature was still sunk beneath the freezing-point of depravity. While millions rushed to behold the galloping of a few horses, only the mete few could be found to turn out to hear the wisdom of the wise. Such was the texture of the crowds col-

lected on a racecourse, that had they been annihilated by some supernatural agency, the calamity would have only helped to weed myriads of villains from a villainy-crowded world. The country, moreover, possessed more distilleries than colleges, more breweries than universities, more dram-shops than schools, and more men who traded in a vocation which poisoned soul and body than teachers to instil intelligence.

“Prussia under William and Bismarck presents a still sadder picture. It was a huge kennel, which enclosed the best pack of war-hounds on the face of the earth. It was not a nation, but a camp. Its citizens were soldiers; its rivers were battlements; its mountains, bulwarks; its plateaus, drilling-grounds; and its frontiers, a string of sentinel outworks. Its traders were commissariats; its cities, strongholds; and its colonies, military outposts. The staple trade was war. Peace to its citizens was only a breathing time to strengthen their armaments and prepare for new campaigns. Under its polity, treaties were only armistices, and Parliaments councils of war. Politics were mere intrigues to wage or close wars, to levy taxes, raise armies, extort indemnities, change map



boundaries, patch or despatch protocols, and mend or end treaties. Never did its leaders seem at peace until they were at war. They with glacial indifference spent millions upon millions of pounds in order to bring sorrow upon millions of people. Prussia grew great by undermining the greatness of its neighbouring nations. It waxed mighty by gluttonous feeding upon the carrion of the nations it massacred. However, between its apogee to greatness and its perigee therefrom, only rolled a narrow tide. Built in the middle of the century with the sword, it a generation later fell before the same instrument. The conquerors were then the conquered, and the subdued the subduers.

“To picture FRANCE one would require to introduce kaleidoscopic effects. It oscillated from despotism to democracy, and from democracy to despotism. By turns it was king-ridden, priest-ridden, and mob-ridden. It was now tyranny-tied, and anon careering in the intoxication of freedom. Now the genius of the nation ruled, anon a ruler overruled the nation. Now one hand held the rudder of state, anon thirty millions. To-day its people

were citizens, to-morrow political serfs. To-day they stood on a lofty vertex of prosperity, to-morrow they were eddying in the vortex of revolution. To-day they were deciding things by ballot, to-morrow by bullet. In the course of a century they alternately entombed and exhumed liberty about a dozen times.

“The nation’s strength was sapped by those parasitical vegetations, convents and monasteries. In mansions which should have been appropriated for factories or charitable institutions were entombed hundreds of thousands of eating and living corpses. Evading heaven’s decree of living by the sweat of their brow, they forsook the world’s toil while they continued to demand their share of the world’s comforts, enjoyed life’s sweets without life’s sweats, and received more than the citizen’s liberties without incurring the citizen’s liabilities.

“Those rotten monastic planks in the state vessel necessarily caused leakages and dire consequences. In the cloisters, the energies which should have swelled the population, tilled the soil, drained marshes, reclaimed lands, cultivated the sciences, and excavated hidden truths, were perverted towards the

forcing of prejudices, the stunting of intelligence, and the growth of superstition.

“When the foremost nations of the foremost continent in the world were so immersed in corruptions, what language can photograph the debasement and degeneracy of the others? Each federation was consolidated only by the chafing chains of selfishness; each stood as islands amid a surrounding ocean of enemies. Like Holland, each had its mighty armament-dykes to resist the threatening waves of invasion; but all in vain, for each in turn was destined to be overrun by the tide of war.

“Even Britons would rather have seen the wide interests of the great republic of humanity ruined than their country’s flag dishonoured. Their patriotism transcended their philanthropy. Perhaps a monarchy never existed but would rather have beheld thousands of its sons butchered than its potentate insulted. Surely he would have been a true patriot who could have said,—‘I will rejoice in the overthrow of my native country, if thereby the great family of mankind be benefited!’

“Myopic Europe, you were then a house divided against itself. Your centuries of

wind-sowing were even then on the eve of producing a whirlwind harvest. Founding your proud nationalities on sand and within the tide-mark of vengeance, you saw not the approaching waves by which you were fated to be overwhelmed. Sleeping in the chambers of arrogant ignorance, or, if awake, only fighting among yourselves, you thought Europe was the universe. Your eyes were only opened when they beheld your institutions submerged by the billows of retribution. You knew not that in heaven's sight your wars and your statecraft had long been an abomination, and that God, to purify the world, had for centuries been mustering in China and Japan those apostles of his vengeance who were destined to overthrow the proud nations of the earth. The proud military organizations of those countries in which war had had its residence for thousands of years were straws before the vengeance storm. What, forsooth, was Europe when it had Asia for its opponent—Asia, with more than one-third of the human race as its inhabitants? Petersburg, Berlin, Vienna, Copenhagen, Rome, Paris, and London, with all their proud armies, fell before the conquerors

like the forces of Assyria before the angel of the Lord.

“In vain, then, were the vaunted martial glories of the Continent. The proud banners overflowing with the insignia of victory were crushed in the dust; the flags that had fluttered defiance for ages were torn for ever; the columns, statues, and temples dedicated to Victory were demolished, never to be rebuilt. Over the whole Eastern hemisphere now floated the flags of China and Japan. Thus, the races which were erewhile Europe’s derision, were the races which, in the hands of Providence, cast derision upon Europe.

“Christendom, in that awful day, thanked God there was an America; that there was an Atlantic Ocean which, like a mighty barrier, said, ‘Thus far, and no further;’ and, above all, that Heaven did not intend the mighty conquest for the degeneration, but the regeneration of the world.

“Time-hardened prejudices were then pounded by the pestle of fate. The corruptions of kingcraft were exploded. New and nobler stratas of ideas cropped up in the geology of history. The races of the earth were so commingled,

that the rankling rancours between peoples were swept away for ever. Jew and gentile, bond and free, Teuton and Latin, black and white, merged into one great brotherhood. The unity of humanity was, for the first time, practically consummated."

Further on I took this bird's-eye view of the nineteenth century:—"The human race then consisted of one thousand millions of bondmen, governed by a few thousand taskmasters. The nations of the earth were but slavery clubs. The great majority of the parishioners of the globe lived in the arctic zones of indigence and ignorance. The affluence and influence of the uppermost ten thousand were purchased at the expense of the poverty of the lowermost millions. Our world's social, like its astronomical orbit, lay between Mars and Venus. War's evils buffeted it on the one hand, and sensual follies on the other. Society was an ocean of ignorance, with only a few islands of intelligence. Ignorance brooded more ominously over the earth than darkness on the eve of the creation. Bible light had yet only in tiny rays irradiated specks of the planet.

"Take a plebiscite of the relative strength

of true and false religions. How many were genuine Christians out of a constituency of a thousand millions? So few, that if we discount from the census of Christian lands the chaff and tares, there remained but a few millions. Mohammed himself, on the other hand, polled 200 millions; Confucius mustered 147 millions. But now behold the force of stone and wood shaped by the chisel of superstition. Why idols—those allotropic forms of the Proteus Satan—won the poll, by claiming more than one-half of the suffrages of mankind!

“In short,” I concluded, “the earth was a theatre of war and nations were war-mongery institutions. Socially, man’s heart was the field into which were transplanted the noxious vegetations of hell; and religiously, the devil, metamorphozed into an image, a Koran, a Dagon, Gold, or Wine, was almost universally worshipped.”

My information drew a shower of tears from the Venusians, who at length, through one of their number, thus expressed their sentiments:—

“Oh, nineteenth century! you were as fit to crucify Christ as the first, and your brutish

Britons, pragmatic Prussians, and fractious French, with all their *quasi*-glories, were as fit to be his executioners as the Jews and Romans. Oh, Christendom! you were then but a mouthful in the impious maws of mock religions patented in hell. The devil could muster one hundred men for your one. You lived in a planetar Sodom, which deserved a Sodom's doom; yet you vaunted in your supposed strength. Ignorance, alas! is prone to swagger on the stilts of vainglory, while true greatness is content with the paths of humility. Man, alas! instead of blustering and flustering amid the fumes of self-applause, ought to have humbly remembered that he was but a lodger in a pigmy earth tenement in God's boundless celestial estates. Britons boasted that the sun never set over their dominions. Oh, ye fools! the King of Kings has millions of billions of suns, to which ours is but a rushlight, shining upon domains among which our planets are but granules.

“How mournful it is to view from the bartizan of the present the sad panorama of past history, the incessant repetition of deadly combats among the sons of men! the stream



of time filled with torpedoes, and society ever inundated with ultra-statistical misery, through the bloodthirstiness of the vampires of humanity!

“ Oh, King-stricken centuries! you saw history groan under the mania and delirium of almost unceasing wars. You beheld the commonwealth of mankind macerated in a pool of troubles. While an indolent and insolent aristocracy basked under the sunshine of luxury in drawing-rooms, clubs, gambling-houses, and theatres, the world was burdened by the possession of 800,000,000 souls equally incult and occult. This vast area of humanity, which with proper attention might have been an Eden of intellect, was a blasted wilderness, wherein only grew the weeds of villainy. Shame to Christendom, that even when double the age of Methusaleh, it made no supreme efforts to burst the bonds of barbarism which enthralled so much noble material!

“ Would there had been the courageous heart to have then said, ‘Arise, Christendom, and reform the world! Up ye thousands, who are followers of the cross, and raise your 800,000,000 of brethren grovelling in those labyrinths of ignorance

whereof the devil is the dragon, and knowledge the only clue! Let the leaven of Christianity leaven the lump. With this view, on with your Europeo-Asiatic railways. Let the iron horse ride its all-conquering course through the deserts of Siberia, into the very heart of Tartary and China. Animate with the genius of knowledge and the spirit of commerce what have been stagnations from the deluge. Do this, that the savages of Tartary and the heathens of China may fall into the ranks of Christianity. Push on, too, your labours into the heart of Africa. Send not isolated travellers, but drive on locomotives, with thousands of the apostles of art, and trains laden with machinery, to plant on its desolate bosom. Do this, that Hottentots and Caffirs may crouch beneath the sovereignty of Christian intelligence. Let the invasions of philanthropy be prosecuted into the haunts of barbarism. There let the assaults of religious science batter down the strongholds of ignorance. Onwards let the glorious cause spread, until all the fungoid vegetations of error be eradicated from God's earth!"

This day's sad reminiscences being ended, I was allowed to have my requisite repose, after

which I was again met by the great array of the second world. In this third sederunt, the social habits and political principles of the two worlds were discussed. On the part of the Venusians, Veritas stated that their planet having no sins, had no laws. The cords of love were their only restraints. "Our duties are so few and simple," said he, "that they could be written on our finger-nails."

Black, black, indeed, was the picture I had to paint, and that it may be seen my language pigments, however unskilfully bedaubed, were not too dismal, I will now append portions of my descriptions. Being asked to make a survey of King idolatry in times past, I said:—

"Royalty was the candle around which the moths of fashion winged their flight. It was the great focus of puerile punctilios, and the forge of empty fashion and emptier titles. Like maggots in rottenness, it could only flourish in the sanious region of rank rank. Drawing-rooms, *fêtes*, triumphal arches, state carriages, the muster of war's deathsmen with their assassination tools, velvet cloth, bands of music, gun-powder explosions, the incense of flattery, levees and levities, comprised the ritual of

king worship. Guns, with their iron throats and fiery breath, thundered, while plaudits louder still arose from fleshy throats. The life of a king was a prolonged festivity, commenced with salvos of artillery, accompanied throughout by showers of sycophancy, the sounds of drum, trumpet, and cannon, and ending in the tolling of bells, and the pealing of organs. The mighty Jugger-naut of royalty thus rolled on, entailing unceasing obsequiousness. The very infirmities of the autocrat were aped, and his vices sugared with the name of virtues. Intoxicated with subtle flattery narcotics, royalty naturally staggered into the ditches of supercilious assumption. In speaking of it, reason might be treason. The caprice of one man formed the law which ruled millions. Worldling though I am, I must say that had any of our century lived in those days his soul would have bled to behold kings made golden calves, and their subjects their worshippers. What slavish abasement to fall down at the altar of pomp, flourish the censors of adulation, and do that to a man of which the King of Kings is alone worthy !

“ Happily, at the close of the eighteenth century, in Britain, and, a few generations later on

the Continent, all that was left of royalty was the liturgy of royal ceremonials. Only the dregs of the cup of former grievances now remained, in the incongruity of kings receiving about a million of pounds yearly for signing those Acts which the Houses of Parliament received nothing for framing.

“ This kingolatry merged into blasphemy. Where, for instance, do we find the most shameful and shameless of all dedications which ever disgraced literature? Why, we find it applied to a contemptible king, and annexed to the editions of the Bible as used by Britons from the seventeenth to the nineteenth century. Sneaking beneath the authority or awe of James VI., the translators of the Bible stuff him with the confectionery of flattery, and call him the Defender of the Faith. A fool by fate, a king only by accident, he is nevertheless styled ‘ Most High and Mighty Prince, most Dread Sovereign, and most Sacred Majesty.’ A tyrannical whelp, he is lauded as if, like another Herod, he was a god and not a man. He is compared to the sun in its strength, and his attributes are said to be singular and extraordinary graces. Last of all, the

authors, in a rhapsody of blasphemous bombast, pray that he may become the wonder of the world. What can we call such an execrable monstrosity of sycophancy but a nook in the sacred volume, into which Satan had insinuated himself—a leaf from hell in the volume from heaven—an emetic to the indignation of honest men?

“ But royalty had its Nemesis. It was surrounded by myriads of troubles which humility and mediocrity escaped. The tinsel of its grandeur was only the bait of temptation; the glitter of its power was only the veil of its evils. Despite its sceptre, it was hopelessly enthralled. Love was sacrificed on the altar of political expediency. Intermarriages were the result whose end was to instil into the progeny the curses of imbecility. No marvel royalty was a soil for atrocity, and that for one Alfred there should be a dozen Henry the Eighths, and for one Victoria a hundred Cleopatras. In royal blood prejudice would fain believe there was a virtue, though circumstances so oft betrayed its human impurity.”

The Venusians were much astonished and deeply affected by my details. So much, indeed,

that one of them thus satirized kingolatry :—  
“I perceive that monarchy, if unlimited, was a tyranny, and if limited, nothing remained but the name and the expense. Oh, ye who raved about the divine right of kings, knew ye not that God formed his beloved people into a democracy, led them through the wilderness a democracy, and that a democracy they would have remained but for their perverseness? In their infatuation they cried for a king when Heaven desired them to remain a republic. Through Samuel, the divine protest was entered against the institution of monarchical government. ‘I will give them a king in my anger,’ was Jehovah’s menacing condition. I weep to say that even Christ, when He took the form of man, eschewed the garniture of pomp, and assumed the garb of lowliness. A stable was his birthplace, a cross his death-bed; amid persecution he was nursed, amid gibes and dishonour he died. His disciples were chosen from those who were spurned as the rabble. His associates were Lazaruses. His crown was of thorns. His coronation was a crucifixion. His ways were a denunciation of sham, fashion, and luxury. His work lay in the haunts of

darkness, because light there was most needed. His life taught the humility of sublimity, and the sublimity of humility. He showed that the paths of heavenly dignity lay through the valleys of humbleness. Oh, man! how could you suffer to behold the son of the King of Kings, treading his own world in the very thickest of its sorrows, despised and rejected, living poor and dying a martyr, while you honoured and glorified the proud and arrogant sons of impious men, worshipped them as heroes for doing nothing, and titled them as royal because they were sons of their father? In the humbleness of Christ's reign on earth, what an anathema on the circumstance of royalty, and what volumes of encouragement for man to tread the footsteps of the blessed Lord, far from the blaze of grandeur, in the paths of God's own engineering—those of humility.

“By what mortals has the devil had more credit than some of the specimens of royalty? Though many of them had served an apprenticeship in hell, their deeds could not have been more devilish. But kings' hearts were ever favourite lairs of Satan. While the verdant valleys of humility reared the genial vegetation



of virtue, the icy peaks of pride were the sites of tempestuous barrenness."

The mutability of things earthly I next portrayed.

"Man's only constancy was his inconstancy. Unchanging was his continuity of changes. His mind was a kaleidoscope. Forms of government, kingdoms, and realms were mushrooms in the fields of Time. Laws were quicksands, continually shifting with the changeable currents of public opinion. Abrupt, stormy, and spasmodic were the fluctuations of political thought. In the firmament of human affairs there was no pole-star of immutability. In the ocean of man's annals there was no calm.

"As soon as great principles were born, there was a slaughter of the innocents by the Herods of history. Legitimate fame was butchered, and bastard fame usurped its place. Cains elbowed Abels out of their merit-cut niches. Alexanders thrust aside Aristotles, Wellingtons Wilberforces, and Napoleons Newtons. Popularity was a fleeting borealis. There was but a day between the strewing of palms and the crucifixion, and between the shouts of

‘Hosannah’ and the howls of ‘Crucify him.’

“Rome,” I said, “on the summits of glory was Rome on the scaffold of its destruction. Greece at the meridian of its fame was Greece on the eve of its fate. Carthage, with the world crouching at its feet, and with Rome in its prime of historical manhood within its grasp, was Carthage on the point of its doom. The empire of Alexander had just reached the solstice of its grandeur when it was shivered into atoms. The extensive realms of Charlemagne had just received their cope-stone when the grand territorial edifice was sundered into its elements. Napoleon when at the climax of his power was just about being hurled into the bathos of his downfall. The citadels of earthly glory are only raised to be the mock of *heaven* and the play of destiny. Grandeur’s vertex always overlooks destruction’s vortex.

“All nations, even in their brightest days, had an unstable equilibrium. The palladium of society, Christian equality, was not to be found in the pharmacy of the past, and if it had been it would have been stolen by some crafty Ulysses. The agrarian law was a noble con-

ception, and strove to win that Hesperidian apple, political equality, but the dragons of ignorance and bigotry prevented this consummation. Society, shattered by discord, pickled in prejudice, and sundered into castes and clans, could not have these constitutional ills healed by the mere external form of government. That thousands should starve in the midst of plenty, and myriads wallow in the filth of luxury while encompassed by the haunts of hunger, was surely symptomatic of sad political diseases.

“By the remedies adopted in modern times, the rich were relieved of their burdens and the poor of their wants. The fickle, flickering, lurching, social seesaw of poverty and luxury was swept from the earth’s face, and the prayer of Agur answered to all mankind.”

Titledom I sketch thus:—“Titles were hereditary property. They were not merit-won, but lineage-acquired. Royal caprice was honour’s mint. For this reason fools oft wore coronets, ignoble men oft went by the name of noble lords, and ungracious potentates by the title of most gracious majesties. Kings unexceptionably boasted of possessing their

power by the grace of God, when it was generally through the disgrace of nations.

“Priestcraft was immersed in the same fungoid vanities. Irreverent men were frequently dubbed reverends, and scoundrels holinesses. Under the shadow of these and similar titles, stolen from the repositories of pride, they oft tried to be the dictators of the laity. Mongrels between statesmen and tithe-mongers, they were now wielding their sceptres over bishoprics and anon plotting in the forefront of rebellious revolutions or party strife. They rushed into the crime-paved paths of political intrigue as if senates had been their dioceses, cabals their religion, and statute-books their Bibles.

“After the broom of commonsense had swept away from the world’s floor the idle sham of aristocratic pride, the vanities of blasphemous titles, and the other pollutions and wrongs of those times perpetrated under the rule of those who used the pretext of divine right for their infamies, society erewhile breathing stertorously, breathed freely.”

To the inextricable perplexities and complexities of law in past times, I thus refer:—

“Laws so multiplied that they became labyrinths, for which even their Ariadnes, the lawyers, possessed no cue. Law, with its heavy armour, was so slow in its movements, that fleet-footed guilt oft escaped its vigilance. Yet legislators were slow to see that the more decrees there were, justice was the more diluted, and that wise legislation lay not in heaping an Ossa of new upon a Pelion of old enactments, but in condensing the subtle essence of equity.

“Of modern jurisprudence I can tell a better tale, for its majesty lies in the fact that we have not hewn out for ourselves broken cisterns, as did past nations. They adapted man’s laws to man, but we God’s laws to man. The King of Books, containing the epitome of all justice, could the statutes extraneous to it be otherwise than rotten? The Bible being the charter containing the conditions upon which our Creator has granted us a leasehold of this earth, how base was man’s presumption to ignore God’s proprietary rights, by taking the law into his own hands!”

Being asked to make an appraisement of the vanities of man in the nineteenth century, I

said:—"Than fashion, not a despotism was more tyrannical. It was an institution to license sham and humbug. By its customs, the irreverent, if rich, were revered, and the dishonourable, if wealthy, honoured, while honesty clad in poverty was spurned and ignored. Gentility and gentlemanliness, which by the geometry of commonsense should have been parallel, took widely divergent angles. Its baneful reign reached an overweening culmination in this century. Fashion's pedantry was then the polite learning of civilized society. The critical acumen of millions lay in millinery and man millinery. By their creed, poetry lay in embroidery, genius in the cuts of dresses, sublimity in shapes, nobleness in novelties, and dignity in dandyism. Men, and especially women, were walking wardrobes, and were valued according to their budget of trollopes, gew-gaws, and gimcracks, of which their bodies were the show-boards. The anatomy of dress was almost as intricate as human anatomy. Fashion made the Proteus its ideal for shapes and the chameleon for colour; what was the rage to-day was antiquated to-morrow. The

peacocks of fashion moulted their gaudy garbs every few hours. In the course of a short day there were the different plumages of morning dress, walking dress, visiting dress, full dress, and evening dress. In the shapes of these various liveries there were now hypertrophies, anon atrophies. Often the head would be buried, while the bosom and back were bared for the inspection of the curious, and generally, while the hands were carefully hidden in leather, the arms were ranging freely in a condition of nudity. The imperious rule of fashion was an unceasing reign of novelties, of which the last was alone orthodox.

“Levees, drawing-rooms, and balls were little more than the exhibition of dress and jewellery on human pegs. Nay, with brass which could snub sanctity itself, fashion sacrilegiously made the very church a shrine for its follies. There gems glittered, silks rustled, head-dresses reared their proud structures, and there was breathed all the perfumed but poisonous effluvia of vanity. While religion spoke from the pulpits, pride preached from the pews.

“The fools of fashion oft bore more on their backs than would have filled the bellies of

their poorer brethren for years. While the victims to dandymania had each as many dresses as might equip a small army, those in the antipodes of society were in rags. Verily, the fop of fashion was more deserving of the epithet the 'ninth part of a man,' than the tailor to whom he gave needless work.

“Fashion’s pedantry entailed a daily penance of hours at the toilette on those puppets who strove to keep apace with its hurried and inconstant march. Theirs was Narcissus’ fate, with this difference, that while he pined through viewing his own beauty, they languished because their attempts to procure it were vain. By their suicidal system, their symmetry was distorted, their pockets emptied, and their lives shortened. Every effort was made to render the human face inhuman, and to rob the form of man of its manliness. Women especially were the martyrs of folly. Their feet were imprisoned in leathern jails, their waists were bridled, their chests incarcerated, their necks enchained, their wrists handcuffed, their fingers manacled, and their ears pierced, and made the pegs for hanging pieces of stone and metal. On their heads was reared such a



rigging of straw, silk, horse-hair, human hair, grease, metals, beads, and feathers, as made the world perceive the wearers were more ambitious to adorn the outside than the inside of their skulls. Outraged nature, as a reprisal, took the roses from their cheeks, and transplanted them to the tip of the nose. By consulting antiquarian albums, we find the females of those times a pinched, pallid, delicate, and dyspeptic generation. Their raw-boned, gaunt, lank figures, their jaundiced complexions, their rotten, or more oft, their false teeth, their scrofulous eruptions, their hysterical weaknesses, formed the indemnities of their vanities. What a contrast to the Eves of our time, when Nature is the only cosmetic, and Virtue the only enamel; and when all are blessed with health, and therefore beauty!

“Those perversions of the body sealed their mark on the soul. The base bias of fashion drifted its *protégées* from the highways of truth into the bye-ways of scandal. External finery was too frequently the symbol of internal disfigurement. The tongues of the dames of fashion were oft as false as their teeth. What was within their skull was oft as bloated with

trifles as that without, and their souls as much fraught with deformities as their bodies.

“Only in the rank soil of ignorance could those Upas-vanities have flourished. Philosophy’s teachings are disinfectants to the poisonous infection of pride. What were the silks of those proud dress-mongers but the excrements of insects? The original owners of their wigs were, mayhap, the prey of worms. Their pearls were the diseased concretions of a mollusc, and their diamonds only pieces of carbon, destined when man made them artificially, to become more plentiful than pebbles. Oh, that those proud coxcombs had learned that a bushel of ashes on a road was more useful than a thousand jewels in a casket! Thanks to the Luthers and Calvins who conducted the crusades against those corruptions, they emancipated humanity from the very snares by which the angels themselves fell.”

While upon the text of the fair sex, I referred to their unfair usage by the other sex:—

“Females were consigned to the limbo of political duress. They had no electoral, and few legal rights. While in the eye of punctilio they were entitled to be pampered with a whole

missal of gallantries, in the eye of law they were dullards and dotards, unfit to look after themselves. In the eye of etiquette, they were angels, of a purer mould than ordinary humanity, and therefore deserving of obsequious attentions. In point of law, they were semi-serfs or squaws. They were, therefore, chased from the area of political privilege, and from high intellectual spheres, and encouraged to prostitute their talents in cultivating coquetry or prudery. Midnight viewed them full-fledged with all the trappings of affectation, while noon saw them shorn of their adornments and airs, and lying half-sick and jaded on sofas or in bed. Thus man enticed women to trade in fopperies, fripperies, and flirtation, to barter among each other ruthless and truthless scandals, to fare on the carcasses of murdered reputations, and to pursue all the paths of indolence, while he denied them the full prerogatives of citizenship. This ultra on the part of man produced another ultra, in raising a class of unwomanly women, who wrongly raved about their rights. To such wild bounds did they fly, that they launched sorties of their forces into the masculine professions. For a time there was social

disorder. Woman, instead of being a rib of man, attempted to make man *her* rib."

Further on I trod this path of argument:—

"Let us now enter the churchyards of those times, and we shall find they were but grass-plots, with corpses crowded below, and fulsome flatteries and lies placarded above. The tombstone oft pointed to heaven as the rest of those who had their quarters in the manor of the devil. Scoundrels received saintly epitaphs, and dead rogues were applauded as heavenly seraphs. Pedantry—the dandyism of erudition—one of the hues assumed by the chameleon vanity, was here prominent. The mother tongue was esteemed vulgar as the vocabulary of epitaphs, and the obsolete language of heathens was therefore introduced. Yet, unwittingly, this was a blessing, as it saved all but linguists from reading disgusting adulation and nauseous hyperboles. Wisdom itself shrewdly treated their meaning, like Hebrew letters, by reading them the contrary way."

At this point I was asked to explain what was exactly meant by churchyards. In reply, I said that "formerly men had so little sense of what was sanitary or salutary, that they

preferred corpses to moulder, rot, and stink in holes dug for them in certain plots of ground called by this name, than to subject them to the speedy, wholesome, and less repulsive system of cremation. In such places lay ship-loads of human carrion in a condition of slow decomposition. Even congregations worshipped in chapels which were charnel-houses, containing more bones of the dead than souls of the living."

The Secundines were greatly disgusted to hear that the tabernacles of men should have been consigned to filthy worms and putrifying rottenness instead of purifying fire. They were still more horrified when, at their wish, I explained the ghostly and ghastly funebrial customs of those times.

"After a person died," I said, "his remains were wrapped in fine linen. He was then carefully packed into a magnificent and fantastically shaped box, loaded with ornamentation. Thereafter, at a specified hour, a number of people, in black liveries, met, and in their presence the corpse casket was brought out and covered with velvet, laid on poles, and then carried to a piece of ground filled with the carcasses of human beings. Here in a hole

the remains were placed, when two men buried them up by the deft use of shovels. The mourners then retired, and the ceremony was at an end.

“These vanities were carried to a still greater pitch of farcicality by the rich. With them obsequious obsequies took place which smelt more of the vagaries of the dancing-master than of the gravity of the mourner. No sooner had the soul departed, than the body was made the butt of buffooneries. It was embalmed, dressed up as an effigy, and made to ape life. It was carefully exposed in the midst of a great flare of candles, daylight, as in the theatre, being refused admittance. The corpse was now ready for public exhibition, which was called lying in state. Thus finery flirted with death, and vanity coquetted with carrion. After pride had been glutted with this public parade of dead matter, the neatly toiletted corpse was sealed up in three or four magnificent nested boxes. These were in due time taken out and placed in the front of a great imposing procession, marshalled for the purpose. Then, amid the sounds of music, bells, musketry, and cannon, on moved the multitudes to the place

of sepulture. Bands played, honeyed orations were recited, the organs pealed out the most heart-thrilling chords, while choirs poured in their tributaries to the rivers of melody and harmony. Pride, which had so loftily carried out all these glittering, gaudy, sepulchral conceits, crowned its coxcombry by a lavish outlay on monuments."

This brought me to speak of another section of the world's vanities. "A mania for monuments," said I, "existed in the nineteenth century. Shakspeare, Milton, and a myriad of others, who travelled through the dusty paths of life as Lazaruses, had more erected to their memory than the purse of Cræsus could have afforded. Memorials were ubiquitous. The churchyards could not contain them, and they overflowed into the streets. Public haunts were oft more populous in statues than men; chapels possessed more monuments than members; libraries more busts than readers; and public parks oft contained a more prolific crop of memorial trophies than trees."

These facts awakened much sorrow in the hearts of Venusians, one of whom rose, and vented the following reflections:—"Such an

excess of vain trumpery, such a prostitution of art, and such a stigma upon mankind, were these follies! They were assuredly the excretions of emasculate ages. Nations, in the noon of their greatness, could not tolerate such toys. Not till their decade did they fall victims to such frivolities. To the eye of sense, statues, pillars, and columns were the idols of pride and the emanations of vanity. They were not a tribute to the dead, but a reproach to the living. It was a testimony that true men were wanting when Britain at last stooped to such puerile levity as to make men out of marble, brass, stone, and stucco.

“ Oh that man had then thrown away his hankerings after such inanities, and addressed himself to heal the wounds of bleeding society! Instead of raising stone and brass dolls in public haunts, his duty demanded that he should have been raising men of flesh and blood from the depths of error and ignorance to the platform of knowledge. But British nabobs, while they launched out willingly their thousands to make a stone effigy, oft grudged a penny to feed a living, heaven-made man. The money Britain wasted on the carving of such idols might surely



have knit all the nations of the earth by the loving ties of railways and telegraphs. The stones cut for spectacle might have built homes for the homeless, the brass and iron might have been beaten into machinery. Had this been done, what a monument it would have been! The whole world would have reaped the benefit, the whole range of posterity would have inherited the fruits."

In the last day of our council I was principally engaged in describing the philosophic hallucinations which affected the world at the beginning of the twentieth century. Germany I showed to be specially warped by such corruptions. Thus I narrated its transit through the era of scientific infatuation:—

"The nation, after marching through a vista of glories, eventually became a prey to the phrensy, of certain Don Quixotes of science. The old oligarchical and political distinctions were sponged out of the public records, and only scientific sects now reigned. In elections and in councils liberalism and conservatism were no longer debated, but the merits of phrenologism, physiognomism, and other cognate isms. In process of time the weaker denominations suc-

cumbed, and the nation became divided into the two great parties, the phrenologists and the physiognomists. Long and keen was the battle between the two sides. Senator Nozzle, a man with a nose which seemed a compromise between that of a man and the trunk of an elephant, led the physiognomists. Seconded by other giant-snouted individuals, he framed a creed, by which it was asserted that the figure of the man represented the cast of his mind, and that the nose was Nature's gauge by which genius and talent could be accurately estimated. With this preamble the declaration of physiognomic faith went on to show that the nose should be taken as the index of the ability of man for filling all public situations, that the large-nosed should, therefore, be elevated to all important offices, and the possessors of snub noses lowered to their proper sphere as the residuum of the human family.

“Dr. Cephalic, who possessed a head which towered like a miniature world on the atlas of his shoulders, and with bumps upon his cranium which had long stood out as wonders in the phrenological world, was the leader of the opposition party, and eloquently disclaimed

against the hollow mucus-tenanted nose being accepted as Nature's metre for the worth of mind, and showed by millions of examples, from the time of Adam to himself, that the brain-tenanted skull was alike the casket and the dial of the mind. Along with several big-headed associates, he therefore issued a manifesto indicating and vindicating the true principles of phrenologism. This enunciation focussed such force of reason and argument, that in the first great general election under the scientific *régime*, Dr. Cephalic's followers were returned by large majorities in more than three-fourths of the constituencies. The learned Doctor was accordingly appointed the President of the nation, and empowered to conduct the affairs of State according to phrenological principles. According to his friends, his rule instituted a great and noble reformation; according to his opponents, it created a ruthless revolution. Phrenologico-metres were supplied to all the various towns, and a census taken of the cranial capacities of all the people in the nation. A graduated scale was then framed, by which the best skulled men were placed into the best situations, while those who held offices formerly

were ousted from their positions without compunction or compensation, provided their heads were not large enough. All common financiers and accountants, for instance, were ordered by law to have their statistical bumps as large as 3, the higher financiers to have theirs as high as 6, while the Chancellorship of the Exchequer was awarded to the man that could display the best bump of arithmetic, provided his cranium possessed the other essential requirements. In this way, the larger the head the greater was the promotion. Those with large bumps of amativeness, no matter what was their character, were made the governors of hospitals and the managers of philanthropic institutions. Those with good bumps of music were appointed the leaders of the musical world, even though they knew not a quaver from a crotchet, or harmony from discord. On the other hand, those, however honest and upright, who had large bumps of destructiveness, were placed under Government surveillance, and their supposed evil qualities publicly advertised, that the lieges might beware of them, seeing that, according to the markings of nature, murder lay latent within their souls, and at any moment might be

developed. These new laws necessarily caused great disturbance in the land. One hundred thousand men were cast out of good berths, to find a subsistence in the pursuit of the most menial occupations, while another one hundred thousand were raised from the gutter to be statesmen, orators, lawgivers, and rulers. Many geniuses were hurled from the pinnacles of fame, and decried as fools; many blockheads were raised from the gutters of stupidity, and extolled as sages. But the groans of the fallen malcontents were hushed by the jubilations of the promoted big-heads. The people were told that the present subversion of affairs would soon redound to the eternal glory of the country. Dr. Cephalic, upon the faith of these hopes, was enabled to rule for some time with serenity. Unhappily, phrenological intrigues and corruptions began to creep into the country. These were most delicious tit-bits of satisfaction to the soul of the vanquished senator, Nozzle. His spirits rose as he discovered each new affliction which the phrenologist had heaped upon the unhappy nation; and when at length the registrar's reports showed that infants were dying at the rate of 50,000 yearly from hydrocephalus, induced by a cruel system

which was being pursued to mould and enlarge their heads, he, under the enthusiasm of his patriotism, lifted up his hands and praised heaven. Glorifying that he was able to lament over such egregious brutality on the part of his opponents, he rallied his party, resolved to cut the cataracts from the mind's eye of the nation, and show that the nose was the true dial of the intellect.

“ Having embued the big-noses with courage, he at length attacked the Government. Warmly he impeached its members for having countenanced errors and crimes. The system of cranial moulding he declared to be a heinous sin against human and divine law. Nature, he said, was punishing man daily for his wickedness by slaying those innocents, who in time would have become the bone and sinew of the nation. A few years' continuance, he maintained, of phrenological abuses would suffice to decimate the population and ruin the country. He then charged the Government with other high crimes and misdemeanours. He declared that many had attained to important offices by artificial subcutaneous deposits over the skull ; and he closed by accusing the Chancellor of the

Exchequer himself of this deceit, boldly alleging that his bump of arithmetic was no more genuine than a mound was a hill. The physiognomists backed their leader, and eagerly demanded that the head of the Chancellor of the Exchequer should be examined before a committee of the whole House. Fierce was the debate, because, while Dr. Cephalic opposed the motion, he was not supported by more than the half of his supporters. Dr. Cephalic, determined, however, not to surrender, appealed to the country, but, unfortunately, with the result that many big-pates were blotted out of the parliamentary roll in favour of big-noses. But Dr. Cephalic's heart was as mighty as his head, and he met this reverse by simply making the Chancellor of the Exchequer the scapegoat of the Government. Accordingly, this unfortunate minister was brought to the bar of the House, that his head might be examined. In the first day's trial the head was shaved, and an exact cast taken of it in plaster of Paris, replicas of which were supplied to each M.P., and to the various newspapers and public institutions of the land. Now came the brunt of battle. By dint of microscopes and a host of

other instruments, Senator Nozzle discovered that the complexion and contour of the arithmetic bump were suspicious. He, therefore, boldly reiterated his conviction that the cranium was enlarged artificially, and to set the matter at rest, he demanded that the scalp should be reflected, and the bare bone exposed to public inspection. After a fiery debate, after the wildest protestations, in the midst of which the poor shaved victim asked leave to resign and retire for ever into private life, Dr. Nozzle rose and declared that resignation would not meet the purpose of his party, but the exposure of imposition. The vote was then taken, and by a narrow majority the poor sufferer was ordered to be scalped. Senator Nozzle, accordingly, advanced to him with a huge scalpel, and cut his head from forehead to neck, dissected aside the skin, when, lo! it was found that every bump on his cranium was the result of artificial deposit. The excitement was now intense. The Government was overwhelmed; the opposition members were in ecstasies. The big-heads in the assembly drooped in sorrow; the big-noses triumphantly sniffed the air. But animation boiled over into phrensy when Dr.



Nozzle followed up his great victory by brandishing a knife and insisting that the heads of all the Government ministers should be subjected to a similar operation. The demand threw the phrenologists into fits of horror. Some fell on their knees, some fainted, some roared through fright, and none but Dr. Cephalic kept his presence of mind. Like another Samson, the Doctor was greater in the hour of his fall than in the days of his power. He ascended the tribune, declared his willingness not only to be scalped and flayed, but to be beheaded, for the sake of the glorious cause to which he had devoted his life. 'For this cause,' said he, 'I have lived, and for it I am prepared to die.' His noble speech saved his party from further humiliation, rendered their retreat from office honourable, and allowed the Government to escape with a simple resignation.

"Senator Nozzle was now appointed President, and forthwith formed a Cabinet. The change outside, however, was even greater than that in Parliament. The big-heads were dethroned from all public positions, while the big-noses emerged from cellars, garrets, and hovels, to

assume authority and gain names and fame. Many doffed rags to don robes, chains, and orders; many doffed badges and robes to don tatters; many left palaces for huts, and many left huts for palaces. Society was completely revolutionized. The manners and customs of the people were completely upset. Ugliness seized all the honours and appanages belonging to beauty. Big-heads were no longer in fashion. Large noses, squint eyes, capacious mouths, ill-arranged sets of teeth, were now viewed as the badges of beauty. Unsightliness passed current for comeliness. Many females adorned with mulberry prominences on their faces emerged from their retirements into the vortex of high life, to display those charms which bad taste had formerly scouted as deformities. Dr. Nozzle himself, though he possessed a face as rueful as that of Don Quixote, though he had a nose like Randolph, and though his eyes were as much squinted as if his snout had been a magnet and his eyes loadstones, was extolled as the modern Apollo. The nation's Cabinet, likewise, though it formed an exhibition of human scarecrows, was lauded as a levy of the paragons of beauty.

“Meanwhile, as big noses attained such a high quotation in the exchange of fashion, it was discovered that the nostrils of the population began to swell into the most outrageous sizes, that shops became filled with instruments called nose dilators, and society inundated with a new profession, whose followers were called facial manipulators. The nasal twang itself became so fashionable that to talk otherwise than through the nose was considered a symptom of low breeding.

“These corruptions formed pasturage for the courage of Dr. Cephalic. Each excess of the nosians enabled him to strengthen his party. In a short time he, therefore, rallied his followers and attacked the Government. He declared the nation was rampant with deceptions. He averred that among the party in power there was scarcely one in ten whose nostrils were not artificially hypertrophied. He said that the youths of the land were having their noses blown up like bladders, to enable them to take prominent positions in society, and that, if this state of things went on, the human face would soon have lost its pristine comeliness. He then reminded the

Government that, though by their confession of political faith genius could only be estimated in individuals whose noses were shaped naturally, he knew many instances where artificially enlarged noses had been accepted as passports for high offices. Senator Nozzle in answer proclaimed that subjects had a right to practise nasal expansion in order to beautify and modernize their features, but denied that artificial dilation was admitted by the Government as a proof of enlargement of understanding. Finally, he submitted that the magnificent noses which adorned the faces of the Cabinet were Nature's own inimitable workmanship. Dr. Cephalic then rose and declared that he had doubts regarding the genuineness of the nose of the Home Secretary, seeing that looked at in profile it took the abnormal and singular form of an isosceles triangle of which the face formed the hypotenuse.

“A motion was thereupon carried, by which the Home Secretary's nose was ordered to be examined. A wild scene was the consequence, during which the victim was seized and brought to the bar of the House. What was the astonishment of both sides of the

House, when, on the first inspection, it was discovered that their interior walls were silver! The poor Minister at once blubbered out, 'I will resign and confess all provided I am not punished.' He at the same time took out of his nostrils two nasal crinolines, when, lo! the immense nose which previously darkened his face collapsed like a pierced bladder. The laughter of the opposition was uncontrollable, and the discomfiture of the Government unbounded. Cephalic, to follow up his victory, had the other Cabinet Ministers at once brought up for inspection, when, to the immeasurable delight of the big-heads, one-half of them were discovered to have had adulterated nasal organs.

“ Thus in a few minutes the strongest Government that had ever ruled the nation was brought to scorn, and its tenets exploded for ever. Most of its ministers, who had come that day to Parliament proudly sniffing the air with their huge probosces, were now moving about disconsolately, with their faces as flat as the Egyptian Sphinx—pillories of contempt alike to their own and the opposite party.

“ The big-heads now resumed office, and

maintained their place but a short time, when four of their great leaders died. Their mighty skulls, which, when their owners were alive, had kept the phrenological party together, were destined, in the hands of the anatomists, to ruin it for ever. The first cranium which was examined was found to contain a brain much below the average, because the bones happened to be of immense thickness, while the largeness of the other three was found to depend upon hydrocephalic effusion.

“The causes of physiognomism and phrenologism shortly afterwards died; sturdy and healthy sciences swept them away. Like the whole of the nocturnal legislation of Britain in the nineteenth century, they had been the means of saddling the country with mighty expense, gross corruptions, and absurd anachronisms. Commonsense dawned after the darkness, and its work shone all the more brightly after the gloom which reigned during the continuance of these empirical Governments.”

In summing up the debate and summarizing the observations, Bonitas showed the mellowing influence of time on man's mental state and estate. “Human nature,” said he,

“like the glacier, though cold, torpid, and stiff, was, by the agency of a higher hand, all the while moving down Time’s rugged escarpment towards warmer ages, and ultimately, by the genial temperature of Christianity, the glacial current was destined to thaw and give birth to the rivers of the millennium. On the hoary tops of history’s infancy, inclemencies of temper raged, and the rarefied and frosty atmosphere of ignorance showered desolation, while below extended Time’s summer and autumn.” He then showed that history, like nature, proclaimed the designs of the Almighty. “We view,” he remarked, “in human history something more than an aimless and undesigned, a causeless and casual chain of causation. Man’s deeds only supplied the links of history. God strung them together, and made them subservient to His inscrutable purpose. Behold in the dial of events the finger of heaven. God, who alike makes human affairs and the stars to run in their destined orbits, now makes one day do the work of a thousand years, and anon upsets the labours of centuries in as many hours,—now goes straight to His purpose, and anon achieves His end by a flank movement.

They were tainted with the virus of scepticism, and salivated with sophistries, who could have denied that the course of human annals was unguided by a higher hand. As little could the Israelites have wandered in safety from Goshen to Jordan without God, with His cloud by day and pillar of fire by night, as could the world of the nineteenth century, with its infidelity, indifference, and intolerance, with its church fractured into sects, and its continents mutilated into kingdoms, have merged into the world of the twenty-fifth century, with its universal church and its united people."

Having travelled in thought and speech over the histories of the second and third planets, our great inter-planetary council was closed by musico-religious services, whose Venusian grandeur and fervour shall render them the most lasting of the treasures of my memory.



## CHAPTER VI.

## VENUSIAN MISSIONARIES SENT TO THE WORLD.

HAVING retired to rest, I ruminated sadly over the proceedings, seeing, as I did, more clearly than ever, the comparative insignificance of the advances made by man, and the mighty progress still necessary ere the millennium could have its consummation.

A few days later I received intelligence that my native world had now completed arrangements to have a levy of its inhabitants sent hither. No Penelope ever more longed for a Ulysses than I for my brethren. At length, when asleep one night, I was aroused and summoned to hie immediately to a certain quarter of the planet, for the expected terrestrial strangers were now on their Venuswards journey, and were expected to land at this point. The news ere this was circulated throughout the whole planet, so that when I

reached head-quarters I found I had been preceded by nearly the whole Secundine population. The scene possessed the every ingredient of sublimity. Very similar to the array by which I was met, the numbers were equally great, and the music equally transcendent. As the only Tertian present, I was placed beside Veritas, that I might act as the interpreter of my brethren. Eager to learn the progress of the approaching travellers, I now took a telescope, and espied their balloons thousands of miles overhead, each evidently tenanted by one occupant. My heart leaped with joy when I at length recognized the features of my beloved brother, Stephenson Watt, in the foremost. From that moment till a few minutes later, when I had him in my arms, what a joy-storm swept through my soul! When I at first met Watt at Constantinople, how little I imagined that in our after-life we should be drawn together under so many and singular circumstances; that we should be the first human beings to embrace each other in moonland; that we should meet again in its core as the first to see it perforated; and that now we should face

one another as the first terraneans who had invaded a foreign planet.

In a few minutes more other two aërostats arrived, bearing respectively Schroeter Short and Montaigne Rodkür. As each arrived, they received the most tender welcomes from the Secundines. My brethren were naturally overwhelmed with the super-earthly magnificence which everywhere inundated their senses. The surpassing beauty and symmetry of the inhabitants, the luxuriant magnificence of this Paradise, and the angelic sweetness and power of their music, prostrated their feelings.

I refrain from sketching the ovations which followed. Such is the supreme grandeur of Secundine display, that the pen or pencil would be bold which would attempt their description.

After these salutations, we four cosmopolitans enjoyed a long and affectionate meeting. Thousands were the incidents and thoughts we had to barter. With an account of the greatness of Secundus I supplied my brethren. With the history of Tertius during my residence in this foreign planet they regaled me.

Next day our work commenced in earnest.

I taught my fellow-men the Secundine language, and by degrees acquainted them with the great triumphs of the citizens of Hesperus in the sciences and arts. For a while they hindered my labours in the harvest-fields of Venusian philosophy, seeing I had to act as their tutor. But the toil I invested upon them soon yielded most lucrative profits. When I had taught them the elements of the language, I had supplied them with tools which empowered them to go out along with me as fellow-reapers in the great work. The impulse thus caused was marvellous. Every successive day found our knowledge-stalks mightier, and us labourers more keenly enjoying our work.

A few weeks after this, on awaking one morning, Bonitas told me two spirits from the earth had hovered over my couch all night long. A pang of sorrow transfixed my soul, for I had been dreaming of my parents, and it at once struck me they must have died. My fears were correct, for when Bonitas sketched the spirits, I saw in them the likeness of my father and mother. I noted the time, and when I afterwards returned to the world, I found this incident had occurred but a few

hours after they had died, for in their deaths they had not been divided. The circumstance excited in me more joy than sorrow, for it showed that parental love extended beyond the grave.

But my days in the second planet were numbered. The Secundine inter-planetary cannon had now been completed. The trial-shooting had proved its power and its accuracy. To the first, to the third, and to the fourth planets, blank bombs had been successively pitched. It was now arranged that I should be allowed to journey to my world-home, and that as it was so far astern of Secundus in the highway of progress, my tutors, *Experientia* and *Bonitas*, should accompany me, to act as missionaries to mankind. With this view they acquired the terranean language. To Secundines this was but a simple task, on account of their transcendent mental powers. Whatever was poured into their memory, neither time nor age could evaporate. They had only to read a dictionary to understand a language, to peruse a book to know it by rote, and to look at a landscape or picture to know all its details. Everything their mind attained was

retained. Not the slightest marking on the tablets of their recollection could possibly be effaced or defaced. After one perusal of a book it was laid aside for ever, because it was indelibly transfused into the remembrance. Books and periodicals, the glory of our world, were here, therefore, almost useless, because each Secundine could carry in his mind that which man had to conserve in libraries. This amazing retentiveness made me mourn the vexatious leakage of man's memory. With age the exosmose of forgetfulness steadily increased until it exceeded the endosmose of acquisition.

For these reasons, a few hours made my tutors acquainted with our language. Having imbibed this knowledge, they asked me to show them specimens of the purest of our ancient and modern classics. I immediately gratified their desires by supplying them with the microscopic books I had in my possession. What would have taken human beings months to read and years to master, they transplanted to their memory in a few days. In less than a week they had acquired a better knowledge of man's history, philology, and literature than

that enjoyed by man himself. Thus for the first time was the literature of the world brought before the tribunal of a foreign planet. Bonitas favoured me with a valuation of terrenean *belles-lettres*, which I noted down with a view to publication. Viewed from the Secundine stand-point, our world and its mental secretions made an insignificant show. Many of the observations of Bonitas were so sauced with pungent sarcasm, that in swallowing them I could not but wince. Human history he averred to be a hotch-potch of distortions, equivocations, prevarications, and special pleading, in which the only pure and true items were the names and dates. The strata of true history he declared to be a narrow film of years, reposing on a mighty igneous formation of tradition and fable. Historians of pre-millennial times he avowed to be not arbiters of truth so much as sycophants of courts and advocates of particular dynasties. With the fantastic, versified fabrications grandiloquently christened poetry, he was equally disgusted and amused. To him it appeared most ludicrous that sentences should be moulded into numbers, measured

into feet, and clipped into lines, to make rhythm; and still more ludicrous that in certain foppish species of phrase-shaping the lines should be in braces or leashes, the concluding syllables of which had corresponding sounds. "To me," said he, "it seems inscrutable that men who prided themselves on their intellect, should have made themselves mere metre-milliners and word-tailors, sat down and cut sentences into shape, sewed them up into couplets, distiches, or stanzas, embroidered them with a host of obsequious invocations to gods that never lived, muses that never sang, horses that never galloped, harps that were never played, and hills they never saw! I am also sick of the manner in which poets anointed superiors called patrons with rancid compliments, and of their everlasting hysterical interjections of 'O this!' and 'O that!' and 'O thou!' to superiors who were mayhap inferiors. Such phrase-sculptures belonged not to the fine, but the superfine arts. True poetry," added he, "disdained metrical and rhythmical fetters. The heart, the fountain of poesy, never yet, in pouring forth its springs, measured its feelings in artificial metre and feet." Much as I loved, and had been taught



to love, the ditties of my father-world, I felt the justice of this criticism. Indeed, after reading the classics of the planet, I saw mankind were only cripples upon a lowly path of literature, and unable to scale poetry's heights. The poets of Venus soar with the wings of eagles; those of the earth flutter and flounder with the wings of the hen.

Bonitas then expressed his disgust at the amount of scum which had boiled from the human brain under the title of philosophy. "*Savants*," said he, "in former times found no delight in the macadamized paths of wisdom, but performed vagaries on the tight-ropes of airy speculation. In the study of science they ignored its grand lessons—the majesty of the Creator, the unity of His universe, and the harmony of His laws. They wasted their energies in drawing theoretic plans when they should have been building practical structures."

He summarily summarized the nineteenth century as overflowing with unpoetic poetry, with novels without novelty, with pseudo philosophy brewed in the vats of atheism, with unjust justice, and with mal-governing governments. He satirized its satirists for scoffing at

abuses they did not try to remedy. In discerning truth they were short-sighted, in preaching it they were short-winded. Man's numerous languages bespoke his rancorous animosities; the jungle of jargons of which the best tongues were composed betrayed his barbarities.

To his remarks on individual writers I listened with special interest. "Homer," said he, "being a heathen, must be pardoned for making the clashing of arms, the yell of misery, and the din of strife dun the ears of his readers; but there is no excuse for his barbarous taste in making all the gods of heaven and the bravest men on earth fight for ten years on account of the elopement of a petty strumpet." The *Æneid* he declared a wonderful poem, considering it was written by a human being; but its ethics were false, and it taught nothing. It was a mere adroit specimen of sleight of pen. Even 'Paradise Lost' cut a poor figure in my estimation after being transfixed by the barbs of his criticism. "As long," said he, "as Milton confines himself to hell he is at home; when he soars to heaven he becomes arrogant, boorish, and coarse. He puts eloquence in the mouth of the devil, but nothing but insipidities

and unpleasant pleasantries into the mouth of the Almighty. The fiends surpass the angels at speech-making. The grovelling devil is exalted to the dignity of a hero, and the Almighty degraded to the position of a poetic subordinate. The picture of sin might disgust itself. The battle amongst angels is rank rant. Heaven, where peace only dwells, Milton inundates with strife. Where light is everlasting he introduces night. Out of heaven's golden soil he makes devils quarry earthly stench-fraught ingredients. In the course of a night he makes Satan invent gun-powder, found cannon, and transform his soldiers from infantry into artillery. Next morning the spiritual angels fly before material balls and grape-shot, which affords the devil the opportunity of ventilating his wit and firing off a salvo of puns, puns so low that they would not have been tolerated even on the stage of a third-rate theatre. But the most heinous of all Milton's faults lies in his recognition of mythological falsities as realities, and his introduction of the corrupt deities of corrupt pagans in a poem whose professed purpose was to justify the ways of God to man."

Of the arch poet of ante-millennial times, he said:—“In the fifteenth century, eccentric mother nature took the brains of a philosopher, three poets, two wits, an orator, a teacher, and a preacher, commixed them, and placed them into one skull to make a Shakespeare. A prodigy was the result. His pen was a mighty trope-making and truth-painting engine—a wand before which the most amazing creations burst into life. His writings were the superflux of exuberant genius. Yet, after all, they were monstrosities, his plots unnatural, and the words and tropes of his characters superhuman.”

Johnson, famed for his diction, contradiction, and dictionary, he censured for dissipating his strength in paltry fireside and alehouse word encounters. Voltaire’s productions he confessed to be excellent ointment wherewith to relieve the mere itch of literary prurience, but poisonous to swallow internally as authoritative writings.

“Modern authors,” said he, “are but probationers in literature. All mortal writings are clothed in an anhydrous style, more or less stiffened with the starch of pedantry, and more distinguished for affectation than effect. I approve of your system of giving flight and force to the

barbs of truth by hasping them on the feathered arrows of fiction, but there is no excuse or extenuation, save custom, for the world's stupid reverence for those mythological characters which Christianity ought to have interred in oblivion. It was an insult to truth for modern writers to exhume the fables of heathens, and an injury to the Gospel for writers to apostrophize ethnic gods." I writhed under this rebuke, for I knew how much it was deserved, and because I felt how much my own writings were encrusted with idolatrous allusions, and how there lurked in my most solemn tractates the names of every scoundrel in the heathen theogony.

Hesperus had completed an orbit during my stay among its people. As tears of joy hallowed my entrance into Secundus, tears of sorrow solemnized my departure. They were bitter, for my sojourn in its blessed realms had done more for my soul's health than all my life's experience in my own earth. I had mightily enlarged my mental capital. I had bottled into the bins of my memory myriads of truths unknown to mankind. I had acquired more wisdom than it was possible for the earth to bestow. I returned to the human family a year

older, but fifty years wiser. I left the earth, earth proud, I came back to it humbled and abased. Were I to live as long as Methuselah, the scenes of this past year would be evergreens in the gardens of my memory.

With me I took notes of all the researches into Secundine science, gleaned by my brethren and myself, my translation of the Secundine Bible, selections from the classics, and models of many engineering works. But to return to the world under the surveillance of my beloved tutors certainly formed the most pleasant feature of my journey. At the appointed hour of departure we were escorted to the inter-stellar cannon. In the presence of a mighty assemblage we entered the bomb. While their prayers made their ascent to heaven, we made our descent to the earth. In the journey I felt no anxiety, for abler heads than mine had the command of the astronomical ship. Could I forget the infallible wisdom of my masters? Could I forget they possessed more wisdom than the sum total inherited by all mankind, and that their minds were freighted with more knowledge than was husbanded in all the libraries of the world? In due time my

brethren burst the shell. Our first sensation was, that we had been plunged into a region of gloom. Accustomed to the brilliant luminary of Secundus, we thought that of the third planet appeared sickly and moonlike. In a few minutes, however, our eyes became reconciled to the change. Meantime, impelled by our engines, together with the earth's gravitation, we were making most amazing progress. What was a star quickly developed into a moon, and then into a world.

At length I saw over Yokohama the air was crowded with a fleet of aërostats, under the admiralship of Glaisher Flammarion, and adorned with nebulous embellishments, which to us would have been grand had we not newly left scenes of greater grandeur. In a few minutes we were embosomed in the arms of mankind. The whole human race, save a few millions, we found awaiting our arrival. Every family had deemed it a privilege to send some of its members to welcome their brethren from another star.

The Secundines being habituated to sights of superhuman grandeur, to sounds of heavenly harmony, and to life in a planet affluent with

super-earthly joys, their entrance into our atmosphere impressed them with the pauperism of the furniture of nature in our world. There was a smaller and dimmer luminary, a duskier daylight, a foul ether above, and a dingy vegetation below. To the lungs the breathing was oppressive, to the shoulders the heavy air was a burden. The transportation of a London aristocrat in mediæval ages to the hut of an Esquimaux would have been a feeble change to the transition of my Mentors from the second to the third planet. I could not, therefore, but admire the amazing good-will with which they endured the inconveniences of our world. At various points of the voyage I should have expected they would plead discomfort. But no; on being plunged into our air, they merely regretted its asperities, and on first beholding our vegetation, they merely deplored its colours were so sombre and its forms so stiff. What, however, struck me most was to notice how their perceptions were taken by storm when they beheld the apparent anomaly of masonic erections. It seemed to them inexplicable how the God-made man should live in mineral boxes. But such feelings were worn off by the



friction of a few days' observations. They saw that man required shelter on account of the rigours of the elements on the one hand, and the frailties of his frame on the other; that every breath of Nature's air-lungs, every rise or fall of the temperature, and every modification of the ether's humidity, branded their influence upon man's body and mind; and that the human frame was a complex meteorological instrument. The blood-vessels were thermometers, the nerves barometers, and the very fibres of the brain manometers. They were still more reconciled to our domiciliary habits when they observed that architecture had been educated into such a noble æsthetic science.

As soon as I had arrived in the world, I forsook the celebrations in honour of the arrival of my tutors, and rushed home. As I expected, two familiar faces were absent. As told by the Secundine, the souls of my father and mother had flitted from their flesh at the time of my strange dream.

Meanwhile, the Venusian apostles were shown the sights of the planet, themselves the greatest sight of all. In some scenes they had a special

interest. The world's water-cisterns, as they called the oceans, they surveyed with mingled emotions. While recognizing their sublime appearance, they prophesied that the Utilitarianism of the future would transform their basins into fertile fields, by making the seas subterranean. With much pleasure they noted the heaving of the ocean's tidal bosom through the fickle flirtations of Dame Diana. With satisfaction they ransacked the marine world, and viewed the sub-oceanic farms and piscatory cities, and especially the cetacean stables, with their studs of whales. With curiosity they glanced at the capricious toilets assumed by our sky. They smiled to behold morn dressed in hodden-grey, noon in a cerulean mantle, and evening bedizened with robes of gold. Heaven's triumphal arch and Nature's spectrum, the rainbow and Nature's kaleidoscope, the aurora, were beheld with delight. They were also gratified with the artificial peaks of the world, where breezes and clouds were born and cradled. With gladness they observed that man had made such heights atmospheric lungs, whereof the centripetal winds were the inspirations, and the centrifugal the expirations. From these

same heights they also looked wistfully at their own world, which appeared like a diamond upon a gold-mantled sky.

In the first day of their stay on earth, the strangers actually exhausted their inspection of its notabilia. A cursory glance at each spectacle sufficed them, for in their eyes the world's wonders were not wonders, and its curiosities and prodigies by no means surprising. The following day they were Gamaliels, who rallied the whole human race at their feet. Their superior intellect and superhuman erudition were the amazement and admiration of mankind. For a while every avocation in Terra and Luna was more or less forsaken, that all might study Secundine lore, and be taught so many things of which man was ignorant. Our visitors instructed their human disciples with a speed and success which was marvellous. Their crystallized and crystalline style was a vast difference from the anhydrous and opaque rhetoric of mankind. Each, either in the world or moon, lectured twenty hours daily at twenty different places, to twenty different audiences week after week. Amazement of amazements! they underwent this labour

without fatigue, and this monotony without *ennui*; and, despite their unrelaxed energies, they spoke with ultra-Demosthenic eloquence, ultra-Shakespearian beauty, and ultra-Miltonic sublimity. The Secundines thus shed over the earth the rays of a heavenly wisdom. Before the beams of their knowledge all darkness fled. They tore off the visor from all enigmas; mysteries they dissolved into simplicities; doubts they fused into intelligibilities; puzzles they liquefied into their elements. They grubbed up all Nature's secrets, and what was latent they rendered patent. They blew away the fogs of fallacy which invested philosophy, and swept away the mists which enveloped divinity. Nay, by virtue of their power of having communion with the unseen world, they entered into holy relationship with the cloud of witnesses which environ the human race. Through them, as a medium, Abraham was enabled to greet the family of the faithful, of which he was the father; Moses to hail the whole human constituency as an Israel, and the whole world as a Canaan; David to enrich man with new psalms; Jeremiah to salute humanity, though no longer with tears or

lamentations; and Paul to fan our piety by the warmth of his teachings.

Humbling was the spectacle of the wide world when, 8,000 years old, sitting as a pupil at the feet of two inhabitants from a foreign planet. The most learned were mere neophytes and novices compared to these two heavenly preceptors. Man now found that up till the present he had been ignorant of his ignorance. Human minds were seen to be nebulæ compared to the intellectual luminaries of other stars. By the ballast of humility, excited by the circumstance, man's piety was fanned, and his race after wisdom quickened.

My pen now arrives at the death of Shakespeare Socrates. He was not only present at the arrival of the Secundines, but one with whom they spent several hours. Only one week further, however, passed over his head when he peacefully bade farewell to time and all hail to eternity. The death-bed scene, being the first beheld by Experientia and Bonitas, deeply affected them. But their sorrow only lasted while his life remained, for when the dissolution took place, they, in virtue of their immortality, beheld his soul and saw

his happiness, while we only surveyed the lifeless clay. "He is dead," said I, at this moment. "He is born," rejoined Bonitas. "Time's goal is eternity's starting-point. The death-day of the body is the natal-day of the soul." More bitter would have been their feelings had they witnessed the cruelty of death in pre-millennial ages, when its frequency, its suddenness, its untimeliness, and its fearful causes, rent to pieces every fibre in man's heart. Happily, diseases, accidents, catastrophes, wine, and war, no longer afford the twin sisters the means of cutting the thread of life at random. Now all die that beautiful death like to the sheaf of corn fully ripe. Death such as this is the spectacle of a wearied pilgrim, who, after having trod the dusty paths of life, opens the gates of immortality. Death to the Christian is but Heaven's re-agent which precipitates the dust in which the soul is immured. It liberates the spirit from the corporeal fetters by which it is manacled, and enables it to fly heavenward. But Socrates' decease was compensated by his rich bequest to posterity in his ensample. Out of his time plot, extending over two centuries, he had

reaped amazing crops of good works. Not a day of his life's garden had been left uncultivated. Nearly one hundred degrees of his life's circle had been consecrated to the public benefit. It is impossible to value how much he raised the spirit of the age by the suction of his exemplary example.

Great was the contrast between the silly pageantry of sham grief accorded to rulers in past times, and the obsequies of Shakespeare Socrates. In place of silly sepulchral pranks upon lifeless clay, as in former times,—such as dressing it gaudily, encasing it in rich boxes, placing these again in a richer sarcophagus, which sarcophagus is placed in a magnificent mortuary, which mortuary is a mere appendage to a costly monument,—his remains were simply incinerated, and the few ounces of his ashes taken to the world's Macpelah in the Holy Land, and there inurned. His exequies were alike unconscious of thronging multitudes and vain pomp. A few mourners comprised the funeral procession of him who once ruled thousands of millions of people, and a small urn formed the grave of him who erewhile presided over three worlds.

The sun had now completed three zodiacs since the commencement of the great interplanetary cannon. Slow was the progress until the adoption of the Secundine improvements. These were so numerous and important, that they expedited the work to an extent which transcended expectation. The labour of thirty moons, according to our former tactics, was curtailed into the area of as many weeks. The omega of the alphabet of our enterprise being reached, the experiments were forthwith commenced to test its power, which satisfactorily proved its capability of despatching passengers as far as Neptune.

Shortly thereafter the world's entire news-spreading machinery was thrown into unparalleled activity, in consequence of Mars having beckoned to us that their first envoys to this world had already started, and that Tanganika was the site at which the travellers would arrive. The Senate had, with admirable foresight, previously arranged that all the human family, as far as possibility would licence, should be present to celebrate the advent of the embassy. The summons was executed with an alacrity which might



have done credit to a better world. The whole transit system of the earth was convulsed. The pneumatic tubes conveyed senators, governors, and the world's teachers; the subterranean and perterranean railways despatched the female sex; balloons and artificial wings transported the rising generation along with their monitors; while the cannon, with their human tenanted bombs, volleyed towards the rallying point the remainder of the world's inhabitants. Meanwhile, the other preparations were being consummated with astonishing speed. In the middle of the mammoth meeting was erected a great platform—a platform so vast, that it comprised a perfect hill of scaffolding. Here were arranged in due order, by the best strategists of the world, the political and scientific senates. In this centre's centre was a platform let, whereon Experientia and Bonitas, as representatives of Venus, Stephenson Watt as the President of the moon, and I as that of the Earth, took our seats. Meanwhile, grand nebulous scenery had been introduced, and an orchestra, trained upon Venusian principles, performed the super-earthly grand sympho-

nies, which are so characteristic of our sister planet.

In due time the voyagers, who comprised four Marsians and Cassini Bianchini, arrived, and were received with unspeakable acclamation. What a glorious meeting! Never since Biblical times had there been one so sublime! For the first time the citizens of the fourth planet had invaded a foreign world,—for the first time they saw and embraced their Venusian brethren,—for the first time they beheld the commonwealth of mankind! Eloquence itself would be unequal to a description of the cordiality of our proceedings; poetry could not paint the admiration with which the world viewed the Marsians. Like the Venusians, their tabernacles were patterns of ineffable beauty, their souls shrines of unsullied piety, and their minds marvellous for their grasp and ductility.

Profoundly affectionate was the welcome they received to our poor world, for we viewed in them not only our visitors, but our preceptors, not only our guests, but our guides. Tears of gratitude flow from my eyes when I speak of the benignant effluence they shed

over our ignorance-stricken planet, and how, like the Venusians, they were intellectual Promethei, who brought the fire of divine knowledge to mankind. Marsian science they unfolded to us with an eloquence and lucidity which made the greatest of this world small, and our teachers but mere dunces. Like their Venusian brethren, they slept not, and required neither refreshment nor repose. Their assiduity did not so much as stoop to recreation; their mental machinery was an instance of perpetual motion. Day and night they taught either in the moon or the world, speaking to as many as twenty audiences daily, each of which, by reason of the ramifications of the acoustical tubes, comprised one hundred millions of souls.

Only a few days, however, had we the benefit of so many distinguished planetar friends. Our Quartine brethren left for the second planet, and Experientia and Bonitas for the fourth. Thus, through the medium of the world's cannon, the second, third, and fourth worlds had fraternized by this interchange of brethren.

In a few days further the world's staff of

apostles consisted of two hundred Secundines and one hundred Quartines. Under their care man became daily more erudite and more wise. The aberrations of prejudice, and all the remaining dregs precipitated from pre-millennial times, were swept away before the currents of knowledge. For some months the earth, the moon and the moon's moon were but great schools, men but a great tribe of school-boys, and the Marsians and Venusians their professors. Man saw that even up to a few days ago he had been but playing in the nursery of history, and not till the present had been able to establish an academy of learning, and place himself under the training of competent masters.

Meantime the inter-stellar communion was prolific in heavenly fruits to all the worlds it concerned. It endowed Venus with Marsian inventions and the specialities of Marsian philosophy, and Mars with Venusian inventions and Venusian philosophy. It opened to man millions of unsealed pages in the volume of nature. In a few weeks man inherited such a legacy of new acquirements in knowledge, as, unaided, he could not have amassed in thou-

sands of years. Man, by the gracious aid of his brothers in other planets, quickly graduated to unexampled degrees in intellect. Politics, science, and metaphysics all underwent a revolution. Through the benign influence of our heavenly visitors, myriads of the effete measures of the past were swept from the statute-book, and in their places myriads of improved measures were introduced into the parliamentary retorts, and quickly distilled into acts. To the Secundines and Quartines themselves, the inter-stellar intercourse had been blessed, for each race had had its own peculiar triumphs in research, which they were enabled to share in common. Such is the beauty of knowledge, that they who trade in its mart gain its bullion by the mere trouble of taking possession. Here, then, is the pure and true ideal of a community of goods. What is to one, may be to all; the more there is to take, the more there is to give; and the more shareholders, the more capital.

Many were the schemes which grew out of the inter-sidereal communion, chief among which was the proposal that when all the planets had

fraternized, a common language should be instituted for the whole solar system—a language based on the combined excellencies of those of the individual planets. Unspeakable was the privilege which we meantime enjoyed in a mental free trade in the linguistic territories of Mars and Venus. Each had its special merits. The Secundines being a more practical people, and better versed in physical laws, enjoyed a vernacular amazing for its fecundity in technical terms. The Quartans, more metaphysical, possessed a vocabulary richer in the department of psychics. As the dictionaries of both were free from ambiguities and equivokes, and their phrases more terse and concise than those current in the world, inter-planetary philology had soon a practical importance to man, not only in whetting the mental edge of students, but in the adoption of Secundan and Quartan as the languages of science and philosophy. Even our telegraphists threw aside the belated and inflated lexicon of man, and bade the world's wires, with their electric tongues, speak the beautiful vernacular of the seers of the stars. Already we behold the approach of the doom of the cosmopolitan speech. The

last of the five thousand tongues spoken by mankind, we shall soon see it swept away in favour of the universal language of the solar system.

## CHAPTER VII.

### MARSIAN MISSIONARIES IN THE WORLD, AND INTER-STELLAR TELEGRAPHY.

WORDS and time would both fail me to tell the amount of toil which was focussed into each day through the genial influence exhaled by the Marsian and Venusian missionaries. Progress reigned in every human breast and over every human cause. Each member of mankind was clay in the hands of those skilful potters. Their teachings were equally impressive and expressive. Their acute and astute observations were oracular, their judgments infallible. In ethics they trod a noble and lofty path. What were problems, chiméras, and impossibilities in man's eyes, they showed to be simple acts to God. In the movements of the heavenly bodies, HE magically caused perpetual motion. Without the aid of paddles, wings, or extraneous machinery, HE made suns and their attendant



planets whirl through space. HE strung them together without any tangible connexion. HE suspended them on nothing, and rendered them immutable in their stability, though founded upon vacuity. Even prayer's phenomena they explained by experimentally showing its wondrous and unflinching reflex action.

In the scientific world their labours were likewise invaluable. By their means the scheme for the extraction of nitrogen from our atmosphere was successfully and speedily consummated. Thereby a most disagreeable incubus was removed from man's shoulders and lungs—thereby another instalment of unspeakable comforts was bequeathed to mankind. The lees of the former diseases with which the world was invested were washed out of the cup of human miseries. Man's strength was increased. His mind, formerly inert, was rendered alert. The former dire leakage of vital energy was so greatly prevented, that our foreign visitors told us each member of humanity might now hope to live as long as Methuselah.

Coincident with this, steps were taken to decrease the water upon the globe by chemical

decomposition, and by its re-composition into other bodies.

In a few weeks eight hundred square miles of the waters of the seas had been converted into concrete substances. The hydrogen and oxygen were used to join to bases, and to form the water of crystallization in salts. The hydrogen was likewise added to the nitrogen collected from the air to form ammonia. Thus gaseous nitrogen and liquid water were both metamorphosed into solids.

In addition to this, huge strata of soil were super-imposed upon the earth's stratum of water beneath the ocean, thus rendering hitherto superterrene seas subterrene. In this work care was wisely taken to abridge the ocean's limits only in those districts such as those south of the equator where lay great wildernesses of water. Our ideal of geographic perfection was to make the ocean pierce its way into the heart of every continent, and the land to pierce its way into the core of every ocean.

In a few months the face of nature was completely revolutionized. Its beauty was so enhanced as to remind man of the glory of its antediluvian ages. Its asperities were changed

into amenities. The former rampant rebellious agencies of nature were tamed into man's obedient servants. What a change this millennium has seen! Man in ancient times lived in a world replete with billions of forces electrical, meteorological, and caloric, scarcely one of which he appropriated. The winds ran riot, and strewed the land with desolation and the ocean with wrecks, and turned the sea's bottom into a Golgotha loaded with riches, ruins, and skeletons. Rivers then capriciously burst their bounds, the elements blasted the fairest harvests. The sun oft shone in vain because man could not remove the curtain of clouds which shrouded nature. The heat in the earth's centre was unutilized because man possessed not the courage to tap the earth's skin. In short, man was the slave of what he is now the master. Nevertheless, man in his stupendous stupidity was then so lamed with lethargy, that he sought not to arrest Nature's tyrannies and attest his supremacy. Even his very labours were so ill concocted as to resemble those of the work of a tread-mill, the most frantic efforts never enabling him to advance one inch.

The next landmark along the highway of time saw our inter-planetary cannon establishing postal communication with the more distant planets. Scientific specimens, models, illustrations, maps, diagrams, and plans, naturally formed the staple of our missives, seeing that none of the stars, save our nearest neighbours, were yet acquainted with our language. But this system was incomplete. The world therefore rejoiced when it learned that the Venusians had consummated arrangements whereby they would be enabled primarily to unite the first, second, third, and fourth worlds, and, eventually, all the globes of the solar system, by telegraphic wires specially adapted for distances so great, and for planets in a condition of sempiternal gyration. Had the invention emanated from mankind, there would have been serious demurrage in our expectations, seeing man was never permitted to achieve the harvest of his purpose without previously undergoing a winter of cold and bleak disappointments, and a spring-time of labours in which the soul was ploughed with cares and harrowed with doubts. This scheme, however, coming from Secundines, whose will and

wishes were well-nigh synonymous, we knew that the birthday of the promised scheme would see it, Adam-like, arrived at its manhood. Indeed, almost ere we were in receipt of this intelligence the first inter-stellar cables were laid, and the first four worlds had been wedded and welded in telegraphic bonds. In another week the Marsians had extended the wire system to the fifth planet, and the fifth planet to the sixth.

The ingenuity focussed into the work was superhuman. The production was an excretion of supernatural genius. It was not one happy invention, but comprised a myriad of original contrivances. While the wires used were almost imponderable, they were of amazing tenacity; and while, like mathematical lines, they might have been said to consist of length without breadth, they were, nevertheless, cords consisting of thousands of strands, each of which was a distinct and perfectly insulated telegraphic cable.

The management of these telegraphic reins was childishly simple, and their nicety and accuracy were such as caused fastidiousness itself to express its satisfaction.

But while my pen writes these words, my soul is convulsed with perturbation, for only a few hours ago I decided I would act as the world's deputy to Jupiter. About to leave this earthly scene once more, I cannot but stagger in the march of my narrative. My heart no longer goes with my pen, for excitement has dissolved the coherence between my will and my affections. Reader, pardon my agitation, for what am I when even the bravest in the world are cowards! Forgive me as I now with tremulous precipitancy bring the thread of my life to the present moment. Let me narrate how some weeks ago I left for Mars, and had just circum-journeyed its realms, when I received this stellogram :—

“Stephenson Watt, third planet,  
“To Diogenes Milton, No. 2038, fourth planet.

“The Secundines have framed inventions whereby we are in a position to establish passenger communication to Jupiter. The Senate desires you to return.”

Little as I had seen of Quartus, I at once laid my case before its President, who forthwith had me re-fired by special bomb to the world.

When I had returned to my native world, I found that waves of rapturous delight were sweeping from the centre to the outskirts of the solar system. It seemed that Mercury, which had hitherto only corresponded with its brother stars by means of signals, had now completed arrangements whereby it would be enabled to send deputations of its inhabitants to every planet, and that already some Primines had boarded Secundus, and that the unspeakable glories of the Mercurian world were now divulged. Till now we had waited anxiously for the advent of the Mercurians. That Mercury, the sun's nearest, dearest, and darling child, was possibly the most interesting member of the solar family, had long been believed. The sun had assigned it a richer dower of light, invested it with a better birthright of warmth, and larger largess of chromatic beauty than any of his other beneficiaries. It possessed the seat of honour in the solar assemblage. It was placed at the right-hand side of the Solar system's King. It was the paragon of the solar federation. Its geography was a magnificent fresco of the splendours of scenery and vegetation.

It was the garden and the Paradise of the system. Its situation rendered its inhabitants spectators of unceasing and unspeakable astronomical phenomena. As a city reposing on the shores of a well-navigated frith, surveys the incessant passing and re-passing of stately ships, the gambols of the frolicsome waves, and many of the wonders of the oceanic deep, Mercury looks out upon an astronomical estuary crowded with cometic craft, and witnesses the greater wonders of an astronomical deep. Hourly its citizens behold armadas of meteors and fleets of comets sailing to and from the great port of the sun. There are beheld close at hand, the navies which cruise through infinity; there are seen to round the sun-cape, the flotillas of the illimitable. What a wondrous sight must be this spectacle of the navigation of those incalculable squadrons of transports which sail for an eternity through the ocean of shoreless space! If the wonders of our main can be styled sublime, I have no word wherewith to characterize the marvels of the inter-planetary spaces.

Truly they are a favoured people who are permitted to fare their vision on such a magnificent eye banquet.



But the Primines were well worthy of such a delectable world. Like the Secundines and Marsians, they were untarnished with sin, and impregnated with divine knowledge. Nay, they were infinitely superior to all the solar races in heavenly wisdom, as they were likewise immeasurably their seniors. When the whole of the solar planets were uninhabited wastes, Mercury teemed with a busy population. Primus was the Reuben of the planets. Its people, however, had only by the diligent appropriation of time advanced to their present envious position. Their heavenly accomplishments had been the result of the sunshine of heavenly favour upon the vegetation of their own actions. Each successive age accordingly saw the Primine world graduating to a loftier sphere of heavenly knowledge.

Wondrous were the attributes of the Primines!

Their bodies were almost incorporeal, their minds were miracles in point of grasp. The Secundines and Marsians, who were patriarchs, prophets, preceptors, and preachers to us, were to the Mercurians mere pupils. The funds of knowledge, therefore, stored into the minds of the Secundines and Quartines by the Primines,

man cannot calculate. As to man himself, he did not receive the same dividend of profit from Primus, because his mental storage being so limited, he could not attain or retain the wondrous funds of Mercurian knowledge.

Another circumstance was painful to mankind. It seemed that man's soul being manacled in a corruptible prison, it was impossible for him to travel to Mercury in the flesh, as there only creatures of a more spiritualized composition than man could live. Thus, through our inherited sin, we were placed in the invidious position of being the only race that was not eligible to travel to and live in Mercury.

Happily, if we could not go to them they could come to us. Indeed, ere the earth has spun many revolutions, we shall enjoy the unspeakable privilege of having Primines for our apostles.

Altogether we live in marvellous times. Each hour unburdens some startling event. Only a few years ago, who would have dreamed that, on January 23rd, 2884, the various planetar races would be fraternizing, and that the stars of the solar system would then be no

longer isolated and insulated, but joined in transit and telegraphic wedlock? Looking at the monstrous annals of the last few years, I am confounded and dumbfounded. When this unexampled spring-tide of tumultuous progress will end, who will dare say?—what it will end in, who will be bold enough to prophecy? Progress seems now so fleet-footed, that centuries seem to slumber in seconds and æons in ages.

Yet we need marvel not, for the Director of History can, as HE chooses, make one day perform the work of an age. As HE can centre a world into an atom, HE can focus a millennium into a month.

Having thus journeyed on through the course of so many eventful years, I arrive at this the latest beat in Time's hurried pulse. Man knows that while I finish this book, I am preparing to journey to Jupiter, and thence (God willing) to Herschel and Neptune. My astronomical mission, while it arouses within me earthly sadness, kindles divine delight. Though necessity entails my relinquishment of all worldly ties, hope opens such a brilliant host of glories for the future of mankind that I long to assist in their consummation.

Hitherto I have abstained from allusions to my family. For this reason let me briefly state my marriage has been crowned with the blessing of ten sons and fourteen daughters. My beloved children, I rejoice to say, being aware of their incapacity to scale the escarpments of publicity, which are reserved for the few, are content to tread the paths of useful humbleness adopted by and adapted to the millions.

## CONCLUSION.

AFTER glancing at so many leaves in my life's volume, I now arrive at its present page. This morning I performed the sad duty of unsealing all the business cords which bound me to my native world. I unclasped with tristful feelings the buckles which interlinked my soul with the main official duties of the world's politics. With dolesomeness I disengaged myself from those magnetic bonds of love which would fain have pinioned me to my home. Duty, however, performed the Alexandrine achievements of severing with the ruthless sword of moral obligation the Gordian knot which tied me to all that was near and dear in this earth. A panic has all this day raged within my breast. My affections have mutinied against my vocation. My wishes have rebelled against the sovereignty of my will. Yet, withal, the day has not seen me dissipating my energies in puffing off volleys of sighs, or firing salvoes of idle whinings and repinings. In

the morning I superintended all the arrangements—whereby my fellow-travellers, Bonitas and four Marsian brethren, would be enabled to make the unexampled astronomical journey.

Manifold was the object of our mission to the Jovians. We were delegated to inform them of the views of the second, third, and fourth planets upon the proposed scheme for sweeping away all the present planetar languages in favour of a uniform and universal solar tongue. We were commissioned to barter Secundine and Quartine knowledge for Jovian knowledge. We were ordained to inaugurate an era of inter-stellar communion. But our most important legation was to consult with the Jovians in reference to the colonization of Juno and Vesta. Those two stars were now the only uninhabited tenements of the inner circles of the solar system. They were worlds to let. They were spheres in all respects suitable for being inhabited. In keeping with Nature's wondrous originality and versatility, whereby each planet possesses its own features and peculiarities, these two earths contained beauties so diversified from those of the other worlds, that they were viewed by the Secundines and

Marsians as likely to hold no mean position in the astronomical history of the future. Thither races from all stars would sojourn; there knowledge would raise its standard; there new altars would be raised to the Most High; there new mansions would be raised for the sons of heaven.

It was part of our programme, indeed, to travel to those two worlds in company with a deputation of Jovians in order that arrangements might be made for their immediate colonization. That an inhabitant of a sinful stupid world, such as I, should have been, through the choice of the Secundine and Marsian races, appointed to form a unit of such an important embassy, showed wondrous condescension. For myself I felt ashamed to be called upon to work along with men so infinitely above myself in every heavenly attribute. As a Terranean my obtuse faculties can be of no use to the embassy. At the best I can only be an inept emissary, a mere dumb deputy. Graceful, nevertheless, was it on their part in thus recognizing a world which was scarcely worthy of their recognition.

But the hour approaches which calls me

away. Out of my windows I behold the mammoth inter-planetary cannon piercing the clouds. I see at its base the bomb carriage in which I am destined, along with my brother travellers, to invade the empyrean. Already I see that millions are congregating to take part in the ceremonies in connexion with our departure. As this hour witnesses me striving to drown my cares by placing an epilogue copestone on this edifice of words, the next will witness me invading the skies; and as this day sees me viewing the hosts of my fellowmen, to-morrow shall see me mingling among the Jovians. To-morrow I will be a witness of the scenes of that puissant planet which enjoys a perpetual equinox and a perennial summer. To-day I stand on a planet where death claims a victim each beat of my pulse; to-morrow I shall glance upon a people unsullied by sin, unknown to death, and blessed with bliss.

With my heart a whirlpool of tumult, with my mind flurried with a chaos of thoughts, with my emotion-melted soul flowing into a mould of reverential sorrow, I bring my autobiography to a close. I leave it, trusting I am not like unto a sculptor who vaingloriously



rears a monument to his own memory, but like a painter who humbly and modestly paints his own portrait—a painter who gives not to the canvas more beauty than Nature has given to him, but who faithfully portrays both beauties and blemishes as they are found in the original.

Unlike the ancients, who dedicated their works to the great, even though they should be great scoundrels, I sink individuals in causes, and men in measures. Having seen man's frailties measured by the gauge of the innocence of the inhabitants of foreign stars, I have been taught to despise flattery to the great, while I reverently respect the humblest. Bacon declared men should dedicate their books only to TRUTH, but took care to dedicate his own works to a King. For me, I despise such sleek obsequious fawnings. I boldly transcend all such dastardly dedicators by placing this book hopefully into the hands of a benignant Providence, and by consecrating it to the Most High.

My history is now concluded for the present, but with God's blessing I may have such years of usefulness added to my life, that peradventure its most pleasing chapter remains to be

written. Yet my grey hairs tell me that the courses of the men of my youth are now sunk below Time's horizon, and their places filled by others. Already my star is on its wane. The zenith of the present is filled with those of a generation later than I. The summer of my days is ended, and I long, therefore, to make its harvest abundant. If God ordain things otherwise, I can retreat upon the Divine trust of a blessed hereafter. Prospect to the Christian is burnished with age, and the evanescent hopes of this world are dimmed only because they are outshone by the perennial hopes which radiate from heaven. The sun of earthly hopes sets, only to usher in a firmament beaming with all the star-jewels of eternity. So I feel it to be. I have confidence that I may work still further good in the fertile fields of philanthropy; but more sublimely burns within me the assurance that though this blessing be denied, I know that on till the last swing of my life's pendulum I have God for my refuge, and that hereafter is laid up for me, as for all Christians, a crown of glory.

With the close of this sentence and this book my pen finishes its work on earth for a time,

perhaps for ever ; so that with a swelling heart and a tearful eye let me bid adieu to my fellow-men.

And now, Thou who rulest the tides of our thoughts and actions—Thou who makest thy children thy instruments or apostles—Thou who, as it pleaseth Thee, makest our work utile or futile, accept my thank-offering for guiding my soul in safety thus far through life's labyrinths of toils, turmoils, trials, and troubles ; and for Thy grace in having vouchsafed me strength of body and mind to write this work. What in it may be amiss or remiss, is mine ; whatever is worthy, is Thine. To Thee I now raise it as an altar in my life's pilgrimage. If Thee we should praise for each thought to which our mind gives birth, how deep should be the gratitude of the author, who, after being tossed about long in seas of uncertainty, is at length, through Thy mercy, enabled to end his voyage and cast anchor in his purposed haven.

## EDITORIAL NOTE BY STEPHENSON WATT.

THE foregoing pages were thrust into my hands by <sup>2</sup>Diogenes Milton this day, just ten minutes before he left for Jupiter, with the request that I would act as their trustee and see to their publication. This duty I esteem a privilege. For a century our lives have been entwined by the Laocoon entanglements of love and rivalry. Milton, therefore, in making me the foster-mother of this the last child of his intellect, pays me an honour I highly prize.

Often I look back upon his splendid career. Often I review his life, and think how his genius budded during our infantile travels, flowered in our political apprenticeship, and fruited in Parliament. Often I admire that energy which has made him the greatest traveller, not only of modern, but of all times. But never did I feel more keenly the throbbings of emotion than this morning when I saw him consummating his life-long series of celestial and terrestrial travels by setting sail for Jupiter.

His Autobiography I now launch into the

ocean of literature. Books are the transports of knowledge which convey their precious cargoes of mental stores from the harbours of the past to the havens of the future. Some books are mere skiffs, which convey only ephemeral news over the narrow ferry of a few days; some are mighty perennial crafts, which sail the boundless ocean of time. The book I now edit is, I hope, no slipshod, unseaworthy hulk, only framed to run a few time-serving voyages. Yet, as a spended ship has often left port replete with power, and complete in its essentials, and sunk in the first storm, so the best books may be quickly submerged in the waters of oblivion. May the work of my beloved friend be spared, and may it be the means of shedding abroad those good doctrines and truths which have been the pride and glory of Milton's life.

Yet when I to-day bade my friend farewell for a time it was with hope. By the revolution in meteorology, whereby the atmosphere has been robbed of its nitrogen, I rejoice to think we have reason to hope our beloved President may still live for some centuries to preside over mankind.

STEPHENSON WATT.

APRIL, 1874.

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