MR. GHIM'S DREAM.

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INTRODUCTION.

VIGOROUS youth, born replete with energy, courage, and will, grew up into sturdy manhood. Powerful in his physical strength, broad and far-reaching in his views, fervid and lofty in the purposes of his life, keen in his mental acumen, ingenious to the ablest degree, he gathered wealth and power without effort, and steadily gained each higher step of his ambition, tireless and strong. Suddenly there fell a thunderbolt upon him. It thrilled his frame with a bewildering jar, then passed forever as quickly as it came, leaving him scathless, whole, uninjured, but with livid face and congested heart, appalled, stricken in the

imagination with a profound sense of terror and despair and gloom, which years failed to remove.

Likewise a nation arose: possessing a sound constitution to begin with, enterprising in the vigor of its youth, developing grandly to maturity, inspired by its own matchless opportunity for expansion to singular greatness and usefulness—all its aspirations instantly quenched, its abounding energy thunderstruck and gone, years failing to restore it.

Historians yet to be born will point the finger of commiseration back to this unfortunate point, and exclaim: "Ah! if that people at that time had seen themselves as a whole! had realized their united strength! and used it! But they sank into idleness! lost, lost, lost all those years, rather than gain, accumulate, prosper!"

MR. GHIM'S DREAM.

CHAPTER I.

IT was in the autumn of 1877. I had a dream. It must have been a dream. I thought I was living in a land of plenty, yet saw destitution around me in many homes. I was in a country blessed by nature above all other countries on the globe, yet thousands of persons were suffering for want of the necessaries of life. It seemed incredible. I looked more closely, to see if I was really among an enlightened people, or in a half-civilized region. I found I was not in famine-stricken India, but in this bright land of America, with a people sup-

posed to be enjoying the benefit of civilization and modern improvements; a country teeming with products, and furnishing the gold and silver of the world. Yet many persons were sorely in want. I thought of the universal prosperity that once existed here, though of course I was still dreaming. In this portion of my dream I imagined that only a few years ago this nation was enterprising; no nation extant had built so much labor-saving machinery. And now this vast enginery was in motion, and numberless human hands were idle. *More work* was the great want. Not less machinery, but more work. Work for this machinery and for these thousands of men supplanted by machinery. A gigantic enterprise was in order. No slight enlargement of the existing industries, but a colossal undertaking—an enterprise absorbing the labor of hundreds of thousands of men now yearning for work.

My mind was soon fixed upon a certain wonderful plan of my own for the removal of the whole great trouble. It was all a dream, but such an extraordinary dream I must relate it, though it may fill an entire volume.

I dreamed that away back in my youth I had conceived the building of a huge structure which the world needed, and all along through the years I had carefully considered the enterprise, until now the opportune period had come for its grand fulfillment. It was too great a project to be undertaken in times when labor and capital were busily employed, before the era of mighty and multitudinous labor-saving inventions; but every condition now was as favorable as possibly could be to the carrying out of this tremendous plan of mine.

It was a vast engineering work, so different from any ever attempted or thought of by mortal man, that civil engineers would stand aghast at the mere proposal of it.

And the building of the colossal structure I planned would employ the labor of so many thousands and thousands of men, and would present to the view of the world so gigantic an embodiment of usefulness when completed, that a contemplation of the achievement was among the sublimities. And the reflection that this great enterprise must, by employing so much of the surplus labor, not only be a benefit to those employed, but restore the industrial balance which is now disturbed, thus reviving business and checking the annual waste of millions through the non-performance of work which might be performed — this reflection swept through me like an inspiration!

It was not an upstart scheme. I had been deliberating the subject so many years in silence, calmly awaiting the proper time for carrying out the project, there was

nothing sudden in the enterprise itself. It was a fully matured plan, strengthened by contemplation and reasoning and observation regarding this one especial purpose, until it had grown into a settled design. And now it was to be accomplished! I saw the lofty ambition of my life realized! Wildly, intensely, ecstatically I dreamed!

Though I deplored the suffering which came from the great lack of employment, yet I saw that this dark state of things was the very condition essential to prepare the way for my great undertaking. It seemed providential. The more extensive and painful the distress, the more readily I should be able to remove the whole fell difficulty at one stroke, by furnishing countless numbers of workmen employment and wages in building the mighty structure I saw in my mind's eye. And thus it would serve a doubly useful purpose.

Building the immense structure would furnish so much employment, workingmen would favor the enterprise unanimously. And as it would furnish employment to a vast amount of capital, also now idle, moneyed men would only need to be convinced of its practicability, and capital would flow to it in abundance. Therefore, to engage the interest of moneyed men in favor of the enterprise was the first proceeding and the only one necessary to insure its accomplishment. A great deal depends, thought I in my dream, upon the manner in which capital is sought to be enlisted in its favor. Many worthy schemes have failed for lack of skillful management. The right method will win, and the wrong method will not win, the confidence it deserves. I will personally take my plan to some of the leading capitalists. (Oh, I wish I had a hundred million dollars my-

self!) I will go in person to the most affluent, one by one, and I will convince them all, beyond a fraction of a doubt, that this stupendous project of mine is destined to be accomplished, and that it will prove the most *useful* measure of advance made in this century. I do not possess the command of stately language or fine rhetoric, but I can express myself clearly and practically. I do not expect or wish to convince immediately any one. I would not waste my time detailing a project to a man who would instantly agree with me upon an undertaking entirely new and so gigantic. He would as quickly change again to the opposite opinion. The deliberate, careful, gradual acceptance of my view, and then an enthusiastic maintenance of it, is the sterling kind of support I solicit. I have been long years developing my own fervid conclusions regarding the

matter, and cannot reasonably hope for a sudden brilliant conversion of the world upon it. If I go to a millionaire, and he patiently hears me a couple of hours, and then deliberately calls me an idiot, I shall put that millionaire's name on my list as one who will come out a staunch supporter of my enterprise in due time. And if the next millionaire to whom I unfold my plan accepts it eagerly without thought, I shall consider his name as that of a man **not** worth while putting on my list; for, when the time comes to issue the stock, such a quickly-changing man will more likely be penniless than rich. I do not want impulsive, fickle men for the support of this huge work. All would tumble, all would sink. I want solid, strong men; men of weight; men of breadth; men of slow, sound judgment; men who can deliberately take in a great idea, and

calmly consider it on its own merits; men of comprehensive grasp in their perceptions of the future; men who steadily, through all panics, believe in progress; men who are able to discern a great opportunity, and fill it with a great enterprise: these are the men of whom I seek audience.

In my own city of Boston there were such millionaires, and a number elsewhere. Among the latter were two in the Empire State, whom I wished to consult first of all. These were William H. Vanderbilt and Jay Gould. I visited Vanderbilt first. I managed to obtain one whole evening with him, and, after a two hours' presentation of my grand plan, I found him as thoroughly conservative and cautious as I had desired; as skeptical regarding the feasibility of my transcendent undertaking as I had anticipated. All was well. Had he ardently coincided with me in my huge notion in so short

a time, never having thought of the great subject before, I should have passed away from his presence utterly dejected, feeling that the stoutest support I had hoped to win was, after all, but a mere weak, supple, fickle, poor prop. I should have vanished from his sight forevermore. But his cool unbelief in my project at the outset, his sturdy remark that he couldn't think of it, encouraged me in my opinion that he would think of it, that he was just the man to think of it, and the one man whose thinking of it would lead to the surest material results.

Vanderbilt was the mortal on whom my highest hopes rested and centered. Around him a throng of moneyed men were to gather and unite in the vast enterprise I had planned for the good of the world! The towering wealth of Vanderbilt was to rise to the apex of the glittering pile de-

voted to the high purpose of rousing Progress from its four years' stupid slumber, and putting together a structure so massive, so useful, so thoroughly unique, that its construction would be one signal step forward in the march of mankind.

I had met with the highest degree of success I deemed possible in that brief space, and was feeling in a perfectly satisfactory frame of mind at the end of my first visit to the man who was destined to become the most powerful supporter of my plan.

Whatever his thoughts were at the time, however compassionate the smile upon his face as I left him, my faith in his ultimate acquiescence was complete. Before making a second visit, I allowed him a week to think of my plan, or not think of it, as he pleased, knowing that he must think of it, that the subject was too momentous for any person

who had once considered it a moment ever to forget it. The project at any time would be stunning; and at this particular time, when the welfare of millions of working-men directly, and all other persons indirectly, depended upon whether sufficient employment was to be furnished or not, a useful enterprise involving the labor of so considerable a number was too important to be dropped as unworthy of consideration. Every man would think of it. The world over, it would be the unfailing topic of conversation. And if I were to publish a little brochure upon it, a compendious statement of the subject in all its bearings, hundreds of thousands of copies would be sold! For it was the most important subject before the people.

Giving Mr. Vanderbilt a few days to think of it (in the intervals between the busy hours of railroad management press-

ing upon him), I decided to lay my plan open to the keen intellect of Jay Gould in the meantime. But when I went to see him he was out of town.

I deferred attacking Jay Gould with my stunning scheme until I could catch him at home.

I next called on Robert B. Roosevelt. I knew that Roosevelt would become an earnest advocate of my project. Roosevelt is a man of progress, in spite of his strange affiliations with the pull-back statesmen. His views on the labor question had always agreed with mine, and, though I had never yet mentioned to him my prodigious scheme, yet I was sure that after I had stunned him with it, and after he had considered it well, he would come out strongly in its favor, as every sensible man of progress would. Roosevelt especially, as Roosevelt is a singularly far-seeing, practical, level-

headed man, as well as a wide-awake, go-ahead, nineteenth-century man. Some other members of Congress I knew were equally in harmony with the constructive spirit of the age, and I was confident of their patriotic support of my great enterprise if Government should be solicited to favor it.

My interview with Roosevelt happens to be one of the haziest portions of my dream, but my next experience rolls before me clearly.

The sudden acquaintance I formed with George Law is so vivid in my remembrance that I shall not forget it for two hundred years. I happened to be walking by this great millionaire's house on Fifth Avenue, when the veritable Live Oak George himself happened to be entering. He was one of the millionaires whom I had intended to visit last and least, I felt so exceedingly dubious about ever trying to move such an

invincible nature as I had understood his to be; but some kind angel directed my steps to this particular spot at this auspicious moment, and impressed me that this was the very nick of time to tackle the six-foot possessor of six million dollars, and assured me that he should be one of the first to be won to my cause.

Confidently turning toward this great millionaire, I followed him up the steps, and accosted him just before he passed his threshold.

"I have called to see Mr. Law. Perhaps he is not at home."

"No, he's not. He'll be in in a moment, though," said he, stepping in. Evidently a mirthful mood was on him.

"Now he is in, isn't he?" I queried.

"Yes. Who ain't you?"

"The Czar of all Rhode Island. Can I see Live Oak George about two hours?"

Had I said only about two minutes, I should have made a diplomatic fiasco. But two hours! Two hours of his precious time! The greatness of the request prevailed over his stern opposition. The strangeness of my suggestion rendered him more eccentric. He drew me in like a prodigal son.

"Two hours!" he ejaculated, sinking upon a sofa, and pointing out a great arm-chair to me.

"Are you a lightning-rod fiend?" quoth he, suddenly rising.

I quieted him down.

"Or a book-peddling nuisance?" roared he, jumping up again.

I calmed the lion down once more.

"Well, how much money did you s'pose you were going to borrow?"

"I have a grander purpose in coming here Mr. Law!"

"Incredible! I take it you are a tramp

of some kind, high or low. Well, what is your grand purpose?"

For two hours I poured into this great man's ears the details of a plan so mighty in its scope that he was almost bewildered. Flinging himself upon the sofa, apparently overwhelmed by the pressure of something greater than he could bear, gazing up at the ceiling or glaring down at the floor in utter amazement, sometimes rousing himself and pacing the room for awhile, stopping now and then to fix his astonished eyes on me, silently hearing every word I spoke, and evidently willing to ponder deeply every idea I broached, though sometimes shaking his head in all directions, and holding it now and then between his hands and pressing it hard, and then approaching me and feeling of me, to see if I were really a human being standing there and talking to him, or only a wild phantom of his brain;

dropping again upon the sofa confounded, yet wide awake and intently alert—thus the two hours passed, bringing to me the satisfactory conclusion that he had listened to every word I said, that we had not once been disturbed by any one coming in, that I had transmitted into George Law's deep and level understanding, in regular order, the entire series of thoughts I had wished to plant there at my first interview, and now those ideas were sure of subsequent reflection.

To depart immediately was the next step in my programme. To leave him to calm meditation, in silence and alone, while my grand project was glowing in his recollection.

"I will call again in a week," I quickly remarked, and was making an abrupt exit. He detained me.

"Call again now," he demanded. "Sit down.

Young man, you are perfectly astounding with that insane project of yours. Yet the plan looks reasonable. Of course it ain't reasonable; of course it's only a madman's freak; but I couldn't help listening, and you almost exploded me with that stupendous scheme. My head feels as big as an empty flour barrel. Couldn't you have told me half at a time? Oh! it is too much! too much! Ah! I am going to die!"

"So am I, some time. But it is no use whatever to die now, Mr. Law. Wait till you have helped to carry out this gigantic work, and seen it in successful operation."

"If I live till then I'll be as old as Methuselah is," he pleasantly remarked.

I anticipated seeing Live Oak George in due time as staunch a supporter of my huge enterprise as Vanderbilt himself.

I left him for a week and interviewed other millionaires.

I have not yet told the reader what my great project was. I cannot inject it here, in a paragraph or two. It requires considerable space and time. I stipulated for two hours' time on presenting the subject to Mr. Law and Mr. Vanderbilt. The time which I expect of the reader for a similar purpose will begin when we reach another chapter. Meanwhile I wish to describe briefly my experience with other millionaires whom I converted to my scheme.

Soon after Jay Gould returned to town I took myself into his presence, timing my call auspiciously, securing the desired two hours' interview.

The ponderous George Law was the millionaire I had last encountered; here was a different kind of a bear to meet. Jay Gould is as little as George Law is big, and as far the opposite as can be in the impression he makes upon you. The greater does

not invite your approach, but when once within the radiation of his great heart you feel yourself perfectly at home, and you have a strong liking for the old gentleman. Jay Gould attracts you in quite another way; his diminutive body is topped with a mighty intellect, the glance of which from his keen eyes fascinates and lures you toward him, and holds you at a certain distance from him. If you would approach nearer, you must gain access to his nature by addressing yourself to his head, and not to his heart. Waste no sentiment here, but if you have any superb money-making enterprise in view, fortified by sound reasoning and logical deductions, he will listen willingly. He discerns the foundation of things, and sees clearly if matters there are solid and substantial. It is a broad measure of pure mentality which controls him, with no animality involved in it to

restrain it, or be restrained by it. If you have any scheme for his consideration, he knows by intuition whether it is worthy or unworthy. Whether it is feasible or not he will determine afterward, but with greater promptness than any other man. Of all the millionaires I interviewed, he was the easiest man to talk to, the quickest thinker, the readiest to grasp the far-reaching possibilities suggested by the great scheme with which I plied him. Regarding its feasibility, he was as cautious as man can be. But I wished him to be wary in that regard until he had deliberately thought over the subject at divers times and under various circumstances, that he might the more slowly and surely develop a strong, tenacious, unflinching adhesion to the enterprise. He did not express an opinion for or against it during my first interview, and I was careful not to disturb the delicate poise

by questioning him. I went my way, giving him a week to revolve the scheme in his busy brain.

Returning to my first millionaire at the expiration of a week from the time of my former call, I found Mr. Vanderbilt smiling and genial, as glad to see me as if I had been a two-tailed monkey or any other curiosity, and a very little more inclined to consider my monstrous scheme than he was before.

"Your plan seems to me impracticable," said Vanderbilt, "but even if it were a feasible undertaking, I am not the man who should enter largely into it. My money is all in railroads. Idle capital is what you want to secure. Enlist that all in your enterprise, and then you can begin to try to go ahead. How could I do anything?"

"Sell out."

He was astounded. But I meant exactly what I said, and I repeated it.

"Sell out. Have done with railroads! Embark your immense fortune in this huge enterprise looming up. Take hold of it now in its incipiency; profit accordingly. Don't wait till the embryo has grown, and others control it. Manage it yourself. You have the first chance, the best chance if you avail yourself of the present opportunity. Sell out; let idle capital buy your railroads; throw your vast fortune into this new industrial enterprise. You will thus rise to a higher, broader business. And in it you will be honored as the pioneer of a new era. You can make it immensely profitable, too. You will be president of the company, the largest stockholder, the controller of affairs. Drop railroads, and take up——"

At this point we were interrupted by a useless annoyance in the shape of a caller, who, I vehemently remarked to myself,

called upon an errand not one thousandth part as important as mine, whatever his was. When he was gone we resumed.

"Mr. Vanderbilt," said I, "this depression in business and industry, with the great suffering caused by it, seems to me entirely needless. With all the deference I can feel toward the prevalent opinion that this is a necessary state of things, a healthy reaction from extravagance, coming down to hard-pan, knowing where we are, and so forth—I cannot but look at the matter in a very different light. People in general do not view the situation as it really is. They think it complicated and beyond their capacity to understand, whereas it is perfectly simple and easy to understand by any one who can think. This is the practical way I view the matter: A few years ago we had real prosperity; not fictitious, as many claim, but *real* prosperity. We can regain

it at once if we begin at once the right course. *If these multitudes of mechanics and others now idle had employment in their respective mechanical and other occupations, their work would add many million dollars' worth yearly to the solid wealth of the world, and that would be prosperity again.* The work they might do is not done, the wealth they would add to the world is not added; the absolutely necessary work is all that is now being done; no progress is being made; a stoppage has come; this depression is not a healthy state of things. The decrease in business, and the decrease in accumulation of wealth, bring hard times to the wealthy, and harder times to the poor. Yet the means for doing work, the means for accumulating wealth, are more numerous than ever before. We have stopped using the means. Is this a healthy state of things? It is evident to me that

industries must enlarge and multiply. The world is progressing. To check it is dangerous, and just that danger exists. Again we must advance, and speedily. Retrograding does not improve our condition.

"We have been retrograding four years. Look at the result. It is wholly unprofitable. Retrograding is the wrong course. Were it the right course, we should see prosperity, accumulation, contentment, instead of what we do see. The fact that affairs have been steadily growing worse indicates that the people have been steadily going wrong, steadily trying to carry out a mistaken idea. Attributing the hard times to the kind of money in use, and to everything but the real cause, the fundamental principle of the whole matter is ignored. Labor-saving inventions have created a new era! We must act accordingly. Machinery has wrought a revolution in the results of

industry. We must adapt ourselves to the age of machinery, and make use of our immense facilities. Huge industrial enterprises must be engaged in. Useful or useless in themselves, they will *start* business, and thus awaken all industries to their normal activity. The war kept us busy awhile; rebuilding burnt cities kept us busy awhile. Meantime, labor-saving inventions were multiplying as never before. And now, with immense mechanical power, and so little for it to do, activity has subsided, business has fallen flat. Work is needed!—a vast amount of work! Start a great enterprise requiring the labor of a vast number of men, and Progress will resume its function of leading mankind onward to grander enterprises still. The past has been a career of glorious progress, and shall not the future be also? My project may seem to you now chimerical, ridiculous, impossible

to carry out. But every new step in advance has been an amazing, stunning step. Every project has been incredible until accomplished. And now shall the world stop? Stagnation is death. We must go on, enter upon new incredible works, each one greater than the last. What shall be the next one? There will be one; what shall it be? Here are a myriad of unemployed workmen aching to work, to construct something, anything useful, some new embodiment of the world's progress, whatever it may be, however large or costly. The labor will be labor well bestowed, and the capital invested will do the noblest service capital ever performed."

"You want to raise a hundred millions? It is a large sum."

"The Suez Canal cost over eighty millions."

"How much?"

"The exact cost was $80,893,665. My project calls for a sum not very much larger, and its usefulness will be immeasurably greater!"

Our talk was protracted, and repeated with variations, at hebdomadal intervals, until in a few weeks I had the satisfaction of seeing Vanderbilt thoroughly convinced in favor of the gigantic enterprise I had planned. He sold over fifty million dollars' worth of his railroad stock, gradually, privately, and realized its full value. Then he earnestly entered upon the work of chartering the new company for the new business, with a hundred million dollars of capital as a basis, of which he furnished more than half, and thus gained a controlling interest.

In the meantime I had been drumming up custom from other millionaires, persuading them to go into the enterprise with

their mites, some five millions, some four, some two, some only one little million. I pursued the same general method in convincing each, varying the details of my operations according to the whimsical characteristics of the different men, but successful with every one. I visited August Belmont, the Lorillards, Fred. Stevens, Moses Taylor, Marshall O. Roberts, James Lennox, Mr. Kernochan, Mr. Rhinelander, and all the leading millionaires of New York who were at home.

Alexander T. Stewart was dead, but Alexander Stuart was living and worth five million dollars. I called upon the great sugar refiner at his time-honored place of abode in the lower part of New York, and found him a pleasant old bachelor, willing to listen to my project, and after several interviews a believer in it, though strongly opposed to new-fangled notions in general.

Whatever was really and indisputably useful he believed in, and for that reason he could not but admit that my plan was deserving of success. He gave it solid support in the form of four millions he subscribed to the stock, and put a provision in his will whereby in case of his death that money could not be withdrawn from that purpose. Having no family of his own, he willed that amount to me. I being thoroughly committed to the great enterprise, of course I would put the four millions into it, while any one else might or might not. The legacy in prospect was such an entirely unexpected honor to me, that when I was first informed of it I was too deeply moved to say a word, and could only silently think how gratefully I should revere his memory as long as he lived, and how filially I should write and publish his biography after he was dead.

I had some difficulty in convincing this gentleman in the first place that many mechanics are out of employment and in poverty through no fault of their own. Self-made millionaires are so apt to suppose that any man could have been equally successful. Successful men are so unwilling to believe that there are men of less capacity. It was the capacity of this man, together with the Scotch-Irish force which runs in his veins, that enabled him to be so eminently successful.

Many have wondered why a man of such immense property has never married. He told me the reason one day, in strict condence, and so I will repeat it. The great sugar refiner said his whole life had been among sweet things; and even when he was a boy, peddling sugar-candy, he became so satiated with sweet things he could never afterward love anything sweet.

The other great sugar refiner, his brother, Robert L. Stuart, a few years older than my great benefactor, I found dwelling in a magnificent residence on Fifth Avenue, beguiling the leisure of his threescore years and ten in sumptuous style. He, too, has acquired between five and six millions; and he, too, after several pleasant interviews, entered solidly into my great enterprise, putting down his name for four millions.

I was sure of Peter Cooper. A progressive man of infinite versatility; the designer and builder of the first locomotive constructed in America; successful in every business undertaking of his life so far (though he is only eighty-six); a man who has made money as grocer, coachmaker, cabinetmaker, and in various greater capacities; the originator of the anthracite puddling process; the builder of immense ironworks; the owner of a

glue factory; the president of a great mining company; an enterprising philanthropist, always thinking of the poor, and spending freely to promote the welfare of the industrial classes—I knew that the founder of Cooper Institute would not require urging to support a useful enterprise that would give employment to a vast number in pressing need of it. Even from him I did not look for an immediate indorsement of my stunning scheme. I expected the genial old gentleman's blue eyes would stare in astonishment at me, and so they did. I anticipated that his kindly and benevolent visage would work itself up into something like a sneer to begin with, and so it did. I guessed he would double his tall form with mirth at my incredible project, and shake the whitening locks of thin brown hair which hang to his shoulders, and bend his fragile neck

again and again to gaze down at me over his noble Roman nose, in perfect astonishment at the gigantic enterprise I originated, and so he did. The great originator of enterprises himself was more completely taken aback by the magnitude of mine than some of the other millionaires I confronted with it; but I knew he only needed time to think it over, and Peter Cooper would come out one of my most enthusiastic advocates. In due time he threw his whole soul into the worthy enterprise, and threw in several million dollars besides. "My dear Ghim," said he, "if it wasn't for my glue factory, now, I would put in a million more; but I must stick to my glue."

Joshua Montgomery Sears, of Boston, the ardent young millionaire, with the fervor of twenty-two bright summers and love's young dream besides thrilling through

him, was about to take his lovely bride on a trip to Europe. At present he was travelling in this country. The day before his departure from these shores I had a long and uninterrupted interview, and directed the surplus force of his youthful ardor to the contemplation of the vast enterprise I had in mind. It was a fitting season, for during his voyage he contemplated the project unceasingly ; and he mailed me an earnest letter the day he arrived out, declaring he would put every dollar of his several millions into my thoroughly useful undertaking.

William Emerson Baker, the eccentric sewing-machine millionaire, of Ridge Hill fame, required but three efforts on my part to convince him of the wisdom of putting four millions into my magnificent enterprise. On the day of my first visit to this merry genius at his vast estate in Wellesley, Mass., he was

seriously contemplating through his eye-glass the intention of putting another million into a new piggery, the recently-built luxurious edifice having become carelessly soiled by the tenants. They had rooted up the Brussels, tarnished the satin-covered sofas they had sat in, tipped over the rosewood chairs in itching to scratch their backs, made havoc with the downy feather beds and lace curtains, reared up and swept off all the articles of vertu from the malachite mantelpieces, wallowed like sixty in the fire in the fire-places, thus blackening even the snowy white cornices and the ornate frescoes, and in every way injuring the market value of their palatial mansion. The owner of these unruly slaves was cogitating and deciding whether to build them a new habitation, or exchange them for educated hogs. I persuaded him to cut them up into little square pieces and put them

into bean-pots in his Institute of Cookery, and invest all his extra millions of dollars in the grand project my own unique genius had originated. The pigs when defunct comprised a larger pile of comestibles than could be devoured at his enormous grange at Wellesley and his Chester Square residence in Boston put together; so he issued invitations to a splendid funeral, and had all the Governors of all the States, and all the people of the Southern States who happened to be north of Mason and Dixon's line, gathered at Ridge Hill Farm to partake of pork and beans. A great deal was left over, sent into Boston, and given away. Boston will have pork and beans for years to come.

I called upon all the principal millionaires in Boston and vicinity, one by one, and secured them all in favor of my stupendous undertaking.

Charles Francis Adams, dwelling a few miles out, on his ancient estate in Quincy, Mass., put three millions into my great project. This rich man's sons all became advocates of the enterprise, aiding it by the richness of their wit, their energy, and their numbers.

A remarkable coincidence occurred one day. I was at home, and my thoughts were running upon the destitution and misery of thousands of persons in my family (the great human family), especially the poor circumstances of various persons whom I happened to know personally. I was thinking of the suffering I had seen them experience from day to day, and how painful it was to me to look at my own poverty and find that I had not the means to relieve them, and hardly knew how I was going to get bread myself. Many a time I had thus meditated sadly on the wretch-

edness I knew existed around me, seeing it myself and partaking of it myself, and knowing that one thing would remove it, just one thing would put happiness in many spots where now unhappiness lingers, and that one thing was *money.* I was pondering on my urgent need of money—when lo, there came to my poverty-stricken home the greatest blessing in disguise that ever fell to my lot. It was a pair of twins! Here I was, sunk in the very depth of pecuniary want, having been unfortunate in business, and having used up all the few little dollars I had remaining for the purpose of making that highly important journey among the millionaires in New York and elsewhere, and now I had come home with the exultation of knowing that I had been successful and my colossal enterprise was under way, but at the same time with the dire feeling that I knew not where-

withal I could purchase bread which comes so handy when hungry, and pay the little rent of the little room which is so much more convenient to occupy than living out-doors. By and by, when I had carried out my grand plan, everything would be lovely for everybody, but the interim looked dubiously empty for me. At this awful juncture of affairs I was blessed with that sudden pair of twins! They came so unexpectedly, my joy was such that I can scarcely describe it. But I shall never forget it. I think no man ever received a pair of twins with more astonishment or with feelings more intense and deep than were mine in that exceedingly depressed state of my finances. Yet I welcomed the twins with a fondness as real and as passionate as ever mortal experienced; and I solemnly declared that they were Heaven-sent gifts. I am not a married man; that pair of twins came

to me by mail; they were sent by Peter Cooper and George Law, and consisted of *two twelve-thousand-dollar checks!* That was a pair of twins worth having; they were useful to a poor man; they were worth caressing. The coincidence I noticed was that they came together, and were just the same size. *Both* of them were the same size. The wonder was, not that the great philanthropist, Peter Cooper, divined my needs, and sent me a few thousand dollars, for there was nothing remarkable or unnatural in that; nor that the great heart of George Law moved him likewise, for there was nothing wrong in that, and nothing surprising; but that both happened to do the same thing at the same time—this was the wonderful coincidence. They never made a wiser investment. That money did an immense amount of good. It enabled me to continue with greater advantage my indefa-

tigable efforts in behalf of the huge project I had set on foot, as it supplied me with the means of going and coming wherever I desired, without the oppressive drawback of impecuniousness. Furthermore, it enabled me to begin to eat three square meals a day. Better than all, it was instrumental in brightening sad faces my heart had ached in beholding day after day; in removing some who had been tied by stress of circumstances to unhealthful occupations, and were dying down; in relieving necessities I had been forced to witness, powerless to relieve till now, where want was so extreme that tears of sadness were changed to tears of gratitude by a five-dollar bill. It often started my own tears when I looked upon the change wrought—the happy homes that had been dreary, the cheerful faces that had been woe-begone, the hopeful hearts that were recently in despair. And the

credit of it all was due to Peter Cooper and George Law. If they had not manufactured and sent me that pair of twins—

But I must return to the main subject, the magnificent plan I had conceived for the advancement of mankind one single step. I fancied that when that important step I suggested had been taken, and as a result of my labors to that end I had somehow become a millionaire myself, twelve-thousand-dollar checks would seem paltry, and I should be giving instead of receiving these little munificences.

A session of Congress was approaching, and I went to Washington, not to lobby any claim through, for I had secured elsewhere all the influence my project needed; I had no favors to ask of Congress; I went there for my own diversion, as a relaxation from the earnest endeavors I had been making among millionaires; and at

the same time to edify upon that particular topic of mine any of the great ones of the earth whom chance might throw in my way at Washington.

Meeting President Hayes one day in Lafayette Square, I expounded to him the great subject which filled my mind; and calling upon him a few times afterward at his house—when he did not happen to be travelling—in a little while I numbered him among the earnest believers in my scheme. President Tilden was travelling in Europe, but during his absence President Hayes was assiduously performing the duties of Chief Magistrate of this country, being constantly in every part of it. Not waiting for President Tilden's return, I sent him a cable dispatch containing an inkling of my colossal scheme. It brought him home by the next steamer. I soon won his confidence in favor of my gigantic enterprise. He put a barrel of money into it.

Looking down from the Senate gallery one day upon the famous hyacinthine lock which tumbles gracefully adown the brow of New York's intellectual giant, I bethought me of going down into the lobby, sending in my card, and calling him out for an interview. But the wild animals down in the pit before me were suddenly stirred into animation by the intense interest of some utterance made among them, and the Utica lion was glaring so fiercely at the Georgia lion, the occasion was inopportune; I waited till the following day. All was quiet then. Gordon was not rousing them; Edmunds was not stinging them; Patterson was not grilling them; Morrill was lulling them. There was Senator Conkling, cleaning his finger-nails, as usual. I was close to the Diplomatic gallery, just above him. I glanced across the Chamber before going down into the

lobby. Over in the Reporters' gallery were various journalists. Leaning over the middle was one who always attracts attention, and always ought to. He is the ablest thinker and writer that walks into the Senate Chamber, above or below. His practical insight, of matters in general and matters in particular, surpasses that of a dozen Senators combined. His power of penetration is marvellous. He is a keen ferret, a detective whom you need not hope to escape if you are a government official and any tendency to fraud lurks within you. He is peculiarly witty withal when the mood is on him. He is the journalist who looks at you so seriously and writes about you so facetiously. Meeting him one day as he came out of Welcker's, I took him up to Wormley's, and while we were gorging ourselves, I filled his ears with the narration of my stu-

pendous plan, repeating the dose at intervals subsequently, until Donn Piatt was convinced. He threw the whole force of his "gigantic intellect," as he jestingly calls it (speaking a true word in jest), into a leading editorial in his paper, committing *The Capital* in favor of my magnificent and undeniably useful project.

But on this day the powerful gladiator from the Empire State was my prey. The doorkeeper took in my card, and Senator Conkling did me the honor to appear. We stepped into the Vice-President's palatial room, and I assured the Senator that my business was of such transcendent importance I must crave a couple of hours of his leisure when at home; and I asked him to appoint the time.

"But what a big man you are!" was my first exclamation. "I had no idea you were so big!"

"Yes, I have been called great," he quietly remarked.

"You don't look half so tall and broad-shouldered in the Senate as you do out here."

"I am among great men in there," he explained.

"That's the reason," said I. "Out among common-sized men a Senator's magnitude shows itself. And now I see why you are so often called a dandy. Fine clothes and a blue necktie don't look well on a large man. Only on dapper little men. In the Senate Chamber, among so many large men, you don't look large, and you don't appear foppish. But outside—"

"Yes," interrupted the Senator, in his pleasant, yet firm, strong way, "I have been called out at sundry times by original geniuses, but you are the first to draw me from senatorial duties to inform me

how my personal appearance strikes you. I conjecture you have been reading a ladies' magazine, or wasting valuable time with a dilettante, or gossiping with a man-milliner. If your business with me is now concluded, our interview ends."

"I want two hours," said I. "I have a colossal plan to unfold to you, in which your great city of New York is specially concerned."

After some further conversation, I secured the appointment I desired, met him at his house at the hour designated, held various subsequent interviews, and was finally successful in polarizing all the atoms of that entire mighty globe of cerebral substance in the right direction regarding my scheme.

In a similar way, and with similar results, I attacked a number of the leaders of thought at the capital.

The broad, judicial mind of Chief Jus-

tice Waite became deeply enamored of the project.

Even the serene and lofty complacency of the venerable Fernando Wood bent to consider my sweeping measure of progress; and, waving its hoary conservatism away behind it, entered with dignified enthusiasm into the rising effort of human nature to advance.

But I must admit that not every member of Congress was or ever could be convinced of the usefulness of this or any other progressive step. There are men who have no conception of progress; and to talk with such men upon new and great themes would be a waste of time. They are constitutionally predisposed to favor inactivity rather than progress, to frown upon forward movements, and let stagnation ruin a people. Such men I did not attempt to convince. I did not seek an interview

with Randall in the House, or Bayard in the Senate, though the former comes from the great State which furnished a stentorian advocate of my enterprise in the person of the famous Pig Iron Kelley, and the other represents a little State which produced that incomparable letter-writer, George Alfred Townsend. The latter became a solid supporter of my forthcoming measure, and eloquently rounded many a pithy period concerning it over the signature of "Gath." It was not so difficult to convince him at last as to catch him at first. He was in New York one day, New Orleans the next, Saratoga the next, St. Louis the next, Washington the next, and had an engagement to be in San Francisco the next. I caught him in the only place where he was ever quiet—on an express train. For subsequent interviews, I had no difficulty in finding him on an express train. This soul-stirring

journalist committed himself thoroughly and strongly in favor of the gigantic plan I had marked out. Journalists all favored it. At first, of course, they all ridiculed it; but after due consideration they all edged around to the sensible side. Newspaper correspondents harped upon it, and shortly the idea was broadcast.

Perley considered its influence upon the Republican party.

Jay Charlton dived into its technique.

Poiein wrote up its profitableness as a speculation.

Redfield was sure it would not break the solid South.

Boynton prophesied what its effect would be, from the Gulf to Alaska.

Eugene Lawrence was disappointed at not finding anything dangerously Ultramontane in the scheme.

Every one treated it in his own special,

characteristic way, and thus it was analyzed completely and advertised thoroughly.

Before narrating further how my great project fared, I will in one long chapter describe what the enterprise was, and how I came to think of it.

CHAPTER II.

I WAS born upon the sea. The billows were very angry at the time. They dashed against the vessel, and they made such a terrible ado about it—how could I ever forget it?

My father was a sea captain, and he always kept his little family with him. He and my mother were one. One cannot well be in two places at the same time. They steered together in their course through married life, keeping clear of its breakers, and holding to the same latitude and longitude so closely that the smallest angry wave could not roll between them. And so it happened that I, their only child, was born upon the ocean.

I was rocked in a crystal cradle one hundred feet wide and forty feet deep. It has rocked many persons into their long sleep.

My infancy and youth were mainly spent upon the restless waves.

When I dive down deep into memory, and bring up to the light a few of the oldest impressions I have stowed away there, to look them over and feel them again—I find myself standing on a wooden thing which goes by the name of a ship; but the "good ship," as they call it, is in a woful plight, and all the matters around are horribly mixed; nothing I can see or feel has any stability: there is no settled bottom or top to anything; whatever is up one minute is down the next; the ship is a mere wooden plaything for some monster, and all the fragments of the vast sea around it are swinging hither or surging thither, rushing on with

resistless force. The howling winds and the roaring waters combine to render the situation awful! I lose my hold of the door. and go sliding around on the slippery deck, coasting from point to point, until I clutch something; and even then I see no place of safety in the entire universe, for nothing will keep still! I look up, and there I see a tremendous bank of water approaching, coming on so steadily, so firmly, so mightily, that I expect when it gets here it will overwhelm little me and all hereabouts. I can feel the ship going down, down, and I can see that gigantic ridge of water coming on, on, until its foot reaches the vessel, giving it such a kick that it tips the little wooden thing half over and sends it up, up, up, as though we were going up into Heaven this very minute! Away up on the top of a ridge of water we are lifted, at the mercy of a single wave, and as the pal-

try wooden thing sways over the crest to the other side we begin to go down again into that awful chasm, for the water rolls away from beneath and lets us down, down, down, so low, so far, so long, that it seems as though we were to keep on going down forever; but another rover, like the former, comes and gives the ship another kick, which sends it part way over and up again, up, up, up to that dizzy height from which I look around in all directions down on wrathy Neptune, who is opening his mouth and roaring far and wide. The air appears to be moving in all possible directions, and moving in all possible haste, but down from the heavens upon a sudden comes a gust of wind with greater velocity; and as it sweeps the cordage through and through, it splits the maintop-gallant sail from yard to yard, and carries away the main-royal entire, giv-

ing it a blow that sets it flying high and away. Furiously another squall comes on, and every sail is put to the severest test of its tension by a mad current of air which reaves the vessel of everything willing to go before it! In half the twinkling of an eye it snatches off the weakest remaining sail, wrenches another from its clew-lines, and smacks the gaily flying streamers into shreds! Gust after gust swoops from the raging fluid above us, down to the raging fluid beneath us, creating havoc in every yielding obstacle to its course, and dashing upon the sea to expend its power there in goading Neptune up into a whiter heat of fury! Every downward gust is a reckless plunge of air which plows yet deeper into the roughened surface of the ocean, raising a billow to sweep away the ruins created by its impetuous career among the older waves, meeting the newer undula-

tions, clashing sometimes into a heterogeneous mixture, all rolling away in confusion, sometimes compounding into one deep and mighty surge. Heavy-looking clouds are now rumbling in the distance, and tumbling along pell-mell in their ardor, firing up and shooting each other through and through, bellowing in tones which echo long and loudly from the broad ocean beneath. Squalls thicken and darken with the rain which now comes pouring from the overhanging firmament of awful blackness upon the underlying fundament of awful roughness. Oh! how it rains! Yet the drenching water from that source is welcome, for it washes the deck of the drenching spray that comes from the filthy swash of the sea. But the wild activity of the wind is ruinous. Fearful and only fearful is the situation now, for peril and only peril is felt. Ah! sad news! "Man overboard!"

is shouted from the bow. Instantly the cry is taken up, hoarsely repeated over the deck, and rung out at every point in the rigging, from the flying-jib to the spanker-boom. I see a man hurrying from the quarter-deck with a rope, and bending over the stern; another goes to the larboard bulwark, and one to the starboard; while others are hurrying down the ratlines to man a boat. Every effort is made to recover poor Jack. But the luckless fellow, in losing his hold of the bowsprit, lost his hold of the entire globe, slipped away from earth into unknown regions, and will never close his fingers upon a rope again, even a vessel's shroud. And any one else on board might pass off in a similar way. The good ship itself might go to destruction with us all. This is a shaky place for a man to try to live. After much groaning of the discontented thing called a ship, the violence of

the storm abates, and the wooden article on which we are enduring life goes on less noisily and somewhat less disagreeably. The fitfulness of the wind is gone, but the water is never still, and therefore the ship is never quiet. I see the mighty surges of the ocean rolling toward me day after day, and I feel them rocking me in my cradle night after night, with the dreariest monotony from week to week, until a vague vision or hope of something firm and solid in the world, somewhere, grows into a splendid reality, and looms up in the horizon to meet the very yearnings of my instinct. Land! I land in Heaven! It is a place of such solidity and grandeur, affording such new delight, I call it Heaven. There are so many calm and lovely objects everywhere, land is a perfect Heaven to this little four-year-old me. Hither and thither in Heaven I rove—as well as my sea-legs

will allow. It is a delightfully hard road to travel. They call it a pavement; I call it the deck. I test the countless articles around me; I put my hands upon them, and my finger-ends partake of the satisfaction I feel to find that all these queer things are real, substantial, tangible. It is the veritable Heaven of my intense longings, and I enjoy it as no one born and brought up on the land of the earth could. As I walk this deck I am so pleased I laugh at every step. It is such a queer deck to my unaccustomed feet I hardly know how to tread. I expect it to come up, but it fails me; I look for it to go down, but it is I who go down. I jump up and try it again until I feel squeamish; then I swing my hips and surge along till I am all right again. Every scene is delightful from its novelty. But the strange quiet investing all is amazing.

The elements here are numberless, and yet how little clashing. There is now and then a jar, a slight rumbling, a curious trembling, an earthquake they call it; but that is soon over, and all is quiet and peaceful as before. The people living here, however, seem agitated when they are taken and shaken by the main beneath them; but what would be their feeling if this deck on which they walk were always rearing or plunging, and their houses always careening? How would they like to live where the foundation of one's abiding-place is nothing but water, into whose fatal depths an unseen rock at any time might sink their house and all its contents? I wonder that people here do not enjoy their homes without exception, for it seems to me they have nothing to make them unhappy. I hear a multitude of different sounds which I cannot recognize, and I listen eagerly to

them all; yet persons who have always dwelt here say they hear nothing; and then they say, "Yes, we hear plenty of noise." To me it is a continual mixture of pleasing sounds, albeit a queer species of quiet somehow pervades everything here. It is not silence, but quiet, a strange immovableness of things. I do not find a hammock swinging anywhere, and the bunks are the flattest things a young sailor ever saw. I become acquainted with youngsters of my age, and they all ask me why I waddle instead of walking as they do. I don't know. But I think a while, and I tell them that if they come on to my deck perhaps they will waddle. I see some pretty little boys wearing one-legged pants, and I don't know what to make of them. I think they are angels, but I am told they are girls. We never had any on board *our* ship. I see some bigger and more robustious angels,

too. My father says they remind him of my dead mother. And I see some scrawny angels, but I can't help liking them. I am so happy I like everything I see or hear here. Oh, these people who live on land are blest! blest! or would be if they did but know it, if they would only think so. After a while my father and I, with some other folks, go out of this hard, solid place, where the ground and the houses stand so still, and where so many people are bustling about and making all sorts of music—we go from here way out upon a broader deck, where there is not a man to be seen for many a cable's length. Out here the deck is painted green, and it feels inexpressibly soft and nice. What a calm prevails! There is no music here. It is solid quiet. I never knew there could be such silence. It is absolutely serene. Oh, this is a queer place, but it is perfectly delightful. Half a

knot to windward I see some big people with horns. Those men are so large they have four legs to stand on, and carry an extra leg hung behind. They are the funniest persons I ever saw aboard anything. Some of them are kissing the soft green deck! What queer folks live out here, as well as back there. I saw some men there like these, only with big long ears, and other men called them donkeys. We pass on, and by and by we reach a cool and lovely spot where the green deck changes to brown, and a lot of masts have been built into it. I am told we are in a forest. What an odd set of masts! All full of such yards and cross-trees! And the poles jut up so close to each other, everything above is a tangle. They are all yard-arm and yard-arm! Bless my eyes if I can make out a single shroud to them all! No sails, no halliards, no clew-lines nor

garnets, no shrouds nor ratlines, no stays, no braces, no rigging of any kind, what do they want of all those curious yards, every one of which is jogged up and twisted and gone askew to nothing? Ha! ha! what land-lubber stuck all those masts into the deck, and forgot to put in even one jib? This is a wonderful world. Now I hear some music. Up there where the top-gallant shrouds ought to be, and away up on that royal mast, I see gulls have boarded us. My weather eye is out for them, and I can see the stormy petrels and sea-gulls alight. But Mother Carey's chickens here are curious things. And I never saw such infant sea-gulls before, nor so many sorts and colors as well as sizes. Nor did I ever hear them express their thoughts so delicately. Oh, they are sweet, perfectly sweet, and I am charmed to death almost. What a remarkable kind of a place this is! We

climb over a gunwale, but there is no danger of falling into the briny. On we walk until we come to a cabin, as they call it, though we have no such cabin on our ship. While my folks are stopping here I go out of the cabin on to the deck again. Looking far away, I box the compass. Then I climb over a stone bulwark into what they call a road, though a ship's yawl would get aground in such shallow roads as they have here. I sit down in the sand until I begin to feel dizzy; then I sway myself up and swing along on my pins, tramping to windward, then to leeward, and boxing the compass again while I take a turn around. I dive into this land-lubber's cabin once more, and, finding my folks not ready yet to go, it occurs to me that I will ride on the hurricane deck a while. I hoist myself up a stairway, then up a ladder, but the hurricane deck is all tipped to larboard, and

hangs there; it is too steep to stand on; I should slide into the lee-scuppers unless I belayed myself to that red, square smoke-pipe; so I climb back and fumble around in the galley. Soon I am about to go down into the hold, when the old salts here tell me it is so dark down there I couldn't see my hand a rod before me; so I only fathom it with a stone tied to a string, until I hollo at the strange sight of two green eyes down there in the dark looking up at me awfully. Out on deck I go again, and picking out the smallest mast hereaway, I shin up to the main-yard, but there I get stuck and have to be lifted out yelling. I am hurt, but I soon get over that, and I am so satisfied I laugh in perfect glee at the host of new and mysterious things I see around me everywhere. Day after day I enjoy sights, sights, sights, delights, delights,

delights! I want to live here always, but in a few days my father says that old Neptune is loudly calling for us, and we must go. So I take a dismal leave of this, my beautiful Heaven, with its myriad contents, never to see them, perhaps, any more. Oh! it is hard, hard to part with all the lovely beings here, knowing that they remain to enjoy their varied lives amid these entrancing scenes, while I must go upon the ocean's drear waste, and see no land again for a long, long time. To leave the endless variety of music here, and endure the monotonous roar of the sea alone, is a misery; but there is no help for it, so I sadly bestir myself for our departure. With tears in my eyes I kiss all the little angels I can find, and I throw one big, wholesale kiss to the delicate little petrels and every other sweet creature that dwells in this paradise bidding them all come and see me if they can, early and often, in my home

upon the sea. Away we sail, and this little four-year-old fellow grows homesick, or land-sick, or something, as well as seasick. A furious gale comes and tosses us up and around so carelessly that my little stomach cannot endure it without issuing a protest. After the brief sojourn where it was so calm and where I was so happy, treading a deck that heaved so rarely, I must now become accustomed to the motion of the seething sea again. Oh! I do not want this any more! I long for the solid Heaven I left behind me! But on we totter, the gale above us passes, the raging fever of the ocean subsides, and through the ordinary swell of the crestfallen sea we cut our way, carrying every sheet in the wind, all of us growing more contented every day in the cheering sunlight's blaze. We have a stock of harpoons on board. Every man is enlisted for a warfare of two years and twenty months against the whales,

and we are bound for that cold sea where many of the oily giants swim. We occasionally meet other ships. They are all plunging along as we are, rolling and pitching. But we pass a huge dark object that neither rolls nor pitches in the least. Waves are breaking their heads upon it, yet the grim pile stands unmoved. This little four-year-old boy is interested to inquire why that thing is not tossed about like other things on the water, and I am told that it is a rock. The answer does not satisfy me, for it seems to me that if it is a rock it ought to *rock*. Our vessel seems more of a real "rock" to me, and that dark object is the only staunch thing I have seen upon the water. They tell me it does not float, while the vessel does; and they explain the difference, to my satisfaction; but by and by we pass another great object that is really floating, yet neither rocking nor a rock; a

massive thing, not dark and frowning, but bright and glistening; supported by the water, though it is hard and solid all through; a vast object that is moving steadily and grandly, heedless of the mightiest waves, and able to carry a multitude of people if they could get upon it. I am informed it is an iceberg, and I inquire why we do not travel upon an iceberg, or upon something steady like that, instead of being tossed about in such a frail thing as a ship. I do not get a satisfactory answer to my queries. They tell me that an iceberg melts and disappears, but I tell them that wood does not melt, and I want to know why we do not have a ship or something of that size, or of some sort of respectable size, so that the strongest gales cannot imperil or disturb us. The sailors all laugh. No question ever seemed to them more idle. But no question ever seemed to me more important. I persist

in my inquiries till I sober them, when they seriously answer that they are dumbfounded. And well they might be.

The waves of the ocean were tremendous when I first looked upon them. My little eyes beheld them in all their real glory, and I see them still the same. The circumstances were such that I felt the winds and saw the waves just as they were, and not as they might be imagined afar off. I was too young to be intoxicated with glamour, and to call the terrible waters sublime. I could only view them in the light of their own actual worth. No preconceived opinions of mine were operating then to mould them to an ideal. Romance was not there, to brighten their fearful mien, to charm away the reality. Precisely as the waves were, they rolled before me; and the impression they fixed upon a new mind was true and lasting.

To one who was born and brought up on the sea, there is a rich ludicrousness in the ideas of those who were not (so far as their ideas pertain to that subject—the sea). After settling upon land, nothing so amused me as to hear the narrow ideas of people in general upon so great a matter as the ocean. I found the impression common among them that a vessel four or five hundred feet long is a huge thing! Bless their little hearts, it may seem great to them. It is great when compared with smaller things, but a mere trifle when compared with greater things. Everything is judged by comparison. Quietly resting in still water at the dock, with river steamboats around, and a rowboat happening near, the ocean steamer appears a vast object. Place it in a dry-dock, and it seems larger still. But it is not in its element. Replace it in its element, and view it when that element in mid-ocean is surging

around it fiercely, threatening its life — the comparison is there reversed; the mightier mass belittles the vessel to a mere nothing; it disappears altogether, and the drowning wretches find it worse than nothing, for it brought them to their destruction. In their last moments they perceive that the ocean steamer, four or five hundred feet long, is not a very great thing after all; that if it had been four or five hundred feet shorter it would have been quite as great in the end; that such a thing as that is not a fit article with which to navigate a stormy sea; that they would not be in a more unnatural situation if that same vessel, with themselves on board, were in one of the streets of New York—Canal street, for instance—endeavoring to sail on the dampness which settles there when the sweet springtime comes.

It is easy to see how the erroneous impression originated, that a vessel four or five

hundred feet long is a massive object Almost every one obtains the first impression of an ocean steamer by seeing it lying quietly at the dock, or moving steadily through the still waters of a harbor, where the contrast with boats or with ripples can only serve to magnify the ocean steamer in appearance—the ocean itself being so far in the background as to be on the other side of the picture, out of sight. With most persons, the first impression of an ocean steamer has nothing of the ocean about it, and is consequently a false impression. And first impressions are not eradicated easily. If every one caught the first sight of an ocean steamer while it was performing its function, laboring to survive a terrific storm at sea, we should all regard an ocean steamer as no very great affair on the ocean.

In consequence of the ideas of people who emanate from the land, pursuing their ludi-

crous little methods in regard to the ocean, the briny deep is salting them down at a fearful rate. If it were not horrible, it would be laughable, to see intelligent people continue a system of navigation by which thousands of the most highly organized beings upon earth perish every year unnecessarily.

The champion grave-digger of the world is Neptune. If you wish to be buried nicely, speedily, thoroughly, cheaply, yet fashionably, go to him. He is an undertaker as well as a grave-digger, and will take your whole case into his own hands. It will be attended to at once, though he has a great deal to do. He is always busy somewhere. His business is overwhelming. And no one could carry on that business better. He has been extensively patronized by all classes, taking the highest to the lowest. He will bury you more than six feet deep if you wish; he will put you as low as you please.

You have but to let him reach and take you, when he will gently lay you in a grave so deep that no body-snatcher on earth will ever get a rope around your neck for an enterprising doctor to plunge his knife into your still mysterious spleen.

Although Neptune is very strong, he has one weak point: he lacks intelligence. He pervades every drop of every ocean with his might, yet the whole is merely blind force. The enlightened force of intelligence in all men combined, however, does not successfully cope with that blind force; there is not a safe conveyance on the ocean!

If "knowledge is power," Neptune's power over man has been very great for one possessing Neptune's amount of knowledge.

Neptune has no more knowledge of what he is doing than if he were a crazy man or an angry woman, or a mad dog, or a red-hot stove. And has Neptune's powerful en-

emy, Man, been more thoughtful? Failing to provide against the simple combination of weak drops of water in motion, thousands of souls every year are completely washed out of the bodies that were made especially for them.

Human beings rush upon the sea, there to be lightly tossed off into ready-made graves which rise to fold them in.

Whole shiploads of people from time to time have disappeared. Four of the best steamships, the *President*, the *Pacific*, the *City of Glasgow*, and the *City of Boston*, were never heard from after leaving port for the last time. Hundreds of persons upon each of those vessels were forever missing.

Another steamer *Pacific* has been lost, and more than 100 persons have gone down with it.

The great ocean disasters of recent years are vividly remembered: the steamer *Ville*

du Havre carried down to death 226 persons, the *Schiller* 311, the *Atlantic* nearly 500, the *Cospatrick* nearly 500.

Among the legion of shipwrecks I will enumerate a few others, in alphabetical order, without including in the list a single case where less than a hundred persons perished:

The Amazon,	Jan. 4, 1852, ;	lives lost,	102
" Anna Jane,	Sept. 29, 1853;	" "	393
" Arctic,	Sept. 27, 1854;	" "	323
" Austria,	Sept. 13, 1858;	" "	461
" Birkenhead,	Feb. 26, 1852;	" "	438
" Cambria,	Oct. 19, 1870;	" "	170
" Captain,	Sept. 7, 1870;	" "	500
" Central America,	1857;	" "	417
" Charles Bartlett,	July, 1849;	" "	132
" Earl of Abergavenny,	Feb. 5, 1805;	" "	247
" Exmouth,	April 28, 1847;	" "	251
" Favorite,	April 28, 1854;	" "	201
" Floridian,	Feb. 28, 1849;	" "	174
" Golden Gate,	July 27, 1862;	" "	204
" Halsewell,	Jan. 6, 1786;	" "	166
" John,	May 3, 1855;	" "	190
" Lady Nugent,	May, 1854;	" "	400

The London, ...	Jan. 11, 1866;	lives lost,	230
" Northfleet, ...	Jan. 22, 1873;	" "	293
" Ocean Monarch, . .	Aug. 24, 1848;	" "	178
" Pomona, ...	April 28, 1859;	" "	386
" Powhattan, ...	April 15, 1854;	" "	250
" Queen Charlotte, . .	Sept. 19, 1854;	" "	117
" Queen Charlotte, . .	March 17, 1800;	" "	700
" Rothsay Castle, . .	Aug. 17, 1831;	" "	130
" Royal Adelaide, . .	April 30, 1850;	" "	206
" Royal Charter, . .	Oct. 26, 1859;	" "	459
" Royal George, . . .	Aug. 29, 1782;	" "	800
" San Francisco, . . .	Dec. 24, 1853;	" "	300
" Staffordshire, . . .	Dec. 29, 1853;	" "	175
" Tayleur, ...	Jan. 21, 1854;	" "	290

These were among the so-called large vessels. Reckoning the vast number of lives lost by the destruction of smaller vessels, the total for any one year is several thousand persons.

From the little port of Gloucester, Mass., over 300 vessels have gone to wreck within one generation.

During six tempestuous weeks beginning in December, 1839, 192 vessels were driven

upon the shore of New England; 192 complete wrecks; 89 of them on one day, Dec. 15, 1839.

The loss of vessels from all the ports of the world together is enormous every year.

For instance, during only one month (May, 1873) 16 of the vessels bound to or from American ports alone were lost.

In the previous summer, 41 vessels engaged in the seal fishery were wrecked on the coast of Labrador and Newfoundland. Those 41 vessels contained 4,000 persons, of whom only 175 were saved. Thus, in one year 3,825 persons were drowned in one small portion of one of the oceans. Though such fatality at sea is not the rule, the average is great, and the aggregate is immense.

Yet the same old system continues. Little things called ships are built, in great numbers, and sent out to destruction.

In 1873 the number of vessels built in America was 1,700.

In the five years ending with 1872, the number of vessels built in America was 5,387, and the number of American vessels lost during those five years was 2,117, nearly half as many as were built.

There are now more than 20,000 vessels in ocean waters, yet not a one is A 1.

Now let us turn from the unprofitable past to the glorious future.

There is one perfectly safe and sure way to cross the ocean. And only one. Have patience, and we will come to it and give it a thorough examination together. When upon the sea, the amount of one's patience and long-suffering is greater than it should be.

The ships we embark in go to pieces, and the difficulty is supposed to be without remedy. If our dwelling-houses were as frequently to break in pieces and scatter us

out, or if they were in the habit of surging around and shaking us up without spilling us out, something would be done! In this part of the world something on a large scale would be very soon begun, in the endeavor to reform the matter. Houses would be built which could not so readily wabble. Vessels can be built which will not disport themselves in a risky and ludicrous style. There is a way to build a ship that cannot sink or go to pieces, cannot pitch or roll.

And the same method will avert seasickness, that broad, deep, long, high, insurmountable misery, that wretchedness, beginning with the grim shadow of dreaded seasickness, and merging into the agony of terribly real seasickness! It is time for a demurrer to the action. Year after year, century after century, man has travelled the ocean; and what has been done to alleviate, or even mitigate, the sufferings of the journey, the

pangs from that abominable disorder, that old complaint, that worthless relic of an age weak with ignorance, that shameful barbarism of deportment at sea called seasickness?

The most widespread epidemic that ever travelled the world was seasickness. And what is its present condition? The malady still prevails. It covers the ocean, for even the great portion of the nineteenth century gone has failed to combine the simple elements of a compound which is to quell the epidemic. Smaller ills are met, each with its antidote; the more occult the nature of an ill, the more its counteracting agent is sought while plainer difficulties are overlooked. The evil of too great power has one plain antidote: equal power. Let the force of the ocean be what it may at any one point, man can bring a greater force of resistance at that point if he will. And he certainly will! Then may the ship say unto the ocean, as

Emilia so quaintly said to Othello, "Thou hast not half the power to do me harm that I have to be hurt!"

Building a vessel that can be easily overcome and sunk by the force of a soulless body—is absurd! Tossing upon the water when we do not like the motion—is ridiculous! Tossing out victuals—is ludicrous! The coming man will do no such thing on the coming ship, for the coming ship will be adapted to the man aboard. He will not walk in a zigzag line on a ship that bobs along in a zigzag course. He will not appear highly intoxicated in the calm endeavor to tread an inclined plane which is shifting every moment. He will not yearn for the end of his journey. Nor will he be forced to bring his journey to a sudden end among the purple mullets.

No! If man's ingenuity cannot contrive a method of going safely and smoothly over

a mere inanimate substance no harder than the soft and fluent matter called water—then the age of improvements has ended!

Many thousand persons are rocking upon the ocean at all times. Rocking and reeling and tottering over the sea—oh, it is ridiculous! Every hour, every minute, several thousand persons are deep in the agony of seasickness. Their feelings can never be known by those who are only slightly affected. Seasickness as experienced by some is merely nausea for a day or two. Let them not sneer at the malady in others, who pass through the most excruciating series of torments that human nature can bear. Words cannot be found strong enough to describe it. However sensational it seems, it is all true—seasickness is. There is no romance about it. Yet it is stirringly sensational. In its hardest, strongest, fiercest form, it runs into ship-fever, and is fatal.

There are pleasant ways in which to regard seasickness. One is—to consider it an auction, whereby we are clearing out a stock of damaged goods, and they are going cheap. Everything *must* be disposed of. Here is a pie, an elegant pie, just now taken in; how much is it worth? You can't buy these goods new for less than ten or fifteen cents. To be sure, this is second-hand; but—how much is it worth? One scent. Only one scent. Going, going, gone to Mr. Neptune there, for only one scent. Now, here is a piece of tripe we laid in earlier; some onions and cheese and many other things along with it; how much for the lot? The onions alone would be sure to bring a scent. But they must all go together. What is the lot worth? *Start them at anything you like; they will be sure to go.* How much for the lot? The tripe may be a little the worse for wear, but it can't be much worse. One scent will start

them. There they go, to Mr. Neptune, for one scent. Next is a good, solid, rich, yellow, saleratus biscuit, every chink full of powerful soda. It will certainly bring a dolor. A dolor to start it. A dolor. Going—only a dolor—going, going, gone to Mr. Neptune again, and for only one dolor. Cheap enough for that. Here is a little soup left; we had more, but we couldn't get along at all without using some of it, and this is what is left of the quickly nourishing soup. Excellent soup once. Take it now for what it's worth. Nothing to start it. Who bids more? Nothing, nothing, nothing. Gone to Mr. Neptune for nothing.

There are unpleasant ways, also, in which to regard seasickness. When seasick, all is horribleness! There is no way to rest! The world has broken loose! We are maddening! We look in every direction, but there is nothing to depend upon; not an atom is

quiet; everything we see and feel is in terrible motion! The air is rushing, the ocean is boiling, the billows are foaming, the water is dashing, the waves are leaping, the spray is drenching, the surges are thundering, the ship is rolling and pitching, its prow is diving, its masts are bending, its joints are creaking, its timbers are groaning, upon its heaving deck we are roaming—it is a world of solids and fluids in a fever of action! Yet the world around us seems calm compared to the chaos of gyrating solids and fluids within us!

Let us consider the pleasures to be derived in travelling upon a first-class steamship. Here we roll in the luxury of stately staterooms. Delectable! This is princely suffering! We surge out and roll more heavily. It is the very poetry of motion in blank verse! Entering a series of elegant saloons, and noting the superb misery to be had in the first-

cabin—are we pained? Let us not be squeamish about it; the pain we feel is the very excess of delight! We are simply infatuated with vexation. What fine carving! What exquisite torment! What rich upholstering! What interesting spasms! What lovely tints! What grand convulsions! What supernal chandeliers! What gay fits! What charming gilt! What sublime explosions! What beautiful wainscotings! What extreme feelings! What downy seats! What sumptuous wretchedness! The doors extend to us bright silver hands; the richly painted walls bloom with golden touches; the glassy varnish reflects our happiness all, all, and adds so much to our joy! We are swayed from delight to delight. What handsome doorways! What showy stairways! How pretty all ways! A fickle ship in display! She is richly attired for a dance, and is she not gaily rushing through a lively season! We

think of her gilded trappings, and how they soothe our troubled feelings. Oh, we are enduring splendid misery! Let the ocean roar; no matter what is without when all this is within! Sublimity everywhere! The ship has a noble prow! Don't we enjoy it! We are compelled to stagger among mahogany. If it were oak, perhaps we should be unhappy. If pine, we might be miserable. We are pitched by fate to unexpected pleasures. A sick stranger is flung to us for a desperate embrace. Another lurch, and away we go, sadly parting. Life is dreadfully enchanting here. We are frantic in admiration of the ocean, yet we have only seen the surface; we shall be lost in speechless pleasures if we go down. While the ship floats we appreciate every trifle of happiness vouchsafed to us. Ever surrounded by jauntily moving ornaments, we thread our devious way among these pretty things, feeling ineffable feelings,

looking at every portion of the ship in turn, utterly satisfied with it all. Existence here has a charm of its own. It is sweet trouble! It is imperial agony! It is a blissful foretaste of eternal punishment! But we need not feel any anxiety; everything here is first-class; we may feel perfect security; we could not ourselves more safely decorate the cabin, nor more securely deck the deck. Depend upon it, the whole vessel is safely adorned. The prow will never make a fatal plunge, for—if you could see the figure-head! if you could but look into the face of that divine protecting genius! We are free from danger all around—the hull is guarded from the ocean by thick coats of paint. Moreover, the outline is a graceful contour. Everything has been done that could be done. Money was lavished upon the engines down there, to give the iron a rich lustre. Every bit of the ship is sufficiently refined and polished.

The vessel is perfect; not a crack could be discovered. Passengers are all right, in any event—they occupy the finest part of the ship. Could so ornate a vessel sink? Is it possible that such a beautiful feminine creature could dive all over into that dirty water, and get drowned? Well, if she did, every glittering thing will cheer us with its bright looks when the ship sinks. We will feast our eyes upon the sparkling tips of burnished brass. Drowning, we shall be happy to know that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," and therefore such beautiful things as these ocean steamers must go on delighting other people thus forever. Posterity, we congratulate you. An ocean steamer, inside or outside, is a dreadfully charming place. How delightful to heave with overwhelming emotion amid such scenes! How sweet to visit the railing, and linger there! These are blissful throes of anguish! Upon a first-class

steamship nausea is simply divine! After exploring the whole vessel a few hundred times, we meet objects that look a little familiar. We recognize them, and sometimes we are moved to embrace them. It seems as though we had always lived here—and sometimes as though we should die here. It is a picturesque locality for walking. With carefully studied gait, we loiter along from saloon to saloon. Ah! these fleeting moments are lingering hours of halcyon distress. When sated with the glory of all the ship's saloons, we can seek the hidden charm of freshness in that retired nook, that pretty niche, that lovely retreat—the state-room. Entering that bower, the pleasing memories awakened are indescribable. When we leave this fragrant niche, we trip around over the deck, and fantastically toe the bulwark. There we obtain immediate relief from too much of a good thing. We leave the bulwark with a lighter

step, and plunge under cover, taking umbrage at a sofa, beneath a proudly swaying wall. Then something suddenly happens again. "History repeats itself." Oh! we are having a grand time! These are the stirring moments that make our lives worth living! How sweet the air! Nothing could approach the fragrance! A ship's aroma—there is no other property like it! We smell it, we condemn it, we keep it, we hate it, we breathe it, we loathe it, we avoid it, we catch it, we shun it, we despise it, we chew it, we cannot help it, we swallow it, we have it, we drink it, we secure it, we dwell upon it, we move in it, we fill our pockets with it, and every stitch of clothing receives and holds its share of it. Every charming nook in the ship is redolent of it. We feel, with Othello, "if it were now to die, 'twere now to be most happy"—though he said it soon after getting married, and in troth we are in

a different plight. In many ways the vessel enthralls us. The activity of perennial youth pervades it. Exhilaration reigns. Look at the lively hangings. The walls come and go. The people move with alacrity. We are thrown together frequently; we often meet unexpectedly; this is a pleasure: this is companionship! Sometimes a number of us get together in a knot in one corner; without knowing why, we gather suddenly, and hold a mysterious conclave; then we all go to another corner; soon we go back again, all together; then we are all moved to try that other corner again; we go through these proceedings several times; this is society! Eating is one of the pleasant horrors, too. Hesitation and celerity join their forces above the board. When we take dinner or supper, or break that sweet fast in the morning, the table is well supplied with the various kinds of motion. English

plates glide, and upon them our French rolls roll. These China cups of China tea are very fluent; coffee is quite as rapid in its delivery, getting the floor and holding it, agitating the whole assembly. Butter spreads itself likewise, and bread of course goes after it. The meat is restless, and the cheese more animated than usual. The ham endeavors to walk again. How the eggs are rolling. The tongue is extremely active, though it says nothing. Expectation is on tiptoe, ready to rush out to the bulwark. Hurry, hurry, is the rule. Kiss me quick and go, my victuals. Quick returns and small profits by eating. The various forces of the edibles are correlated at last in the stomach, and converted into one kind of motion. Returning from the bulwark, examine the gilt-edged mirrors, and admire the picture of happiness in each. Walk out on deck again for more delights. You can take

a bath for nothing in the lee-scuppers; and when you find you may slide down hill all day without walking up, it is enough to convert old age into youth—or second childhood. At night, if you would study astronomy, every mast will bow to you, and point out every star.

Seasickness is one of the greatest evils of the world, and I am about to propose a plan, involving a radical change in nautical affairs, which will obviate the misery and peril of sea voyages.

When this new system of navigation has been adopted, we shall have no poets exasperating our minds with such an awful presentation of truth as the following:

"Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell;
Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave;
Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave."

Nor shall we continue to be pained by such a dreadful ending as this:

"Till, all exhausted and bereft of strength,
O'erpowered they yield to cruel fate at length.
The burying waters close around their head—
They sink! forever numbered with the dead."

And, alas! we shall not dwell with mournful pleasure on the sweet rhythm which tells us thus the sad sequel of lives cut off in the brightness of youth and strength and hope:

"Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave,
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave."

The following tribute, too, will be brought to light as a curiosity in literature, a relic of the age of shipwrecks:

"God rest the brave
Who 'neath the Atlantic wave
Have sunk to their last home!
* * * * * *
The tempest blast their parting knell,
The gurgling waters their farewell,
Their winding sheet the cold dark wave,
Their gallant ship her liegemen's grave."

And scarcely credible will seem the fact that mankind ever sacrificed itself to the ocean so freely as to inspire the beautiful lament in the following sad apostrophe to Neptune:

"To thee the love of woman hath gone down;
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
O'er youth's bright locks and beauty's flowery crown.
Yet must thou hear a voice: 'Restore the dead!
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee;
Restore the dead, thou sea!'"

Equally strange then will this more sublime apostrophe to Neptune seem:

"Upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown."

With stranger feelings still the future antiquarian will sound the following lines, and marvel at the simple foolhardiness of these times:

"Hark! Pity! Hark!
Now mounts, now totters on the tempest's wings,
Now grounds and shivers the replunging bark.
Cling to the shrouds! In vain!"

But he will be utterly astounded on learning by his researches that people in this age of abundant energy cared more for ostentatious display than they did for their lives, and travelled in ships that would *burn.* As no pity is called for under such circumstances, we cannot well blame the future antiquarian if his sense of the ludicrous moves him to hilarious laughter when he comes across such piteous lines as these:

"Lo! o'er the waves a lurid light is cast;
Blood-red the ship pursues her burning way;
Devoured by fire, sore smitten by the blast,
Her doom is sealed ere dawns another day."

When he stops laughing at such incongruity his comment will be: "Well, they were simply foolish to navigate with such combus-

tible little things. Yet they had thousands and thousands of those before they had one of the right kind. In 1877 they had over twenty thousand sea-going vessels, and not one of them worthy to be used for sea-going. Not a person on earth until then had ever put forth the idea of building a vessel of the right size and shape. The people of that period spent their abundance on mere show, and idled away their time in writing poetical wails over their griefs, instead of taking hold and working practically to improve, to advance, to do away with their imperfect structures, to rise above their difficulties, to remove the cause of their continually recurring ocean catastrophes."

Pursuing his researches, he will ponder over the ponderous strangeness of such extraordinary doings as these:

"A thousand miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring sea!

From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast!"

In his grim delight at the seeming novelty of any human being being so ridiculously circumstanced, and yet perceiving that it is not a novelty, but a thing of the past, he may exclaim: "There is nothing new under the sun!"

But there is. And the change I am about to propose in the method of navigating the sea will develop an entirely new thing under the sun.

Our water vehicles have been touched up with a few changes now and then. How steamers can be pushed forward with the least amount of puffing and sweating has been importantly discussed, and a great deal of thought has been given to the angles and curves. Ho! let the angles and curves be what they may, and the boilers large or small, the ocean rolls around them all with

a power so terrible that every ship is made to squeak, and some of our greatest favorites are lost. The ocean beats upon the shore of every land, proudly exclaiming to Invention, "Thus far shalt thou come, but no farther!" and inventors have stood awe-stricken, regarding the great highway of nations as one that must always be uncomfortable, and always dangerous to travel.

The great subject of ocean transit has been darkly and narrowly viewed. We still trust our giddy creations where they will sink or swim, according to the weather; and we trust ourselves upon them, expecting to survive or perish, doubtful which.

Our greatest vehicles on land all move with majesty and power; our greatest vehicles on water are kicked about in a style truly laughable.

The future will reflect and wonder at the relative proportions of our land and water

structures, when the former are built to quietly sleep and the latter must live in fury. On land we have acres covered by one roof; blocks joined to blocks; a city, miles in extent, with conjoint houses, ubiquitous pavement, with intersecting gas-pipes, sewers, and water-pipes; forming one grand structure, complete in itself, interdependent, a unity; and yet, with all its greatness, to rest upon the quiet earth. Such a thing is possible; it is achieved. A unity of much less dimensions, only sufficient to traverse the ocean securely, is certainly possible, and it will be achieved.

Manifestly there is a need of something better to take the place of the unreliable thing called a ship.

Now let us see precisely what is required. Safety, of course. Speed is but a secondary consideration. Safety first. How shall we secure safety? By obtaining steadiness. We

may like swiftness, but we must have steadiness. A ship that is steady is safe; a man that is steady is safe. Many a ship is fast, but not steady or safe; many a man is fast, but not steady or safe. Vessels at the dock are steady, but when they go to sea they become intoxicated. Some men do when they go away on a journey. A ship, so quiet and well behaved where civilized people dwell, is terribly unsteady when travelling abroad. The reason is plain: ships have not yet grown large enough to resist the powerful influences thrown around them. And when ships develop to the right size they will progress to the right *form*. It will never make the passage of the Atlantic safe and comfortable to augment the number of its little floating palaces. They are swarming out of the Clyde and the Delaware, but the savage sea is ready for them; their numbers cannot avail; the ocean has power to destroy

them all, one by one. Swell the number of the uncanny things till every square mile of ocean has its bobbing toy! yet the very finest will be kicked and cuffed around unfeelingly, broken unmercifully, ruined utterly!

The ocean is a broad-gauge route! Broad-gauge vehicles are required for such a strikingly broad-gauge route. The route is tried by a host of vehicles; not one of them fits the track. They are all of one sort by being narrow-gauge; and the narrow-gauge is clearly inadequate. Centuries of experience unite their long lists of ocean horrors to show that a narrow-gauge vehicle is not adapted to a broad-gauge route; yet a narrow-minded policy continues trying hard to run narrow-gauge vehicles comfortably on a broad-gauge route.

The great ocean vehicle of the future will not be called a *ship*. Vivid recollections of seasickness will die with that word. The

distantly coming man will laugh upon ascertaining in musty books what ships were. The vehicle made to carry him over the stormy sea will less resemble a ship of the present day than a whale resembles a minnow.

Let us conceive the thing whereon the future man will traverse every ocean. And, for the convenience of a name, let us call the mighty structure a TOTO.

Taking one long leap requiring hundreds of years, we come down in New Jersey. Thus reaching the center of New Jersey, we proceed northeasterly, in the direction of what was formerly Jersey City. Before we arrive within a dozen miles we enter the suburbs of a vast commercial city. We find that Manhattan Island overflowed in every direction long ago, and now New York

and New Jersey here are one. New York City and all its populous neighborhood, including a piece of the State of New Jersey ceded to it, were united into one grand municipality, in order that America might wear the honor of having the largest city in the world. And here it is: a city of stupendous proportions, and rapidly growing; containing already tens of millions of denizens; the commercial emporium of a continent whereon dwell five hundred millions of people.

New York City swung its arms around New York Bay, and took it all into its embrace.

Floating in the waters of this bay are worthy bearers for the mighty commerce of this port. From the Narrows around to the Narrows again, the densely populated shore is lined with structures that were built for use, for safety and for comfort on the water.

Interspersed with river craft are those of quite another form and size, and built as differently from river craft as an ocean is different from a river.

Touching at intervals the shore around the bay, and touching Manhattan Island at various points, these sea-going and seaworthy conveyances are receiving and discharging mankind and merchandise. All these ocean vehicles have to encounter the same boisterous Atlantic Ocean, and they are all of a similar shape and size. They are just large enough for safety where the elements are fiercest. A greater magnitude than that is not required, and who could now be satisfied with anything less?

In the ignorance and weakness of the world's youth, of course, mankind was forced to endure hardships. But as the world gathered strength it gathered the means of obtaining the comforts of life. And thus many

hardships were swept away by inventors. In the latter part of the nineteenth century one arose and inquired: Wherefore the necessity of enduring the last and greatest of all hardships when easy ships might be built to take the place of the hard ships?

Mankind soon built an easy ship, and called the easy ship a Toto.

We will go on board a Toto, and see what it is.

In passing from the solid ground to the Toto, we pass from a city on land to a neat little city on water. The buildings are not so high, and there are other differences to be described.

We enter the floating little city by its central thoroughfare, and walk straight on to the other end. The distance is only 600 yards. But in traversing these cross streets we are particularly struck with the breadth of the Toto, for it is half its length. Its horizontal

boundary line is oval. The Toto is very nearly level, and might be called a gigantic raft. But a raft is a crude affair, and this is not. Other considerations lead us to think of the Toto as a great ferry-boat. It is a ferry-boat worthy of its line! How solid and firm the structure beneath our feet! Is there anything here that would give way in a storm? Are we shut up within the walls of a paltry ship, "cabined, cribbed, confined," breathing the foul air which forms the all-pervading spirit of a tipsy vessel? No; we walk these open streets as we would tread Broadway. When we are out at sea we shall get a smell of the ocean, sometimes a sight, but not a taste! not a taste of the filthy brine!

The Toto appears to the mind at first to be of a prodigious length, but in reality the most prodigious dimension of the Toto is its width, and not its length. When vessels

400 or 500 feet long were built in great numbers, it would have required only four of those 500 feet vessels in one straight line to exceed the length of the Toto. To fill out the width, and cover an area of water equal to that covered by the Toto, quite a number more would have been required. But there were plenty of them. The twenty thousand vessels afloat in 1877, if massed into groups of the size of a Toto, would have shown the ability of mankind at that period to have constructed, not merely one Toto, but many Totos.

All great structures, the vast bridges, towering buildings, etc., do not seem so gigantic when built as they do beforehand, when we contemplate their proposed enormous dimensions in figures. Everything outdoors appears more tremendous when considered indoors than it does when we go out and look upon it. Outdoors we see it in its natural position,

we get a correct idea of its real size; that is, its relative bigness. Comparing it with its surroundings, no great bridge ever seems too large; we are beholding it in its element. When we behold the Toto in its element, far from land, and compare it with its surroundings — will it seem too large? No, indeed!

Cities upon land extend for miles in length and miles in breadth, while this little city is only 600 yards in length and 300 yards in breadth, only one-eighteenth of a square mile.

Let us go to the lower end of Manhattan Island, the point of New York City which used to be called the Battery, and go on board the Toto there. Totos are mainly alike, but that one is at a point of historic interest.

We go.

Here we are, where Castle Garden used

to loom up, in the glory of its rotundity looking far more formidable than the Battery which crouched behind it. This is the place where Jenny Lind sang, rendering Castle Garden one of the scenes of story and song. It became the very first objective point of many travellers from foreign lands. The Battery faded and brightened, and faded again until it brightened up with a new light when from this spot the first and only original Toto took its new departure to gladden the vision of the assembled millions who saw it going and coming. America saw it going, and England afterward saw it coming. All England would rather have walked to their Land's End than to have missed that sublime spectacle. But the sight is too common now to be remarkable. What is a new city, in any land, after one has seen a hundred? What is a new city on the water after one has seen a hundred? When

this old land was new, however, when it was Young America, the Toto was said to be a "big thing." It was an elephant, some declared. It was a whale, thought others. But the elephant, when trained, was appreciated. The whale was valuable, and not a man was taken into that whale who did not come out again in a few days, without even having been sick in the stomach.

We find that very little iron is used in the construction of the Toto. There is some, but not a great deal. There is more than would be sufficient to make one steel pen, but not so much that any person would ever think of saying that the Toto is built of iron. The principal material is much lighter, yet very tough and durable. It is a substance which for a long time was manufactured only in sheets, forming an article remarkably strong for its thickness, and called paper. When its utility jumped from simple

paper to car-wheels, taking in small boats on the way, it was found suitable for conveyances of any size, by land or water, from the smallest toy to the support of a ponderous railroad train; from paper boats to a Toto on paper.

These houses on the Toto are built of chemically prepared wood, and will not burn. So are the pavements. Every material comprising any portion of the Toto is incombustible. Whatever was by nature incinerable has been so treated that combustion is impossible. No person even who is liable to spontaneous combustion has ever succeeded in getting on board a Toto—now we may be sure that all fire is amply guarded against.

When standing on any one of the streets of the Toto, we may say we are on deck Standing on the flat roof which extends over. each block of houses, we may say we are on the promenade-deck. As the freest winds

are harmless to the strong Toto, it has nothing that could rightly be termed a hurricane-deck. The portion of the Toto beneath the houses and streets may be called the hold. In the space down there the Toto carries merchandise: up here, in airy houses, people. The hold is reached through capacious openings in the courtyard of each block, the street pavements being left unbroken for travel.

How is the Toto steered? How is the rudder of so ponderous a vessel swung? From a pilot-house located well forward, in the top of a tower, the Toto is guided, easily guided, yielding readily to the touch of one man, for his arm is aided by a mechanical appliance a thousand arms strong. As the little finger of an organ player can thrill the mightiest instrument of music if aided by mechanical power, so can the arm of a pilot sway the helm of the mightiest instrument of travel. The

Great Eastern was easily steered by one finger, with the assistance of a steam contrivance. There is no difficulty in steering a Toto.

All of the houses (except the lofty pilot-house) are of a uniform height; the flat roofs are alike; and thus each square is fitly topped off with a promenade-deck. Here are chairs for those who wish to sit; here is space for those who wish to walk; and here is a railing around.

Hotels comprise a large portion of the houses on the Toto. Every house is crammed. But the cool sea breeze will play around and into and through them with such a ventilating effect, it will wholly dispel the obnoxious ideas pertaining to a crammed house on land. A hotel quietly standing on the heated earth—and a hotel carried forward over the cool sea—differ widely. People huddle together by instinct whenever the air

is cool, to obtain comfortable warmth. And here upon the Toto, what if every house is crammed full? "The more the merrier!" Crowd on, young hearts, crowd on, and we will keep each other warm. We shall not need to clutch a wet railing, or put our arms around a cold mast, or hug an iron capstan, to save our lives, and after all embrace each other in dying misery; but, glowing with the perennial life of health and happiness and security, we shall throng the streets of the Toto by day, and pack ourselves into its houses at night with a nearness that will be comfortable and cosy.

These streets will not be obstructed by teams after the Toto has started. Vehicles will not be needed in this little city. There will be plenty of room for human locomotion.

We notice but one apothecary shop in town. The invigorating effect of the sea air will be so potent it will tone up every system

to a physical point where physic will not be required.

The climate is so salubrious on the Toto at sea that the rate of mortality is very small. In every town of this size, of course, deaths will sometimes occur; yet this little city is so delightfully healthy that its population is generally larger at the end of the passage than at the beginning. There are six jolly doctors on board, to one cadaverous undertaker and one forlorn druggist.

The sea air is so stimulating that no greater stimulation is desired, and the happiness of a journey on the Toto is so intoxicating that no sublimer intoxication is possible. Every one admits this openly. Therefore, upon the Toto there are no grog-shops visible to the naked eye. No one but a person under the strain of arduous duties will be expected to need the aid of inebriation. The only man supposed to drink whiskey is the pilot.

Every Toto has a name, and this one's name is Jonah.

We are to cross the Atlantic on this Toto. In a few days we shall walk off into another republic.

During the whole passage we need not see the ocean if we choose not. But, under the circumstances, we shall delight to see it. Every day we shall take a stroll to the suburbs to see the sea. People who are so fortunate as to occupy those elegant houses upon the border of the Toto can view the ocean from their windows, but the rest of us will often walk out to that elliptical street on which those houses front, and there we shall look out upon the "gray and melancholy waste," and listen to its grand and ceaseless roar. It will not seem so gray and melancholy as it did to some who lived before us.

Noah did not have a Toto. Notwith-

standing it took him 120 years to build his structure, an ark 450 feet in length, seventy-five in width, and forty-five in height, was a smaller thing than some of the vessels that were bobbing around in 1877. However huge for Noah's day of small things, it would seem small for this day of huge things. The Toto is of quite a different shape as well as size. And it ought to be. The water which Noah encountered was mostly from above; the water we encounter is mostly underneath; so we can have plenty of ventilation without water in ours.

Through the Narrows our ocean vehicle can reach the ocean from the bay without difficulty; and it might with even another Toto on each side, for a Toto is only one-sixth the width of the Narrows, and the water is of immense depth.

Here we go, sailing out through this deep strait, meeting and passing another Toto in the narrowest part of the Narrows.

The shallowest point in the whole channel from New York to the sea is no less than 22 feet deep at low tide. And this is a soft bottom. If the channel at any point were not deep enough for the Toto, it could be made deep enough! and kept deep enough! In the Narrows the depth of water ranges from 40 to 116 feet at low tide.

We steadily advance, emerging from the lower bay, and moving out so quietly upon that rolling prairie of water that we seem to be borne along on a floating island, a thickly populated little island, which grows smaller and smaller in appearance, even to us who are upon it, as we are carried further and further out upon the broad field of the sea.

Any given distance looks so much less upon the water than upon the land, that the dimensions of the Toto out here on the water do not seem so great as we had naturally supposed. Gaining permission to

go up that tower to the pilot-house, we first look out upon the Toto, then around upon the ocean, and this structure looks much smaller than we could ever have imagined a structure to appear when it is 600 yards long and 300 yards wide. Too big? It looks almost too little!

What moves the Toto? This is the most important question pertaining to it? When it was first put, it was in this form: What can move the Toto? Many pronounced the query unanswerable. They said that the Toto could be built, but never could be operated. The author of the Toto anticipated their objection, and met it squarely beforehand, in this way: If a small object can be moved through water by mechanical power, it only needs great mechanical power to move a great object. Even less proportional power is required to drive a large vessel than a small one of the same shape.

The Toto is not of the same shape; a broad structure moves through water at a disadvantage regarding power; but what is that compared to the immeasurable advantage of safety and comfort! Whatever amount of power is requisite to move the Toto, the power can be supplied. There is nothing so great, which man can put together, but man can move it by steam. A large aggregation of matter only requires a large aggregation of power to move it. Steam will move the Toto. If any superior motor shall be devised in the future, the Toto will use it, whether it be cold vapor, warm heat, spiritualism, wet dryness, perfect fluid, sunlight, moonshine, wave motion, will power, yeast, natural affinity, slander, the tide, the ballot, perpetual motion, woman suffrage, odd force, or any other odd force. But steam is adequate to the propulsion of any bulk through the readily yielding fluid water. When the Toto

is ready to start, we will brighten up those jolly fires below, wake up the screw propellers to a lively sense of duty, get up a revolution among them, and travel by the method of propulsion now in vogue—swimming ahead by twisting the heels. We might have sails, with no fear that the wind would tip us over; but the appliances for sails would be cumbersome; we shall use steam. A few halting minds will still doubt that the Toto will ever move. Let their conservative souls be harried by the reflection that their greatest grandfathers thought it absurd to suppose that steam could move the smallest vessel; ridiculous to entertain the notion that we could burn black stones to warm our houses, and a mere gas to light them; folly to believe that we could ever send a message to a distant land with lightning speed. The world moves—and the world is a great deal larger than the Toto. The world of thought moves. The power that moves it

now will move it in the future, continuing its progress through all time. Ability which put the first small ship upon its course is working yet, and will discover means to satisfy man's growing wants. The field of invention has not been trampled down. Vast plains of improvement are barely touched. Rising in partial obscurity, loom gigantic mountains yet to be scaled, whose peaks will be carved by explorers into enduring monuments of fame. Our descendants will not envy us for having lived in so apt an age for invention; the greatest results of searching thought are yet to come; the brightest pages in the history of mankind's progress will be written in the future. Nature is inexhaustible. The Toto shall move, as truly as Galileo's earth moved. The many who doubted that were ancestors of those who will doubt this. Builders of bobbing things called ships, now let us have a Toto!

That was in 1877.

When the leaven had worked sufficiently the Toto was forthcoming, and its success when once upon the ocean was immediate, going beyond the greatest expectations—of conservatives—and flush with the highest hopes of enthusiastic builders. The Toto was so thoroughly unique in its design, bringing with it such a new departure from all previous modes of travelling, that its advent was the event of the century.

O, that day! when the first Toto moved! Moved from New York to cross the ocean! What multitudes pressed to the Battery, crammed every street for miles above, covered every hill slope, commanding a view of the bay! Millions were gathered within that horizon! Square miles of people! Humans in groups of countless hundreds of thousands, all with their hearts full, looked upon that sight, and wept. The

sensation was too intense for calm and cold endurance. It was a stirring, swelling, rousing motive, which nothing less than the pageantry of war could rival. And this was a peaceful accomplishment, undeniably worthy, and solidly useful. The shining emblems of the glory of refined barbarity, modern war, plated savagery, which rears itself in triumph over desolation and deadness and sadness, did not glitter here. To act the studied part of gaudy splendor would not have heightened the simple majesty of this occasion. Its grandeur rose above all meretricious adornment. The noble spirit of Destruction, with all the prestige of its honored prowess, with all its pride of the homage paid to its usefulness in the past, began to perceive that its mission among enlightened people was waning ; the world at last was uniting, nations were understanding each other, and all were becoming engrossed by

the nobler spirit of Construction. This country had just emerged from a labor crisis. Unemployed thousands of men, in these hard times, had run the risky gauntlet of vagrancy on one hand and useless overproduction on the other, till hoarded capital in abundance was poured out for their employment in building a Toto. That was a move toward thrift, a successful move toward instant thrift, restoring the equilibrium of labor at once by commencing this urgently needed work. Enforced idleness was relieved; wasting lives were turned to account; and the darkness of that peculiarly dangerous juncture passed away. The domain of work had now been enlarged; every man had something to do; all were earning and spending money; business arose like the sun rising into a clear day; the nation prospered again. The first swim of the first Toto brought the grand holiday! There was universal joy. Every buoy-

ant nature felt inspired, and every nature for the nonce was buoyant. Gladness reigned. Usefulness had won! The Toto at last existed, and was majestically moving upon its course, beginning its career of unexampled usefulness! As millions of eyes gazed upon that sublime spectacle, millions of hearts were wrought up till those eyes could see no longer. The greatness of the event was too impressive for stolid indifference. All were bright, gay, jubilant. And more: Their minds were expanded, strengthened, ennobled. Up into the realm of useful endeavor, profitable work, noble enterprise, every soul was lifted by the achievement those millions beheld. They saw the token of a new era dawning. The ease of travel now across the rough Atlantic, the mingling of all the peoples of Europe in their suddenly augmented flow through every intervening country to reach the Toto, their friendly communion everywhere in drifting

back to their homes, the healthful mixture of every shade of opinion and feeling as the result of this new impetus to travel, the mental expansion, the enlightenment, the sweeping away of old prejudices, the real progress, the improvement of the intellect, was to elevate the tone of the world, create a community of interests, unite all lands by centering their progressive thought upon one great object. The Toto in mid-ocean was a hyphen connecting the Old world with the New. It had drawn upon itself the attention of every civilized nation possessing a sea-coast, and in their combined scrutiny of this one object, and their united admiration of its worth, all dropped the less worthy enterprises of wholesale human destruction, and devoted their surplus energies to the construction of Totos. Idle display was flung to the winds, and works of usefulness commenced. The new ear was begun.

On that memorable day, when the first

Toto was moving, was gliding seaward the focus of glances by millions, and there were flowing toward it the acclamations of that host, that measureless array of gazers from hilltops above hilltops and the Jersey and island shores, there was also flowing through countless brains a little rhyme; not poetry, but rhyme:

This is the Toto which Vanderbilt built,
Which Vanderbilt built,
Which Vanderbilt built,
Built to advance mankind!
He answered the people's unanimous call,
In misery all,
Replete with gall,
Needing a ship of this kind.

Seasick and perishing thousands cried out;
He heard the shout,
He brought this about,
Taking a hint not the slyest.
His wonderful genius for organization
And administration
Moved every nation,
Lifting America highest!

When he enlisted the men and the means
He wrought such scenes
As kings and queens
And angels came to see;
Honoring this above all other lands
With ocean sands;
And now it stands
Peerless regarding the sea!

The Toto's a vessel that's strong and staunch
From root to branch;
And with it we launch
An era no man can stop.
Here on this day it is plainly shown,
And soon will be known
From zone to zone,
This side of the globe is the top!

Of course there was a great deal of poetry also floating around in those times, upon the same subject.

Now we are travelling splendidly. All on board are comfortable, and are safe, albeit on the ocean. There is nothing flimsy about this conveyance for the sea. This is no

flighty basket in the air. We are not at the mercy of fickle currents of wind. We are not sailing off promiscuously among the stars, a little globe of our own. We are making the most of our advantages in taking the water for a support, instead of overlooking that matter, getting above such a thing, kiting away from our sphere, roaming an uncomfortable region, hung high in the air to a bag of gas, a thing that may easily break, turning aeronauts into aerolites, compelling them to end their fast trip in a life-boat, sailing vertically from the sky to the sea. A balloon is a grand plaything, and people may go to sea with that conveyance without being seasick; but, for the multitude to travel with the least expense and with the greatest comfort, it is manifestly safer as well as cheaper to take the best foundation obtainable. For travelling over land it is the earth itself, and for

travelling over the sea it is the water. The ground will freely support the heaviest basket or car. The air will not furnish such support; costly means are required to hold it up. Therefore any method of traversing the upper regions must be at a disadvantage.

The Toto is substantial. Its advance is sure. There is no conceivable obstacle.

The winds? We need not fear that any wind which will ever blow can tip over this great raft, or injure a fibre of its solid substance.

The waves? At the touch of the Toto the highest waves fall, and the hardy swimmer glides over their soft and loose and yielding bodies easily.

But the rocks? Will not the Toto run upon unyielding rocks, and will not the sharp rocks puncture the life out of the Toto? Impossible. If the Toto should by

accident become unmanageable, and be carried astray, the monster could not be demolished by anything it met. Of course the Toto is built in water-tight sections, that a leak in any part would not ingulf the whole. A ship of the old style might be divided into any number of water-tight compartments, yet what were they, all united, but simply one? It was but one poor, weak, light, paltry thing, to be tossed about upon the water as a unit, with all its united compartments. A single wave could grasp it, and the whole was gone! One billow could seize it as though it were a bubble, and lift it high, and fling it, one whole toy, upon the jagged rocks, every compartment then dividing and subdividing, all together dashing and crashing into the scattered flinders of a complete wreck! But the Toto could not be thus acted upon. If haply it were disabled, it would merely drift; slowly drift; quietly

drift. The ocean could not concentrate sufficient power to destroy it. No billow could lift it, no wave could sink it, no iceberg could crush it. The monster would steadily drift; and, wherever it might float, there is not a rock that could destroy it. The Toto would drift until it touched, and there it would stay until its constitutional disabilities were removed, when its course could be directed elsewhere. If the gigantic vessel were madly driven with all its force upon the hugest rock, and one of its compartments wholly smashed, yet the wounded monster would remain—not a thing to be flung away by the angry Neptune even then. Or if, peradventure, the Toto should blindly rush into collision with another Toto, still the two great fellows could not annihilate each other with one blow. Always retaining such immense strength in reserve, the vast resources of each would enable it to live and move.

It would not die by one stroke, however crippled.

Here upon the Toto we cannot but think of the way our early fathers travelled: sailing on a quiet river or a placid lake in a thing which the ripples could not in the least disturb, yet bobbing out upon the sea in a shell that a single wave might overpower.

And now we are ready to answer in a thoroughly practical manner the fervid old conundrum:

"Why do the roaring ocean
And the night wind, cold and bleak,
As they beat at the heart of the mother,
Drive the color from her cheek?"

Simply because when the bleak winds blow so,
Her boy at sea is not on a Toto.

In this connection we bethink ourselves of another puzzling newspaper paragraph we read in the olden time:

"A sea stove in the bark *Mary Jane* let the water into her; and she went to the bottom."

People in reading that used to ask what sort of a thing a sea stove was, and how it let the water in. The idea that human beings would go to sea in a structure so frail that the sea could stave it in, was incredible to some people, and yet it was true. The numerous wrecks in those times caused the people to send out fearful howls as well as dreadful barks; they issued more than five thousand barks before there was one Toto.

As we move steadily forward on the ocean, and distance begins to lend enchantment to the view of the land we are leaving, our thoughts embrace the far-off time when a vessel called the *Great Eastern* was launched upon the sea. We remember what was then considered its immensity, and how we laughed. We remember, too, how we marvelled at its non-success as a passenger vessel. But now,

when we have climbed to the top of our house upon the Toto, stepped out upon its level roof, and taken chairs for an hour to enjoy the delicious breeze from the watery plain before us, we think the matter over, and we seem to see the cause of the *Great Eastern's* failure: As human beings are slow to risk themselves where they think the chances of life are doubtful, it is not strange that a larger vessel than usual of the old-fashioned shape appeared unwieldy, and therefore unsafe. What a contrast between that great little thing and this! When we look around upon the Toto, and see the breadth as well as length, giving it the appearance as well as the fact of solidity and strength; when we think what an area is covered by this level giant, rendering the waves puny in comparison and powerless, we no longer wonder that people were shy of a monster of the old shape, whose size made it only look cumbersome without adding to its safety.

The Toto is a horse of a different color, and carries every one without fear.

We are now well out upon the Atlantic; not "half seas over," nor anything like it, but we are making steady progress; and the question arises, not—"To be or not to be?" as it used to, nor—"How long will it take to get across?" but—"How long will this delightful trip last?" The fleetest vessels used to cross the Atlantic in nine days. Occasionally one would make a quicker passage; the steamer *City of Berlin* arrived in New York, Sept. 25, 1875, in 7 days and 18 hours from Queenstown; and returned in 7 days, 15 hours, and 48 minutes, actual time, from New York to Queenstown; but the usual time for the fastest steamers was nine days. Those nine days, then and there, seemed longer than nine weeks would, now and here. So we are not in a hurry. With the comforts of a sea-voyage on the Toto,

the urgent desire for swift-sailing vessels ended. Naturally enough. Put a man in a nice place, and he is not in a hurry to leave it; the Toto is a nice place to spend a few weeks, and mankind are not in a hurry to leave it. We may be three weeks on the way. They will be the pleasantest three weeks of our lives. If it were desired to make a quicker passage, the Toto could take us across in nine days, or even less. But we should have to pay the Toto much moneys. For nothing is so expensive as speed. It costs a great deal to keep even one man going if he is fast And in every kind of locomotion in every body throughout the universe, whatever is gained in speed is lost in power. To a body moving through water, the resistance increases with the speed in a compound ratio. That is, unless the theory of "stream lines" proves that water offers no resistance to bodies moving through

it. In which case, it will only be necessary to substitute some other word for. "resistance." It certainly requires power to push the smoothest vessel through the most "perfect fluid." As matter in every other form offers resistance to the passage of bodies through it (in addition to friction), it seems as though if water does not it ought to. Air is a much lighter fluid than water, 800 times lighter, yet the resistance of mere air, in a tornado, is greater than the power of man to walk against it. Is it mere friction?

By giving the Toto a large share of our back pay, he would put us through the waves to Europe quickly. But we are not running away from our own country; we do not care to make the journey in a shorter time than three weeks. With comfortable houses to live in, pleasant streets to travel in, a boulevard around the whole, where we may walk, talk, run, play, sit, sing, think, drink, wink,

blink, go to the brink, and never sink, nor shrink — why, we are living atthe seaside!

We do not want to hasten away. We have gone to a watering-place to spend a few weeks. No matter if it should be two months. We are happy. We are tranquil We are not jeopardizing our lives. We are not even imperilling our equanimity. We are not seeking health and finding none. We are not studying geometry by walking up and down an inclined plane, or studying natural philosophy to know how to do it. We are moving in a bee-line, with friendly stomachs, cheerful faces, placid tempers, light hearts, untroubled bodies, and contented souls. This is all due to the Toto.

The Toto has been so great a boon to emigrants galore, that here and now and often every day upon the Toto we hear their voices rising by the thousand as they sing the grand old song:—

"We are out on an ocean sailing,
Homeward bound we smoothly glide;
We are out on an ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide!

"Millions now are safely landed
Over on the golden shore;
Millions more are on their journey,
Yet there's room for millions more!"

Before the Toto came into being, away back there in the nineteenth century, when the idea of building a Toto was first suggested, what a stir it created! The very idea touched the world like a bombshell. Many believed the whole thing had exploded into a million fragments. And so it had; but it had done its work.

At first, like all new enterprises, it met conservative criticism. Fogies declared that to build a Toto was too great an undertaking: but the masses of this progressive people began to compare the undertaking with Neptune's undertaking, and decided to

favor the Toto. Knowing ones called the idea a mere speculation. Sellers told buyers —"There's millions in it!" Unbelievers went down into their grave graves, taking the old hulks along with them, gravely singing— "Hold on; don't give up the ship for the Toto." Some would not give up the ship, and the ship gave up them. Nothing less than a Toto was suitable for crossing the ocean. Until the advent of the Toto, every ship had been called feminine, a she. They were all weaker vessels, and never should have been put to such hard work as many of them had to undergo. Poor things, their powers of endurance were tested beyond all reasonable bounds, and they lost their lives, many of them. Ah! too small-waisted, too fragile and frail, were those weaker vessels. A stronger vessel came. The Toto was a he! Neptune and he agreed with each other immediately, and have had no

trouble since. With the other vessels, there was frequently a general falling out.

When it was decided to build a Toto, and builders mooted a way to build it, some declared it a problem. It proved to be no problem at all. A simple granite mole was built, in the form of a letter **U**, the two ends running out into the water; then, with a coffer-dam connecting the two ends, and the water pumped out, nothing was easier than to build the Toto inside of this immense dry dock. When it was finished they removed the coffer-dam, and the boat was ready to start, like any ferry-boat from its **U** shaped dock.

Behold that gracefully sweeping line of houses on the Toto, facing its outer street, extending around the diminutive city, three-quarters of a mile, a curvilinear row of the best hotels and private dwellings. All fronting directly upon the ocean, all possess a

location which is superb. Every one looks pleasantly down on the water. Their faces are lines of beauty, perfect curves, and are lovely. Neptune tries his best to kiss them, but he never succeeds. He dances around before them all; he is as fascinatingly graceful as the monster can be; now and then he reaches up as high as he can, but they hold up their faces higher, refusing his eager advances, quietly mocking the old fellow's presumptuous rudeness. They seem to like it, too, and sweetly smile upon him constantly. Well, they are too good for him, and he knows it if he knows anything. But he seems always yearning toward them, and they return his every glance, in a harmless kind of flirtation. There is very little love lost between them.

Every room in every house on the Toto is lighted by gas, and in winter is warmed by steam from one common source of sup-

ply. The system of sewerage resembles that of a city on land. Ingeniously constructed valves at the outlets prevent the inward flow of the waves. Comfort and cleanliness are well provided for. The Toto is a pleasant little city to dwell in. During the summer it is agreeably cool, and in winter warmer than the cold cities on land, for the great body of water beneath it maintains a more equable temperature than the great body of baking and freezing dirt on which mankind chiefly resides.

In former times people all resided on the land, only one-fourth of the surface of the globe, regarding the other three-fourths as a carriage-way, on which they could generally cross from one continent to another, by jouncing along all the way. When a catastrophe occurred on the road, all whom it did not silence forever it petrified for a time, in their amazement that the little bit

of a thing they had sent out to jolt over that rough road to Europe, had gone to smash. It seemed strange that so nice a little carriage, made expressly, put together so closely, water-tight in every part, well painted, varnished, garnished, provided with the richest upholstery, could start for Europe and come to naught. And they sent out another just like her.

A majority of the people on the Toto are passengers, but there are persons who have lavished money on apartments for the summer. And there are others so charmed with a life on the ocean wave in a masculine ship, they enjoy its delights the year round.

Little did the builders of the first Toto surmise what an institution they founded. Enthusiastic as they were, it was impossible for any mortal man in that day to grasp the whole breadth of the future in his freest con-

ception; the reality outruns the wildest estimates of those who favored progress on the ocean. They put upon the sea a Toto; no lesser article would satisfy existing wants. Looking beyond, they could not measure or conjecture the entire sweep of its usefulness; they could only see the future grandly growing!

Now let us take a backward leap from the distant future, and view the subject from the standpoint of our time.

The Toto is the coming ship. No progressive man will doubt it, upon reflection. Conservatives will treat the matter with scorn. So be it. Even the most advanced and practical of thinking minds will receive the startling idea with a grin; but calculation will remove all doubt concerning the feasibility of the plan.

The advent of the Toto will be an epoch, beginning the glorious era of man's reign over Neptune. Until that time, Neptune will reign over man. But the change is to occur. Whether the people of this generation shall honor themselves by that grand event, or allow it to slip into the hands of those who are to come with outstretched fingers ready to grasp it, let this generation determine. The world's widening future will certainly take it in. Shall the present age neglect a grand opportunity? The Toto is conceived, and the time is coming when it will surely be produced. The world's long future, without a Toto, would be a dismal future indeed. If the existing peril and misery of ocean travel were perpetuated through all coming time, what a progressive people would traverse this planet!

A railroad across the American continent, 3,000 miles, was built, and has become in-

dispensable. When easy transit across the Atlantic Ocean is attained, it will likewise be regarded as indispensable. Constructing that long railroad to California has obviated the misery of a sea-voyage around to that distant region. If a railroad for a like purpose in the other direction—to Europe—were practicable, it would undoubtedly be constructed. A railroad extending 3,000 miles does not seem too great an undertaking, though the average cost of 3,000 miles of railway, in this country, is $165,348,000. But, instead of a structure 3,000 miles in length, a neat little thing only 600 yards long and 300 yards wide will be sufficient for the purpose of crossing the ocean steadily, and will be infinitely safer than any railroad ever built in any land. Three thousand miles of railway comprise a much greater structure than it seems in actually looking at it, for only a small portion is visible at any one point of

observation. It is an immensely long structure, much longer than the Toto. The Toto is wider, but the width of the Toto is not nearly so great in proportion, as the length of the railroad. If 3,000 miles of railway, with all its appurtenances, were massed together, piled up on a piece of ground 600 yards long and 300 yards wide, the greatness of that bulk would be astounding! The amount of material used in 3,000 miles of railway, together with its shops and stations and grand central depots and rolling stock and paraphernalia, if it could all be seen in one huge pile, would be so enormous that even the Toto would look petty beside it. Yet that immense pile of railway iron and wood, &c., costing over 165,000,000 of dollars, would represent only 3,000 miles of railway, while railways in this country alone have in some recent years been increasing at the rate of 8,000 miles a year, at an expense of more

than $400,000,000 a year! In the United States we have now 73,000 miles of railway; let us have 600 yards of Toto.

Place it upon that most important route, that route which is necessarily travelled a great deal now in spite of its discomforts, and the easy-going Toto on that extensively used ferry will be the right masculine in the right place.

The ocean telegraph was a worthy and noble undertaking. Millions were ventured in support of the doubtful project, the uncertain enterprise became a grand success, and now for several years men have been shooting their ideas across the ocean. During those same years many of the same men have betaken themselves to the other side. Some have not been able to get half way across; most have succeeded, after a fashion (and what a fashion!) in reaching the destination they desired. But think

what they have all been doing on the way: Extolling the merits of the ocean cable, thinking what a grand advance had been made by man at the bottom of the sea, yet never thinking what a grander advance might be made by man at the top of the sea. Glad of such a good way to get their thoughts carried, while despairing of any good way to get their bodies and souls carried. Progressive age!

It is only a few years since the ocean telegraph was undertaken and sneered at as impossible, yet now there are more than 50,000 miles of submarine telegraph in use.

Public buildings grow more stupendous; ocean steamers merely increase in number; the largest are mere trifles in a storm. One of the many passenger lines across the Atlantic numbers twenty-seven steamers.

If all the dead ships could be raised from

their deep graves, it would be found that more materials were used in their construction than would have sufficed to build a dozen Totos; and there is money enough likewise at the bottom of the sea to have furnished them all more sumptuously than any first-class steamship extant above the waves. The legion of vessels lost are beyond redemption. A multitude of living ships are going in the old road to destruction. Ships are now building in the same old way; thousands of vessels are at this moment taking the old form; thousands more are yet to be built, in the scattered little shipyards of the world, upon the same old fatal pattern, endowed with that same weakness that has proved so often frailty, and launched upon the roughest tide of life, to meet with premature death.

If a housebuilder saw his house sink into the earth, he would build no more houses without considering well the foundation.

Builders of vessels, consider the foundation, and adapt the structure to it. Spread. Nothing narrow will hold its own upon a soft base. It is the widest and flattest weight which will sink the least and stand the firmest, on a foundation which is moist and soft. The ocean is moist and soft. Width, width is required in anything that would float securely upon it.

Were a Toto now plying the ocean between America and Europe, where are the fogies who would seek to place an injunction upon its movements? Who would wish to destroy its usefulness, give up the splendor of its greatness, lose forever the glory its presence would reflect upon mankind? Where live the people who would prefer that there were no such structure, that they themselves should be compelled to use the means of transit in vogue before the Toto existed? Who is the public-spirited man

who would argue in favor of going back to the old, ridiculous method, painfully bobbing over the sea? What nation possessing a Toto would throw away the boon? What great government, on building and operating the first Toto, would not esteem it an honor, and proudly point to that evidence of the nation's advancement beyond every other maritime nation on earth? If these are cogent reasons for holding on to the possession of a Toto when built, they are solid arguments for building one. What great land with an ocean rolling up to its borders in loud defiance can stand the taunts of Neptune any longer? or afford to be behind in the coming struggle of nations for the first honors in the warfare against the common enemy, Neptune?

Neptune is a big, strong fellow, and he wrestles with giant might, but the Toto can stand it all. Neptune has a great round

body, measuring 150,000,000 of square miles upon its surface, while the Toto will cover only one twenty-seven hundred millionth of it, yet the Toto will endure all its upheavings without getting agitated.

The work of building a Toto is not so great as it might seem. Rearing an edifice to be used upon land, if it were desired to build the structure 600 yards long, builders would erect it without any thought of difficulty. Building a structure 600 yards by 300 yards, for the land or the sea, is only a question of time. If the length were 600 feet, it would be plainly feasible, as the *Great Eastern* is 680 feet. In building a bridge or any structure on a large scale, when it has been built 600 feet, another 600 feet can be built, can it not? And another 600 feet can be added to it. That is the entire length of the Toto. Its width is only half.

The means for building a Toto are plentiful, and running to waste. So many men are out of employment! So much money is out of employment! Money and labor are the factors which carry out great enterprises. They are now ready and waiting. Not wanted anywhere, except in something new. All the old industries are full, and thousands of surplus workers are vainly seeking employment. Machinery has taken the place of hand labor to such an extent that hosts of persons are squeezed out of every industrial pursuit. New enterprises must be opened up. Great enterprises. Now is the time for the largest enterprises to be inaugurated, for the means of carrying them forward are now most painfully yearning to be used. They have built many cities, large and small; they can certainly build another. Just now they have nothing else to do, and ache to build the floating little

city, the Toto. If Chicago were burned down again, they would build it again; if the best part of Boston were burned down again, up they would build it again; though either task would be greater than building a Toto! Men are suffering keenly for want of employment. Why shall not mechanics be furnished with mechanical labor? They are told of unoccupied lands in the Western territories, millions of acres; but those millions of acres are mostly mountain and desert; nearly all the good land is now occupied. Even were it not, agriculture affords little pleasure and less profit to mechanics. They feel no attraction toward unoccupied lands, and surely the unoccupied lands can get along without them. Unoccupied lands are not suffering for their services, but wretchedly occupied oceans are.

Men of money, a vast deal of wretchedness will be prevented, on land as well as at

sea, by giving a host of men employment in building a Toto. The project will always be in order henceforth, and just now it is particularly timely.

Construct a Toto, and you virtually bridge the ocean. That bridge will carry multitudes of persons who would never otherwise go across on account of the troubles and perils of the voyage. We all "speak well of the bridge that carries us safely over." And this induces others to come. Build a Toto, and ocean travel will be vastly increased.

The patronage of the very first Toto will be equalled only by its capacity. Steamers of the old style will be left in the lurch. Travellers will flock to the Toto as they would rush from any danger to safety. If you choose to limit all persons on the great structure to the space they now enjoy on a first-class vessel, the capacity of a Toto will be immense. And it would be easier than

on a rolling vessel to put up with the spaciousness of a coffin for sleeping purposes.

The feasibility of constructing a Toto will not be arrived at by any one who considers it merely an enlarged ship of the present style. It is an entirely different structure. Any person looking upon the huge black hull of the *Great Eastern* or any other steamer, and imagining a ship of that style, but of vastly increased dimensions, would naturally shake his head at the idea of building a boat so big. And well he might, for such a boat would not be practicable at all. It would draw too much water, to begin with, and for many other obvious reasons it would not be suitable. The Toto is projected upon a plan entirely new, with no reference to the little old shipbuilding plan which has proved such a perfect failure.

The great *width* of the Toto is a feature which gives it immense advantage in the

matter of strength. A vessel of the present long and narrow style is required to be built of the most carefully selected materials of the choicest quality, to give adequate strength to the slim thing, which sometimes is dashed to pieces. The *Great Eastern*, with 680 feet of length, has only 70 feet of width—except at the paddle-boxes and the engines behind them, where the width is 107 feet. Its length enables it to travel smoothly when cutting the waves at right angles, and even to cross the waves diagonally with but little rocking. But alas for the *Great Eastern* in the trough of the sea! It rolls prodigiously. Seldom does it get into that predicament, but the case has sometimes happened, and has proved the impotence of even the mightiest ship built upon the narrow principle. There is not width enough to that greatest of old-fashioned vessels to enable it to stand quietly on the ocean when the waves are coming

broadside on. Then arises in the mind of the passenger a statement of the facetious ship-agent that lured him here: "Seasickness is unknown on board this vessel."

The Toto will draw less water than some would suppose. A vessel of the existing narrow form, with its entire width tapering down to a narrow keel, must extend deep into the water; but the Toto, broad at the bottom, and for the most part flat, cannot be pressed deep, unless excessively freighted.

It might be averred that the Toto is too thin. That is, that the vertical thickness of a structure spreading so wide, and not extending to a remarkable depth, would not give it sufficient strength, and that a vessel of the old style is really of a stouter form than the widespreading Toto. This would be true if the Toto were to proceed over the water in the style of those vessels, rearing and pitching, and rolling and plunging.

If the Toto were to go cavorting over the sea, tossed about like a chip, if one side were to be lifted till the Toto stood at an angle of 135 degrees with the surface of the ocean, and then the other side were to come up likewise, and so on, till the Toto had crossed the ocean, there would be little left of the Toto after such a shaking. But as the Toto is a broad, level structure, it will not be subject to such goings on. Neptune can not play with the Toto. When Neptune's bosom swells, he sometimes creates waves a hundred feet broad, but the Toto is broader still, and Neptune can never get the Toto into the trough of the sea. Vessels of the present narrow form are lifted and lowered, and lifted and lowered, and tipped and knocked, and kicked and shoved and rolled from side to side between the rolling waves for a vessel is narrower than a wave; but the Toto can never get caught

between the crests of two great billows, for its width is so great it will extend across *nine* of them; and its length, when crossing them at right angles, will cover *eighteen* of those ruffles on Neptune's bosom. I do not overlook the fact that the outer portion of the Toto must be exceedingly stout, as it will have to resist a far greater force from the oncoming waves than a vessel which is lifted by them. The Toto, spreading over quite a number of waves, will not be lifted by any one, but must meet the full force of every coming billow. I admit that in storms the beating force of the waves will be tremendous, for they will dash against the rim of the Toto as they dash against the rocky shore of the land: and the rim of the Toto must be very staunch. But it is only the rim which will necessarily be so extremely stout; for the water, after expending its force there, and being overcome, will smoothly

slide along beneath the level bottom of the floating island. That portion of the Toto which comes in contact with the water is so different in form from that of other vessels, that it would hardly be appropriate to call it the hull. A large portion of it is a level bottom; the remainder inclines upward around the structure, and I call it the rim. That broad, level bottom will be subject to very little strain, the force of the waves being met by that stout rim; and as it is only the circumference, the rim, which will need to be constructed of immense strength, and as the circumference of an oval figure is less in proportion than that of a long and narrow one, and as the strength of the arch inheres in a rim of this oval form, it will be seen that the work of giving the Toto its requisite strength is assisted by three conditions especially favorable to it; so that even that feature of the Toto will not be so extreme

as might at first appear. And it is only when the waves are running very high that the Toto's immense power of resistance will be tested. When the Toto is moving in the direction of the waves, their action will not retard its progress, but will aid it.

The rim of the Toto will be built to a sufficient height to prevent the waves from breaking over. This breakwater will preclude the possibility of a horizontal view of the ocean from the pavement of this outer street upon the Toto, or from the doors and windows in the first story of these houses; but from the upper stories and from the promenade deck (the flat roof) a magnificent view of the ocean will be had at all times, in fair weather or foul; and on the opposite side of the street will be a shelf-platform running around the edge of the Toto, built within three feet of the top of the rim, as a promenade for those who desire to approach the

nearest to the ocean, and look over upon it in its majesty, feeling secure from its clutch and interpreting into the language of romance what the wild waves are saying.

And now some ingenious Yankee may guess that some inquisitive whale would stick his nose up through the bottom of the Toto, to investigate matters above him. The whale would know better. If not, it would simply be an unfortunate attempt, as the would-be housebreaking whale would not succeed in getting anything more substantial than a nosebleed. If any person supposes that a structure of this magnitude and importance would be built in so flimsy a manner that a big fish would have access where he pleased, let him cherish that shrewd surmise and tell it to the marine monsters when the first Toto is ready. Though the Toto will not have much iron in its structure, it will have sufficient to meet every

demand. Sword-fishes and other marine pests will not find the Toto unprepared to meet them.

The attempt to obviate seasickness by constructing a hanging-saloon within a vessel of the ordinary size and shape was as futile as might have been expected. Any person who has observed what motion of the vessel excruciated him the most, has perceived that the rolling and pitching are not the cause of seasickness. The rolling and pitching give a swaying motion to the body, which adds a trifle to the cruciating influence of the real cause of seasickness—the upward and downward motion! It is that lifting up, up, up, and that sinking away of the floor, letting us down, down, down, till it begins again to rise, rise, rise. This deranges the stomach in a manner which no hanging-saloon can avert, for the whole ship is moving bodily up and down, carrying up and down with it the hanging-saloon.

To be sure, a person in a hanging-saloon need not suffer with seasickness, for, if the hanging-saloon is furnished in a style appropriate to a hanging-saloon, he will have at his disposal the means and the inclination to hang himself.

There will be no hanging-saloon within the Toto. The whole structure will maintain its level, every head will be level, and no one will even hang his head. Blissful enjoyment of the sunny hours, romantic appreciation of the nights beneath that perfect dome of stars—feelings of every pleasant kind will dominate us as we journey on the Toto; and along with every thought will come the sublime realization—This noble structure is worthy of the ocean!

During the year 1873 the number of immigrants landing at New York alone was 267,000. Their journey was very disagreeable. They were literally pitched over from Europe.

If they could have come smoothly, how much misery would have been saved them. Were there but one such means of conveyance, they all would gladly have taken it. The many thousands who went to other American ports would have crossed the ocean by this one lovely route. And numberless thousands of others would have come, for pleasure, or business, or health, or enterprise, or curiosity, or some one of the various motives which draw the multitude wherever no unpleasant barrier checks them. In the fifteen years ending with 1870, more than three millions of emigrants arrived in the United States. Millions more would have come, undoubtedly, had the "bridge" been ready which would carry them safely and smoothly and easily over.

The Toto is required. All persons directly or indirectly concerned in the existing lines of ocean steamers will naturally say, "No,"

and perhaps extend the word "No" until they utter "Nonsense!" But the vast majority of people will admit the necessity of at least one worthy carryall for the Atlantic Ocean now, to begin with.

Against the project of building a Toto, arguments must be expected, on account of that vast pecuniary interest now lodged in the flighty host of vehicles bobbing over the sea. Do not be surprised, therefore, to hear upon every hand the desperate sophistries of those whose anxious souls hover over their marine risks. Patiently hear whatever fallacies their apprehensions may inspire, sympathizing with them in there waning fortunes, kindly soothing them in their distress, dropping a tear or two with them in these their last hours, comforting them at the approach of the inevitable. It is sad. But let not their hearts despond; there may be uses for their narrow little steamers; this country is full of creeks.

What an array of figures they will bring out to prove their side of the case, to belittle the importance of the Toto. I anticipate those methods of opposition, and take them by the forelock, disposing of them now. They would surely come. Every great enterprise is opposed. On the same principle that every man of any account has enemies, every project of any account has opposition. Statistics will be brought out to show how many more people were killed by railroads during one year than were killed by ocean steamers; as though that, if true, were a valid argument against having a perfectly safe ferry across the Atlantic. The fatality on railroads is one thing, and the fatality from ocean steamers is another thing; and to compare the two things together, with the purpose of keeping down the better to the level of the worse, is a style of argument they are welcome to who use it. Were I to reply with

similar sophistry, I should retort that the number of persons knocked down and killed by vehicles in the streets of London exceeds the number of people killed by railroads in the whole of England. That is a fact, but what of it? Is it an argument against improved railways, if they could be had? Or, if I should claim that the number of persons who die of typhoid fever in London exceeds the number run over and killed on the tramways, would that be an argument against having good tramways? There is no congruity between typhoid fever and tramways, nor between the number of deaths by railways and the number of deaths by ocean steamers.

Adroitly devised statements will be forthcoming from interested parties, directly or indirectly, in opposition to the Toto. Look out for innuendoes about this time; look out for their motive. Look out for

gross exaggerations. Look out for pleasant caricatures. Look out for a numerous following by envious apes with their suddenly conceived figments. Look out for depreciation and opposition of every kind; but, if you desire an honest man's opinion, take your own when you are next upon the sea. And, even then, look out or you will become a believer in the Toto.

The greatest physical need of mankind at this time is a Toto.

So great a project is amazing at the first thought, but what great achievement is not? The world is progressing, and every important step of its progress is amazing. It is almost incredible that the great inventions which are now in such common use as to be indispensable—steam, the printing-press, the telegraph—are of such recent origin. The youth of to-day, growing up with the sight of railroads everywhere, would naturally sup-

pose that railroads had been in vogue for ages. What more amazing to him than to be told that about fifty years ago there was not a railroad on earth; that the telegraph was not used until long afterward; that they were both bitterly denounced by the majority of people living when they were introduced; that in 1814 Great Britain had only two steam vessels, and now she has nearly four thousand; that an able and prominent member of the British Association declared before that body only forty-five years ago that no steam vessel could ever cross the Atlantic; that another prominent Englishman averred that the electric telegraph was impossible, and would not be wanted by the people even if it were possible; that the four million sewing-machines in the United States had their origin as lately as 1853; that 200,000 patents have been granted in this new country, and they are increasing at the rate of nearly 300 a

week; that the round earth was universally admitted to be flat until within two or three hundred years; that there are fogies upon it now who keep it as flat as they can; that there could be any hesitation in building a Toto!

Look back about fifty years, and see how the pull-backs tugged to prevent the railway system from starting and moving on. Fortunately, the breeching broke, and then they had to clear the track! for the locomotive was getting ahead of them! I extract the following from an editorial in that most useful and sterling journal of modern times, the *Seientific American*, of the date Oct. 30, 1875:—

"On the 27th of September, 1825, the first railroad for conveying passengers was opened in England, between the towns of Darlington and Stockton. The occasion brought together a throng of witnesses, some doubtful, more

scornful, and all perhaps better prepared to scoff at the failure which it was confidently predicted awaited the bold inventor in his daring attempt to make vehicles travel at the unprecedented rate of fifteen miles an hour, than to congratulate him upon the triumph which upset their theories and left them questioning the reliability of their senses. It is suggestive to contrast this unbelieving assemblage with the gigantic gathering which has enthusiastically celebrated the day which marks the lapse of the half century since that victory over prejudice and ignorance was gained. * * * * The question of nuisance became the ground for many of the most absurd objections to Stephenson's proposed use of the locomotive for passenger transportation. 'The noise of the machine will scare cows so badly that their lacteal functions will be arrested;' 'if cows get on

the track, how will the engine get out of the way?' are specimens of this cavilling."

Only fifty-two years since then! The railroad now is common, and its entire structure is immense. Other vast enterprises also have grown up, stunning at the outset, but shortly becoming essential elements of civilization. Another stunning step in human progress is to come. Let it be such a firm step on the ocean that the very whales will forget the story of Jonah in their wonder. Yet one of the commonest things in future years will be the Toto.

It has been well said—

"The folly of one age is the wisdom of the next."—*The New Age.*

The dark ages were not very remote, according to the following, from the *Herald of the Hub*, of the date Oct. 31, 1875:—

"About seventy years ago the gas lamp was introduced in London, by a German

named Winsor, and soon afterward the citizens lighted Bishopsgate street as an experiment. Terrible consequences from this innovation were predicted by non-progressive alarmists, and these antiquated scarecrows spread the notion that the extensive use of gas in London would poison the air, and eventually blow up the inhabitants."

But the opposers of gas received more light. There is now plenty of gas in London and Washington and elsewhere. Yet there is not a reliable ship on the globe.

There will be.

Adorn the Toto little or much, it will be lovely. Build the first Toto unadorned, yet it will be adorned the most among all the floating palaces of the sea, for it will adorn itself with a multitude of happy human faces. No other kind of adornment equals that! And that kind of adornment is not the prevailing feature of rolling ships.

Embellish the Toto first or last, the peoples of the earth will enjoy it always. Many will come from many lands, attracted by its fundamental worth, ornamented or plain. Whatever the decoration, the one inherent charm of the Toto will be its masculine strength, its power to resist the turbulence of that unscrupulous, noisy Neptune.

Garnish the Toto in due time. Please the eye, but come to terms with the stomach first. The most fastidious eye is naught so long as the most dainty stomach is squeamish. Away with glitter until there is substance! Paint nothing until there is something worth painting! It is better to be well on a dray than ill in a landaulet.

The suffering of the past is crying out unto us who are living and moulding the future. Borne on every breeze around the earth still sweeps the groan of every human being who has sunk into the ocean depths. Their cries

are growing feebler, but the sad vibrations linger yet, and will roll on forever. Each impulsion of despair, so loudly rung out, is becoming fainter every year; yet they are growing greater in their number every year. Thousands of the saddest wailings have been newly added to the cry of drowning thousands lost in each year gone; and thousands more, of hearts that now are glowing with the light of hope, are doomed within a year to add their piteous entreaties to the common shriek, and keep it rolling on. And so it will continue, until mankind shall send a worthy answer to the sea, the formidable might of Neptune shall be nobly met, and on the cruel waters of an ocean maddening up into destructive fury shall calmly and triumphantly and grandly float a safe and comfortable vehicle—the Toto.

CHAPTER III.

THE foregoing chapter comprises the gist of my argument to Mr. Vanderbilt and others, in regard to the huge enterprise I projected.

And now we shall see what came of it.

The building of a Toto began.

John Roach, the celebrated ship-builder, superintended the construction of the first Toto. Vanderbilt raised the money, Roach furnished the mechanical ability, I concocted the idea. We three produced the first Toto. Roach was the hardest worked man of the trio. All the responsibility rested on him from the moment he commenced to build the

Toto. Happily, John Roach was born with a head equal to the task, though it had to apply itself to a work entirely original. Fortunately, too, he had a chip of the old block with him—Henry Roach—who proved an able assistant.

A vast deal of thinking had to be done before the specifications of the huge structure could be determined upon in all their details; but this was accomplished while the framework was undergoing construction; and thus the great enterprise went forward without delay. Time was precious; so many were suffering for want of employment.

The forthcoming grand embodiment of human progress began to take form within a few weeks from the time Mr. Roach took hold of the enterprise. The actual outline of the structure was soon visible, and all its parts were seen to be coming together and uniting in unmistakable reality. In just five

years from its inception the monster was ready for the sea.

In the meantime, the enormous amount of employment it created gave a stirring impulse to mercantile transactions, revived industry in all its branches, quickened the circulation of money, accelerated the flow of good nature, restored the confidence needed among business men, and drove dull times away. Prosperity was restored. Progress was resumed. Activity reigned.

As the time approached for that most signal proceeding of this century, the launch of the first Toto, preparations were made to celebrate the event in a manner befitting its magnitude, with a ceremony appropriate to the grandeur of the deed itself and the sublimity of its meaning.

Countless organizations pressed their claims for the right of the line in the great civic procession which marched from Central Park

to the Battery, lest they should be behind, unable to get within a mile of the Toto. An avalanche of letters poured into Vanderbilt's office for weeks beforehand, urgently soliciting passes within the charmed circle around the tower, reserved for the nearest spectators of the ceremony.

As the inauguration of the first Toto was an event entirely new in the history of the world, it was fitting that the management of the long procession on that day should involve a new feature. Instead of one chief marshal, we had two. I induced the most famous general of the war to command it first, and another noted general to command it last. One marshalled the vast host of organizations together, and led them forward; the other conducted them back in good order. Thus promptness was secured, and discipline maintained. The members of every company were notified beforehand precisely where and ex-

actly when to rendezvous, to march immediately. Each organization fell into line with the precision of clock-work, moving without a moment's stoppage of any one of the numerous parts. I believed such accuracy attainable, and I determined to have it. I selected the men who could carry out this idea, and they managed the vast array of organizations with the foresight required. Grant led them forth, and McClellan led them back.

The passage of the long procession to the Toto, the crowding upon it of as many as could find a foothold, was followed by the dedicatory exercises, in the open air, on the widest thoroughfare of the Toto, where a small platform had been erected for a few of the most prominent actors in the scene.

I had thought it might add something to the pleasure of the time to have the Toto dedicated by Free Masons. They are always willing to entertain the people by dedicating.

I love to see them march up on a platform in front of us common people, and dedicate public buildings, soldiers' monuments, &c., according to their ritual, without betraying the important secrets of their order. Not being a Free Mason myself, I consulted a Sir Knight, who referred me to an Eminent Commander, who sent me to a Right Eminent Grand Commander, who directed me to the Grand Generalissimo of the United States: and through his influence I had all the Free Masons of the United States present to dedicate my Toto. This portion of the ceremony was opened by the Grand Master of the Commandery of New York, as follows:—

GRAND MASTER. From time immemorial it has been the custom of the Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons, when requested to do so, to consecrate, with ancient forms, such public works

as are of patriotic and common interest. This structure, therefore, we may consecrate in accordance with our law, and in accordance with ancient usage. Brother Deputy Grand Master, what is the proper jewel of your office?

DEPUTY GRAND MASTER. The square.

GRAND MASTER. What does it teach?

DEPUTY GRAND MASTER. To square our accounts by the square of virtue, and by it we prove our work.

GRAND MASTER. Have you applied your jewel to this structure?

DEPUTY GRAND MASTER. I have. The work is square. The craftsmen have done their duty.

[It seemed to me more round than square. Still, I kept quiet. I did not wish to accuse a Deputy Grand Master of falsehood.]

GRAND MASTER. Brother Senior Grand Warden, what is the jewel of your office?

SENIOR GRAND WARDEN. The level.

GRAND MASTER. What does it teach?

SENIOR GRAND WARDEN. The equality of all men; and by it we prove our work.

GRAND MASTER. Have you applied your jewel to this structure?

SENIOR GRAND WARDEN. I have. The work is level. The craftsmen have done their duty.

GRAND MASTER. Brother Junior Grand Warden, what is the jewel of your office?

JUNIOR GRAND WARDEN. The plumb.

GRAND MASTER. What does it teach?

JUNIOR GRAND WARDEN. To walk uprightly; and by it we prove our work.

GRAND MASTER. Have you applied your jewel to this structure?

JUNIOR GRAND WARDEN. I have. The work is plumb. The craftsmen have done their duty.

["Plumb, is it?" thought I. "The Toto is

level, but who would think of saying it is plumb?"]

The Grand Master, striking the Toto three times with the gavel, said:

Well made—well proved—true and trusty. This undertaking has been conducted and completed by the craftsmen according to the grand plan, in Peace, Harmony and Brotherly Love.

The Deputy Grand Master received from the Grand Marshal a vessel of corn, and, pouring out the corn, said:

May the health of the community which has executed this undertaking be preserved, and their labors be prospered.

The Grand Marshal presented a cup of wine to the Senior Grand Warden, who poured the wine down his throat, saying:

May plenty be vouchsafed to the people of this city, and blessings attend all its great undertakings.

The Grand Marshal presented a cup of oil to the Junior Grand Warden, who poured the oil (not down his throat, but into a lamp, for it was kerosene oil), saying:

May this people be preserved in peace, and enjoy every blessing.

The Grand Chaplain then pronounced the following invocation:

May corn, wine, and kerosene oil, and all the necessaries of life, abound among men throughout the world; and may this structure long remain in its grandeur and strength, to traverse the ocean securely; to which noble and useful purpose it has now been consecrated.

GRAND MASTER. Grand Marshal, you will make proclamation that this structure has been duly consecrated in accordance with ancient form and usage.

GRAND MARSHAL. In the name of the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of the Com-

monwealth of New York, I now proclaim that the structure here built by the most enterprising men now living, for the purpose of carrying people safely and comfortably across the ocean, has this day been found square, level, and plumb, true and trusty, and consecrated according to the ancient forms of Masons. This Proclamation is made from the EAST, the WEST, the SOUTH—ONCE (trumpet), TWICE (trumpet twice), THRICE (trumpet thrice). All interested will take due notice thereof.

The Masonic feature of the dedication of the Toto reminded me of a similar ceremony at the dedication of the Soldiers' Monument on Boston Common, Sept. 17, 1877, and my impression at the time that probably no more grand and imposing public proceeding than this serious pouring of corn and wine and oil was occurring on any portion of the earth—except among the savages. Moreover, that calling a round monument square was only

exceeded by calling it level. Centuries of corroding time may level it; at present it is plumb. My aim is always practical utility, and had I been the Grand Master of masonic ceremonies on that occasion, I should have directed my men in regalia to examine that staging full of seats on Blackstone Square before it fell with all those people on it, thus saving five broken legs and several broken ribs. There was where the square, and the plumb, and so forth were needed, to see if the craftsmen had done their duty, before so many people were injured by the structure suddenly becoming level. Possibly the builders had been pouring too much corn, or too much oil, but probably too much wine.

At the dedication of the Toto, after the Free Masons had played their part, a gun was fired and the American Hymn was sung by a million voices in the open air; a few words were spoken by the originator of the Toto;

a selected chorus sang a poem written for the occasion by James Russell Lowell; Vanderbilt bowed his acknowledgments to the eulogy it contained; Roach delivered a short address on the history of shipbuilding, and especially its progress since the building of the steamer *Huron;* a solo was attempted and sung by the broken voice of the venerable Jenny Lind, in honor of the old memories clinging to this spot; and the next thing on the programme was an oration by Senator Roscoe Conkling, who delivered the most eloquent address which his powerful mind was ever inspired to create. In his own superb style, he declared the past five years, from 1877 to 1882, the most memorable five years conceivable in American history. And he uttered much besides, in every one of those solid sentences of his.

"You, sir," said he, turning to Ex-President Hayes upon his left, "and you, sir," gracefully swinging to President Bristow on his right,

"had the honor to stand at the helm of this mighty creation of human foresight in government, called a Republic, when this other mighty creation of human foresight, called a Toto, had its amazing inception and its glorious consummation. The deed we perform this day will be known in the remotest future of the human race, when all the brilliant achievements hitherto won shall have vanished from the memory of man, to perish utterly. The names of the men who engaged in this noble enterprise will quiver on human lips a million years to come, as they break through their emotion to speak of this one huge stride in the march of Progress."

I have given but the weakest paragraph in his powerful address. The whole occupied an hour, and was poured into the ears of the most remarkable assemblage ever formed. Not only the wise, profound, witty and famous of this land, but celebrities of all

lands, were numerously gathered here, to witness the inauguration of so stupendous a movement as the movement of the Toto. Crowned heads from Europe were bumping each other in the dense throng.

At the conclusion of Senator Conkling's address, the stars and stripes ran up the Toto's flagstaff over the tower, the Star Spangled Banner was sung by square miles of people on housetops stretching up Manhattan Island, the procession marched away, the ponderous engines were put in motion, and the launch of the first Toto began. He floated out with the ease and grace of a swan, and glided toward the outer bay, to the music of countless bands afloat and ashore.

Such was the confidence beforehand in the structure, every detail in its furnishing was completed before the Toto was launched, and now it was out and bound for England direct. The broad escutcheon upon its stern, bearing

its proud name of PROGRESS, was now revealed to the gaze of millions behind, who crowded the housetops of New York and Brooklyn, on platforms erected up there, and loaded the roofs as they had never been laden before. Jersey City, too, was densely occupied with watchers, and every visible spot of earth in the region around was covered with human beings intensely interested in the sublime event, and clambering up from behind every obstacle, to peer through the intervening space and view the wondrous scene. The most near-sighted persons, though miles away, could see something without an opera-glass.

The coffer-dam had been removed previously; this work required many days. For weeks the Toto had been afloat, waiting for the ceremonious public launch from its quiet little resting-place to the boisterous surface of the

broad ocean. The 17th of September, 1882, was the day thus honored.

Months before the Toto was launched, every habitation upon it, every room, cot, and lounge, had been engaged at a high premium for occupancy during its first passage across the Atlantic; and yet but a small fraction of the multitude eager to enjoy this splendid novelty could be accommodated. These fortunate ones, numbering a hundred thousand, were now experiencing the most novel hour of their lives, and were accordingly full of the delight which novelty brings. There was ceaseless, jaunty traversing to and fro upon the Toto, exploring its upper and lower regions for every point of interest, a smile of satisfaction adorning every countenance, the laughter of overflowing good nature echoing interminably. Life, life, rollicking life, the highest exhilaration of life, abounded. The stupendous structure itself

was alive with its forward motion, and the stir of its hundred thousand occupants rendered it seemingly more alive with the molecular motion of its parts.

Onward to the Narrows the leviathan was steadily conveying us at the rate of six miles an hour.

We passed to the lower bay, and followed the channel around near Sandy Hook, out to the open sea. And now the special interest in the Toto as a sea-going vessel deepened and broadened, and was rising to its climax. The Toto was soon to meet the supreme test. Here were the mighty waves of the Atlantic rolling their huge volumes toward us. Eternally-moving swaths of water, from twenty to forty feet high, were to lose their momentum in surging against our stately craft. Not merely one of these contentious agents of Neptune must be subdued, but another, another, and another continually,

whenever the waves were moving in opposition to our course. We glided on toward the heavily-rolling surface of the ocean, reaching it gradually over the lesser billows, and watched with the keenest sense the powerful efforts made by the element which the Toto was built especially to combat.

Night had fallen around us. The smallest hours of the night were passing when this trial of strength between two monsters occurred. It was after midnight—but who had retired to bed? Not a soul of the hundred thousand aboard. The full round moon had rolled up and shone down from its topmost height, giving to our little city its brightest illumination of the night, and was rolling on its downward track.

On board the Toto, enthusiasm had kept every person awake and alert; and on the land behind us, was any living person asleep? The miles on miles of the shore of Long

Island while it remained in sight, and the square miles of ground behind the shore were white with square miles of human faces directed toward us, imparting to that moonlight scene a grandeur of picturesqueness that can never die in the memory of those who beheld it. We were a hundred thousand, they were millions. The sight they saw was grand, the sight we saw was sublime.

Breaking away our gaze from that vast splendor behind us, we peered before us, upon the heavy and heavier swell of the ocean we were to meet and baffle. The waves were not running mountains high: they never do; but they were running hillocks high, and further out they were running at their highest. A lengthy storm had been rousing the great deep for days, and had only ceased on the morning of the day we started, leaving the ocean ruffled by those tremendous undulations, with crowns of forty feet vertical height

from the trough of the sea, rolling now with an impetuosity requiring several days of moderate weather to bring down to the average. No more fortunate start could have happened, for it enabled us to witness thus early in the first trip ever made by the Toto a full test of its usefulness. And, moreover, without the unpleasant feature of a storm keeping us indoors. We could occupy our streets and house-tops, and traverse the Toto conveniently to every part. We did. All night long the promenading continued, with scarcely any abatement. The superb novelty of this great night's experience made peripatetics of us all. But while the itinerant multitude trod those streets with careless step and thoughtless mood, a few were closely studying the great problem which the Toto was aiding them now to solve. Men who had risked millions in this new system of ocean navigation were intensely absorbed in the prospect. And I, who did not own one

share, not having a million dollars to purchase it, was more deeply interested than all, as I had originated the project which jeopardized these hundred thousand persons' lives.

Now in the pilot-house, now at the extreme front edge, now looking down over the stern, now somewhere else, I was everywhere, diligently observing; but as time passed on, and we were nearing the heaviest waves we were to encounter, I betook myself to the extremest position forward, where the billows, if they were to sweep us away, should fold me first in their deadly embrace. From a similar impulse, Roach, the builder, wended his way to the same fascinating spot; and Vanderbilt, the chief owner, joined us. Other celebrities, also, tarried here a while, and then continued their meanderings. Bayard Taylor, the traveller, of course, travelled to this spot, and sojourned half an hour. His friend, the witty paragrapher, the Danbury News man, had a

curiosity to gratify here. George Alfred Townsend rushed here repeatedly. The venerable Peter Cooper, George Law, the brothers Stuart, both the Roosevelts, all the Adamses, and others, happened along.

Senator Conkling, arm in arm with George William Curtis, paced from the Kernan Hotel, to enjoy a sight of the ocean from this vantage point when the sea was running high, and looked down fraternally on the tumultuous waters, which were heaving and contending and uniting like angry statesmen.

These two prominent creators of public opinion had latterly vied with each other only in their endeavors to be foremost in thundering the praises of the magnificent useful enterprise just completed. As they approached our little group they were considering the subject of ambition.

"I have often marvelled," said Senator Conkling, "that you, my dear George, have

always shunned the road leading to Senatorial honors."

George William Curtis, with a smile as deep as eternity, replied that he considered the scope for exalted influence afforded a journalist was as much greater and loftier than that wielded by a Senator as the flight of a powerful eagle is greater and loftier than that of a crow.

"But nothing personal is meant, my dear Roscoe," he added, dimpling.

"I perceive an additional reason," said Conkling. "I notice that the highest ambition invariably defeats itself. It is a curious fact worth noticing, that every President in modern times, from the election of Lincoln till now, has been the very man who cared the least to become President. The hardest strivers for the place were always baffled, an humbler man taken up and lifted to the Executive Chair. Ambition is a tumor. I

have had mine cut off. I am now the most contented public man on the globe."

"Therefore, my dear Conkling, you are the most likely to reach the Presidency next."

"I no longer care for the Presidency. I shall not go one step toward it."

"The more surely it will come to you."

Other Senators and other public men and gifted ladies, passing along, stopped and staid a while.

The waves ran higher, but the Toto maintained its speed of six miles an hour. We who were gathered upon its forward edge looked over at times for a vertical view of the ocean. Standing on the shelf-platform which extended around inside, three feet below the top of the rim of the Toto, we could not look down vertically to the ocean, as the rim was four feet thick. But standing upon the rim itself, which had a light

but firm railing flush with its outer edge, we could bend over and peer straight down on the rising and falling surface of the mighty waters. It was a sight of which I never tired. Were the Toto itself rising and falling with the water, like all other vessels, no such scene would have met our gaze. The Toto was still maintaining its steady poise, though advancing in a region of gigantic billows. Mightier yet were to be reached, and we who were most interested remained at this point to witness the effect of Neptune's fiercest hostility.

Some persons had imagined that the Toto would experience a jarring pulsation through it at every encounter with a wave. This would be a constant source of annoyance throughout the Toto. Theoretically, this might happen; practically, it did not. The rim being oval, and nowhere straight, there was no heavy broadside shock to thrill

through the structure. Each great wave touched the curved outline at one point first, and all other points afterward. Thus every encounter was gradual. At all times there were several billows rolling past the Toto. Its steadiness was perfect. And its speed exceeded our anticipations. But as we looked down vertically from its forward edge, and saw the water rising every minute as an obstacle to its speed, we also saw it falling every minute, removing an obstacle; falling away down to as great a depth below the average level as it had risen above it, thus compensating for its enormous rise a moment before.

It was a curious sight we saw, looking down when a wave had lowered the surface of the water beneath us, away down to a depth of forty feet below where it had been, to see that the Toto did not descend along with it, but seemed to hang out over that

abysm, as though pushing across it. The body of the structure extending far back, over the width of eighteen of these broad billows, held it up in its level attitude, whatever might be the height or depth of a wave at any point around it.

But we were meeting greater and greater waves, and we awaited the result of the onset. If one should sweep over us!

My confidence, however, was strong. In any event, I felt no apprehension regarding my own life. If the Toto were swamped, I, having brought it into existence, would not care to survive the misfortune, even if escape to land were possible. I felt as complacent as could be.

"A smile is passing over the face of our transcendent young genius," remarked Senator Conkling, with a touch of sarcasm in the remark. "What is it, Ghim? What facetious idea has come?"

"A droll notion, Senator, which you yourself threw out at the Rochester Convention in 1877. An ingenuous lady once said she had always noticed that when she lived through February she lived through the whole year. Ha! ha! ha! And now, if the Toto lives through the waves we are shortly to meet, he will live on through all."

"I hope he will," remarked the Senator, taking out his pocket-knife and cleaning his finger-nails by moonlight.

"Another smile has reached the phiz of our Ghim. What is it all about?" queried the Danbury News man, at whom I happened to be looking.

"A reminiscence of your own," said I. "I learned from the columns of your highly influential and useful journal—(ahem!)—about a case where a train of cars ran off the track and were smashed to pieces, when a fat old lady who had never travelled on a railroad be-

fore, and was bound for Stamford, crawled out of the wreck and inquired 'Is this Stamford?' 'No, this is a catastrophe,' was the reply. 'Well, if this ain't Stamford, I hadn't oughter got off here.' So now, if we meet waves too big, there will be a catastrophe, and there will be a hundred thousand of us folks, who never travelled this way before, wriggling about in the water, thinking we 'hadn't oughter got off here.'"

The moon was descending, the waves were rising. But at 3 o'clock the climax of the situation was reached. Captain Garrett, who commanded the vessel, came down from the pilot-house and informed us that the Toto was traversing the highest waves it would ever encounter. Its test as a sea-going vessel had now been fully and successfully met!

Captain Garrett hastened back to the top of the tower, and blew five screeches from the whistle. A great event was now to

occur, in honor of the Toto's complete success.

The tower was built upon arches over the central thoroughfare, which bore the name of Indiana Avenue. Fronting on one side of Indiana Avenue was the Voorhees Hotel, by far the largest in the city. The Voorhees Hotel was long and narrow; one end was painted yellowish red. This hotel extended the entire length of the Toto, minus the width of the street at each end. All the cross streets were spanned by the building itself, just above the first story. The second story, in front, comprised one long dining-room, seventeen hundred feet in length, and thirty feet in width. In this immense dining-room was now to be held the greatest banquet the world had ever witnessed or ever dreamed of. The invitations were issued a year before hand; the moment had come, the whistle announced it; and now the greatest of earth

from inventors down to monarchs, were gathering in response to the signal which told them the time had arrived for rejoicing and feasting and speech-making over the triumphant career of the Toto. Such a banquet earlier would have signified nothing. Not until the new structure had met its enemy in the full tide of his strength, and successfully passed the terrific ordeal, could that mighty fact be appropriately celebrated. Now we could do it, and with a gusto. Hunger was beginning in earnest to press its claims. Many of us had eaten nothing, cared for nothing to eat, in the heightening excitement of all the hours since we started. But now the climax had come, and henceforth the intense novelty of it all must wane.

Preparations for the banquet had been completed in all their details. The arrangements had been specified to each invited guest weeks before. Every one knew precisely the spot to

go to, the chair to occupy, in the whole vast array. At the welcome sound of the steam-whistle, thirty-six hundred persons moved with joyful steps toward the Voorhees Hotel. All sat down together in one room, and ate their fill.

It was a notable assembly, embracing the leading inventors of all nations, the greatest authors of every tongue, the most famous statesmen of the world, brilliant American sovereigns, and every royal head on the globe. Regarding the latter, all, all had been drawn by the magic of this mighty revolution in commercial affairs. In the speech-making which attended this banquet, their royal highnesses let out the secret of their unanimous attendance here; America was bearing away the palm for enterprise; no head of a maritime nation could tranquilly rest upon its pillow at home during such an august hour as this; all were here to observe with their own

eyes, and to plan the immediate construction of Totos in their own waters.

The ruler of Japan, even the ruler of China, sat down at this board. The enterprising Dom Pedro, of Brazil, would not have missed the occasion for half his kingdom. Ralph Waldo Emerson emerged from retirement, and enjoyed this stirring event at the Voorhees Hotel. The "tall Sycamore of the Wabash," of course, graced the occasion with his flowing locks and flowing accents.

Ben Butler and Ben Hill took seats near each other, with only the Queen of England between.

The Sultan of Turkey sat near the Czar of Russia, with Her Majesty Queen Isabella for meat to the great sandwich.

The beetling brow of Mark Twain threw more colossal majesty on the scene, and his long-drawn tones lengthened the humorous feeling his droll ideas aroused.

The merry little old doctor, Oliver Wendell Holmes, took out a manuscript when called up, and read a chirruping poem. With his usual felicitousness of expression, he touched upon various persons present. The greatest roach he had ever come across while eating was John Roach, the builder of the Toto. The man of progress who had put himself furthest in the van was Vanderbilt. The fact that the Toto existed, and was not a mere whim, was due to one here who persisted, which his name it was Ghim.

The rollicking little round Sunset Cox climbed up into a chair betwixt Harriet Beecher Stowe and Clara Louise Kellogg, and set tables roaring by his youthful exuberance.

The gifted Mary Clemmer, directly opposite, snugly ensconced between Max Strakosch and the Khedive of Egypt, exulted in her superb opportunity for studying human

nature. Not a face within range escaped her keen scrutiny.

The Princess of Wales, with Whitelaw Reid on one side, and Bret Harte on the other, enjoyed the occasion royally.

The talented Olivia, and the queenly Olive Logan, and the ferocious General Logan, and the vigorous Clarence Cook, and the mother of us all, Mrs. Livermore, were mingled with the kingly Grand Duke of Russia, the ardent Gambetta, the smooth Disraeli, the earnest Grace Greenwood, and the bewitching Phœbe Cozzens.

The Empress Eugenie was sometimes smiling in a Frenchy chat with the Hon. Matt Carpenter upon her right, and sometimes seriously listening to the King of Dahomey upon her left.

Cyrus W. Field and Kate Field and James T. Fields, and various Fields, were present.

Far too numerous to mention were the many others who attended this banquet.

The decoration of the room was gorgeous. The arrangement of tables was transverse, except at the ends of the room, where a few tables ran lengthwise, to afford every person the best opportunity attainable for seeing many. But as no one could see all, or hear everything, imaginary lines divided the whole into three groups of twelve hundred persons each, except when some stentorian voice gained the ears of the whole assembly.

An incident occurred in "our set," of small importance to the multitude, but of tremendous importance to me. Ik Marvel, delivering a little speech in eloquent Saxon, complimenting me, alluded to the Toto as my Toto. Replying, I mentioned the fact that not a single iron rod or creosoted stick of timber, or even a ten-penny nail in the whole structure belonged to me; that the

shares were a million dollars each, and I did not own a share.

Vanderbilt suddenly arose.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "our young friend's remarks move me to say a few words right here, and perform a deed right here which I planned for a future occasion when I could see him alone. I am too impatient now to await that time. You are all aware that I own fifty-one of the hundred shares representing the value of the Toto, while he who virtually created this entire structure owns nothing of it, alas! and is poorer than the poorest of you. I now present to him, as a trifling reward for his thoughtful services in behalf of suffering humanity, by conceiving and carrying forward so gigantic an enterprise as the building of the first Toto, a million dollars' worth of its stock."

As soon as I could be heard I replied, protesting against such a squandering of

property. It would leave Vanderbilt with only fifty shares, not enough for a controlling interest if all the other stockholders ever united against him. "Besides," said I, "I shall not be penniless all my life. Mr. Stuart here has willed me his entire interest in the Toto. If I should survive him, there is four million dollars' worth—"

"What!" exclaimed Vanderbilt. "Am I to be outdone by one less able? I will be sweeter to you than the sugar refiner. I present you five million dollars' worth this day. I —"

"Halt, Mr. Vanderbilt. Before you go higher still, I accept your noble present, lest you give your whole fortune away. I am eternally obliged. Please imagine me everlastingly thanking you for your generous impulse. It shall not be in vain. Circumstances have taught me the full value of money, and the highest use of it. The in-

come of those five millions will be well appropriated, you may depend upon it. Your unparallelled—"

"Enough! enough!" cried Vanderbilt. "It seems to me I see our friend John B. Gough among us. As we are travelling by water, I am sure we shall all be delighted to hear remarks from a wet water man, upon water in general and water in particular."

Mr. Gough responded:—

"Nothing inspires a man like cold water on a cold morning. It's a fatal mistake to drink anything else. I never drink anything else except by mistake. In the exhilaration prevailing among these thirty-six hundred persons feeding their tape-worms together, no wonder some errors are committed. I see a cold water man has taken wine by mistake, and feels bigger than a Toto. If he makes the same mistake repeatedly, he will wind up with the grave error of rolling un-

der the table. When a man drinks dry Sillery wine instead of wet water, he drinks contamination to his soul! The past forty years I've drunk water continually. I have travelled widely, and always on water. I mean as a beverage. In the other regard, water has been too strong to suit my stomach. On land my stomach travelled comfortably, on water uncomfortably; and there is more water than land. I shall never cease to forget how I staggered over the water the first time I went across, to enjoy life in London. But now—we're travelling like a duck! A big duck. The Toto has dignity. It takes to the ocean like a duck to a pond, and preserves its stateliness like a swan. Governor Swan of Maryland, will you have the goodness to favor us with a pantomime?"

Gov. Swan replied with gesticulations until his voice came up, when all heard and were

fascinated. When he was fairly under way, he took occasion to retort upon Gough with a piece of pleasantry, but Gough had vanished. He had not rolled under the table. He was not on board the Toto. But Helen Potter was. She had personated Gough as well as he could personate himself.

Had this banquet been a small affair, only one sex would have been privileged to enjoy it. But the event it commemorated was great, and all the proceedings it inspired were comprehensive. The Toto was broad; no small or one-sided celebration would have honored it.

Here were female thinkers and writers of weight. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe irradiated this banquet hall with her bright presence, and let fall impressive words when her turn came. Other profound speakers of her gender moved us likewise with their deep utterances; and more of her sex were here to devour

truffles and speeches, and allow their own sweet voices to be heard in chat.

Judge Bingham of Ohio was present, crammed with materials for a ready-made speech. He was called upon. Commencing in moderate style, as usual, growing warmer and fiercer, as usual, he became impetuous and furious, he gesticulated with irresistible force, he cracked the table with his knocks, he would have levelled an oak at every thrust, he projected thunderbolts faster and faster, he fixed his eyes on imaginary foes, he glared unutterable defiance over his eagle beak, and swept like a hurricane to his conclusion, winding up as follows:—

"Fancy a far-away observer of the earth, another astronomical Proctor, standing now on the star Sirius, seventy-five millions of millions of miles from Boston. He has been looking off into the realms of ether, to penetrate as far as instruments can fathom the

mighty mass of yet unmeasured substance which infinite space contains. His reason tells him that all matter has its limits, although his furthest measurements of the whole are vain. The lengthening reaches of his straining vision through his telescopes are futile, and he draws in now within the scope of easy observation, and looks upon the earth. His scrutiny of orbs that roll in legions upon legions within the radius of octillions of nonillions of miles swept by his colossal glass for the daily news of the world, his discoveries of the great achievements wrought upon every inhabited globe in the whole domain he scans, his study of the vast works of the Creator's creatures carrying forward the work of creation, fill his mind each day with a still more sublime conception of the possibilities of progress, and he contemplates the future of the universe with an expansion of soul which is inspiring—until he turns his telescope to view

the earth, and then he bursts out laughing. He always laughs when he looks upon the curious little globe called the earth, and thinks of the ludricrous incongruities he perceives there; the people suffering all manner of evils and not using means to remedy their troubles, not even seeming to know that their difficulties can be remedied. It convulses him with mirth every time he turns his ten-mile telescope from its grand review of the doings of numberless gigantic and densely populated globes massed before his telescope as he sweeps the boundless depths of abysmal space to take in even that infinitesimal fraction of the remote star multitudes comprising the world —to cover the earth with his glass and see human beings strenuously insisting that the welfare of the world depends upon the democratic party coming into power! and other human beings crazy over the idea that the world will go to wreck and ruin if the repub-

lican party does not continue to hold the helm! He thinks of the world, of the immense regions of populous globes through which his vision has been roaming to the extent of his powerful glass, and now as he covers the earth with one eye he looks at the rolling seas with their twenty thousand tossing chips called ships, and he grins with irresistible fervor as he contemplates these millions and millions of human beings with their millions and millions of dollars, and their millions and millions of horse powers connected with almost every conceivable form and variety of machinery to assist them in great works, and yet no great works accomplished in this department of human activity. Floating out upon those bobbing and swaying and lurching and pitching and rolling little things that were built to traverse oceans with the hope of their living through the ordeal, he sees them

sometimes getting across, and sometimes getting in and going down—thousands and thousands of healthy people every year gulped down by old Neptune, and yet their survivors never seem to think of improving on such a wholesale method of human slaughter—oh, it is too, too funny! and he laughs and laughs at such ridiculous doings until he can catch his breath and say—'Ah, Proctor, you are teaching the people lessons of distance, but when will they apply them? You have expanded their minds by telling them how many millions of millions of miles they would have to walk to reach the nearest fixed star, as there is no safe conveyance in that direction; but when will they learn that there is no safe conveyance across their own water, and that a really safe one would only need to be one fifty-four millionth of a millionth of the length of the distance between them and the very nearest star!' Again

imagine that far-away observer, our gifted Proctor's astronomical cousin, seventy-five million million times removed, lifting his ten-mile glass once more to that little speck of the world called the earth, which has always been of such tremendous importance in the cosmic plan that it has for ages maintained its position in the very centre of the universe, graciously allowing the vast wheel called the Milky Way to revolve around it—imagine that looker-on raising his glass in a smiling mood to see if the people of earth continue as short-sighted as ever, that he may have another good laugh with his Sirius companions as he tells them how the folks in the middle of the universe are doing their best to stir up political tempests over absolute trifles, how they are going stark mad in every civilized country so fast that thousands have to be penned up; how the people in general are possessed with an

insane desire for gaudy appearances, regardless of convenience or comfort or health or peace of mind or anything else that is wholesome and useful; how they fill themselves with the rankest of stinking fluids in order that their nerves may be wrought up to such a pitch of excitement that they will enjoy a hundred years of life to-day lest they die to-morrow; how they put all their force into dazzling displays of transient strength, and are growing incapable of steady and long-continued exercise of power, whether personal or governmental; how they have grown to such numbers and yet have not increased the knowledge of their own united strength to its real limits; how they have always tried their wretched best to be content with gilded misery in their travels on the ocean; how they devote their attention to innumerable quick little efforts at building bobbing baubles of ships,

instead of broadly and serenely and surely combining and putting together a structure of sterling strength and steady usefulness; how they are always going through a host of other just as laughable little antics for the amusement of observers in the heavens; how he has refrained from glancing at the earth for a year or two, as he has been too busy in studying the grand achievements of other orbs, and he never did discover anything on earth of importance commensurate with its people's capabilities of progress; how he feels a touch of dyspepsia after his grave labors in grander fields, and will now take a laugh for the good of his health by turning his telescope toward the earth, and shaking up his torpid liver over the comic attempts of those queer folk, who are always tugging to make progress in opposite directions at the same time; how he surmises that the earth was made for the purpose of amusing

the rest of creation by its people's frenzied efforts to be happy; how appropriate that Boston was located on the earth, to spread ideas of breadth and freedom and progress among the inhabitants of a globe of such importance, and keep the narrow minds of earth's people from collapsing altogether; how an observer from Sirius cannot but smile at the people of earth for regarding all the immense orbs in space as their little stars, and alluding to one which is 150,000,000 times the size of the earth as their star Sirius; how remarkable it is that the cosmographic plan of the universe is such that the earth is the nucleus of creation, and the cosmogony of the entire immeasurable amount has its beginning and ending upon that atom of the whole, by which its people are highly favored, republicans as well as democrats; how strange it is that the inhabitants of a globe of such importance have

been so long at the mercy of their own sea, when they could journey over it in absolute security if they would navigate it in the right way, with vehicles of the right form and size; how those comically bobbing things called ships will stir up his risibilities now after he has not seen them for a year or two, or anything else quite so ridiculous; how he will now—what!—he sees on the Atlantic Ocean at last the very thing they have always needed—a steady and safe and admirable structure—the Toto! Earth is improving. Man is progressing. Four cheers for the author of the Toto!"

Another impetuous orator, General Joseph R. Hawley, who stood at the head of the vast Centennial enterprise, and had thrown his whole soul into this vast enterprise also, was afforded the opportunity to pour out his pent up flood of enthusiasm. The mention of his name in connection with the word

Centennial brought him to his feet with a jump and a declamation:—

"Centennial! That magic word united forty million minds on one great thought, and drew the enterprising thousands from all lands. They came to view a nation that had risen in a hundred years unto colossal strength, a nation that has proved itself a prodigy among its rivals; and they came to learn the secret of its wonderful prosperty. No other nation upon earth has thriven in the same proportion; and what has been the means of its magnificent and sumptuous success? This country's greatest measure of success is due to inventors. Their inspiration caused its rapid rise; their inspiration is lifting it apace; their inspiration has carried it already up to such a height of practical achievement that politicians grovelling below are bewildered and lost in their endeavors to comprehend the situation. Politicians are

behind the times, and are groping in shadows. Invention is the spirit of the age! before whose solid works, and under whose more potent and enduring influence, all petty controversies upon special modes of government are passing away, as the morning remnants of a fevered dream are swept into oblivion at the rising of the sun in his usefulness and greatness and progress! Political animosities fade, and die, and are forgotten. Invention lives! and grows! and in its massive embodiments of progress it looks on down upon the ages as they come, plainly discernible, unmistakable, tangible, while the constant political fret, and the periodical tempests over paltry details of human administration sink into their forever dwindling importance. Invention soars above the plane of ephemeral partisan thought; out of its very castles in the air it builds substantial abodes for the better accommodation of man; up to these

created improvements the genius of invention lifts the human race! Invention alone has builded Civilization, the entire superstructure and every detail within it. In a hundred years what marvels were added! Another hundred years began. What are to be its issues? Out of this cycle of a hundred years will arise undoubtedly some stupendous works to illumine the pages of its history, to aid the promotion of human advancement to the end. What shall they be? The answer slumbers in minds unborn, with intervening generations to rear impressive splendors upon the foundation of the past. When the hundred years now begun shall have rolled away, and again America looks proudly back, what happier reminiscence then can arise than that this advancing nation signalized the beginning of its new centennial period by the beginning of a new enterprise by which it stepped forth suddenly one

sweeping stride beyond all other nations! that the Totos dotting every ocean had their commencement in the plan of 1877, the first year of our new one hundred years!"

He proceeded. He was followed by John L. Swift, John Wetherbee, and other men of enthusiasm, some of them witty fulminators of trifles, yet all earnest believers in progress.

This great occasion of feasting passed through its stately stages to its close. It was no symposium, but an orderly banquet of clear-headed, far-seeing men and women, profoundly impressed by the fact that a record of this event would glow in after ages upon one of the brilliant leaves of history.

Weariness at last fell upon all. Sleep complained of neglect, and would not be put off longer. The lateness of the hour, too, conspired with the imagination to lay a heavy hand on these tired bodies, and put out their lights for renewal. It was time. The night

was wholly gone; the gas was becoming feeble; the sun of a new day had swept across the ocean, and was casting his early rays through eastern windows, dimming all lights that were lesser, subduing the brilliance of nocturnal display, and smothering the intense animation which all night long had attended the moonlight vigils without and the banqueting within. It was ended, and thirty-six hundred persons dragged themselves away to their beds, to sleep a day and a night.

Before I retired to rest, I travelled up to the top of the Toto's tower once more, to take one last fond look around upon the giant I had brought into being; and I felt a resistless exaltation of pride, and a pardonable thrill of vanity, in view of the broad measure of usefulness which the great work embodied, and the limitless ramifications of its influence for good upon industries in every civilized nation.

Descending from the tower in deep thought, and moving whithersoever the impulse of the moment led me, I soon found myself again in that fascinating spot at the extreme edge of the Toto forward, my hand upon the railing on the rim, and looking steadfastly down from this firm resting-place, to view the mad waters in their everlasting rise and fall. How many minutes or hours I remained over this enchaining spectacle I know not, but I drew myself away at last, with a lingering look of triumph at the monster I had subdued, and a smile of derision at his impotence in rolling volumes of inert matter toward me and my hundred thousand people. Let Neptune act his fiercest, a leviathan of my own fashioning was ever successfully contending with him, pressing him back, pressing ever majestically forward.

I retired at last to my room and my couch, and fell into my deepest slumber.

Oh, what a sleep! Oh, what an awakening! Did I arise inspired with a proud recollection of that great day and night's experience? I arose to a disenchantment of it all. The whole was a dream. There had been no procession, no dedication, no twins, no banquet. There was no grand Voorhees Hotel upon the Toto. Alas! there was no Toto. There was nothing but a dream. Was there a condition of hard times oppressing the people? Surely, that notion must have been a dream; for why would a great nation of intelligent people allow it? With the benefits of modern appliances, the stores of accumulated knowledge, the development of intellect in the heightening advance of civilization, why would they as a nation—not the poor alone, but all—suddenly become bewildered, cease to progress, fail to render their vast accumulations profitable, and suffer hard times? Would a Congress and a

people narrow their gaze to a scrutiny of trivial objects, and let the gigantic cause of a difficulty stand before them so large as to be unnoticed? Then there might be hard times. But that is incredible. Could there be a Congress and a people suffering and not tracing their misfortune to its source? Labor-saving inventions, in vast numbers, work vast changes in industry, enabling us to accomplish results which in former times would be simply astounding. It would be a mythical Congress and a mythical people who would overlook the sweeping drift of invention; or see it and deny its logical and inevitable tendency; refuse to adapt themselves to it, and accomplish what they might; pass by a fact of such transcendent importance, and glare at something petty; attribute to dollars instead of machines a diminution of manual employment; deplore the number of tramps, yet reduce the number of government employees; abandon public

works while private enterprise flags, discouraged by the lack of government enterprise; endeavor to save a few dollars to the treasury while millions are yearly lost in the idleness fostered by that policy! An intelligent nation would not do that, for that would create hard times. So there are no hard times; it must be a dream.

THE END.

1878. 1878.

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