

in the mouth, and many other "unfailing" remedies have all been useless.

Mesmerism has been recommended, and several eminent professors have experimented upon me; but, it being found impossible to exercise "influence" over me, the efficacy of this remedy has not been ascertained.

I paid a large sum of money to—and resided for two months with—a gentleman who has, I believe, worked several cures. I must not divulge the particulars of his treatment, but it had no effect upon me.

When the impediment has obtained firm hold of a person, I am afraid that in the majority of cases there is not much hope of cure. But I have known several stammerers who have imperceptibly shaken it off as they advanced in life, and, with maturer years, acquired more calmness and self-control. It is to some extent a nervous affliction, as when excited the sufferer is always worse. Although somewhat of a pessimist, I think I have reached the lowest point; my friends, indeed, say I am improving, and flatter me with the prospect of being in a few years quite free from my impediment.

But my desire is to put parents on their guard when the first signs of an impediment appear, for I say confidently it can then be stopped if properly dealt with.

Do not be harsh with the child. A person (I cannot give him the noble title of "man") once said to me, "Had I been your father I would have cured you. I'd have thrashed you every time you stammered." I should be sorry to call such a person my father, and assuredly he would only have frightened me and made me worse.

Do not laugh at a stammering child; it will do more harm than good. Be kind and calm, but firm.

When you notice the first signs of an impediment, say, "Come, John, I am sure you can do better than that." Make him take a gentle inspiration (not a violent or prolonged one), and then repeat the sentence slowly and distinctly. You will probably find that he will do so without hesitation; if he should not succeed at the first attempt, make him try again. Persist in this whenever you hear the slightest hesitation, and you will have your reward; but neglect it, and before many months the impediment will have obtained such a hold upon him that your efforts will be unavailing. It is some consolation to me to know that by giving this advice I have been the means of saving several boys, and I now give it thus publicly, in the earnest hope that more good may result than can possibly be the case if I restrict my advice to cases which come under my cognisance.

Endeavour as much as possible to awaken the boy to a sense of the vital necessity, for the sake of his future welfare, that he should throw off the bad habit; for such, in the majority of cases, I believe it to be. I know well that this is a difficult task, for the young are proverbially thoughtless; but if it be done, they will in after-life render you their heartfelt thanks.

I feel very strongly upon this matter, and "out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh." I have no hesitation in saying that a parent who will permit his child to grow up a stammerer is guilty, if not of absolute cruelty, at least of culpable indifference. If my short paper has the effect of drawing attention to the subject, I shall be satisfied.

## OUR SECOND VOYAGE TO MARS.

FROM OUR ROVING CORRESPONDENT.

### I.

#### HOMEWARD BOUND.



**W**E dashed from the mighty Sun back into space. The metallic mists of copper, of iron, of calcium, of magnesium, of barium, of cobalt, of nickel, of sodium, of manganese, which had blazed forth in every hue of prismatic colour—an inconceivable pyrotechnic display—slowly amalgamated into the one white glare. From a gorgeous hurly-burly of intensely blazing clouds of many colours the Sun slowly became a brilliant white luminary in the heavens, gradually diminishing in size from extending all over one side of the view to first a half, then a quarter, and at length a tenth of the expanse of the heavens.

Back we went into the outer darkness of space. The huge spots appeared again, not as vast regions—territories, so to speak, of an open expanse, traversed

in many directions with brilliant clouds—not of water as the Earth's cloudland, but of metallic mist—of iron, of magnesium, of sodium, and numbers of other metals—through which the inner and darker orb of the huge world might be seen. The "rice-grains" of the Sun no more appeared as little worlds of dazzling light, but were merged together on his mottled surface. The rose-clouds even began to melt undistinguished amid the general blaze of light of the huge orb of day.

Back our aerial car dashed through space away from that vast region of light and force and motion which we had dared to approach. We passed through the realm of the corona, on to where what you call the "zodiacal light"—the distant solar atmosphere—extended itself. On we went through regions of meteors—systems on systems—sometimes rushing to the right, sometimes to the left of us, sometimes above, sometimes beneath, sometimes cannonading on our car with their bombardments and crushing in flames against its surface.

We passed the orbit of Mercury, but he seemed

now but as a little star in the dark heavens, for the planet had now moved in his rotation far from our line of travel, and we approached our own world of Venus.

The prow of our car was turned towards the great plateau of the North Pole of Venus, where the mountain ranges arise from the Arctic Ocean to colossal heights, and where the snows can be seen even by Earthly telescopes. There, in those Polar regions, at heights of ten to twenty miles, the mountains, compared to which Mount Everest and Mont Blanc would be but hills, lift their tall peaks crowned with eternal snows, which even the summer heats of our sphere (so much hotter than yours because so much nearer to the Sun) cannot melt.

The glorious blaze of these huge glacial mountains reflecting the Sun's light is inconceivably grand. Even coming from the wonderful and awful realms of eternal light, it seemed most beautiful. It is partly to these glacial regions of the polar table-lands, as well as to the white clouds that circle our world, that the brightness of Venus, many times greater than that of the Moon, is due.

## II.

## THE CONGRESS.

WE landed at the City of the North Pole, which is built in a deep valley encircled by colossal mountains from ten to eighteen miles high, and sheltering it from the bitter Arctic blasts. As the Sun does not shine upon it for much of the year (on account partly of the mountain shadows, partly of its being in the Arctic regions), the heat and light are mainly artificial. It happened now, however, to be the Northern summer, and myriads of our countrymen had come from divers lands to see the wonders and beauties of the Arctic regions, and to stay awhile at the City of the North Pole, just as a few adventurous tourists on Earth annually go to see the "Land of the Midnight Sun"—*i.e.*, Norway. With us it is thought pleasant and desirable for every one occasionally to spend a summer in the Arctic regions, and to stay, a few days at least, at the Pole itself. Perhaps the time may come when this will be the case on Earth, but it seems far distant, for—firstly, the sun is farther from your world than from ours of Venus; next, from the tilting of the planet the summer is warmer; and, thirdly, vast progress in command over nature will be required before men can even reach the Poles. I expect it can only be done by perfecting the art of flight, or aeronautics, for the only convenient way of reaching the North or South Pole of either Venus or Earth is by flight.

We descended amid the great ring chain of mountains, down which, in the summer thaw, the cascades were pouring from the glaciers, and we poised our car over the glittering domes and towers of the great City of the North Pole. Then we slowly descended, amid the plaudits of the crowds who welcomed us home.

As we alighted we were welcomed by the thousands of visitors at the Polar citv. Joyous was our

welcome, and deep our gratitude to Divine Providence, as we descended from the car which had borne us so well through the dangers of our awful, yet glorious, solar journey. We now noticed how it was encrusted with many metals which had fallen on it in the form of metallic rain as we had got near the Sun-spot, and now were crystallised around it in a strange form of metallic efflorescence. Tiny cubes of copper, iron, magnesium, cobalt, were there. The record of our near approach to the Sun was on the car itself.

A congress was summoned, the third day after our arrival, in the assembly-place near the city—a vast amphitheatre enclosed by mountains, and close to a beautiful cascade which in winter was frozen, but now rushed down the mountain crags. The scene in the summer sun was very beautiful as the congress assembled to receive us. Tens of thousands were ranged on the terraces and ledges of the rocks to see us, and to hear what we could relate of our journey to the Sun.

I need not narrate the account of the congress, which was something like the former one, which I have described before. We told all we had seen, and showed the specimens we had collected from Mercury and the solar regions. Then questions were asked, and for several days the congress lasted. At length Azarian, one of the Princes of the City of the Stars, suggested that the work of communicating between world and world of our system, and of studying our



"WE POISED OUR CAR OVER THE GLITTERING DOMES AND TOWERS OF THE GREAT CITY OF THE NORTH POLE."

sister-worlds by actually visiting them, should be continued, and another journey should be planned. Ezariel was the chief speaker of our party. He assented to the view that now, since we had as mere voyagers visited the worlds around us, and even seen the mighty centre of our system, a more thorough exploration of one or two worlds would be desirable. The two that especially presented themselves to his mind for further inquiry were Mars and the Earth. But he urged that a larger car and a larger party of specialists, who would make a thorough inquiry, were

a large quantity of specimens, and also all requisite apparatus, could be stored.

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 III.

## THE CANALS OF MARS.

I RESOLVED to join the expedition, and in less than a quarter of one of our years I was once more flying through infinite space to the regions of the ruddy world of Mars.

I need not describe our journey thither. The spot



MARS BY NIGHT.

desirable. The difficulty was urged by Axorian, the Prince of the City of the North Pole, that there would be a danger of our being observed and detected both in Mars and on Earth if we went in so large a party. But Ezariel, who had visited, as I told you, both worlds before, parried this serious difficulty by proposing that our party should confine itself to going around the two planets and photographing carefully all the scenery of each, and to land in some remote part of Mars, and on the Earth to rest in the wilds of Central Australia and perhaps in Equatorial Africa, where men would not be likely to find us out, and where we could examine the animal and vegetable life of the Earth, and many other matters of interest, without any fear or risk of interruption or discovery.

This view was accepted by the congress. We each proceeded to our homes, and the great nature-subduer, Ornalion, was entrusted with the construction of a large car for twenty specialists to go through space to Mars and the Earth, to examine in each world the wondrous works of the great Creator. It was provided with powerful magnets and anti-gravitating machinery, and was of the strongest materials. In it

we chose to rest on was Hall's Snow Island, as an unfrequented and desolate region, yet not far from the great centres of Martian life. Here we landed by night, and remained two days on one of its lofty peaks, whence we could see part of Copernicus Land, and the Schiaparelli Lake, beyond which Kepler Land shone in rich crimson glory on the horizon.

The sun rose on the ruddy land, shining over the crimson forests, varied by the green seas, which in richest hues adorned a landscape glorious in its gorgeous colourings. On one side the De la Rue Ocean expanded its green surface to the horizon, now rippled by ridges of white foam, now tranquil like a sheet of green glass. Kepler Land on the other side and Copernicus Land spread their crimson expanse to the faint green horizon of the Terby Sea. Along the shore in green lines, here and there, were the great straight canals of Mars, that diffused the waters over the land, and which here stretched to both the Schiaparelli and the Bessel Lakes.

It was arranged that after two days' stay on the snowy peak, which was wellnigh inaccessible to the Martians, the rest of the party should start on an

aërial expedition around Mars, and, poised in mid-air at great heights above his atmosphere, should photograph the divers scenes of the planet, and so record all that was to be observed for the philosophers and museums of our world, and that Ulnorion should accompany me on or near the surface of the planet, and that we should be disguised, as nearly as we could, in the Martian costume and aspect, which, in truth, was very difficult, on account of our smaller size.

According to this plan we flew across to the Lorange peninsula, and thence by the shores of Pratt Bay passed into the interior of Secchi Continent. Here the great system of canals of vast length and width struck our attention. They looked artificial, yet in width were like sounds or straits, but stretched for hundreds of miles, as clear from any undulation or bend as if they had been drawn with a ruler. Their green lines marked the red land, like lines ruled on a music book, varied land with water. On their surfaces were floating islands of the Martians, crowded with houses and factories and towers (like moving cities). On their shores were also vast edifices, where we could see the great machines of the Martians working and moving. Like a huge spider's web they spread over the crimson expanse of land.

From here we resolved to go to where my former Martian guide lived, that by his aid we might both obtain more information about this gorgeous world, and also that Ulnorion might, by his separate report, be able to add to or correct what I had learnt about Mars.

I found without difficulty the home of my former Martian friend and instructor. There it was—the domed house glittering with metal ornaments beneath the ruddy foliage of the forest. I led Ulnorion to the door, and then, noticing one of the windows open, I signed to him to fly in after me. My old friend was there, and was much alarmed at first at the unexpected apparition of two beings from another world, for I had cast off my disguise, so that he might know me. But then recovering himself, he recognised me as his former friend and guest.\*

"I have returned again to your bright and gorgeous world, as I longed to know more about it. May I have your help to see it again, unknown and unobserved?"

"Welcome!" was the reply. "I often have thought of you and of your bright world, and all you told me."

And then he welcomed us with the Martian rites of greeting, and lighted the sacred fire upon the pillar, and offered us warm food. This we gladly accepted. Ulnorion, I noticed, however, was timid and ill at ease. There is a natural shrinking of all creatures from beings of another world, and so I found Ulnorion and our Martian host shrank from each other instinctively.

But as time went on this lessened. I asked our Martian friend about the events of my past visit, and showed him how I remembered what he had told me. Then I suggested to Ulnorion that he might ask any

questions he wished about the ruddy world in which we were, and I would interpret his queries. As I expected, the first question he asked was about the wonderful canals we had recently seen.

"Will you explain to me," said Ulnorion, through me as his interpreter, "those huge canals that, straight as a line, mark several of your continents? They do not seem natural, for nowhere by natural laws are such straight lines formed; nature is ever devious, and tends to undulations, but these look like vast engineering works. Are they such, or do the laws of nature work in this world differently to the way they work in other planets?"

"They are mainly artificial works," said our Martian friend, "though utilising our rivers and lakes. Our command over natural forces has in recent times become very great. So we resolved, for our own convenience, to turn the rivers and lakes into great canals or sounds. It was for the advantage of the country that water and land should be evenly distributed. By machinery and the use of natural forces we were able to correct nature to our own purposes. These straight canals are of great value. Water and land combined produce food, and on the water we can travel with rapidity and comfort from one part of our world to the other. Since we have had no wars we have been able to devote our force to the arts of peace."

"What are those huge floating islands I saw on the canals?" asked Ulnorion.

"They are the floating cities. Instead of staying in one place, it is more convenient to move about. Thus we can live in a perpetual summer, and not merely leave our homes, but take our houses and our gardens with us over the waters from ocean to ocean, from land to land, and draw food both from land and water."

"There is," I said, "on Earth a far-off approach to this moving population in the floating hotels or great steamers of the Mississippi, and, on a very small scale, in the floating population of the little Chinese canals."

"There is another point," said our Martian instructor; "on Earth and in your world of Venus there is no scarcity of water. Our population is great, and our supply of water is not enough. The rains are insufficient. If we depended on nature alone, the inner parts of many of our continents would be desert and want moisture. Now we open them up by these canals, and diffuse water everywhere on the land as is most convenient to us and likely to develop the production of the soil. So land and water brought together produce food. Left to themselves we should have land in one part and sea in the other, and our planet could not then support so much life as it does now." †

The fact was, as he said, the Martians lived mostly on what (to use Earthly language to explain unearthy organisms) you would call aquatic plants. The ruddy vegetation of the land (similar in some

† Some very interesting discoveries have recently been made by M. Perrotin about the "canals of Mars," and a map of these extraordinary green straight lines on the red surface of the planet has been constructed by him. They look on it very like the aspect of a railway system on a colossal scale.

\* See "Aleriel; or, a Voyage to other Worlds," pp. 115, 153.

points to the food-bearing plants of Earth) is insufficient for the teeming population. But, fortunately, the algæ or sea-plants of Mars are far more nourishing and agreeable than those of Earth. They form an exhaustless store of food, with the huge heaps of edible molluscs (somewhat like your oysters) which fill the Martian seas. But the great ocean-depths are less useful for these aquatic plants and animals than the shallow waters of the huge Martian canals. In ancient times, indeed, the Martians looked to the ocean for supplies of food; but as population increased and also their power of controlling nature, they found it better to construct long shallow seas (which could be drained as required) in which vast oceanic farms could be formed for supplying food. Even on Earth the supply of food by the ocean would be inexhaustible; and perhaps in ages to come, when every land is over-populated, man may be forced as the Martians to establish fish-farms in shallow artificial seas to supplement the food supply.

"There is much wisdom in what you say," I replied. "If Northern Africa or Australia had some such system of canals as this, they would produce much more and suffer less from drought and desert."

We issued forth from the house, and mounting on a hill close by, watched the Sun slowly descend over the crimson plain and the vast green network of canals which stretched in all directions at our feet. Our Martian friend named the canals to us and told us where they led.

Thus we conversed until the shadows of evening gathered in; and then Ulnorion and I waited for awhile to watch the dying rays of the Sun shine on the ruddy forest-glades, over which soon shone in the still sky the two bright evening stars—*i.e.*, Earth with her little satellite the Moon, and Venus our bright home; and besides these, the two moons of Mars, Deimos and Phobos. And then, as the constellations appeared, we returned to the domed house, and under its hospitable shelter rested for the night.

ALERIEL.

## MR. TRENCH OF BRASENOSE.

### THE ROMANCE OF A LONG VACATION.

By MARY L. ARMITT.

#### CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.



FROM this time the intercourse between the fellow-lodgers at Tyn-y-bran continued very freely. There was no more talk on the part of the tutor and the students of moving from that part of the country to avoid the ladies. On the contrary, they not only very fre-

quently met them out during the day, but they seized every excuse that offered itself of spending the evenings with them. Music was one of the most fertile of their excuses, it having been discovered that several of the party had excellent voices; and great was the exercise that the ancient spinet in the upstairs parlour went through at this period.

In congenial ditties and duets with George, in which Jean loved to indulge, her spirits were at their brightest. But in some ways she was changed. She was more variable in mood: sometimes oppressively gay; sometimes enchantingly serious and gentle; and then again indefinitely guarded in manner. The change was reflected in George. She was not carrying out their unspoken compact to have a little fun together with all the simple force he had expected; her intentions and her desires he could no longer fathom or seek to follow with laudable devotion. He was still her cavalier, her comrade to whom she must turn for sympathy and smiling glances, but the simplicity of

their intercourse was broken, and George was watchful and uneasy.

It was on one of these musical evenings, when Jean had as usual risen from the piano, when Mr. Trench approached to sing, with the remark that he would probably like to accompany himself, that George followed her to a remote part of the room by the window curtain.

"You are, after all, afraid of Mr. Trench, I believe," he moodily remarked.

She gave him a quick, suspicious look, sighed, and then laughed.

"Do you know, I am beginning to think I am," she confessed, with a gentle confidence. But George was not mollified.

"You!" he said in a savage undertone; "I thought you were afraid of nothing!"

"So did I," agreed Jean; but her face was turned away now, and she was looking out on the hills and the lake.

"Then why are you changed?" George asked, persistently and angrily. The hand of hers that lay on the window-sill he suddenly covered with his and pressed it tightly.

"Oh! hush, hush!" Jean said hurriedly, drawing her hand away; "they will hear you. And listen!"

The tutor was singing that most pathetic song, "Der Linden-baum," from Schubert's "Winter-reise." Jean was manifestly affected by it; her countenance showed it, though she tried to hide it. "Oh! I wish