

The Project Gutenberg eBook of 1970: A Vision of the Coming Age

This ebook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this ebook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: 1970: A Vision of the Coming Age

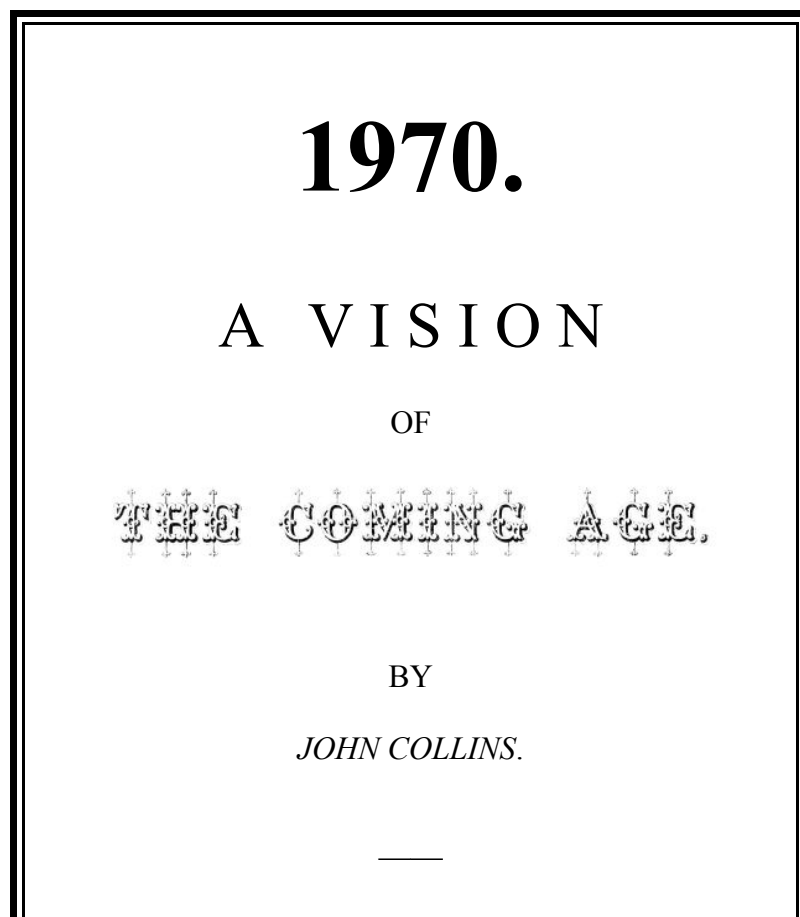
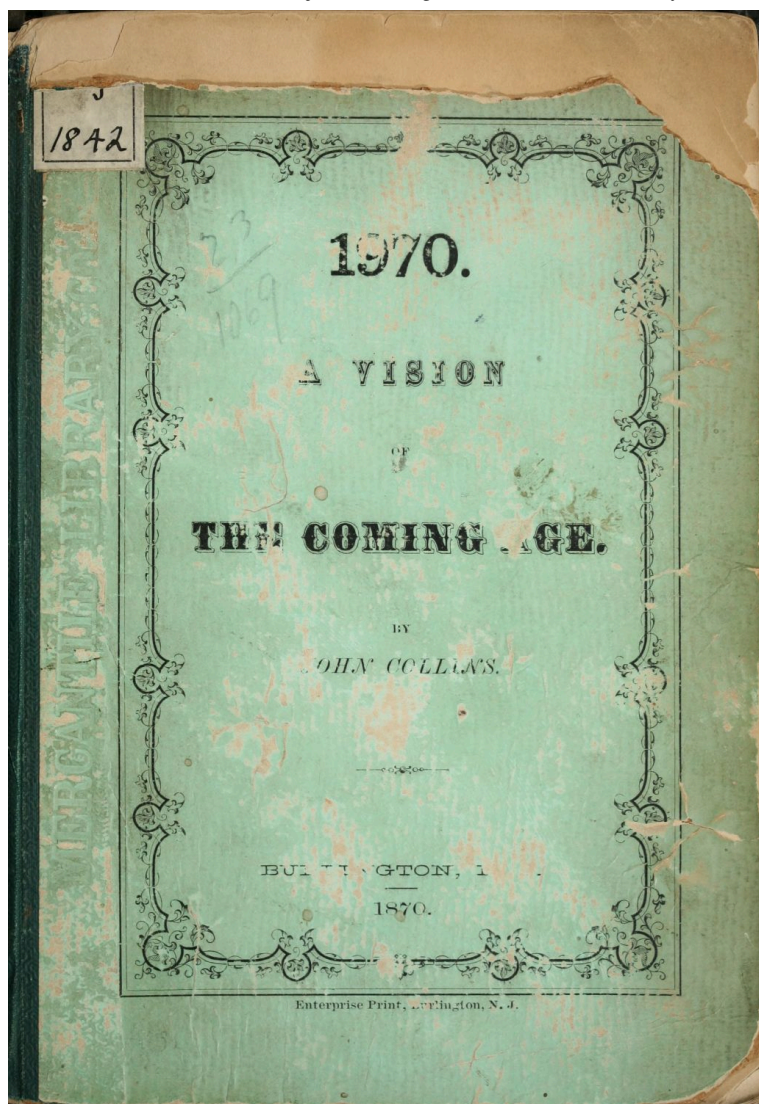
Author: John Collins

Release date: December 7, 2020 [eBook #63980]

Language: English

Credits: Tim Lindell, Chuck Greif and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at <https://www.pgdp.net> (This file was produced from images generously made available by The Internet Archive/American Libraries.)


*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK 1970: A VISION OF THE COMING AGE



BURLINGTON, N. J.

1870.

1970

 WAS musing alone one hot afternoon,
In the shade of a vine on a bright day in June;
Not a sound in the air but the hum of the bees,
Nor a zephyr to sway the tops of the trees;
The cricket seemed tired of the shrill noise he made,
The butterfly folded his wings in the shade,
The flowers, so fragrant when day had begun,
No longer breathed perfume before the fierce sun:
O'er nature a dull sleepy silence had grown,
And even the clouds seemed moveless as stone.

Reclined in a chair, with my face towards the sky,
The tall posts of the telegraph thought-road near by,
I fancied I heard every word sent along,
The short business message—the tale of some wrong,
An accident, *not* on the Jersey railway,
The prices of stocks—events of the day,
The lover's popped question, brief, pithy and sweet,
The assent of his charmer, his wishes to meet,
A summons to haste to the bed of a friend,
Whose life's flickering taper drew near to its end,
An invite to a wedding, a lecture or ball,
A county convention—a lyceum hall;
Like leaves by the wild winter wind swept along,
They came and they passed in a vast countless throng,
And I watched and I listened with eager desire
To find out what passed through the quick thrilling wire.
The date I was sure of—again and again.
It was “nineteen hundred and threescore and ten.”

Came the first to a merchant of rank in Japan,
Saying “Forward those teas as soon as you can.”
In two minutes returned, “I will do as you say,
But send me the Bibles you promised to-day.”
“Buy for me,” said a lady in Boston, in haste,
To a dear Cuban friend, “(I trust to your taste);
A barrel of oranges, fresh from the tree,
A dozen pine-apples, the fairest you see,
Two bunches of large, ripe bananas—a cask
Of the best of preserves—'tis all that I ask,
And a few limes or lemons—smooth, juicy and bright,
In time to prepare for my party to-night.”
In half an hour came, propelled through the air,
The fruits and the sweets packed with exquisite care,
And the fair one, delighted, sent word to each friend
Far or near, a long sociable evening to spend.
Methought that they came by balloon or by rail,
By the pneumatic tube, by steam or by sail,
At the rate of a thousand of miles in a day,
To the hub of New England hurrying away.
The next bit of news my very soul stirred,

'Twas the greatest explosion that ever was heard:
An engine blew up, attached to a train
Of a hundred full cars on the Omaha plain—
To atoms it flew, but no one was hurt,
Only some of the passengers covered with dirt.
The fireman was found half a mile from the spot,
Safely lodged in a village whose name I've forgot,
While the engineer's body was plunged in the sand
Hid entirely from sight save a part of one hand.
Both were struck with amaze at the quick change of base,
But the sole damage done, was a scratch on each face.
The reason was clear—their lives were insured
And their limbs and their senses forever secured
By a policy made with the greatest reliance
In the "Fearless Assurance and Perpetual Defiance."
The next sound arresting my listening ear,
Was so soft and so musical, gentle and clear,
I knew it was sent by a company famed,
(The Harmonic Acoustic Tube Union, named,)
To a dozen performers, each one at his home,
In London, Pekin, Paris, Athens and Rome,
To give in New York, at mass concerts free,
Oratorios by telegraph under the sea.
Then was heard such a hum from the mingled replies,
I could hear nothing more, but, trusting my eyes,
Looked around as I strolled along each crowded street,
Some items to learn or acquaintance to meet.

The houses looked strange as if turned all to stone,
With huge gaudy creepers and ivy o'ergrown.
Whether brick, wood or plaster, no signs of decay
Could be seen, though an age had no doubt rolled away
Since each corner-stone was laid deep and fast
By the wise master builder, all time to outlast.
'Twas a certain tried method, not patent, for all
Enjoyed, free from tax, what inventions we call.
A liquid cement was poured on each place,
That hardened in time to a smooth flinty face.
No wear could affect it—hot, cold, wet or dry,
It was always the same to the touch and the eye.
"Here's a hint" I exclaimed, "to the men of our day,
Whose work is so apt to break or decay."
"We are all honest, friend!" said some one quite near,
Your remark shows how little you know of us here."
I turned to reply, but no one was in sight,
When I saw with surprise and indeed with delight,
That a double-track railway, as smooth as a floor,
Had been thoroughly laid, a few years before.
A train was approaching—no whistle was heard
In loud screeching tones to drown every word,
But, soft as the evening wind wafted along,

Rung out the soft notes of that sweet Sabbath song

“There’s a happy land, far away, far away!”

’Till I thought they foretold a millennial day.

I wondered to see cars go noiselessly by,

When the rubber-tired wheels arrested my eye,

While each one inside looked calm and composed.

As they talked or they wrote, reflected or dozed,

And no thought of danger produced any dread,

For a tall thin Director walked quickly ahead.

In less than a minute the cars disappeared,

And I judged, on that line no collision was feared.

Rambling on, as before, along the wide street,

A smooth wooden pavement tempting the feet,

Some boys stopped to greet me in passing to school,

’Twas the custom of all, not enforced by a rule.

“Can you tell me, my children,” I asked, with a smile,

Where to find the hotel, to tarry awhile?”

“My dear sir,” replied one with a bright, thoughtful face,

“I never have seen in my life such a place.

The word sometimes is read on history’s page.

But no buildings so-called, exist in this age.

All houses are open to strangers who find

A home and warm friends if to stay they’re inclined.”

“Then show me, I pray, Dr. Cure-em-all’s room,”

“He died long ago—none can point out his tomb.”

No sickness is known here—diseases nor pains—

But pure blood is bounding in even old veins.”

In doubt, I enquired, “Where is now Lawyer Grip?”

“Oh! he gave, as they say, all his clients the slip;

Some affirm that he went over seas—others think

That he drowned his senses, and life too, in drink.

Here his sign you may see, though the letters are pale,

With the emblem beneath, a fox’s long tail.

Happy years to you, sir! to school we must haste

Nor longer the precious, short study-hours waste.”

They ran on in glee and left me alone,

Still in quest of the tavern that once I had known.

At last it appeared, but such a great change

Had been made, that it looked surprisingly strange.

The low dirty room, dark with stains and with smoke,

Where revelry oft midnight sleepers awoke,

The scene of mad riot and murderous strife,

With blasphemy vile and obscenity rife,

Was now the clean entrance that led to a hall,

Not built, as with us, for one sect, but for all,

Where the rich and the poor, a true Christian band,

In loving communion as brothers might stand,

To unite in thanksgiving, with hearts in accord,

To the same risen Saviour—one Father and Lord.

Night and day tones of prayer and praise filled the air

'Till the Spirit's blest presence seemed hovering there;
No priest, man ordained, cried, "Know, brother, the Lord!"
Our High Priest and Minister gave the sure word,
While o'erhead, wreathed with clouds, in letters of light,
Shone the words, "Be ye holy and clean in my sight,
For the pure in heart only my face shall behold,
And forever dwell safe in the heavenly fold."

How long in that temple divine was my stay,
I never have known, as no words can convey.
The sense of the bliss, and ecstasy felt
In my spirit, unconscious of all as I knelt,
Save the heavenly gift of Infinite Love
Descending on all from the Father above.
With one fervent prayer for His grace to sustain
And guide me, my steps were turned earthward again.

Some ruins near by, I found to disclose
The spot where in old time a theatre rose,
In one day by spontaneous combustion destroyed,
While the place where it stood was a huge gaping void.
Men were clearing the rubbish and cinders away,
Odd relics of former years bringing to day;
Two masks that still seemed to be making grimaces,
Supposed to be dried skins of two actors' faces;
Then a long rusted steel, whose use none could divine,
In a scarlet robe wrapped, with one blazoned line
Inscribed thereupon—'twas the name of a play,
And the legible words were, "The Devil's Birthday."
A hemlet of copper, with vizor of brass
Was seen melted down, in a black, confused mass,
With beads, trinkets, buttons and jewelry rare,
To allure the gay worldling or deck the frail fair.
"How sad!" said a voice, "they could ever bestow
Time and thought on such follies a century ago!
But soon shall we raise on this desolate site,
A house sacred to truth, to knowledge and right,
Whence millions of Bibles shall issue, to bless
Distant nations still hungering for righteousness."

Musing deeply on all I had seen and had heard,
Of the wondrous changes I said not a word,
But slowly went on, of adventures in quest,
In a spot with such peace and prosperity blest.
Each face, young and old, with intelligence beamed;
Every eye with love and with sympathy gleamed;
No discord was known—no unrestrained tongue
Gave utterance to words of slander or wrong;
Such a sense of true happiness filled all the air,
It seemed more than the spirit of mortal could bear;
And the heavenly anthem re-echoed again,
"To God all the glory and good will to men!"

Pure fountains of water unceasingly flowed,

Till all nature with health and with happiness glowed;
On every side, in long colonnade,
Pines, cedars and palms, threw their deep cooling shade
On seats, for the tired, heated travellers made;
While the thick boughs above were filled with a throng
Of birds of gay plumage and exquisite song,
Unsuspicious of man, for his nature was changed
And his love for all beings, no longer estranged.
They lived and they loved the green alcoves among,
Or reared, year by year, unmolested, their young.

Wrong, crime and deceit existed no more;
All houses were open—unguarded each door;
No bolts and no bars told of robbers by night,
No high prison walls offended the sight,
Stores of merchandise lay exposed to full view,
For at last men were found to be honest and true.
None was tempted one moment his neighbor to cheat,
No deception was practiced in house or on street,
But one price was asked for each article sold,
And the sole money used was silver and gold.
None knew what a panic in currency meant,
A run upon banks or a gain cent per cent;
Stock gamblers on change no longer were seen,
“Bulls” and “Bears,” were strange names that once might have been.
Of palaces built by legalized theft
Or foul speculation, no vestige was left.
Fraud in buying or selling was wholly unknown;
Light weight and short measure had obsolete grown;
Heaped high and pressed down and still running over
Was the sole rule and practice that I could discover,
And, as no long accounts were kept day after day,
No bankrupts were heard of—no failures to pay.

It seemed as if flying through vast unknown space,
At last I had reached some wonderful place,
Where sin had not entered to blast and defile
Scenes blest at creation by Deity’s smile.
Unlike our own earth, since the dawning of Time,
Despoiled by oppression or blackened by crime.
Rambling on in this deep contemplative mood,
Before a vast pile I instinctively stood;
High in air rose a dome on which glittered a star,
Like a lonely night beacon to wanderers afar,
And on it, in lines pure as heaven’s own blue,
“The old is now past and all things are new.”
I entered—strange forms arrested the eye,
Of human inventions in ages gone by;
Tools for use—toys for pleasure—weapons of war,
Idols, altars and priestly shrines worshipped no more;
Here was seen the rude ponderous Chaldean plow,
With the crown that adorned Melchizedek’s brow,

The first harp that was made by old Tubal Cain,
An image of Bel from a Syrian plain,
The chariot of Pharoah, by Miriam sung,
For ages of silence with Red sea-weed hung,
Now placed on the threshold of Dagon's black shrine
Where fell the foul god, smit by vengeance divine;
Huge engines found buried in Egypt's deep sand,
No doubt, by the builders of pyramids planned,
Jewish hammers once used on the mountains of Tyre
Persian censers where glowed perpetual fire,
Pagodas from China, of porcelain rare,
Gilt, silvered and papered with exquisite care,
And the image of gold on Dura's vast plain
Where the furnace of fire was thrice heated in vain.

Here, lay the light frame of an Indian canoe,
There, a square Roman gallery attracted the view.
All these and a thousand more relics of old,
In its measureless rooms did the edifice hold.
But, greater by far, both in number and cost,
Of murderous implements grim war could boast,
To cut, maim and mingle the fair human form
In private revenge or in battle's wild storm.

In another huge hall lay the rough knotty brand,
Still stained as it dropped from Cain's murderous hand;
The spears and the swords of nations of yore,
Ere the deluge a vile generation swept o'er.
Here stood the old chariots, each wheel with a scythe,
Beneath which men prostrate in anguish would writhe,
There, ranged as in former stern battle array
Shone the armor of brass used in Rome's warlike day,
Helmets, spears, shields, javelins, pikes, swords and slings
And the banners, surmounted by eagles' broad wings.
The cross-bows of England and rude culverin
Side by side with the Fijean war-club were seen.
The battle-axe, steeped in Mohammedan gore,
The Indian tomahawk—Scottish claymore
And the rude scalping knife of the savage there lay
With the civilized bayonet rusting away.
Guns, pistols, revolvers, mortars, cannon and bombs
Were placed in the midst of gongs and of drums.
Here new patent rifles from near and from far
Disclosed the latest improvements in war.
All sorts of vessels for fight were displayed,
The Malayan war junk, for piracy made,
The frigate, with rows of black guns gaping wide,
And the iron-ribbed Monitor's steel-plated side.

On the long lofty walls of the building, were hung
Scenes of strife, from the day that our planet was young,
To the hour, when mankind, by one solemn vow,
Were pledged no longer such crimes to allow.

'Twas a sickening sight—like demons from hell,
Glared the eyes of the wounded and dying who fell,
Trampled down in hot haste, like the mire in the street,
Unregarded or spurned by the wayfarers' feet.
Above, the dun war-clouds their canopy drew,
And with horror I shrunk from the terrible view,
Weeping much that man, made in likeness divine,
To conflict and bloodshed should ever incline.
But, as gleams of bright silver will oft line a cloud
Cold, dismal and black as a funeral shroud,
So, high o'er the red tide of battle, a scroll
Inscribed by an angel-hand, seemed to unroll:
"The work of the just and the righteous is peace—
Its effect, rest and surety that never shall cease."

Light breaking again in my sorrowful heart,
With more cheerful feelings I rose to depart,
But again was amazed, more relics to find
Of the devil's vast power and rule o'er mankind.
Man's record was here with Slavery's stains,
Its whips and its handcuffs—its fetters and chains.
In the midst, the old time-worn whipping-post stood,
Its platform deep stained with long streams of blood,
And on it the form of a suppliant slave
Beseeching for mercy and aid no one gave.
Jeers and taunts from the crowd were the only reply
And demoniac hate shone forth from each eye.
Near by was an auction, whence rose the loud cry,
"Likely negroes for sale! come, gentlemen, buy!
Here goes a mulatto, young, handsome and sound,
Note her beautiful teeth, her limbs smooth and round.
Mark her elegant bust, her long glossy hair,
And her ankle that will with Venus' compare.
Such a bright, lovely face is not seen every day;
Then put her up, gentlemen, what do you say?
Not a thousand is bid!—she must go on the shelf;
At such a low price I will take her myself.
Two thousand! "down came the quick hammer, "she's gone."
The auctioneer growled in a low sneering tone,
And the only reply was the slave's subdued groan.
Here's another chance, gentlemen—come near the stand!
A healthy young negress, brought up by hand,
Her regular teeth prove her yet in her prime,
While her well-knitted arms tell of work in her time.
She can cook, wash and iron—pick cotton or sew,
And the twins at her side, productiveness show.
We will sell them together or singly, as best
You may judge, for their owner no choice has expressed.
How much shall I have for the mother, alone?
'Tis a positive sale of flesh and of bone—
Six hundred is all that I hear—what a price!

You may double it safely, is all my advice.
Seven, eight—cheap as dirt! nine, ten, are you done?
A bargain for you, sir! an A., number one!
And now for a boy; stand up, you young dog!
Don't be blubbering there like a water-soaked log;
Give a fair bid at once—right quick, if you please,
My friends, for I shall not dwell long upon these!”
“O! massa!” for mercy, my darling boys buy!
Cried the wo-stricken mother, “without them I die!”
A tittering laugh was the sole answer given,
But I knew that appeal was recorded in heaven.

Again the sharp ring of the hammer was heard,
And with it, the oath-enforced threatening word,
“Tear the niggers apart, gag the woman's black mouth!
Let the young rascals stay while she goes further south.”
I felt my blood boil—my arm rising to deal
One blow at the wretch, conscience hardened as steel,
When a low, gentle voice I could but obey,
Whispered: “Vengeance is mine—I the Lord, will repay!”
Looking upwards, sweet faces, like angels' were seen,
Of those who the friends of the bondsman had been.
Once, hated and scorned by the proud ones of earth,
None could tell in that day the amount of their worth.
They toiled to remove all oppression and crime,
With faith ever strong in their mission sublime.
In the white harvest field, 'till their sands were all run,
And the welcome was heard, “Faithful servant! well done!”

Once more, to another apartment I turned;
My bosom, with more indignation yet burned,
When I viewed all the engines of torture employed
Under guise of religion, when thousands destroyed,
Confessed before man a God answering prayer,
And died in the faith they had lived to declare.
Here were thumbscrews, racks, pillories, scaffolds and thongs—
Here, the irons oft-heated to bore human tongues,
With the chains and the whips to torment, maim and slay
Christian sufferers in dungeons remote from the day.
In the middle arose the huge black corner stone
Of that building of Rome, long centuries known,
When the devil's own priests loved to torture and pain,
And autos de-fe soiled the blue skies of Spain.
“O! shame!” I exclaimed, that Satan should bind
In such hellish arts the souls of mankind—
That man, the object of Infinite Love.
The cruellest foe to his brother should prove!”
“Too true, my dear sir,” a mild voice replied,
And, turning, I saw an old man at my side,
Whose silver locks swept his broad shoulders—whose brow
Showed no furrow or scar from Time's rugged plow;
His eve beaming bright as in infancy's days

While his every word seemed attuned unto praise.
"Too true! but 'tis past—all the horrors of war,
Persecution and slavery, now are no more.
This edifice, piled with mementos of sin,
Tells how wicked and vile former ages have been,
When, to deepest abysses of infamy hurled,
They lived and they died without God in the world.
But, thanks be to Him, the Father and Son—
An unending reign of peace hath begun,
And the Holy Spirit now circling the earth,
All creation is pure as when called into birth.

But few enter here—too painful the sight—
Other scenes, other objects our people invite;
To do good and communicate is our sole aim
And our works prove, as Christians, we merit the name.
Then mourn not, my friend, at the picture of crime
That polluted the world and the record of Time,
Up! pilgrim! I bid thee, God-speed on thy way
'Till it lead through the mists to perpetual day!"

I arose—deep gratitude filling my heart,
From such a wise counsellor, loth to depart.
"Many thanks," I rejoined, "for thy true kindness shown—
Henceforth I will look on the bright side alone.
Farewell! for thou art well, thy words clearly prove
Though thy home be on earth, thy life is above!"

We parted, with souls in communion true,
He, to point out the past, I my path to pursue.
Deep musing upon the old things I had seen.
To doubt almost inclined that such had e'er been,
But in grateful emotion that vice, crime and war
O'er this our fair earth should run riot no more,
I stood by the edge of a wide and deep bay,
Whose blue waters mingled with ocean's white spray;
On its shore vessels lay with canvass full furled,
While others were fitting to sail round the world.
They floated as light on the clear glassy tide
As snow-breasted swans in their beauty and pride;
Buoyed up by some new—some magical art,
The gentlest zephyr impelled them to start,
And when, leaving port, the wind filled each sail,
They skimmed the wide waters like leaves in a gale.
But, far stranger than these—a wonderful sight,
High above, were vast air-ships, with pinions as light
As those of the sea bird, that, day after day,
Unwearied, in solitude wings its long way.
Bright streamers on every side gracefully swayed,
Now tossed high in air and now pendent in shade,
And I read, as I stood mid the gathering crowd,
"The Arrow, the Meteor, the Swift Flying Cloud,
The Sunbeam Wave Northern Light Iris" and more

Moored proudly above that dense peopled shore.”
'Twas a glorious sight as they swung in the air,
Impatient, as 'twere, their burden to bear,
And, tempted, I stepped up a spiral stairway,
A short flying visit to Europe to pay.
Rung the note of departure—outspread the huge wings,
And we rose, so to speak, o'er terrestrial things.
Fainter came from the crowd each last parting cheer,
'Till in one confused hum, they were lost to the ear.
Faded then from the sight the houses and trees
As we went higher up, swept along by the breeze,
And the land and the sea far below in mist lay,
'Till we lost sight of mountain, rock, river and bay.
And now as the twilight still deepened to night,
O'erhead shone the stars in a full blaze of light,
And the broad calm expanse of ocean below
We saw like another bright galaxy glow.
So fair was the scene, I asked one near by,
“Do tempests ne'er blow or clouds darken your sky?”
“No! no! my good friend, by Omniscient decree,
From storm, fire and flood, earth forever is free.
The elements now are propitious to man,
And nothing now mars a wise Deity's plan.
The winds are not fickle nor faithless the deep,
For He, who hath promised, His sure word will keep.”
For many an hour I gazed at the sky,
Unwilling to shut from such splendor my eye,
'Till, tired at the thought of infinite space,
I sought in the cabin, a calm resting place.
It was filled with guests from every land.
From cold Labrador to Afric's hot sand—
The Chinaman, Hindoo, Turk, Arab and Jew,
Men in fact, from all parts of the old world and new.
The light that illumed the spacious saloon
Was as white and as clear as the midsummer moon;
'Twas the pure beam galvanic, soft, steady and free
From all noxious fumes that with health disagree.
And I heard that the engine that moved our light bark
Was the same that gave out the bright flashing spark;
That no oil was now used, nor explosive compound,
On earth, among all nations was found,
And light, heat and motion at last were attained,
By one simple and practical instrument gained.
The sides of that noble apartment were dressed
With gems of rare art from the east and the west;
Here a statue stood poised, just ready to fly,
There, a picture of Saturn's new belt caught the eye,
And one thing I noticed—or fiction, or fact,
The good of mankind prompted every act—
Nay, the converse of all whether light or grave or gay

day, the converse of all, whether light, dark or gray,

Was married by no folly, whate'er men night say.

But the bell sounded one—I entered my berth.
To rest in mid air, safe as on the firm earth,
And all the night long heard the quivering beat
Of the wings in their slow and measured repeat.

“Up! sunrise is reddening the earth and the sky!”
Cried the voice of some one, without waiting reply,
And I sprang from my couch to watch the long gleam
Tip our beautiful pennon with morning's first beam.
It came and it bathed in warm rosy hue
The vessel, as faster through light mists it flew,
Till we thought of that word that once echoed sublime,
“Light! be!” and Day marked the divisions of time.
Thus we winged our swift course through the cool upper air,
Now meeting a ship in the atmosphere rare,
Now skimming above the blue boundless deep
With its waves by warm zephyrs lulled softly to sleep.
At last a gray cloud seemed to rise in the north;
It neared us—and soon the glad sea-cry went forth,
“Land! ho! 'tis old England—her white cliffs arise!”
And we crowd to the front in joy and surprise.
There it lay, in green beauty, but not as of yore,
With its forts and its cannon bristling the shore;
All hushed were the thunders that rolled o'er the land
And no vessels of war polluted her strand.
We stopped just above the world-renowned mart
Of London, where science, wealth, learning and art,
The treasures of ages, in countless store lay,
Reserved 'till the dawn of a happier day.
Then, softly descending, we stepped on firm ground
To view the new objects and people around.
The grim Tower rose before us—we entered the gate,
Unguarded, as once by stern orders of state,
For the jewels that in the rich diadems shone,
No longer could tempt one to take for his own.
Exposed on all sides, were rich scepters of kings,
Tiaras, pearls, gems and a thousand bright things,
Once prized as the emblems of place and of power,
But now thought mere childish toys of the hour.
The vestments of royalty too were displayed,
Silk, satin, chenille, velvet, plush and brocade,
With exquisite work of silver and gold,
In fine threads that shone on each rich wavy fold,
And I heard with surprise an attendant confess,
'Twas the work of long years to complete a court dress.
“What folly!” I cried, “to deck the outside
With garments to flatter and foster one's pride,
While the soul, the true being, of measureless worth,
Is less prized and less cared for than mean things of earth.”

“Where now are the lions?” I asked, “once confined

where now are the lions, fished, once confined,
 Brute prisoners, to show the power of mankind?"
 "O! their nature was changed and unchained now they roam,
 To find in the wide world, food, shelter and home.
 The curse that on Adam in Paradise fell,
 Scattering seeds of hate, desolation and hell,
 Is now gone forever—no wild beasts abound,
 And at last in his works God's true image is found."

Looking down on the river, I marked its calm face
 Half hid by white sails from every place,
 The strange looking junk from distant Japan,
 Unchanged in its form since the empire began,
 The light buoyant bark of more modern time,
 Adapted for use in every clime,
 The swift gliding steamer with paddle or screw,
 The frigate, no longer exposing to view
 Its port-holes whence issued the missiles of war—
 For strife, hate and conflict existed no more.
 A hundred bright flags were floating in air,
 Each, the name of some country or race to declare;
 Not, as once, the proud banner to wave in the fight,
 The theme of the poet—the warrior's delight,
 But the emblem of peace and of love among men
 Long ago sung by angels on Bethlehem's plain.
 'Twas a glorious sight—but I could not delay;
 So, descending the Tower, swiftly passed on my way.

All the streets seemed alive with a slow-moving throng,
 But no jostling was known as they travelled along;
 Every one knew another, each face beamed with joy
 And nought was heard, seen, or felt to annoy.
 The streets and the pavements were so smoothly laid,
 For safety and ease, both for man and beast made,
 That one might walk on from morning till night.
 Unfatigued, to enjoy each varying sight.
 A thousand wide stores were thrown open to view.
 Piled with goods whose use our fathers ne'er knew.
 There were garments for all, without stitch or seam,
 Robes dyed as in colors of sunset's rich beam,
 Wings on frames, to be used on the earth or in air.
 With speed on his journey the pilgrim to bear;
 But time will not allow me the list to rehearse
 Of all these strange sights, in this fugitive verse;
 Suffice it to say, every thing that I saw
 Was strictly conformed to one excellent law
 That forbade all mankind to make or to use
 Any goods that a Christian would ever refuse.
 No trimmings nor ribbons hung flying around,
 No vile trashy novels on book shelves were found,
 No flaring, gay posters announced some bold lie
 Made only to catch the gaping crowd's eye.

No cards in the windows were seen to declare

NO CARDS IN THE WINDOWS WERE SEEN TO DECLARE

That the cheapest and best in the world were sold there;

No drinking saloons stared full in one's face,

No compounders of liquors were seen in the place;

They had all gone below with the spirits accursed,

Of all Satan's agents the vilest and worst.

Tobacco was none—no smoker's breath there

Annoyed the nice sense or corrupted the air.

Surprised at the fact, "How is this? I enquired,

When a patriarch near me, in pure white attired.

Replied, "Is it true that one being on earth

Knows not that the world was reformed in new birth!

I have heard, when a boy, my grandsire affirm

That the plant in one night was destroyed by a worm,

And never since then, half a century ago,

Has any one seen it or known it to grow;

The panic from pole to equator was great

As any past earthquake was known to create,

And some ventured to say that thousands indeed

Would die for the want of their favorite weed.

But the prophecy failed—from disuse followed health,

Purer lives, better morals and wisdom and wealth.

"And where are the dram shops—the houses for dance,

Where, heated by wine and lost as in trance,

Full many a maiden drank, stumbled and fell,

(Once pure as a snow-flake) from heaven to hell."

"Alas! my dear friend, how little you know

Of the great revolution the world now can show.

When mankind o'er the globe acknowledged the sway

Of the great King of kings all are bound to obey,

All sin disappeared; lust, passion and crime

No longer defiled the annals of Time;

None dared to entice his weak brother to wrong,

None wished to provoke or by action or tongue,

None, the health or the comfort of one living soul

For a moment would wish to restrain or control.

And with feelings like these, who, the heavens below,

Could continue a trade fraught with ruin and wo!

No! no! pure religion can never annoy

The peace of mankind or their good-will destroy.

For if God, as his works clearly argue, be love,

Whose dwelleth in Him shall his follower prove.

Every thing that the soul of man can defile,

Is purged from the earth by Deity's smile.

Who hath cleansed the whole world, through his only Son's blood,

And seen, as in Paradise, all his works good."

"Delightful!" I cried, "that all evil hath ceased,

And man from the thralldom of sin is released;

Who e'er would have dared, amid doubts and fears

To predict such a change in the past hundred years?"

We parted, and, entering a new city, saw

we parted, and, entering a new city car

On polished rails sliding, without noise or jar,
I was soon the rich and green pastures among,
In history famed and by poets long sung.
Lovely hamlets and villages dotted each vale,
While the sweet breath of wild flowers scented the gale.
The vine clung to the roof with its clusters of fruit,
The fig, fearless of winter, expanded each shoot,
And the bright golden orange gleamed through the dark leaves
Where the robin her nest built beneath the low leaves.
I looked, but could see no idler there,
Sounds of labor alone arose on the air,
Each his neighbor would aid if his own part were done.
From day's early dawn to the set of the sun,
As a bee hive, the land seemed with people alive.
And all nature in peace and in plenty to thrive;
By the wayside stood rows of wide spreading trees
Whose yield or whose shade could refresh or could please.
For one law reigned o'er all—each, with Christian regard.
Sought his neighbor's best good as his own rich reward.
I looked for the buildings benevolence reared—
There were none, for the paupers had all disappeared;
No blind, sick, deaf, lame, or feeble of mind,
In all my wide wanderings on earth could I find.
The homes for the friendless, deserted or poor,
Vainly hoped by their founders, all time to endure,
Were devoted to Science, not blind, as of old,
When Alchemy sought to turn dross into gold,
But certain and true, illumed from on high,
To the pure Fount of light ever turning her eye,
There were school rooms, lyceums and vast lecture halls
With all treasures of Time, densely filling the walls,
While professors of every known science and art,
Sought the mind to inform or to lead the young heart.

The long rows of workshops for artisans made,
No longer their low, dusty windows displayed,
Where faint, toil-worn hundreds met sickness and death
In the close stifling air, corrupted by breath;
But sunlight enlivened each lofty-walled room
And each rounded cheek showed freshness and bloom.
The master was ever the workers among,
Their health to secure—not their labors prolong.
No law was required—as a Christian, he knew
He to others should act as he wished them to do.
No poisonous gas was floating in air
Sowing germs of disease and of death everywhere,
For the vapors evolved, by chemical skill
Were innocuous made, other ends to fulfil.
The men who long delved in the deep gloomy mine,
Mid' the fire-damp, allowed their bright lanterns to shine;

As the light they now used, created no heat

AS THE NIGHT THEY NOW USED CREATED NO HEAT,

'Twere idle to think any danger to meet,
And the air, so mephitic of old time, became
As oxygen pure, when it met the soft flame.

Roamed the deer through the streets of the populous town.
Not now with swift steeds and fierce dogs hunted down.
The fox and the hare lived in the same den
On intimate terms, unmolested by men,
Every beast, bird or fish, by night and by day,
No longer regarded each other its prey,
But, protected by man, to his friendship proved true,
And love bound all creatures in league ever new.
Nought was seen, nought was heard but gladness and praise
For the blessings that crowned those bright halcyon days,
And even from Erin thanksgiving was heard,
'Till the gray crags of Scotland with echoes were stirred.

I returned to the sea where the white cliffs arose
As landmarks to show how the tide ebbs and flows;

"Adieu to Old England! exulting, I cried,
Where order, peace, love and religion abide!
Of the nations who spent blood and treasure in war,
She, who once was the first, ambitious no more,
Now sends forth her people to each distant land
To teach and to preach at the Saviour's command!"

As I gazed o'er the deep, entranced at the view,
Not a vapor or cloud dimmed the fair boundless blue.
At my feet the waves with joy seemed to dance
Through the piers of an air-tube, the high road to France,
And, lying at ease on a rich velvet bed,
Impelled like an arrow, in safety I sped
O'er the channel that washes each bold rocky shore,
First united—then severed—but now linked once more.

The manners of every one caused such surprise,
Unprepared as I was, I could scarce trust my eyes.
The butterfly airs and the light lively tone
By which, time out of mind, the Frenchman was known.
Had been changed to a sober yet cheerful address
Marked with smiles and true dignity, few can express.
Every look, every gesture evinced that they knew
That courtesy based on religion is true.

All frivolity gone—vain amusements forgot,
I found not in city or country one spot,
Where an opera, ball-room or theatre stood
To arouse evil thoughts or to stifle the good.
The Sabbath, profaned for long centuries past,
Was observed, not by sorrowful penance or fast,
But the nation obeyed the divine command given,
To rest and to worship one day in seven.
The gay gardens and palaces, open of yore,
Where drinkers and dancers by turns trod the floor,

were unronged by a multitude ever inclined
To read or to hear what would profit the mind.
No imperial rule forced each class to obey,
No autocrat, king or dictator held sway,
A firm free Republic framed long time ago,
Proved popular still, as Time's chronicles show.
No soldier police stood guard to detect,
Arrest or confine—there was none to suspect.
Throughout the wide land not a murmur was heard.
No quarrel was known—none spake an ill word,
And I thought, as I travelled through country or town,
'Twas as if heaven itself, to earth had come down.

We passed on the rail, swift as birds cleave the air,
Vales dotted with villages—mountain peaks bare,
But tinged in the sunlight with soft golden hue,
For many a league 'till the Alps met our view.
There they stood—their proud forms towering up in the sky
But no traces of glaciers or snow, met the eye;
Since the time all mankind had known the new birth,
One perpetual spring had encircled the earth.
Cold, heat, frost, storm and ice were unknown;
No earthquakes now rumbled beneath each broad zone;
Volcanoes were none—their fires were decayed,
And cities no longer in ruins were laid.
As the slopes of Italian vales caught the sight,
Every glance at the scene called forth new delight.
The sun-embrowned peasants in vineyard or field
Were tilling each crop or gathering the yield.
Rich clambering vines o'er the road threw their shade,
The tropic banana its broad leaf displayed,
While the palm, like a monarch with sceptre and crown,
O'er the lowlier trees of the forest looked down.
The olive, the fig and the pomegranate there
Repaid in abundance the laborer's care,
And the mingled perfume of a thousand sweet flowers,
Like incense arose from the thick orange bowers.

But the train still sped on, and now in the haze
That purpled the hills in the sun's level rays,
The columns and temples of Rome rose in view,
Spires, domes and palaces, ancient and new.
We entered where once the chariots rolled
To the vast Coliseum, when centuries old
Saw the sandy arena clotted with gore,
While above the death groan rung the lion's wild roar.
No longer the massive walls crumbled and fell,
Its decay and its ruin for ages to tell;
The huge pile was now used for a far higher aim
Than the praise of a pagan emperor's name.
Rebuilt and remodelled, it rung with the cry,
"Our Lord, GOD omnipotent reigneth on high!"

to the city then hastening, I marked with surprise,
No Romish processions attracted all eyes,
No beggars, the pest of the traveller, were seen,
No long lines of priests with crosses between,
No nuns in black robes paraded the street,
No close-shaven monks with bare head and feet.
The poverty, dirt and all the vile trade
That beggary everywhere brings to its aid.
Existed no more in that land once debased,
(Their name and remembrance forever effaced.)
Each dark piercing eye with a purer light shone,
Passion, anger and feuds were entirely unknown.
And the love, the apostle once preached, by God's grace,
Inspired every heart and lit up each face.

Soon we neared the vast—the magnificent shrine,
Where once to base man was paid homage divine;
The noble proud dome named St. Peter's of old,
In the warm sunset gleaming resplendent as gold.
No cross now surmounted the dizzying height,
A star hung above it, as pure and as bright
As the one that once stood o'er the manger and bed
Where the Saviour of sinners first rested his head.
I entered the courts, for hundreds of years
Trod by the pilgrims deluded, in sorrow and tears,
Where thousands knelt bowing to image or cross,
More than true worship loving the world and its dross.
No crucifix now was lifted on high,
No priest called for penance from crowds passing by,
No form carved in ivory, wood, brass or stone,
Mocked the traits that belong to the Godhead alone.
No sensuous pictures of Virgin and child
Pleased the mass, to false adoration beguiled.
A light, clear and holy, words cannot express,
Pervaded the spot and illumined each recess,
As the hosts of the faithful from every land,
Admired the change wrought by Almighty command,
In that temple where infancy, manhood and youth
Worshipped God, their Creator, in spirit and truth.

"Does the Pope," I enquired, "in the Vatican live,
And the people yet think he their sins can forgive?"
"Oh! no!" said a gray-haired old man at my side.
"Many years have elapsed since the last Pontiff died.
On a far distant shore, exiled, pining he lay,
His soul filled with remorse at the thought of that day,
When he claimed, in his pride, God's vicegerent to be,
Receiving vile homage of lip and of knee.
Of all the long line of the popes, there was none
Save he, who confessed to his Saviour alone;
Yet, through mercy divine, his own sins forgiven,
His purified soul passed from earth into heaven.

His house, once the scene of debauch and of crime,
Where blasphemy reigned supreme at one time,
Now, sacred to worship, pure, heart-felt and true,
Is blest with a Presence old ages ne'er knew.
Here the gospel is preached, undefiled as of yore,
By Science, so called, to false doctrines the door,
For the Scriptures, first penned for the comfort of men,
Are read by the light of the Spirit again."
"Do the people to image or crucifix bow,
Or the priests for all crimes absolution allow?"
"From your question, my friend, I judge that you came
From some other planet, unknown yet by name,
Or perhaps may have slumbered, unconscious of time,
While the world was restored in its innocent prime.
Come then to the halls where Science combined,
With truth and religion enlighten the mind,
Where genius, art and sound reason are found,
And errors of schoolmen no longer abound.
Superstition has fled, like the mists of the night,
Dispersed when the sun comes in glorious light.
Rome, once the foul den of crime, lust and sin,
Is purged from all evil, her precincts within,
Remain then and see what treasures untold
They who witness Messiah's blest advent, behold."
"Time presses," I said, "in an hour I must start
In an ocean-bound steamer, ready to part.
Thanks for all I have seen and have heard thee declare;
And now, to the New World, glad tidings I bear,
That the kingdoms of earth all acknowledge the Lord,
Redeemed and restored by his life giving word."
We parted—then taking some newly-formed shoes,
For swift and sure travel on water to use,
I passed down the Tiber—not yellow as when
Its stained turbid wave, washed valley and glen,
But sparkling, fresh, clear and pure as the dew
That on every spray reflects heaven's own blue.
White villas, temples and towns lined the shore,
And the gondolier sung, as he dipped his light oar,
While the hills echoed back the sweet solemn hymn,
From morning's first dawn, 'till the daylight grew dim.
With long rapid strides o'er the waters I sped
And distanced the sea-gulls that flew o'er my head;
Soon the wide river entered a rich, grassy plain
Where its fresh waters mingled with those of the main.
There, lay the fair vessel with quivering wings
Like a bird on the tree-top that flutters and sings,
Just ready to soar through the measureless sky,
O'er mead, hill and vale, and precipice high.
The clarion rung—we left Italy's shore,
And the old classic sea were fast flying o'er;

In a day we touched Cadiz—that bold rocky height
Where the guns of Gibraltar once blazed in the fight,
But now streaming with flags from every clime,
In token that Peace held dominion sublime.
'Twas dusk—a brilliant red rocket flew high
O'er the vertical wall far up in the sky,
While another swept down in the ocean below
And lingered long after in roseate glow.
The parting salute, with cheer upon cheer,
Was answered, 'till sound died away on the ear,
And nothing was heard but the murmuring deep
Of the wings' measured stroke inviting to sleep.
We glided as swift on the ocean's expanse
As the leaves that in the wild hurricane dance.
The sea glowed with fire from creatures unknown,
Brighter far than the stars in the zenith they shone.
And myriad flocks of strange sea birds lay
On the face of the deep, awaiting the day.
No moon rose that night, but e're twilight was gone,
The sky seemed to glow with a rich northern dawn,
And not 'till our flag in the morning breeze swayed.
Did its soft lambent light from the firmament fade.
Thus for three days and nights we skimmed the blue main,
Now watching the air ships again and again,
Now noting far down in the green, glassy brine,—
Iron vessels with fins—a submarine line,
Propelled by galvanic action alone,
And made to explore ocean's chambers unknown.

Meantime I conversed with some that I knew
Came from far distant climes, new wonders to view,
Of the change wrought on earth since the era began
When Christ reigned supreme, acknowledged by man.
No pen could describe nor could language declare
The glory His saints were permitted to share,
When the devil and all his foul works were destroyed,
And happiness dwelt in each heart unalloyed.

"But how," I inquired, "was the old world renewed?
In a day by Omniscient fiat made good?
Or purged in long years from sin and its leaven,
'Till God saw on its bosom the image of heaven?"
"As a thief in the night breaks in unaware,
So flashed on the earth, mid its pleasure and care,
A splendor surpassing the sun's noontide ray
Foretelling the dawn of millennial day.
Attended by thousands of saints came the Lord,
To bless his redeemed and to drive the abhorred.
As erst he once drove the angels that fell
From allegiance, down from high heaven to hell.
But 'till then, increased both evil and good,
As men a false phantom or true peace pursued.

Though tales of new crime thrilled the ear and the soul,
The spirit of prayer seemed its power to control;
Reform spread, as years rolled rapidly by,
And at last from all races beneath every sky,
With shouts of thanksgiving and praises again
Earth echoed the cry, "Alleluia! Amen!"

But the soft evening wind that our light bark swept o'er,
Flower-scented, announced we were nearing the shore,
And ere night's somber curtain had veiled the red sky,
The glare of bright lamps arrested the eye.
'Twas a populous city of wealth and of fame,
Filled with thousands of every class, country and name.
I passed through the streets—no tumult was there,
No low profane words polluted the air.
No theatre belched out at midnight a throng
Inflamed with drugged wine and lascivious song;
All was peaceful and still, as a calm Sabbath day,
For man was no more to his brother a prey.
Each dwelling I entered revealed the true sign
Of Christian communion—the Presence Divine,
For they in whose souls His graces abide,
In each other's friendship forever confide.
Fatigued with my journey—deprived of my rest,
Long time I remained in that city a guest,
Pondering deeply on all I had seen and had heard
'Till my soul from its deepest recesses was stirred.

There was seen in all things such a marvellous change,
One could hardly imagine an era so strange;
Here a library stood with its wide open door,
The clerks and librarian needed no more,
As the readers took works from their place on the shelves
And duly returned them uninjured themselves.
No comic nor frivolous lectures were known,
Instruction and knowledge were sought for alone,
There were schools for the infant, the child and the aged;
In all labors of love the fair sex was engaged;
No voting was heard of—no taxes were paid,
For religion from government needed no aid.
Throughout the wide world not a vestige was found
Of weeds that for ages were known to abound,
Nor a poisonous serpent to sting or annoy,
Nor an insect, the rich harvest hopes to destroy.
The sun, moon and stars each in turn gave their light,
One scorched not by day, while the rest warmed the night;
And nature was fair as the garden of God,
The Paradise once by angel feet trod.

"Blest world!" I exclaimed, "all honor and praise
Be to Him who now rules these millennial days!"
With fervor I spoke—raised my hand towards the sky,
And heard the soft whisper of some one near by;

Then turned just in time to see sunset's last gleam,
When the present rushed back, and lo! 'twas a dream!



*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK 1970: A VISION OF THE COMING AGE

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE
THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE
PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement.

There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you ‘AS-IS’, WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™’s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate.

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.