

## PREFACE.

'I'll believe as soon  
This whole earth may be bored, and that the moon  
May through the centre creep, and so displace  
Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes.  
It cannot be.'—*A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

THE Antipodes, in Shakespeare's day, were beings for whom the world, and all which pertains to it, were turned upside down. The ideas entertained of them were of the very vaguest kind; the capacity of belief in regard to them was restrained by no ordinary limits of experience or analogy. The most that could be affirmed with any confidence in regard to them, seemed to be that they must exist under conditions in all respects the reverse of our own; and with their heads, if not absolutely where their heels should be, yet somewhere else than on their shoulders. The sun was below, and the earth above them. They were manifestly beings with which fancy had free scope to sport at will.

'The cannibals that each other eat,' concerning whom Othello discoursed to his admiring auditors, are now very familiar to us. Of that other class of 'anthropophagi, whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders,' ocular testimony seems more remote than ever. 'When