CÆSAR'S COLUMN.

By Ignatius Donnelly.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—The scene of the story is laid in New York in the year 1988. The long-buried Western continent is the United States. Famine in Europe compels New York as business. There by a curious series of adventures he becomes aware of the existence of a well-organized secret organization having its ramifications in all parts of the world and known as the Brotherhood of Destruction. Having its object a universal overthrow and the overthrow of all others corrupt and delegated plutocracy. Having rendered one of the chiefs of the Brotherhood a young man named Maximilian Pelton an important service, Gabriel becomes intimate with him and gains the confidence of the leaders of the movement. He learns that a young lady named Estella Washington with whom he has fallen in love at first sight is an inmate of the household of Prince Cabano, a Hebrew magnate of enormous wealth, one of the leaders of the clique of rich men who are the chief supporters of the country. Prince Cabano had purchased Estella from a wicked and unscrupulous aunt, intending to make her his mistress. Gabriel by watching can see and hear all that goes forward. A spy named Stephen Andrews, a workingman who has been bribed by Prince Cabano, is introduced into the secrets of the Council and he has learned of the plans of the Brotherhood. General Quincey, commander of the forces, demands increased pay for the soldiers. The government comply, and after his withdrawal discuss the coming outbreak and all its plans for a wholesale massacre of the people. Gabriel Weltstein, who has heard all, rushes forward and pleads with them to forego their purpose. The Council determines on having him killed, and he is detained in Rudolph's custody until an assassin arrives. He and Estella escape by Rudolph's connivance, having him killed, and he is detained in Rudolph's custody until an assassin arrives. He and Estella escape by Rudolph's connivance, having himself been bribed by Gabriel to the Brotherhood. He attends a secret session of the Brotherhood to report as to the plans of the government. The spy Stephen Andrews is present and on learning identified by Gabriel is put to death. General Quincey is introduced to the Brotherhood and is informed by Gabriel that the government after using him and his men to suppress the insurrection, intend to have him and other officers executed. The General makes terms with the Brotherhood and agrees to bring the *Dreams*, or air-ships under his command to their aid when the revolt breaks out. Gabriel attends a workingmens meeting and delivers an address.

CHAPTER XX.—(*Continued*).

"What the world needs is a new organization—a great world-wide Brotherhood of Justice. It should be composed of all men who desire to lift up the oppressed and save civilization and society. It should work through government and all its ramifications. It also should be the schools and the ballot-boxes. It should combine the good, who are not yet, I hope, in a minority, against the wicked. It should take one wrong after another, concentrate the battle of the world upon existing order of things [Great applause.] "It cannot be worse for us than it is—it may be better. [Cheers.] "But, I cried out, do you want to destroy civilization?

"Civilization!" he replied solemnly "what interest have we in the preservation of civilization? Look around and behold its fruits. Here are probably ten thousand industrious, noble, intelligent workingmen. I doubt if there is one in all to a multitude than can honestly say he has had, during the past week enough to eat. [Cries of 'That's so.'] I doubt if there is one here who believes that the present condition of things can give him or his children, anything better for the future. [Applause.] "Our masters have educated us to understand that we have no interest in civilization or society. We are its victims, not its members. They depend on repression, on force alone, on cruelty, starvation, to hold us down until we work our lives away. *Our lives are all we have*—it may be all we will ever have—they are as dear to us as existence is to the millionaire.

"What is civilization worth which means happiness for a few thousand men and inexpressible misery for hundreds of millions? Go down into the [Immense cheering. Cries rising and waving their hats.] "If they have set love and justice adrift and depend only on force, why should we not have recourse to force also?" [Cheers and applause, mingled with cries of 'Take care!' "Look out!" "Spies!" etc.] "Yes," continued the speaker, "I mean, of course, the force of argument and reason. [Great laughter and applause.] "Of course none of us want to become a victim of force—that blessed law which it has cost our masters so much hard-earned money to purchase." [renewed laughter and applause], and which restrains us and not them, for under it no injustice is permitted to us. Our labor creates everything; we possess nothing. Yes, we have the scant supply of food necessary to enable us to create more." [Applause.] "We have ceased to be men—we are machines. Dud God die for a machine? Certainly not.

"We are crushed under the world which we maintain, and our groans are drowned in the sounds of music and laughter." [Great applause.] "We have a hell that is more desperate and devilish than any dreamed of by the parsons—for we have to suffer to maintain the pleasures of heaven, while we have the share in what we create." [Laughter and applause.] "Do you suppose that if heaven were blown to pieces hell would be any worse off? At least, the work would stop." [Great applause, long-continued, with cries of 'That's so!'] "Here a great uproar broke out near the end of the hall. A man had been caught secretly taking notes of the speaker's remarks. He was evidently a detective. On the instant [Seven men sprang upon him, and he was beaten and trampled under foot, until not only life, but all semblance of humanity, had been crushed out of him. The wretched remains were dragged out and thrown upon the pavement. It is impossible to describe the uproar and confusion which ensued. In the midst of it a large platoon of police, several companies of men with their swords, with magazine pistols, and great clubs in their hands, broke into the room, and began to deal blows and make arrests right and left. While the crowd fled through all the doors, Maximilian seized me and the poor clergyman, who had been sitting in a dazed and distraught state for some time, and dragged us both up a back stairway and through a rear exit into the street. There we took a carriage, and, after we had left the bewildered clergyman at his residence, Maximilian said to me as we rode home:

"You see, my dear Gabriel, I was right and you were wrong. That workman told the truth. You have arrived on the scene too late. A hundred years ago you might have formed your Brotherhood of Justice and saved society. Now there is but one cure—the Brotherhood of *Destruction!*

"Oh, my dear friend," I replied, "do not say so. *Destruction!* What is it? The wiping out of the slow accumulations made by man's intelligence during thousands of years. A world cataclysm. A day of fire and slaughter. A world burned and swept bare of life. All the flowers of art; the beautiful, gossamer-like works of glorious literature; the sweet and lovely creations of the souls of men, the saints perished, and now the inestimable heritage of humanity; all, all crushed, torn, leveled in the dust. And all that is savage, brutal, cruel, demoniac in man's nature let loose to ravage the face of the world. Oh! horrible—most horrible! Cannot the day of wrath be averted?"

The tears flowed down my face as I spoke, and Maximilian placed his hand gently upon my arm, and said in the kindliest manner:

"My dear Gabriel, I have thought such thoughts as these many times; not with the fervor and vehemence of your more imaginative nature, but because I shrank, as that I do now, from the horrors of the most terrible cataclysm. But facts are stronger than the opinions of man. There is in every conflagration a time when a few pails of water would extinguish it, that there comes a time when the whole fire-department, with tons of water, can alone save what is left of the property; but sometimes a point is reached where even the boldest firemen are forced to recall and give up the building to the all-devouring element. Two hundred years ago a little wise statesmanship might have averted the evils from which the world now suffers. One hundred years ago a gigantic effort, of all the good men of the world, might have saved society. Now the fire pours through every door, and window, and crevice; the roof crackles; the walls totter; the heat of hell rages within the edifice: it is doomed; there is no power on earth that can save it; it must go down into ashes. You have seen that audience to night. Do you think they are capable of the delicate task of re-adjusting the discouraged conditions of the world? That a whom was right [illegible] they are honest—most honest and honorable—but are they, in mind and starved stomach could resist the temptation of a ten dollar bill? Think what a million dollar bill is to them! It represents all they crave—food, clothes, comfort joy. It opens the gate of heaven to them; it is paradise, for a few hours at least. Why they would mortgage their souls for it! would trade their Maker for a hundred dollars! The case is not theirs but the shallow creatures who once ruled the world, and permitted them to be brought to this state. And where else can they turn? Is it to the army? They are a thousand times more dishonest than the workingmen. Is it to the halls of legislation? There corruption roots and rots until the stench fills the earth. The only ones who could reform the world are the rich—the wonderful but they see nothing to reform.

"But, said I, "if an appeal were made to them; if they were assured of the dangers that really threatened them; if their better and kindlier natures were appealed to, do you not think they might undertake the task of remedying the evils endured by the multitude? They cannot all be as abandoned and utterly vicious as Prince Cabano and his Council."

"No," he replied, "have you not already made the test? The best of them would probably hang you for your pains. Do you think they would be willing to relinquish one-tenth of their pleasures, or their possessions, to relieve the distresses of their fellows? If you do, you have but a slight conception of the callousness of their hearts. You were right when you said was the vital principle of Christianity—brotherly love—not alone of the rich for the rich, but of the poor and rich for each other. But that spirit has passed away from the breasts of the upper classes. Science has increased their knowledge one hundred per cent., and diminished their love one hundred per cent. The more they know of the material world the less they can perceive the spiritual world around and within it. The acquisition of a few facts about nature has closed their eyes to the existence of a soul."

"Ah," said I, "that is a dreadful thought! It seems to me that the man who possesses his eye-sight must behold a thousand evidences of a Creator denied to a blind man; and in the same way the man who has most of the material world should see the most conclusive evidences of design and a Designer. It is to me a dreadful thing that men can penetrate farther and farther into nature with their senses, and have their reasoning faculties behind them. Instead of mind recognizing mind, dust simply perceives dust. This is the suicide of the soul."

"Well, to 'this extremity,' said Maximilian, "the governing classes of the world have arrived. Their fate is upon them. To-morrow—it will be Sunday—and visit one of their churches; and you shall see for yourself to what the blind adoration of wealth and the heartless contempt of humanity have brought the world."

CHAPTER XXI.

A SERMON OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

Max and I entered the church together. It is a magnificent structure—palatial, cathedral-like, in its proportions—a gorgeous temple of Gothic architecture, exquisite taste, of different-colored marbles, and surrounded by graceful columns. Ushers, who looked like guards in uniform, stood at the doors, to keep out the poorly dressed people, if any such presented themselves; for it was evident the church was called church was exclusively a club house of the rich.

As we entered we passed several marble statues. It is a curious illustration of the evolution of religion, that these latter days, that these statues are not representations of any persons who have ever lived, or were supposed to have lived on earth, or anywhere else; and there was not in or about them any hint whatever of mystery or antique belief. The pre-Christian days of the birth of the poet and sculptor taught a kind of history in the statues of the pagan divinities. Bacchus told of some ancient race that had introduced the vine; Ceres, with her sheaf of corn, recited a similar story as to agriculture. And Zeus, Hercules, Saturn and all the rest were, in all probability, as Socrates declared—deified men. And, of course, Christian art was full of beautiful allusions to the life of the Savior, or to his great and holy saints and martyrs. But here we had simply splendid representations of naked human figures, male and female, wondrously beautiful, but with no associations whatever with [illegible] you and I, my dear Heinrich, call religion.

Passing these works of art, we entered a magnificent hall. As the farther end was a raised platform, almost embowered with the most luxurious flowers, and in full bloom. The light entered through stained windows, on the sides of the hall, so colored as to cast a weird and luxurious obscurity over the great chamber. On the walls were a number of pictures; some of a very sensuous character; all of great beauty and perfect workmanship; but none of them of a religious nature, unless we might except one of the nude Venus rising from the sea.

The body of the hall was arranged like a great lecture-room; there were no facilities for or suggestions of devotion, but the seats were abundantly cushioned, and with every arrangement for the comfort of the occupants.

The hall was not more than half full, the present being, as I afterwards learned, a season when fashionable people were far and away from the city. Those who had long passed the limit of age, and many cunning arts, well known to these pearance and might here not life in the upper tion in the lower classes are marked and divergent characteristics of this modern civilization.

I observed in the women as I had [illegible] those of the Darwin [illegible] associated with great facial perfection a hard and soulless look in the eyes; and their necks were more than there. I could not help but notice a sensuality in the full red lips, and the pink glistening eyes which indicated the pink [illegible] I [illegible] I noticed that they were splendid animals all about me.

As usher came up one of the thickly carpeted aisles at a front pew there was a young lady already seated in it. She entered first and Max followed me. The young lady was possessed of imperial beauty. She looked at us both quite boldly without shrinking, and smiled a little. We sat down. They were singing a song—I could not call it a hymn—it was all about the "Beautiful and the Good"—or something of that sort. The words and tune were fine, but there were no allusions to religion, or God, or heaven, or anything else of a sacred character. The young lady moved toward me and offered to share her song book with me. She sang quite well, but there was no more soul in her voice than there was in the song.

After a little time the preacher appeared on the platform. Max told me his name; was Professor Odyssey, and that he was one of the most eminent philosophers and orators of the day, but that his moral character was not of the best. He was a large, thick-set, florid, full bearded man, with large lips, black hair and eyes, and swarthy skin, and he had evidently perfected himself in the graces of elocution. He spoke with a great deal of animation and action; in fact, he was a very vivacious actor.

He commenced by telling the congregation of some new scientific discoveries, recently made in Germany, by Professor Von der Slahe, to the effect that the whole body of man, and all other animals and even inanimate things, was a mass of living microbes—not in the sense of disease or parasites, but that the intrinsic matter of all forms was life-forms; the infinite molecula were creatures, and that there was no substance that was not animated; and that life was therefore infinitely more abundant in the world than matter; that life was matter.

And then he went on to speak of the recent great discoveries made by Professor Thomas O'Connor, of the Oregon University, which promise to end the reign of disease on earth, and give men patriarchal leases of life. More than a century ago it had been observed, where the bacteria of contagious diseases were bred in culture-infusions, for purposes of study, that after a time they became surrounded by masses of substance which destroyed them. It occurred to Professor O'Connor, that it was a rule throughout all the [illegible] life, and that every form of being was accompanied by enemies which were eaten by the wolves; the doves by the hawks; the goats by the dragon-flies.

"Big fleas had little fleas to bite 'em,
And these had little fleas and so, *ad infinitum*."

Professor O'Connor found that, in like manner bacteria, of all kinds, were devoured by minuter forms of life. Recovery from sickness meant that the microbes were destroyed by their unnatural enemies before they had time to take possession of the entire system; death resulted where the vital powers could not hold out until the balance of nature was thus re-established. He found, therefore, that the remedy for disease was to take some of the culture-infusion in which malignant *bacteria* had just perished, and inject it into the veins of the sick man. This was like stocking a rat-infested barn with weasles. The invisible, but greedy swarms of *bacilli* would, at every part of the body in search of their prey, and the man recovered his health. Were an epidemic threatened, the whole community was to be thus inoculated, and then, when a wandering microbe found lodgment in a human system, it would be promptly upon and devoured before it could reproduce its kind. He even argued that old age was largely due to bacteria; and that perpetual youth would be possible if the bacteria could be found that would teach every fiber of the body, and destroy the swarming life-forms which especially attacked the vital forces of the aged.

And then he referred to a new invention by a California scientist, named Henry Myers, whereby telephonic communication had been curiously instituted with intelligences all around us—not spirits or ghosts, but forms of life like our own, but which our senses had hitherto not been able to perceive. They were new forms of matter, but of an extreme tenuity of substance; and with intellects much like our own, though scarcely of so high or powerful a type. It was suggested by the preacher that these shadowy earth-beings had probably given rise to many of the Old-World beliefs in ghosts, spirits, fairies, goblins, angels and demons. The discovery consisted in this, that, had been just opened, and it was difficult to tell how far the diversity and multiplicity of creation extended. He said it was remarkable that our ancestors had not foreseen these revelations, for they knew that there were sound-waves both above and below the register of our hearing; and light-waves of which our eyes were able to take no cognizance; and therefore it followed, *a priori*, that nature might possess an infinite number of forms of life which our senses were not fitted to perceive. For instance, he added, there might be right here in this very hall, the houses and work shops and markets of a multitude of beings, who swarmed about us, but of such tenuity that they passed through our substance, and we through theirs, without the slightest disturbance of their continuity. All that we knew of Nature taught us that she was tireless in the prodigality of her creative forces, and boundless in the diversity of her workmanship; and we now know that what the ancients called was simply an attenuated [illegible] matter.

The audience were [illegible] intellectual and highly educated [illegible] listened with great attention [illegible] course. In fact, I began to perceive the office of preacher has only a [illegible] in this material age on [illegible] priest shall gather [illegible] during [illegible] from the literary and scientific [illegible] tions of the whole world the [illegible] current thought and information [illegible] them carefully, and pour them [illegible] attractive form, to the [illegible] Sunday. As a sort of [illegible] poetical reviewer, essayist and [illegible] the parson and his church had [illegible] the decadence of religion.

"Nature," he continued, [illegible] less as able to profile. Let us [illegible] the humblest little creature that [illegible] we will say the field mouse. Think [illegible] an exquisite compendium it is of [illegible] muscles nerves, veins, arteries—all [illegible] ed in such a delicate, [illegible] and [illegible] ing of skin. Observe the [illegible] able and beautiful adjustments [illegible] little animal the bright, [illegible] bounding blood, the brilliant eyes [illegible] their marvelous powers; their [illegible] to hear, with its [illegible] and [illegible] tions, its loves, its fears, its hopes [illegible] note, too, that wonderful net-work [illegible] telegraphic apparatus of nerves [illegible] connects the brain with the eyes [illegible] and quick, unconscious [illegible] One, who has but a half view of things would say 'How benevolent is Nature that has so kindly equipped the tiny field-mouse with the means of protection—its quick, listening ears; its keen, wakeful eyes; its rapid, dancing feet.' But look a little farther, my brethren, and what do you behold? This same benevolent Nature has formed another, larger creature, to watch for and spring upon this timorous little beast, and given it instruments of unsuspected happiness, and rend, tear, crush and mangle it to pieces. And to this especial work Nature has given the larger animal a set of adjustments as exquisitely perfect as those it has conferred on the smaller one to wit eyes to behold in the darkness; teeth to tear—claws to rend; muscles to spring; patience to wait; and a stomach that clamors for the blood of its innocent fellow-creature.

"And what lesson does this learned and cultured ago draw from these facts? Simply this that the plan of Nature necessarily involves cruelty, suffering injustice, destruction, death.

"We are told by the school of philanthropists now numerous in the old time, fortunately, than they are at present, that men should not be happy while their fellow-men are miserable; that we must decrease our own pleasures to make them comfortable; and that we must be more of the sister of charity.

"But, my brethren, does Nature preach that gospel to the cat when it destroys the field-mouse? No; she equips it with special aptitudes for the work of slaughter.

"Nature, with her interminable fecundity, pours forth millions of human beings for whom there is no place on earth, and no means of subsistence, what affair is that of ours, my brethren? We are not to make them; we did not ask Nature to make them. And it is Nature's business to feed them, not yours or mine. Are we better than Nature? Are we wiser? Shall we undertake the Great Mother's office of caring for those whom she has abandoned? If she intended that all men should be happy, why did she not make them so? She is omnipotent. She permits evil to exist, when with a breath of her mouth she could blow it up. But it is part of her scheme of life. She is indifferent to the cries of distress which rise up to her, in one undying wail, from the face of the universe. With stony eyes the thousand-limbed goddess sits, serene and merciless, in the midst of her worshipers, like a Hindoo idol. Her skirts are wet with blood; her creation is based on destruction; her lives live only by murder. The cruel images of the pagan are truer illustrations of Nature than the figures which typify the impotent charity of Christendom—an exotic in the midst of an alien world.

"Let the abyss groan. Why should we trouble ourselves. Let us close our ears to the cries of distress we are not able to relieve. It was said of old time, 'Many are called, but few chosen.' Our ancestors placed a mythical interpretation on this text; but we know that it means simply that, owing to the sorrows of life, but few are chosen to inherit the delights of wealth and happiness. Buddha told us, 'Poverty is the curse of Brahma.' Mahomet declared that 'God smote the wicked with misery.' And Christ said 'The poor ye have always with you.' Why, then, should we concern ourselves about the poor? They are part of the everlasting economy of human society. Let us leave them in the hands of Nature. She who made them can care for them.

"Let us rejoice that out of the misery of the universe we are reserved for happiness. For us are music, paintings, sculpture, the interweaving glories of the dance, the splendor of poetry and oratory, the perfumes of flowers, all delicate and dainty viands and sparkling wines and nectars; and above all Love! Love! Entrancing, enrapturing Love! With its glowing cheeks, its burning eyes—its hot lips—its wrestling arms—its shower of kisses—its palpitating bosom—its intertwining symmetry of beauty—and of loveliness."

(To be Continued).

Members of labor organizations are already shunning about the low wages paid them and the long hours they have to work, but when they appoint an officer or employ a man to do their work, they make him work sixteen hours a day and pay him the most scathy wages in vogue, and pay that grudgingly. Your "unionism," gentlemen, makes me very tired. It's the unionism that "spouts" half drunk and wholly ignorant, in neighboring gin mills. —*St. Louis Union Record.*