

So touch the chord and let him go
 Breathe very soft ye winds
 Tolly put the kettle on,
 Pull down the parlor blinds
 Kinkawally now retires, absorbed in bitter grief
 Impatient until your return we'll never find relief.

Farewell, good bye, *au revoir* my very best of friends
 "Enchantment to the view," 'tis said that distance lends.
 To your Imperial coat tail we our regal seal affix,
 Go on your way rejoicing my Prince of Lunatics.

Here I encountered a large open space, entirely devoid of air, with a fine natural water shed, suitable for irrigating purposes. I cannot too strongly impress upon the Government, the necessity of reforming the fallen angels of that section. A most favorable opportunity is here afforded for constructing a Government Depot. The people are intelligent, unaffected and modest. They are nearly all "looney." The gaseous material upon which they live is highly nutritious, being mainly derived from the breath of the morning. They are polite and witty. There is an odour about them—but not of sanctity. There are as many *scents* at the Falls as would make a dollar. I counted forty during my brief stay. Between Mystery Flats and Virgin Falls, I would suggest that a line of railway be constructed on the straight guage system, having in view the eternal fitness of things. The road, however, should be neither straight, narrow, or broad, and most certainly not round, as that would involve a superfluous expenditure. I would suggest that it be of cuniform shape, with a view to exits and entrances. A loop line could be built if necessary. The grading will take a considerable time, as there is a large obstacle to be overcome. A thick wall, composed of fossilized rhinoceros hide, will take about six months to tunnel. Mammoth drills could be used, which if employed with effect, would *augur* well for its success. I am decidedly opposed to blasting the scheme or damming it in any way. The simplest and most natural method is the best, and that is to feel your way along with the aid of a dark lantern, the use of which would throw considerable light upon the interior economy. The people of "Virgin Falls" thrive principally upon the "milk of human kindness."

There is a Penitentiary at Virgin Falls, for the incarceration of those people who have been convinced against their will.

I left Virgin Falls in the middle of the night, suffering a most acute thirst—for knowledge. Previous to my departure, I dropped a hint upon the person of one of the officials, which created an unfavorable impression after being struck by it. Having taken a mouthful of bottled atmosphere, I again started on my mission. Availing myself of the regular meteor which leaves here daily, I hooked myself under its friendly wing, and was escorted beyond the precincts of the place by a guard of honor, composed of the petty monarch's, big and little, nebule. That dignitary's principal musician sung a celestial composition, entitled "you are going far away" to a pretty accompaniment on the chords of affection. On my way through space, I encountered the New York *Herald* correspondent in search of a new sensation, unaccompanied by Beecher or Tilton. He looked at me ominously, and as I passed him I shouted "On Stanley, On!" to which he retorted "I guess so!"

I hope the Government will make a note of this apparently insignificant fact. I fear very much for the success of the Lunatic Railroad if the *Herald's* correspondent discovers the nature of my mission. The United States have a superior brand of lunatics, which it is to our interest to suppress; and I am much afraid, that in comparison with those of our American cousins, Canadian lunatics may almost be considered sane.

I reached the boundary line between Ether and Space on the 5th interval of the lunar month. My point of destination is named "Stop-up-Gap." Strange to say, the inhabitants are all males, and have pagan notions upon certain subjects. Their raiment is simple, but somewhat too thin. The place is totally devoid of a second-hand store. A tradition exists that some female missionaries of another sphere once visited this place, and tried to induce these people to become converts to marital views. They were promptly killed off, and I am informed on reliable authority, that in consequence of their decided hostility to the marriage tie, many prelates have been executed here at various times.