

COSMOS

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](https://www.gutenberg.org/license) included with this ebook or online at <https://www.gutenberg.org/license>. If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this ebook.

Title: Cosmos

Author: Ernest McGaffey

Release Date: August 06, 2015 [eBook #49631]

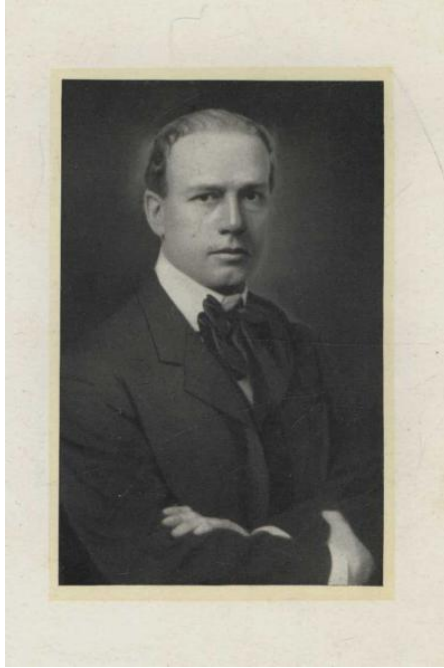
Language: English

*** START OF THIS PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK COSMOS ***

Produced by Al Haines.

COSMOS

By ERNEST McGAFFEY



Ernest McGaffey

The Philosopher Press
Wausau Wisconsin

COPYRIGHTED 1903
BY ERNEST McGAFFEY

DEDICATED TO
CARTER H. HARRISON

OF CHICAGO

COSMOS

ONE

I

Go search the æons an you will
Where withered leaves of Doubt are whirled,
And who hath solved this riddle, Life,
Or Death—that moves with sails unfurled,
Beyond the straining eyes of man
Marooned upon an unknown world.

II

Nor tongue hath told, nor vision caught
That paradox, Primeval Cause;
Each age has had some parable
Each age succeeding marked the flaws;
While shifted, with the calendar,
What men have termed generic laws.

III

Creed after creed behold them now
Like Etna on Vesuvius piled;
Till, scaled to earth by drifting sands
They lie in later days reviled,
And pushed aside by Time's rough hand
As toys are, by a peevish child.

IV

For Priest-made doctrine reads grotesque.
 And earthly worship is but dross;
 Whether it be your Brahm of Ind
 Or squat and hideous Chinese Joss;
 Or Jove, aloft on cloud-capped throne
 Or the pale Christ upon his cross.

V

Why question still the blindfold graves
 Or pluck the veil of Isis dread?
 Over Death's icy mystery
 A pall immutable is spread;
 And never tear-wrung agony
 Shall move the lips we loved—once dead.

VI

Why grope in labyrinthian maze?
 Why palter thus with doubt and fear?
 The Past is but the mollusc print
 The Future looms, a barrier sheer;
 The Present centers in To-day
 The hope for men is Now, and Here.

VII

Believe no scientific cant
 That man descended from the ape;
 Gorilla-like once beat his breast
 And grew at last to human shape,
 To watch the flocks, and till the fields,
 Harry the seas and bruise the grape.

VIII

For though enrobed in savage skins
 And though his forehead backward ran,

The brute was not all-dominant
Some spark revealed a Primal plan;
His brain was coupled with his will
The hairy mammal still was man.

IX

And ever as the cycles waned
He came and went, he rose and fell,
At times transformed, as butterflies
That rise from chrysalis in the cell;
And oft through hate and ignorance
Sunk downward deep as fabled Hell.

X

But through it all, and with it all
How-e'er the upward trending veers,
He fought his fight against great odds
He peopled ice-bound hemispheres,
Endured the sweltering Torrid Zones
And stamped his impress on the years.

TWO

I

What romance hast thy childhood known
Of God-made world in seven days?
Of woven sands and swaying grass
And bird and beast in forest ways,
Of panoramas vast unrolled
Before a stern Creator's gaze?

II

Of rivers ribboning the vales;
 Of plains that stretched in smoothness down,
 And unborn seasons yet to be
 Spring's violet banks, and Autumn's brown;
 Bright Summer, mistress of the sun,
 And grey-beard Winter's boreal crown.

III

And when at length the scheme complete
 Unfolded to the Maker's sight,
 How He, Almighty and divine
 Said in his power, "Let there be light!"
 Gave sun and moon, and sowed the stars
 Along the furrows of the night!

IV

Lo! every nation has its tale
 And every people, how they be;
 Whether where Southern zephyrs loose
 The blooms from off the tamarind tree,
 Or where the six-month seasons bide
 Around the cloistered Polar sea.

V

And Science with unyielding scales
 Weighs each and all of varied styles;
 And like a Goddess molds decrees
 Oblivious both to tears or smiles;
 Points out the error, reads the rule
 And God with Nature reconciles.

VI

But who shall sift the false and true?
 What Oracle the rule enforce?
 Not man-made creed, nor man-learned law
 Is wise to fathom Nature's course;

No sea is deeper than its bed
 No stream is higher than its source.

VII

Vain hope to solve the Infinite!
 Mere words to babble, when they say
 "Thus Science teaches,"—"thus our God"—
 Thus this or that—what of it, pray?
 The marvel overlapping all—
 Go ask the Sphynx of Yesterday.

VIII

We know the All, and nothing know;
 The great we ken as well as least;
 But sum it all when we have said
 That man is different from the beast;
 And spite of all Theology
 The Pagan's equal to the Priest.

IX

And globes will lapse, and suns expire;
 As stars have fallen, worlds can change;
 Forever shall the centuries roll
 And roving planets tireless range;
 And Life be masked in secrecy
 With Death, as ever, passing strange.

X

And trow not, Mortal, in thy pride
 That where yon beetling column stands
 Rests Permanence; 'twill disappear
 To sink in marsh or barren lands,
 Where bitterns boom, or sunlight stares

Across the immemorial sands.

THREE

I

Of old when man to being came
He fashioned Gods of brittle bone;
Bowed down to wooden fetiches
Or worshipped idols carved from stone;
And, locked in Superstition's grasp
For sacrifice made lives atone.

II

And Fear was then the Higher Law
And fleshly joys the aftermath;
He knew no screed of Righteousness
And trod no straight and narrow path;
His Deity a terror was
A Demon winged with might and wrath.

III

And then where Nilus dipped his feet
By Egypt sands, rose temples tall
To Isis and Osiris—Ptah—
And many a God foredoomed to fall;
Where sank the shades of Pharaoh's reign?
Whence have they vanished, one and all?

IV

But whiles to other years advanced
And now by cosmic marvels won,

Men sought remote Pelagian shores
 Where breeze and spray their tapestry spun,
 To wait the coming of the day
 And there adore the rising sun.

V

This passed; the Gods of Greece and Rome
 In splendor thronged the earth and skies;
 Jove, with the thunders in his hand
 Apollo of the star-lit eyes,
 Aurora, Priestess of the Dawn
 And Pan of haunting melodies,—

VI

And countless more; their temples fair
 Where reverent Pagans curved the knee,
 Mid sweet, perpetual summer stood
 While murmured as the murmuring bee,
 The lulling sweep of listless brine
 Beside the green Ægean sea.

VII

And merged in island-wooded calms
 By towering groves of ancient oak,
 where Triton's charging cavalry
 Against the cliffs of Britain broke,
 With horrid rite of human blood
 The Celtic Druids moved and spoke.

VIII

Still wheeled the cycles; still did men
 With new religions make them wise;
 Mahomet rose magnificent
 As rainbow in the eastern skies;
 With Seven Heavens of Koran taught
 And Houris with the sloe-black eyes.

IX

Brahm, Baal, Dagon, Moloch, Thor,
 And legions more had long sufficed;
 Heavens in turn with bliss diverse
 And Hells with ebon glaciers iced;
 And latest on celestial scrolls
 The prophets wrote the name of Christ.

X

We need them not; No! each and all
 Will load Tradition's dusty shelf;
 As shattered Idols, put away
 To lie forgot like broken delf;
 Humanity is over all!
 And Man's redemption in himself.

FOUR

I

The morning stars together sang
 So runs the story, in that time,
 When groves were loud with melody
 And ripples danced to liquid rhyme;
 Far in the embryonic spheres
 Before the earth was in her prime.

II

Then first the feline-padded gales
 Unleashed and prowling journeyed free,
 To purr amid the cowering grass
 Or roar in stormy jubilee,

Or, joining in with Ocean, growl
A hoarse duet of wind and sea.

III

And where by meadowy rushes dank
The yellow sunbeams thick were sown,
And brooks flowed down through April ways
O'er pebbled bar and shingly stone,
There first welled up in gurgling strain
The lisping current's monotone.

IV

And oft was heard, in forest aisles
Where rocking trees of leaves were thinned,
And drear November wandered lorn
With wild wide eyes and hair unpinned,
A wailing harp of minor chords
Struck by the strong hands of the wind.

V

And Man, through imitative art,
With clumsy tool and method crude,
Copied these echoes as he might
To soothe him in his solitude;
And when that other sound was dumb
His reed-notes quavered music rude.

VI

And as the gentler graces came
To vivify barbaric night,
So Poesy, with singing Lyre,
Descended from Parnassian height,
With constellations aureoled
Her raiment wove of flowing light.

VII

And in Man's heart a thrill leaped up;
 His eye was lit by prophet gleams;
 He sought the truth of When and How
 He voiced the lyrics of the streams;
 His beard was tossed, his locks were gray
 His soul beneath the spell of dreams.

VIII

Thus numbers came; and Poets lived
 To chant the glories of the Race;
 Their rhyme on limp papyrus roll
 Or etched on crumbling pillar's base,
 Has long outlived the Kings they sung
 And conquered even Time and Space.

IX

Aye! vain the vaunt of Heroes; vain
 The deeds that once were thought sublime;
 And vain your Monarchs, briefly staged
 In tinselled royal pantomime;
 Their House was builded on the sands
 And they unworth a random rhyme.

X

Vain are the works of man; most vain
 His bubbled Glory, Aye! or Fame;
 More fragile than a last-year's leaf
 Unnoticed of the sunset's flame;
 And naught endures unless it stands
 Linked with a deathless Poet's name.

FIVE

I

How flourished then the lesser arts
 As man to manhood slowly grew?
 With blackened stick from ruddy fires
 That on his cave reflections threw,
 He scrawled the rock which sheltered him
 And thus the first rude picture drew.

II

And catching hints from Nature's lore
 He squeezed his colors from the clay;
 Steeped leaf and bark, and dyed the skins
 That round about his dwelling lay;
 And, urged by vanity, his cheeks
 Were daubed with dash of pigments gay.

III

So, ever as the seasons died
 His mind expanded with his will;
 He saw the dry leaves touched with gold
 And grass grow tawny on the hill;
 Found etchings on the ruffled streams
 And marked the sunset's hectic thrill.

IV

And dreaming thus, with defter skill
 He fast employed his nights and days,
 Spun magic webs of chequered lights
 And limned October's purple haze;
 While women's faces from his brush
 Fired, like wine, the se'er's gaze.

V

Until at last was handed down
 Beyond the treasure-trove of Greece,

Beyond the strain that Sappho sung
 And reveries of the Golden Fleece,
 The art of Titian, Rubens, Thal,
 And Tintoretto's masterpiece.

VI

Thus, too, as man with curious eye
 Had noted outline, curve, and form,
 In toppling surge or lofty crag
 In woman's bosom beating warm,
 In cloudy shapes revealed on high
 Intaglios of the wind and storm,—

VII

He modelled from the plastic loam;
 On shell and boulder graved a sign;
 Chiselled the stately obelisks
 With hieroglyphics, line on line;
 Colossal wrought his haughty Kings
 Or metal-traced the clambering vine.

VIII

And many an image was his work
 And many a statuette and bust;
 Some that remain, but most that lie
 As shards to outer darkness thrust;
 These buried under coral sands
 Those cloaked beneath forgotten dust.

IX

Upon the lonely washes that stretch
 Where the Egyptian rivers croon,
 And floats above the Pyramids
 On tropic nights the lifeless moon,
 The mightiest waits,—the brooding Sphynx—
 Half-lion and half Daemon hewn.

X

So Sculpture, pierced in mountain sides
 Or dragged from Mythologic seas,
 Still holds a sway; and worlds will bow
 In homage yet to such as these—
 The noble bronze by Phidias wrought,
 The marbles of Praxiteles.

SIX

I

To those who for their country bleed
 To those who die for freedom's sake,
 All Hail! for them the Immortal dawns
 In waves of liliated silver break;
 For them in dusky-templed night
 The eternal stars a halo make.

II

In History's tome their chronicle
 An ever-living page shall be;
 The souls who flashed like sabers drawn
 The men who died to make men free;
 Their flag in every land has flown
 Their sails have whitened every sea.

III

On gallows high they met their doom
 Or breasted straight the serried spears
 Of Tyranny; in dungeons damp
 Scarred on the stones their name appears;

For them the flower of Memory
Shall blossom, watered by our tears.

IV

But Conquest, Glory, transient Fame,
What baubles these to struggle for,
When draped in sulphurous films uprise
The cannon-throated fiends of War!
What childish trumpery cheap as this—
The trophies of a Conqueror?

V

How many an army marches forth
With bugle-note or battle-hymn,
To drench the soil in human gore
And multiply Golgothas grim;
And all for what? a Ruler's pique
Religion's call, or Harlot's whim.

VI

And ghastliest far among them all
Where torn and stained the thirsty sod
With carnage reeks—where standards fly,
And horses gallop, iron-shod,
Are those remorseless mockeries
The wars they wage in name of God.

VIII

Vague, dim and vague, and noiselessly,
The Warrior's triumphs fade like haze;
And building winds have heaped the sands
O'er monuments of martial days;
While Legend throws a flickering gleam
Where the tall Trojan towers blaze.

VIII

Yea! whether sought for Woman's face
 Or, Conquest-seeking, seaward poured,
 Or at the beck of Holy Church
 War still shall be the thing abhorred;
 And they who by the sword would live
 Shall surely perish by the sword.

IX

Yet whether at Thermopylæ
 Where battled the intrepid Greek,
 Or Waterloo—their quarry still
 The red-eyed ravening vultures seek;
 Where prowl the jackal and the fox
 And the swart raven whets his beak.

X

And somewhere, though by Alien seas
 The tide of Hate unceasing frets;
 For dawn to dusk, and dusk to dawn
 The red sun rises, no, nor sets,
 Save where the wraith of War is seen
 Above her glittering bayonets.

SEVEN

I

How fared the body when the soul
 In olden days had taken flight?
 Had passed as through a shutter slips
 A trembling shaft of summer light!
 And all that once was Life's warm glow
 Had sudden changed to dreadful night!

II

How fared the mourners; how the Priest;
 How spoken his funereal theme?
 What dirges for the Heroic dead
 What flowers to soften death's extreme?
 Was Life to them a wayside Inn
 Death the beginning of a dream?

III

We cannot know; except by tales
 Caught in the traveller's flying loom,
 Or carven granite friezes found
 Or parchment penned in convent gloom;
 Or here and there, defying Time
 Some long-dead Emperor's giant tomb.

IV

Where tower the steep Egyptian cones
 By couriers of the storm bestrid,
 Wrapped in his blackening cerements
 Sahura lies in shadow hid,
 While billowy sand-curves rise and dash
 Like surf, against his Pyramid.

V

And on the bald Norwegian shores
 When Odin for the Viking came,
 A ship was launched, and on it placed
 With solemn state, the Hero's frame;
 The torch applied, and sent to sea,
 A double burial,—wave and flame.

VI

And when the Hindu Prince lay prone—
 In final consecration dire

His Hindu Princess followed on
 And climbed the blazing funeral pyre,
 To stand in living sacrifice
 Transfigured in her robes of fire.

VII

Where the red Indian of the Plains
 To the Great Spirit bowed his head,
 On pole-built scaffold, Eagle-plumed,
 The painted warrior laid his dead;
 Beneath, the favorite charger slain
 And by the Chief his weapons spread.

VIII

We clothe our dead in modish dress
 Dust unto dust the Preacher saith,
 The church-bells toll, the organ peals,
 And mourners wait with ebbing breath;
 Oh! grave, this is thy mockery,
 The weird farce-comedy of Death.

IX

Nay! burn the shell with simplest rites;
 Scatter its ashes to the skies;
 And on the stairways of the clouds
 In winding spirals let it rise;
 What needs the soul of mortal garb
 Whether in Hell or Paradise?

X

Aye! lost and gone; what cares the corpse
 When Death unfolds his sable wings,
 Whether it rest in wind-swept tree
 Or where the deep-sea echo rings?
 Be laid to sleep in Potter's Field

Or lone Iona's cairn of Kings?

EIGHT

I

Above unsightly city roofs
Where smoky serpents trail the sky,
Broods Commerce; in her factories
A million clacking shuttles fly;
Where, choked with lint, in sickly air
The little children droop and die.

II

The rattling clash of jarring wheels
Against the windows echoing beats;
And when the pallid gas-jets flare
Where sombre night with twilight meets,
Like flotsam on the stream of Fate
The toiler's myriads crowd the streets.

III

With hiving tumult to and fro
Trade's devotees, a hurrying mass,
Through the long corridor of years
In due procession rise and pass;
To earn their wage, to seek their goal
And melt, like dew-drops on the grass.

IV

And here, within the age of Gain
Our forest-masted harbors shine

With shimmering fleets; and we go on
 To climes afar of palm and vine,
 And in the warp of Traffic weave
 A sinister and base design,

V

Of mild and hapless Islanders
 Who fall before our soldiers' aim;
 Of broken faith—of sophistries—
 Of sin, of blood-shed, and of shame;
 Oh! Commerce, Commerce, who shall tell
 The crimes committed in thy name.

VI

Turn, turn my Fancy, inland borne
 Where Nature's solace shall not fail
 To ease the heart; view skyey seas
 Where cloud armadas, sail on sail,
 Manned by the winds go warping down
 Below the far horizon's trail.

VII

And as the budding willows blow
 When March comes whirling past the lanes,
 With bird-note wild, and fifying winds
 And undertone of sibilant rains,
 On slopes where Winter's garment melts
 Blue as the sea are violet stains.

VIII

Where cattle seek the shaded pools
 And silence folds the sun-burned lands,
 Her auburn tresses backward flung
 Mid-Summer, like to Ceres stands,
 Beside the fields of waving grain
 With harvest-apples in her hands.

IX

And stealthily through winnowing dusk
 I see the curling smoke ascend,
 Where lie the farms; and evermore
 Where hope, and health, and manhood blend;
 While stubble shorn and pastures bare
 Proclaim the waning season's end.

X

And as beyond the naked hills
 The chill November sunset dies,
 And cloudward now a phalanx swims
 Where guttural honking fills the skies,
 Black-sculptured on approaching night
 And southward bound, the wild-goose flies.

NINE

I

Behold the kindred human types
 Tribe, Sept, and class, Race, Caste, and Clan;
 Red, Black and Yellow; White and Brown;
 Processions of Primordial Man
 That wax apace, and stream across
 In one unending caravan.

II

The Fisher-People with their shells
 And dwellers of the Age of Stone;
 The Kirghiz of the Western Steppes
 The Greek, the Turk, the Mongol shown,

The Goth, the Frank,—I see them pass
Like flash-lights by a mirror thrown.

III

So, too, the Arab, burnoose clad
Who braves the stifling Simoon dry,
Adrift upon Saharan tides
His awkward camels lurching high,
Long, lank, uncouth, but staunch as Death,
Ships of the Desert, sailing by.

IV

Note the Caucasian in his pride
Who prates of moldy pedigrees;
A mushroom he, compared in Eld
To the impassive, sly Chinese;
Their records co-extant with Time
And swarming by the sundown seas.

V

Each comes and goes; as came and went
Rameses' millions; in their day
What boast was made of Egypt's Kings
How God-like seemed their valorous play;
But cynic years dispersed their line
Swift hurried with the winds away.

VI

Aye! even as motes they had their grace
For a brief moment, son and sire;
Then passed; as foam that sinks at sea
Or chords which flee the Minstrel's lyre;
Where rot the walls by Sidon raised?
And where the long-lost hulls of Tyre?

VII

And all men listen in their turn
 To the same Sirens; greed of Gain—
 Love—Hate—Revenge—the lust of Power—
 And craze o'er fellow-man to reign—
 Ambition's lure—these intertwine
 Like links that form an endless chain.

VIII

Since Power is but the instant's clutch
 And naught so trivial as a Name,
 What crucial proof shall fix men's worth
 On lasting tablets write their claim;
 So that their memories may fill
 A niche within the walls of Fame?

IX

The test is not of Birth nor Race
 Since each is worthy of his hire;
 It rests in what men do for men
 Uplifted by the soul's desire,
 To tread Life's fiery furnaces
 And save their brothers from the fire.

X

And ranging far and searching deep
 However though the annals be,
 We find but one nigh faultless man
 There was none other such as He;
 The Jew who taught and practiced Love
 The man who walked by Galilee.

TEN

I

Enough my Muse; thy message cast
 As stone from out a sling is hurled,
 Let drop to night; or re-appear
 Where morning's gathering grey is pearled,
 And the bent sun, like Sisyphus,
 Toils laboring up the underworld.

II

Let be; thy wisdom knoweth well
 The just degrees of right and wrong;
 Although mayhap unmarked by men
 Shall fall the echoes of thy song;
 Unheeded by the pilgrim years
 Unrecked of, by the heedless throng.

III

And yet before the highways part
 And thou and I in darkness dwell,
 Do thou thy swiftest Herald send
 And this as final warning tell;
 'Banish all hope of gilded Heaven
 And laugh to scorn the fires of Hell'.

IV

Phantasmal dance those dual sprites
 Mere witch-craft mummeries of the brain;
 The lying sorcery of the Priests
 A worldly influence to retain;
 Where shalt thou go? What quest is thine?
 Where falls the single drop of rain?

V

But Courage, Faith, and Constancy,
 The cardinal virtues as I deem,

May well be worshipped, as indeed
 The lilies of the soul they seem;
 Undying in their fragrance rare
 And glassed upon a sacred stream.

VI

Know thou, the Ideal Harmony
 That fills all space, below, above,
 Is not in Creed, nor Form, nor Rite
 Nor in those things thou dreamest of;
 But holds within its breadth and scope
 The sole and only note of Love.

VII

Reject all Creeds; and yet in each
 Seek such material as thou can,
 With here a tenet, there a thought
 Whether it sprang from Christ or Pan;
 And make the key-stone of thy arch
 The common brotherhood of Man.

VIII

And striving thus, a happier creed
 In time to come shall burst its bud,
 The pure air cleared of battle-smoke
 And war no more by field and flood;
 Where men can lift up guiltless hands
 Uncrimsoned by a brother's blood.

IX

When nevermore in calm or storm
 Shall hawk-like hover on the seas,
 The canvas of opposing ships
 Their pennants floating to the breeze;
 And golden hopes will supersede
 The apples of Hesperides.

X

When man-emancipated man
Through loftier purpose wins control;
With Justice as his only God
To reign supreme o'er heart and soul;
And Love, sun-like, illuminates
The one, the true, the perfect whole.

NOTES TO COSMOS

Notes to Cosmos

Certain stanzas once intended for the original are here given. They are set down according to the chapters in which they were to have appeared.

Chapter Two

Of trees that stirred in early Spring
The slow sap moving in their veins;
Of flowers that dyed the woodland slopes
The primrose pale, and daisy-chains;
Sun-kissed betimes, or overmourned
By shimmery tears of sobbing rains.

Chapter Four

And all night long the restless sea
Against its barriers rose and fell,
Till grey-eyed Dawn, by lonely sands
Saw flash and fade the last broad swell,

Before her there the ebb-tide's gleam
 And at her feet a murmuring shell.

And then were heard the Elder Bards
 In full, Prophetic tone sublime,
 Their eyes ablaze with ecstasy
 And on their lips the living rhyme;
 King-honored in an age of Kings
 And on their beards the frosts of Time.

Chapter Eight

And when a-down the bare brown lanes
 Pattered the swift, white feet of Spring,
 I saw the velvet-golden flash
 That marked the yellow-hammer's wing
 A-curve on high; and later heard
 The robin, and the blue-bird sing.

Far seaward on unnumbered isles
 Mid scent of spice and drowsy balm,
 The lotos-eating Islanders
 Lay soothed to sleep by utter calm;
 Low at their feet the pulsing tides
 And o'er their heads the tufted palm.

Chapter Nine

Stark warriors of the Age of Stone
 With pristine valor all elate,
 Who sought and slew the great Cave Bear
 And robbed the tigress of her mate;
 And, weaponed with the ax and spear,
 Defied the towering mammoth's hate.

And slant-eyed Mongols, yellow-skinned,
 Who traversed Western Steppes afar,
 Drank mare's milk, and observed their flocks

White-clustered 'neath the Morning Star;
Or, sallying forth with lance and bow
Engaged in fierce Nomadic war.

On vine-clad hills was found the Gaul;
Above him glistened Alpine snows:
And lower down where valleys lay
Loved of the lily and the rose,
By moon-light tranced, the nightingale
Sang silvery-sweet adagios.

*** END OF THIS PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK COSMOS ***

A Word from Project Gutenberg

We will update this book if we find any errors.

This book can be found under: <https://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/49631>

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 the eBooks, unless you receive specific permission. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the rules is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. They 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.

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 <https://www.gutenberg.org/license>.

Section 1. General Terms of Use & 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 outside 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 ac-

cess 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 <https://www.gutenberg.org>. If you are not located in the United States, you'll 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 Guten-

berg™ web site (<https://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 both the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and The Project Gutenberg Trademark LLC, the owner 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 PUR-

POSE.

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, is 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 web page at <https://www.pgla.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 principal office is in Fairbanks, Alaska, with the mailing address: PO Box 750175, Fairbanks, AK 99775, but its volunteers and employees are scattered throughout numerous locations. Its business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887, email business@pglaf.org. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's web site and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

For additional contact information:

Dr. Gregory B. Newby
Chief Executive and Director
gbnewby@pglaf.org

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

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without wide spread 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 <https://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 meth-

ods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: <https://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 thirty 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 Web site which has the main PG search facility:

<https://www.gutenberg.org>

This Web site 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.