

**A MAGICIAN'S TOUR, UP AND
DOWN AND ROUND ABOUT THE
EARTH: BEING THE LIFE AND
ADVENTURES OF THE AMERICAN
NOSTRADAMUS, PP. 1-211**

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A Magician's Tour, up and down and Round about the Earth: Being the Life and Adventures of the American Nostradamus, pp. 1-211 by Harry Kellar

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HARRY KELLAR

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A
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UP AND DOWN AND ROUND ABOUT
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BEING THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF THE AMERICAN NOSTRADAMUS.

HARRY KELLAR.

EDITED BY HIS FAITHFUL "FAMILIAR,"

"SATAN, JUNIOR."

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TO
THE HONORABLE MR. FREDERIC CONDÉ WILLIAMS
OF THE SUPREME COURT OF NAUHUU,
THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,
BY
THE AUTHOR

Charles Haden Request
7-17-28

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A MAGICIAN'S TOUR.

CHAPTER I.

START IN LIFE.

"Come hither and listen, gentles to me,
And I'll rede ye a ky of grammarye."

So years ago sang good honest Thomas Ingoldsby, the venerable and good humored pillar of the Anglican Church, whose words have delighted generation after generation since the worthy Dean himself was laid away with his forbears in the odor of sanctity. That which is to follow in these pages is not indeed a tale by any means as gruesome or hair-raising as the legend of the Spectre Drummer Boy of Salisbury Plain, or that of Blondie Jacke of Shrewsbury; it is merely the simple narration of certain incidents in the life of an American "Wizard" who, whilst honestly confessing that he is not in league with any spirits whatever, red or white, black or gray, goes on night after night producing illusions that either Nostradamus, or Ruggieri, or even the awful Merlin himself would assuredly have been unable to do, with all their charms and incantations. Added to this the subject of this sketch, having circumnavigated the globe a baker's dozen or so of times, has had a good many perilous adventures by flood and field, the relation of some of which may serve to while away an idle hour to such of his countrymen and women who happen to chance upon this screed in the hap-hazard reading of light literature. It may be

surmised that this "yarn" can be commenced without any one feeling that awful necessity of prosecuting it to the bitter end, which accompanies the perusal of the ordinary every-day novel. It is like a modern farce—you can begin at the end or in the middle, and the effect is equally pleasing.

The above is intended as an ingenious means of deluding people into reading a preface, who would "skip" it directly if the word "Preface" were printed on the top in big letters. But as a junior devil I am naturally of an antic disposition, and so may be easily imagined to be sitting on my reader's shoulder grinning, and girding, and mopping, and mowing heartily at the success of my device.

Being after all a good natured devil, and not desirous of anything but fun and true enjoyment of mankind, I will at once seriously begin what I have to say, which is to tell what I know of the life and adventures on this planet of the master whom I have served so long and so faithfully, and whose obedient "familiar" I am.

Well, then, my master's name, that is the name by which he is known to all, even to good people down here (or up here) is Harry Kellar, who is known wherever the English language is spoken, and in a great many places where it is not. Of course, everybody in these United States is perfectly aware of the bitter controversy that has raged for many years amongst very learned pundits, as to whether Kellar is an actual, ordinary, every-day man, with a bald head and an amiable disposition, as he appears to the casual observer, or whether his plump and pleasing person is merely an attractive mask which covers the foul proportions of an intimate chum of the monarch of the place we never mention. The way in which the strife on this question continues, and occasionally waxes more and more dangerously virulent, amuses me, as I of course happen to know amongst the multitude of things

with which I am acquainted, that Harry Kellar came into the world in the way usually adopted by ordinary mortals. He was in fact born in the little Town of Erie, in Pennsylvania, in the scorching days of the summer of the year 1849. Thus he was manifestly too young to be one of the California pioneers, who were by tradition bound to arrive in the land of El Dorado in the fall of '49, or the spring of '50 at latest, but he has all the same picked up some of the stray nuggets which he found lying loose around there on the occasion of his several visits. My master chose this obscure town to be born in with set purpose. All great men are born in out-of-the-way places, as no doubt you have noticed. You, yourself, who read this for instance, unless, as is not impossible, you, worshipful sir, are a royal personage and so born "in the purple" under palace roof, reflect fame upon the comparatively remote place where you first opened your baby eyes upon this lunatic world.

My master's father was a sturdy early settler of Erie. In fact he lives there yet. He was a quiet, honest, law-abiding creature, whose aspirations for his boy consisted in educating him as well as he knew how, and giving him a trade. Fancy, *a trade* for such a one as my master, a being who would not quail even in the awful presence of great Hermes himself! The notion was absurd, but the good man, Papa Kellar, wasn't to be blamed. How should he know by instinct the mighty destiny of his offspring? So he apprenticed him to a village compounder of drugs. Heavens! what fun he had, and what a life the druggist led. He didn't know the properties of all the drugs by intuition, but he soon learned them, though it was rather an expensive study in more ways than one. He found out quickly how to compound one of those draughts they so commonly send us labelled "*haustus catharticus, etc.*," and was accounted a very promising youth. He wasn't satisfied with the daily routine of his work at Dr. Squills' drug store, but was