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Jules Verne's English Translations: A Bibliography

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Jules Verne's English Translations: A Bibliography

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Arthur B. Evans

A Bibliography of Jules Verne's English Translations

The following bibliography lists the most common English translations of Jules Verne's *Voyages Extraordinaires*. The opening passages from Verne's original French texts and their different English translations are provided for purposes of identification and comparison. For those novels originally published in two or three parts (where, in translation, each part was often published as a separate volume), the opening passage for each part is indicated by the symbol [○].

It is important to note that serializations in periodicals (e.g., *The Boys' Own Paper*), abridged versions of previous translations (e.g., the Sampson Low "Junior Books," among others), unpublished typescripts, theater adaptations, screenplays, and comic book editions are not included in this listing. All the English translations published in the popular "Seaside Library" series by George Munro, in the 1911 Vincent Parke collection (ed. Charles F. Horne), and in the many "Fitzroy" editions (ed./trans. I.O. Evans) are included. A selection of modern reprints and electronic versions are listed for many of the translations.

For each Verne novel, the best English translations in terms of completeness, accuracy, and style are marked with a white star (☆); those of relatively good quality are marked with a check (✓); and the poorest ones are marked with a black ball (●). Those left unmarked are of either mediocre or unknown quality. Occasional lexical variants in the opening passages are included in brackets.

This bibliography would not have been possible without the generous help of many Verne scholars, but especially Stephen Michaluk, Jr. (co-author with Brian Taves of the *Jules Verne Encyclopedia*), Jean-Michel Margot (current president of the North American Jules Verne Society), and Clark Evans of the Rare Books and Special Collections Division of the Library of Congress, to whom I am very grateful.

Cinq semaines en ballon - 1863

Il y avait une grande affluence d'auditeurs, le 14 janvier 1862, à la séance de la Société royale géographique de Londres, Waterloo place, 3. Le président, sir Francis M..., faisait à ses honorables collègues une importante communication dans un discours fréquemment interrompu par les applaudissements.

- ✓ *Five Weeks in a Balloon* (1869, New York: Appleton, trans. William Lackland) - reprint: New York: Hurst, 1885 (facsimile reprint by Kessinger Publishing (Whitefish, MT), 2004); online version available at Zvi Har'El's Jules Verne website at <<http://JV.Gilead.org.il/works.html>>.

There was a large audience assembled on the 14th of January, 1862, at the session of the Royal Geographical Society, No. 3 Waterloo Place, London. The president, Sir Francis M—, made an important communication to his colleagues, in an address that was frequently interrupted by applause.

- *Five Weeks in a Balloon* (1870, London: Chapman & Hall, trans.?) - reprint: Phoenix Mill, UK: Sutton "Pocket Classics," 1995.

There have been disputes as to the originator of the great idea of traversing the African continent, in a manner to be independent of its multitudinous and deadly obstructions; but the subjoined narrative will, we cannot doubt, be sufficient to assure the reader that the man who undertook, and in the face of unexampled difficulties carried out the project, conceived it, and stands indebted to no one for the honours now accumulating on the name of Dr Samuel Fergusson.

Five Weeks in a Balloon (1875, London: Ward, Lock & Tyler, trans. Frederick Amadeus Malleon) - reprint: London: Hanison, ed. I.O. Evans, 1958 (edited and abridged).

There was a large audience, on the 14th of January, 1862, at the sitting of the Royal Geographical Society of London, 3, Waterloo-Place. The president, Sir Francis M—, made an important speech to his honourable colleagues, and was frequently interrupted by applause.

Five Weeks in a Balloon (1876, London: Routledge, trans.?) - reprint: New York: Munro, 1877; New York: Vincent Parke (vol. 1), ed. Charles F. Horne, 1911.

On the 14th of January, 1862, there was a very large attendance of the members of the Royal Geographical Society of London, 3 Waterloo Place. The President, Sir Francis M—, made an impromptu [important] communication to his colleagues in a speech frequently interrupted by applause.

Five Weeks in a Balloon (1877, London: Goubaud, and 1893, London: Hutchinson, trans.?)

At the sitting of the Royal Geographical Society, No. 3, Waterloo Place, on the 14th of January, 1862, the President, Sir Francis M—, made his colleagues an important communication in an address interrupted by frequent applause.

✓ *Five Weeks in a Balloon* (1926, London: Dent/New York: Dutton, trans. Arthur Chambers) - reprint: Hertfordshire, UK: Wordsworth Classics, 1996.

There was a large audience at the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society of London, 3 Waterloo Place, on the 14th of January, 1862. The President, Sir Francis M—, made an important announcement to his honourable colleagues in a speech frequently interrupted by applause.

***Voyage au centre de la terre* - 1864**

Le 24 mai 1863, un dimanche, mon oncle, le professeur Lidenbrock, revint précipitamment vers sa petite maison située au numéro 19 de Königstrasse, l'une des plus anciennes rues du vieux quartier de Hambourg.

La bonne Marthe dut se croire fort en retard, car le dîner commençait à peine à chanter sur le fourneau de la cuisine.

- *A Journey to the Centre of the Earth* (1871, London: Griffith & Farran, trans.?) - reprints: New York: Munro, 1877; New York: Vincent Parke (vol. 2), ed. Charles F. Horne, 1911 (abridged); New York: Signet Classic, 1990; New York: Tor, 1992. Available on CD: *Jules Verne Collection*, Sandy, UT: Quiet Vision, 1999. The Parke version is also available online at Zvi Har'El's Jules Verne website <<http://JV.Gilead.org.il/works.html>>.

Looking back to all that has occurred to me since that eventful day, I am scarcely able to believe in the reality of my adventures. They were truly so wonderful that even now I am bewildered when I think of them.

A Journey to the Centre of the Earth (1874, *Philadelphia Evening Telegraph*, and Philadelphia: Warburton, trans. Stephen W. White).

One Sunday, the 24th of May, 1863, my Uncle, Professor Lidenbrock, returned hurriedly to his little house, situated at No. 19 Königstrasse, one of the oldest streets of the old quarter of Hamburg.

The good Martha thought that she was very much behind time, for the dinner was scarcely commencing to sing on the kitchen stove.

- ✓ *A Journey to the Centre of the Earth* (1876, London: Routledge, trans.?)
 It was on Sunday, the 24th of May, 1863, that my uncle, Professor Lidenbrock, came rushing suddenly back to his little house in the old part of Hamburg, No. 19, Koenigstrasse.
 Our good Martha could not but think she was very much behindhand with the dinner, for the pot was scarcely beginning to simmer...
- ✓ *A Journey into the Interior of the Earth* (1877, London: Ward, Lock and Hall, trans. Frederick Amadeus Malleon) - reprint: *Journey to the Centre of the Earth*, Hertfordshire, UK: Wordsworth Classics, 1996. Online version available at Zvi Har'El's Jules Verne website: <<http://JV.Gilead.org.il/works.html>>.
 On the 24th May, 1863, my uncle, Professor Lidenbrock, rushed into his little house, No. 19 Königstrasse, one of the oldest streets in the oldest portion of the city of Hamburg.
 Martha must have concluded that she was very much behindhand, for the dinner had only just been put into the oven.
- A Journey to the Centre of the Earth* (1890, London: Hutchinson, trans.?)
 On Sunday, the 24th of May, 1863, my uncle, Professor Lidenbrock, returned to his little dwelling, No. 19 in the Königstrasse, one of the oldest streets in the most ancient part of Hamburg. Martha, the housekeeper, must have fancied she was very much behind her usual time, for she had only just begun to cook the dinner.
- A Journey to the Centre of the Earth* (1925, London: Blackie, trans. Isabel C. Fortey) - reprint: Ashland, OH: Landoll, 1993.
 On the 24th of May, 1863, which was a Sunday, my uncle Professor Lidenbrock came hastily back to his little house, 19 Königstrasse. This is one of the oldest streets in the ancient quarter of Hamburg.
 Our good Martha thought she must be behind with the dinner, for it was only just beginning to sizzle in the oven.
- Journey to the Center of the Earth* (1956, New York: Ace, trans. Willis T. Bradley)
 On Sunday afternoon, May 24, 1863, I watched my Uncle Otto returning in haste along the Königstrasse, one of the oldest streets in the old quarter of Hamburg, toward his little house at Number 19.
 Poor Martha, our housekeeper, was going to be caught unprepared. The kettle in the kitchen stove was only just beginning to sing.
- Journey to the Centre of the Earth* (1961, London: Arco/ Westport, CT: Associated Booksellers, trans. I.O. Evans).
 On Sunday, 24th May, 1863, my uncle, Professor Lidenbrock, hurried back to his little house, number 19 in the Königstrasse, one of the oldest streets in the Old Quarter of Hamburg.
 Our servant, Marthe, must have thought she was very late, for dinner was hardly beginning to sizzle on the kitchen stove.
- ☆ *Journey to the Center of the Earth* (1965, Harmondsworth, England: Penguin, trans. Robert Baldick)
 On 24 May 1863, which was a Sunday, my uncle, Professor Lidenbrock, came rushing back towards his little house, No. 19 Königstrasse, one of the oldest streets in the old quarter of Hamburg.
 Martha must have thought that she was very behindhand, for the dinner was only beginning to sizzle on the kitchen stove.
- Journey to the Center of the Earth* (1991, New York: Bantam Books, trans. Lowell Blair [sic])
 On May 24, 1863, a Sunday, my uncle, Professor Otto Lidenbrock, came hurrying back toward his little house at 19 Königstrasse, one of the oldest streets in the old quarter of Hamburg.
 Our good Martha must have thought she had started cooking dinner very late, because it had only just begun sizzling on the kitchen stove.

☆ *Journey to the Centre of the Earth* (1992, Oxford: Oxford UP, trans. William Butcher)

On 24 May 1863, a Sunday, my uncle, Professor Lidenbrock, came rushing back towards his little house at No. 19 Königstrasse, one of the oldest streets in the historic part of Hamburg.

Martha the maid must have thought that she was running very late, for dinner had hardly begun to simmer on the kitchen range.

***De la Terre à la lune* and *Autour de la lune* - 1865, 1870**

◦ Pendant la guerre fédérale des États-Unis, un nouveau club très influent s'établit dans la ville de Baltimore, en plein Maryland. On sait avec quelle énergie l'instinct militaire se développa chez ce peuple d'armateurs, de marchands et de mécaniciens.

◦ (Chapitre préliminaire) Pendant le cours de l'année 186—, le monde entier fut singulièrement ému par une tentative scientifique sans précédents dans les annales de la science. Les membres du Gun-Club, cercle d'artilleurs fondé à Baltimore après la guerre d'Amérique, avaient eu l'idée de se mettre en communication avec la Lune—oui, avec la Lune,—en lui envoyant un boulet.

From the Earth to the Moon. (1867, *New York Weekly Magazine*, and New York: Gage, trans?)

During the recent Civil War in the United States, a new and very influential club was founded in the city of Baltimore. The whole world knows, by this time, with what energy the military instinct developed, among a people hitherto regarded as merely a nation of shipping brokers, merchants and machinists.

From the Earth to the Moon (1869, *Newark Daily and Weekly Journal of NJ*, trans. J.K. Hoyt)

During the civil war in the United States a new and very influential club was established in the city of Baltimore. We know with what energy the military instinct develops itself among a people composed of shippers, merchants and mechanics.

- *From the Earth to the Moon Direct, in Ninety-seven Hours Twenty Minutes, and a Trip Around It* [*From the Earth to the Moon*] [*Round the Moon*] [*A Tour of the Moon*] (1873, London: Sampson Low, and [with a slightly modified translation] New York: Scribner, trans. Louis Mercier & Eleanor E. King) - reprints: New York: Munro, 1877, 1879; New York: Vincent Parke (vol. 3), ed. Charles F. Horne, 1911; New York: Crown, 1983. Available on cd: *Jules Verne Collection*, Sandy, UT: Quiet Vision, 1999. Online version available at Zvi Har'El's Jules Verne website <<http://JV.Gilead.org.il/works.html>>.

◦ During the Federal War [War of the Rebellion] in the United States [During the American war of 1861], a new and influential club was established in the city of Baltimore in the state of Maryland. It is well known with what energy the taste for military matters became developed amongst that nation of shipowners, shopkeepers, and mechanics.

◦ (Preliminary Chapter) During the year 186—, the whole world was greatly excited by a scientific experiment unprecedented in the annals of science. The members of the Gun Club, a circle of artillerymen formed at Baltimore after the American war, conceived the idea of putting themselves in communication with the moon!—yes, the moon,—by sending her a projectile.

- *The Baltimore Gun Club* (1874, Philadelphia: King & Baird, trans. Edward Roth) - reprint: New York: Dover, 1962.

◦ It was during the great Civil War of the United States, that a new and influential club started in Baltimore, Maryland. Every body knows the astonishing energy with which the military instinct suddenly developed itself in that shipbuilding, engineering, and commercial nation.

◦ (Preliminary Chapter) A few years ago the world was suddenly astounded by hearing of an experiment of a most novel and daring nature, altogether unprecedented in the annals of science. The BALTIMORE GUN CLUB, a society of artillerymen started in America during the great Civil War, had conceived the idea of nothing less than establishing direct communication with the Moon by means of a projectile!

- ✓ *From the Earth to the Moon Direct and Round the Moon* (1877, London: Routledge, trans. T.H. Linklater)
- During the American War of Secession a new and very influential club was formed in the city of Baltimore, Maryland. We all know with what rapidity the military instinct developed itself in this people of shipowners, merchants, and mechanics.
 - (Preliminary Chapter) During the year 186—, the whole world was greatly excited by a scientific experiment without precedent in the annals of science. The members of the Gun Club—an assembly of artillerists founded at Baltimore—had conceived the idea of placing themselves in communication with the moon—yes, with the moon!
- The Moon Voyage [From the Earth to the Moon and Round the Moon]* (1877, London: Ward, Lock and Co., trans.?)
- During the Federal War in the United States, a new and influential club was established in the city of Baltimore, Maryland. It is well known with what energy the military instinct was developed amongst that nation of shipowners, shopkeepers, and mechanics.
 - (Preliminary Chapter) During the course of 186— the entire world was singularly excited by a scientific experiment without precedent in the annals of science. The members of the Gun Club, a circle of artillerymen established at Baltimore after the American war, had the idea of putting themselves in communication with the moon—yes, with the moon—by sending a bullet to her.
- *From the Earth to the Moon, and All Around the Moon* (1959, London: Hanison/Westport, CT: Associated Booksellers, trans. I.O Evans)
- During the Federal War in the United States, a new and influential club was founded in the city of Baltimore, Maryland. It is common knowledge how rapidly the taste for military matters grew amongst that nation of ship-owners, shopkeepers, and mechanics.
 - (Preliminary Chapter) During the year 186-, the whole world was greatly excited by an unprecedented scientific experiment. The members of the Gun Club, a circle of artillerymen formed at Baltimore after the American war, conceived the idea of putting themselves in communication with the moon!—yes, with the moon—by a projectile. (edited and abridged version of the Mercier-King translation)
- *From the Earth to the Moon* (1967, New York: Bantam, trans. Lowell Bair [sic]) - reprint: New York: Bantam, 1993.
- During the Civil War in the United States an influential club was formed in Baltimore. The vigor with which the military instinct developed in that nation of shipowners, merchants, and mechanics is well known.
- ✓ *From the Earth to the Moon and Around the Moon* (1970, London: Dent/New York: Dutton, trans. Jacqueline and Robert Baldick)
- During the Civil War in the United States an influential club was founded in the city of Baltimore, Maryland. It is well known how rapidly the military instinct developed in that nation of shipowners, merchants, and mechanics.
 - (Preliminary Chapter) During the year 186—, the whole world was greatly excited by an experiment unprecedented in the history of science. The members of the Gun Club, an association of artillerymen formed in Baltimore after the American Civil War, had conceived the idea of putting themselves in communication with the moon—yes, with the moon—by means of a projectile.
- ☆ *From the Earth to the Moon and Around the Moon* (1970, New York: Heritage, trans. Harold Salemsen)
- During the American Civil War, a new and influential club was established in the city of Baltimore in the state of Maryland. It is well known with what energy the taste for military matters became developed among that nation of ship-owners, shopkeepers, and mechanics.
 - (Preliminary Chapter) During the year 186—, the whole world was greatly excited by a scientific experiment unprecedented in the annals of science. The members of the Gun Club, a circle of artillerymen formed at Baltimore after the American war, conceived the idea of putting themselves in communication with the moon—yes, with the moon—by sending a projectile to her.

- ☆ *The Annotated Jules Verne: From the Earth to the Moon* (1978, New York: Crowell, trans. Walter James Miller) - reprint: New York: Random House, 1996.

During the Civil War in the United States, a highly influential club was founded in the city of Baltimore, in the middle of Maryland. Everyone will remember the vigor with which that nation of shipowners, shopkeepers, and mechanics discovered their instinct for warfare.

Voyages et aventures du capitaine Hatteras - 1866

◦ « Demain, à la marée descendante, le brick le *Forward*, capitaine, K.Z., second, Richard Shandon, partira de New Princes Docks pour une destination inconnue. » Voilà ce que l'on avait pu lire dans le *Liverpool Herald* du 5 avril 1860.

◦ C'était un hardi dessein qu'avait eu le capitaine Hatteras de s'élever jusqu'au nord, et de réserver à l'Angleterre, sa patrie, la gloire de découvrir le pôle boréal du monde.

- ✓ *The Adventures of Captain Hatteras* (1 vol.) (1874-75, Boston: Osgood, trans.?) - reprint: *At the North Pole: The Voyages and Adventures of Captain Hatteras and The Desert of Ice: The Voyages and Adventures of Captain Hatteras*, Mattituck, NY: Aeonian, 1976.

◦ "To-morrow, at the turn of the tide, the brig *Forward*, K.Z., captain, Richard Shandon, mate, will clear from New Prince's Docks; destination unknown."

This announcement appeared in the *Liverpool Herald* of April 5, 1860.

◦ The design which Captain Hatteras had formed of exploring the North, and of giving England the honor of discovering the Pole, was certainly a bold one.

- *The English at the North Pole* [also as *A Journey to the North Pole*] and *The Field of Ice* [also as *The Desert of Ice*] [2 vols.] (1874, London: Routledge, trans.?) - reprint: New York: Munro, 1877, 1879; New York: Vincent Parke (vols. 2-3), ed. Charles F. Horne, 1911; abridged and edited by I.O. Evans as *At the North Pole and The Wilderness of Ice*, London: Arco/Westport, CT: Associated Booksellers, 1961; Amsterdam, Fredonia, 2002. Online version available at Zvi Har'El's Jules Verne website <<http://JV.Gilead.org.il/works.html>>.

◦ "To-morrow, at ebb tide, the brig *Forward* will sail from the New Prince's Docks, captain, K.Z.; chief officer, Richard Shandon; destination unknown."

Such was the announcement which appeared in the *Liverpool Herald* of April 5, 1860.

◦ It was a bold project of Hatteras to push this way to the North Pole, and gain for his country the honour and glory of its discovery.

The Adventures of Captain Hatteras [*The English at the North Pole* and *The Ice Desert*] (1876, London: Ward, Lock and Tyler, trans.?)

◦ "To-morrow, at low tide, the brig *Forward*, Captain K.Z.—, Richard Shandon mate, will start from New Prince's Docks for an unknown destination."

The foregoing might have been read in the *Liverpool Herald* of April 5th, 1860.

◦ Captain Hatteras's design was a bold one; he had meant that England should have the glory of the discovery of the world's boreal Pole.

Captain Hatteras: or, the English at the North Pole and The Frozen Desert / The Desert of Ice [2 vols.] (1877, London: Goubaud, and 1890, London: Hutchinson, trans.?)

◦ "The brig *Forward*, captain K.Z.; Richard Shandon, mate, will leave New Prince's Dock to-morrow with the first of the ebb—destination unknown."

This was the notice in the *Liverpool Herald*, of the 5th of April, 1866.

◦ Captain Hatteras's design to reach the North, and so to attribute the glory of discovering the North Pole to England, was a bold one.

Les Enfants du capitaine Grant - 1867

◦ Le 26 juillet 1864, par une forte brise du nord-est, un magnifique yacht évoluait à toute vapeur sur les flots du canal du Nord. Le pavillon d'Angleterre battait à sa corne d'artimon; à l'extrémité du grand mât, un guidon bleu portait les initiales E. G., brodées en or et surmontées d'une couronne ducale.

◦ Les premiers instants furent consacrés au bonheur de se revoir. Lord Glenarvan n'avait pas

voulu que l'insuccès des recherches refroidît la joie dans le cœur de ses amis. Aussi ses premières paroles furent-elles celles-ci : « Confiance, mes amis, confiance ! Le capitaine Grant n'est pas avec nous, mais nous avons la certitude de le retrouver. »

◦ Si jamais les chercheurs du capitaine Grant devaient désespérer de le revoir, n'était-ce pas en ce moment où tout leur manquait à la fois ? Sur quel point du monde tenter une nouvelle expédition ? Comment explorer de nouveaux pays ?

- *In Search of the Castaways* [1 vol.] (1873, Philadelphia: Lippincott, trans.?).

◦ On the 26th of July, 1864, under a strong gale from the northeast, a magnificent yacht was steaming at full speed through the waves of the North Channel. The flag of England fluttered at her yard-arm, while at the top of the mainmast floated a blue pennon, bearing the initials E.G., worked in gold and surmounted by a ducal coronet.

◦ (Chap. 27) The first moments were consecrated to the happiness of meeting. Lord Glenarvan did not wish the joy in the hearts of his friends to be chilled by tidings of their want of success. His first words, therefore, were,—“Courage, my friends, courage! Captain Grant is not with us, but we are sure to find him.”

◦ (Chap. 44) If ever the searchers of Captain Grant had reason to despair of seeing him again, was it not when every hope forsook them at once? To what part of the country should they venture a new expedition? how explore unknown countries?

The Mysterious Document / On the Track / Among the Cannibals [3 vols.] (1876, London: Ward, Lock and Tyler, trans. ?) - reprint: abridged and edited by I.O. Evans in 2 volumes as *The Mysterious Document* and *Among the Cannibals*, London: Arco/Wesport, CT: Associated Booksellers, 1964; *The Mysterious Document* reprinted by New York: Airmont, 1970; *On the Track* reprinted by Amsterdam: Fredonia, 2001; *Among the Cannibals* reprinted by Honolulu: University Press of the Pacific, 2001.

◦ On the 26th of July, 1864, a magnificent yacht was steaming along before a N.E. wind in the North Channel. The English flag floated from her mizenmast; at the extremity of her mainmast hung a blue pendant, with the initials E.G. embroidered in gold, and surmounted by an earl's coronet.

◦ For the benefit of those readers who may not have read “The Mysterious Document,” of which this is a sequel, we must introduce our characters, and state where they are, and why they are there, when our story opens.

◦ If ever those who were seeking Captain Grant might despair of finding him, was it not now, when they were in want of everything? How could they explore a new country?

- ✓ *Voyage Round the World: South America / Australia / New Zealand* [3 vols.] (1876, London: Routledge, trans.?) - reprint: *The Castaways, or A Voyage Round the World*, New York: Munro, 1877; abridged and edited as *In Search of the Castaways*, New York: Vincent Parke (vol. 4), ed. Charles F. Horne, 1911; this latter version is available from Kessinger Publishing (Whitefish, MT), n.d., and is also available online at Zvi Har'El's Jules Verne website <<http://JV.Gilead.org.il/works.html>>.

◦ On the 26th of July, 1864, a magnificent yacht was steaming along the North Channel at full speed, with a strong breeze blowing from the N.E. The Union Jack was flying from the mizenmast, and a blue standard, bearing the initials E.B. embroidered in gold, and surmounted by a ducal coronet, floated from the topgallant head of the mainmast.

◦ For the first few moments the joy of reunion completely filled all hearts. Lord Glenarvan had taken care that the ill-success of their expedition should not throw a gloom over the pleasure of meeting, his very first words being: “Cheer up, friends, cheer up! Captain Grant is not with us, but we have a certainty of finding him!”

◦ If ever the searchers after Captain Grant were tempted to despair, surely it was at this moment when all their hopes were destroyed at a blow. Toward what quarter of the world should they direct their endeavors? How were they to explore new countries?

***Vingt mille lieues sous les mers* - 1870**

L'année 1866 fut marquée par un événement bizarre, un phénomène inexplicable et inexplicable que personne n'a sans doute oublié. Sans parler des rumeurs qui agitaient les populations des ports et surexcitaient l'esprit public à l'intérieur des continents les gens de mer furent particulièrement émus.

- *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Seas* (1872, London: Sampson Low, trans. Louis/Lewis Mercier) - reprints: New York: Munro, 1877; New York: Vincent Parke (vol. 5), ed. Charles F. Horne, 1911; New York: Avenel, 1983; New York: Grammercy, 1995; New York: Tor, 1995. Available on cd: *Jules Verne Collection*, Sandy, UT: Quiet Vision, 1999. Available online at Zvi Har'El's Jules Verne website <<http://JV.Gilead.org.il/works.html>>.

The year 1866 was signalis[z]ed by a remarkable incident, a mysterious and inexplicable phenomenon, which doubtless no one has yet forgotten. Not to mention rumors which agitated the maritime population, and excited the public mind, even in the interior of continents, seafaring men were particularly excited.

(Among many others, a modified and slightly corrected version of this translation was published in 1965 by Platt & Munk [New York] in their Platt & Munk Great Writers Collection. This version begins as follows:)

The year 1866 was marked by a series of strange events revolving around a mysterious and puzzling phenomenon that is doubtless still vivid in the mind of the public. Particularly in the coastal communities—but even in the inland areas, peculiar but insistent rumors had spread, stirring up fear and apprehension.

(Another modified and corrected version of this translation was published in 1980 by Watermill Press [Mahwah, NJ]. This version begins as follows:)

The year 1866 was made notable by a series of bizarre events, a chain of mysterious phenomena which have never been explained, that I am sure no one has forgotten. Rumors of these strange occurrences excited the inhabitants of seaports, the world over, and excited the imaginations of the public throughout all the continents.

Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea (1876, London: Routledge, trans. Henry Frith).

The year 1866 was marked by a very strange event, an inexplicable and unexplained phenomenon, which must still be in the recollection of our readers. Without mentioning rumours which agitated the population of the sea-ports, and extended to the interior of various countries, the maritime population were more particularly exercised in their minds.

Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea (1876, London: Ward, Lock & Tyler, trans.?) - reprint: London: Octopus, 1978.

In the year 1866 the whole maritime population of Europe and America was excited by a mysterious and inexplicable phenomenon. This excitement was not confined to merchants, common sailors, sea-captains, shippers, and naval officers of all countries, but the governments of many states on the two continents were deeply interested.

Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea (1922, Chicago: Rand, McNally, trans. Philip Schuyler Allen) - reprint: Pleasantville, NY: Reader's Digest, 1990.

The year of grace 1866 was made memorable by a marvelous event which doubtless still lingers in men's minds. No explanation for this strange occurrence was found, and it soon came to be generally regarded as inexplicable. A thousand rumors were current among the population of the seacoasts and stirred the imagination of those millions who dwelt inland far from the shores of an ocean. But of course it was the seafaring men who were the most excited.

- *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea* (1960, London: Arco/Westport, CT: Associated Booksellers, Fitzroy Edition, trans. I.O. Evans).

The year 1866 was remarkable for a mysterious and perplexing incident, which no one has yet forgotten; seafaring men were particularly excited.

✓ *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea* (1962, 2003, New York: Bantam, trans. Anthony Bonner).

The year 1866 was marked by a strange event, an unexplainable occurrence which is undoubtedly still fresh in everyone's memory. Those living in coastal towns or in the interior of continents were aroused by all sorts of rumors; but it was seafaring people who were particularly excited.

Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea (1965, New York: Washington Square, trans. Walter James Miller).

Eighteen sixty-six was marked by a strange occurrence, an amazing phenomenon that probably no one has yet forgotten. People living along the coasts, even people far inland, were disturbed by bizarre rumors. But seafaring men were especially upset.

Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea (1969, New York: Signet, trans. Mendor T. Brunetti).

The year 1866 was marked by a strange occurrence, an unexplained and inexplicable phenomenon that surely no one has forgotten. People living along the coasts, and even far inland, had been perturbed by certain rumors, while seafaring men had been especially alarmed.

✓ *The Annotated Jules Verne: Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea* (1976, New York: Crowell, ed. & trans. Walter James Miller from the Lewis Mercier translation).

The year 1866 was signalised by a remarkable incident, a mysterious and inexplicable phenomenon, which doubtless no one has yet forgotten. Not to mention rumors which agitated the maritime population, and excited the public mind, even in the interior of continents, seafaring men were particularly excited.

✓ *The Complete Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea* (1992, Bloomington: Indiana UP, trans. Emanuel J. Mickel).

The year 1866 was marked by a strange incident, an unexplained and inexplicable phenomenon, which doubtless no one has yet forgotten. Not to mention rumors which disturbed the maritime population and excited the public mind in the interior of continents, but even seafaring men were excited.

☆ *Jules Verne's Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea: The Definitive Unabridged Edition Based on the Original French Texts* (1993, Annapolis: US Naval Institute, trans. Walter James Miller & Frederick Paul Walter).

The year 1866 was marked by a bizarre situation, a phenomenon unexplained and inexplicable that probably no one has yet forgotten. Putting aside those rumors that upset people in the seaports and excited the public mind far inland, the significant fact is that seafaring men were especially agitated.

☆ *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Seas* (1998, Oxford: Oxford UP, trans. William Butcher).

The year 1866 was marked by a strange event, an unexplained and inexplicable occurrence that doubtless no one has yet forgotten. Without mentioning the rumours which agitated the denizens of the ports and whipped up the public's imagination on every continent, seafaring men felt particularly disturbed.

☆ *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Seas* (2001, e-text: Project Gutenberg, trans. F.P. Walter) - available online at Zvi Har'El's Jules Verne website <<http://JV.Gilead.org.il/works.html>>.

The year 1866 was marked by a bizarre development, an unexplained and downright inexplicable phenomenon that surely no one has forgotten. Without getting into those rumors that upset civilians in the seaports and deranged the public mind even far inland, it must be said that professional seamen were especially alarmed.

***Une Ville flottante, suivi de Les Forceurs de blocus* - 1871**

◦ Le 18 mars 1867, j'arrivais à Liverpool. Le Great-Eastern devait partir quelques jours après pour New York, et je venais prendre passage à son bord. Voyage d'amateur, rien de plus.

◦ Le premier fleuve dont les eaux écumèrent sous les roues d'un bateau à vapeur fut la Clyde. C'était en 1812. Ce bateau se nommait la Comète et il faisait un service régulier entre Glasgow et Greenock, avec une vitesse de six milles à l'heure.

The Floating City and The Blockade Runners (1874, London: Sampson Low, and New York: Scribner, trans.?) - reprint: New York: Vincent Parke (vol. 7), ed. Charles

F. Horne, 1911 (abridged); abridged and edited by I.O. Evans as *The Floating City*, London: Hanison/Westport, CT: Associated Booksellers, 1965; abridged and edited by I.O. Evans as *The Green Ray and The Blockade Runners*, London: Arco/Westport, CT: Associated Booksellers, 1965. The Parke version of *The Floating City* is reprinted in Amsterdam: Fredonia, 2002. Online version of *The Blockade Runners* available at Zvi Har'El's Jules Verne website <<http://JV.Gilead.org.il/works.html>>.

- On the 18th of March, 1867, I arrived at Liverpool, intending to take a berth simply as an amateur traveller on board the "Great Eastern," which in a few days was to sail for New York.
- The Clyde was the first river whose waters were lashed into foam by a steambot. It was in 1812, when the steamer called the "Comet" ran between Glasgow and Greenock, at the speed of six miles an hour.

✓ *The Floating City and The Blockade Runners* (1876, London: Routledge, trans. Henry Frith).

- On the 18th March, 1867, I arrived in Liverpool. The *Great Eastern* was to sail for New York in a few days, and I came to take my passage in her. A mere traveller for pleasure, a trip across the Atlantic in this gigantic steamship had great attractions for me.
- The Clyde was the first river that was disturbed by the wheels of a steamer. The time was 1812, the steamer was the *Comet*, and it performed a regular service between Glasgow and Greenock, at a speed of six miles an hour.

***Aventures de trois Russes et de trois Anglais dans l'Afrique australe* - 1872**

Le 27 février 1854, deux hommes, étendus au pied d'un gigantesque saule pleureur, causaient en observant avec une extrême attention les eaux du fleuve Orange.

Meridiana: The Adventures of Three Englishmen and Three Russians in South Africa (1872, London: Sampson Low, trans. Ellen E. Frewer) - reprint: New York: Munro, 1877; *Measuring a Meridian*, New York: Vincent Parke (vol. 10), ed. Charles F. Horne, 1911; abridged and edited by I.O. Evans as *Measuring a Meridian*, London: Arco/Westport, CT: Associated Booksellers, 1964.

On the 27th of January, 1854, two men lay stretched at the foot of an immense weeping willow, chatting, and at the same time watching most attentively the waters of the Orange River.

● *Adventures in the Land of the Behemoth* (1874, Boston: Shepard, trans.?) - reprint: Amsterdam: Fredonia, 2001

On the 22nd of February, 1854, two men, lying at the foot of a large weeping-willow, were busily engaged in conversation, and were watching with earnest attention the waters of the river Orange.

✓ *Adventures of Three Englishmen and Three Russians in Southern Africa* (1877, London: Routledge, trans. Henry Frith).

On the 27th January, 1854, two men were lying beneath a gigantic weeping willow, and chatting, while they kept a watchful eye upon the River Orange.

Adventures in Southern Africa (1906, London: Hutchinson, trans.?).

The 27th of February, 1854, two men, stretched out at the foot of a gigantic weeping willow, were talking together, while they watched attentively the waters of the Orange river.

***Le Pays des fourrures* - 1873**

Ce soir-là—17 mars 1859—, le capitaine Craventy donnait une fête au fort Reliance.

Que ce mot de fête n'éveille pas dans l'esprit l'idée d'un gala grandiose, d'un bal de cour, d'un "raout" carillonné ou d'un festival à grand orchestre. La réception du capitaine Craventy était plus simple, et, pourtant, le capitaine n'avait rien épargné pour lui donner tout l'éclat possible.

The Fur Country (1873, Sampson Low, trans. N. D'Anvers [Mrs. Arthur (Nancy) Bell]) - reprint: New York: Munro, 1878; abridged and edited by I.O. Evans in 2

volumes as *The Sun in Eclipse* and *Through the Behring Strait*, London: Arco/Westport, CT: Associated Booksellers, 1966. Online version available at Zvi Har'El's Jules Verne website <<http://JV.Gilead.org.il/works.html>>.

On the evening of the 17th March 1859, Captain Craveny gave a fête at Fort Reliance. Our readers must not at once imagine a grand entertainment, such as a court ball, or a musical soiree with a fine orchestra. Captain Craveny's reception was a very simple affair, yet he had spared no pains to give it *éclat*.

The Fur Country (1879, Routledge, trans. Henry Frith).

On the 17th March, 1859, Captain Craveny gave a party at Fort Reliance. This must not be understood as a grand ball, or a magnificent gala or "rout," or even as a concert. Captain Craveny's reception was much more commonplace, but nevertheless he had done all in his power to make it a success.

☆ *The Fur Country* (1987, Toronto: NC Press, trans. Edward Baxter).

On the evening of March 17, 1859, Captain Craveny gave a party at Fort Reliance. It was not a grand official reception, or a court ball, or a festival complete with orchestra. The captain's party was much more modest, although he had spared no effort to make it as elegant as he could.

Le Tour du monde en quatre-vingts jours - 1873. For a detailed analysis of the various English translations of this novel, see William Butcher's excellent article "The Most Translated Verne Novel" (*Nautilus* [Jan. 2002]: 6-9), available online at <<http://home.netvigator.com/~wbutcher/articles/mostrtranslated.htm>>.

En l'année 1872, la maison portant le numéro 7 de Saville-row, Burlington Gardens—maison dans laquelle Sheridan mourut en 1814—, était habitée par Phileas Fogg, esq., l'un des membres les plus singuliers et les plus remarquables du Reform-Club de Londres, bien qu'il semblât prendre à tâche de ne rien faire qui pût attirer l'attention.

The Tour of the World in 80 Days (1873, Boston: Osgood, trans. George M. Towle) - reprints: *Around the World in Eighty Days*, New York: Bantam, 1988. Available on CD: *Jules Verne Collection*, Sandy, UT: Quiet Vision, 1999. Online version available at Zvi Har'El's Jules Verne website <<http://JV.Gilead.org.il/works.html>>.

Mr. Phileas Fogg lived, in 1872, at No. 7, Saville Row, Burlington Gardens, the house in which Sheridan died in 1814. He was one of the most noticeable members of the Reform Club, though he seemed always to avoid attracting attention; an enigmatic personage, about whom little was known, except that he was a polished man of the world.

Around the World in Eighty Days (1873, London: Sampson Low, trans. George M. Towle and N. D'Anvers [Mrs. Arthur (Nancy) Bell]) - reprints: 1978, London: Octopus; 1982, London: Folio; among many others.

Mr. Phileas Fogg lived, in 1872, at No. 7, Saville Row, Burlington Gardens, the house in which Sheridan died in 1814. He was one of the most noticeable members of the Reform Club, though he seemed always to avoid attracting attention; an enigmatic personage, about whom little was known, except that he was a polished man of the world.

The Tour of the World in Eighty Days (1874, Philadelphia: Warburton, trans. Stephen W. White) - reprints: New York: Munro, 1877; *Round the World in Eighty Days*, New York: Vincent Parke (vol. 7), ed. Charles F. Horne, 1911; 1963, New York: Airmont.

In the year 1872, the house No. 7, Saville row, Burlington Gardens—the house in which Sheridan died in 1814—was inhabited by Phileas Fogg, Esq., one of the most singular and most noticed members of the Reform Club of London, although he seemed to take care to do nothing which might attract attention.

✓ *Round the World in Eighty Days* (1878, London: Routledge, trans. Henry Frith).

In the year of Grace one thousand eight hundred and seventy-two, the house in which Sheridan died in 1816 [sic]—viz. No 7, Saville Row, Burlington Gardens—was occupied by

Phileas Fogg, Esq., one of the most eccentric members of the Reform Club, though it always appeared as if he were very anxious to avoid remark.

Around the World in Eighty Days (1879, London: Ward, Lock & Tyler, trans?).

In the year 1872 the house, No 7, Savile [sic] Row, Burlington Gardens, in which Sheridan died in 1816 [sic], was occupied by Phileas Fogg, Esquire, one of the most remarkable members of the Reform Club, though he always appeared very anxious to avoid remark.

✓ *Round the World in Eighty Days* (n.d., London: Hutchinson, trans.?).

In the year 1872, No. 7 Saville Row, Burlington Gardens, the house in which Sheridan died in 1814, was inhabited by Phileas Fogg, Esq., one of the most eccentric and noticeable members of the Reform Club, although he seemed to be especially careful to do nothing which could attract anyone's attention.

✓ *Around the World in Eighty Days* (1926, Dent & Dutton, trans. P. Desages) - reprint: (slightly edited by Peter Costello) London: Everyman, 1994; 1994, London: Wordsworth.

In the year 1872, No. 7 Saville Row, Burlington Gardens (the house in which Sheridan died in 1816 [sic]) was inhabited by Phileas Fogg, Esq., one of the most unusual and more remarkable members of the Reform Club of London, although he tried his best to do nothing that would draw attention to himself.

● *Around the World in Eighty Days* (1962, London: Collier, trans. Mercier Lewis) - reprints: 1964, New York: Doubleday; online version available at Zvi Har'El's Jules Verne website <<http://JV.Gilead.org.il/works.html>>.

Mr. Phileas Fogg lived, in 1872, at No. 7, Saville Row, Burlington Gardens. He was one of the most noticeable members of the Reform Club, though he seemed always to avoid attracting attention.

● *Around the World in Eighty Days* (1965, London: Hamlyn, trans. K.E. Lichtenecker).

In 1872, the house at Number Seven, Saville Row was occupied by Phileas Fogg, Esquire, one of the most remarkable and unusual members of the London Reform Club. It was his habit to avoid everything which could arouse attention.

Round the World in Eighty Days (1965, London: Blackie, trans. Irene R. Gibbons).

In 1872, No. 7 Savile Row, Burlington Gardens—the house where Sheridan died in 1816 [sic]—was occupied by Phileas Fogg, Esq., one of the oddest and most conspicuous members of the Reform Club of London, although he appeared to make a point of never doing anything that could possibly attract attention.

Around the World in Eighty Days (1967, London: Arco/Westport, CT: Associated Booksellers, Fitzroy Edition, trans. I.O. Evans).

In 1872 No. 7, Savile [sic] Row, Burlington Gardens, the former home of Sheridan, was occupied by Mr Phileas Fogg. He belonged to the Reform Club of London, and although he never did anything to attract attention, he was one of its most unusual and conspicuous members.

✓ *Around the World in Eighty Days* (1968, London: Dent/New York: Dutton, trans. Jacqueline & Robert Baldick) - reprint: 1988, London: Armada.

In 1872 No. 7 Savile [sic] Row, Burlington Gardens—the house in which Sheridan died in 1816 [sic]—was occupied by Phileas Fogg, Esq. He belonged to the Reform Club of London, and although he seemed to take care never to do anything which might attract attention, he was one of its strangest and most conspicuous members.

(*Around the World in Eighty Days* [1983, New York: Scholastic, trans. Edward Roth] - translation erroneously attributed to Roth; it is a reprint of the Stephen White translation first published by Warburton in 1874)

Around the World in Eighty Days (1991, New York: Signet, "revised and updated" by Jacqueline Rogers—essentially the Towle/d'Anvers translation with some slight spelling changes, etc.)

Mr. Phileas Fogg lived, in 1872, at No. 7, Saville Row, Burlington Gardens, the house in which Sheridan died in 1814. He was one of the most prominent members of the London Reform Club, though he never did anything to attract attention; an enigmatic character about whom little was known except that he was a polished man of the world.

- ☆ *Around the World in Eighty Days* (1995, Oxford: Oxford UP, trans. William Butcher).

In the year 1872, No. 7 Savile [sic] Row, Burlington Gardens—the house where Sheridan died in 1814—was occupied by Phileas Fogg, Esq. This gentleman was one of the most remarkable, and indeed most remarked upon, members of the Reform Club, although he seemed to go out of his way to do nothing that might attract attention.

- ☆ *Around the World in Eighty Days* (2004, London: Penguin, trans. Michael Glencross).

In the year 1872, the house at number 7 Savile [sic] Row, Burlington Gardens—the house in which Sheridan died in 1814—was lived in by Phileas Fogg, Esq., one of the oddest and most striking members of the Reform Club, although he seemed determined to avoid doing anything that might draw attention to himself.

Le Docteur Ox (recueil de nouvelles: Le Docteur Ox, Maître Zacharius, Un Drame dans les airs, Un Hivernage dans les glaces, Quarantième ascension du Mont-Blanc) - 1874

“Une Fantaisie du Docteur Ox”

Si vous cherchez sur une carte des Flandres, ancienne ou moderne, la petite ville de Quiquendone, il est probable que vous ne l’y trouverez pas. Quiquendone est-elle donc une cité disparue? Non.

“Maître Zacharius”

La ville de Genève est située à la pointe occidentale du lac auquel elle a donné ou doit son nom. Le Rhône, qui la traverse à sa sortie du lac, la partage en deux quartiers distincts, et est divisé lui-même, au centre de la cité, par une île jetée entre ses deux rives.

“Un Drame dans les airs”

Au mois de septembre 185—, j’arrivais à Francfort-sur-le-Mein. Mon passage dans les principales villes d’Allemagne avait été brillamment marqué par des ascensions aérostatiques; mais, jusqu’à ce jour, aucun habitant de la Confédération ne m’avait accompagné dans ma nacelle, et les belles expériences faites à Paris par MM. Green, Eugène Godard et Poitevin n’avaient encore pu décider les graves Allemands à tenter les routes aériennes.

“Un Hivernage dans les glaces”

Le curé de la vieille église de Dunkerque se réveilla à cinq heures, le 12 mai 18—, pour dire, suivant son habitude, la première basse messe à laquelle assistaient quelques pieux pêcheurs.

“Quarantième ascension du Mont-Blanc” de Paul Verne

Le 18 août 1871 j’arrivais à Chamonix avec l’intention bien arrêtée de faire, coûte que coûte, l’ascension du mont Blanc. Ma première tentative en août 1869 n’avait pas réussi.

“A Voyage in a Balloon” (May 1852, *Sartain’s Union Magazine of Literature*, trans. Anne T. Wilbur)

In the month of September, 1850, I arrived at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. My passage through the principal cities of Germany had been brilliantly marked by aerostatic ascensions; but, up to this day, no inhabitant of the Confederation had accompanied me, and the successful experiments at Paris of Messrs. Green, Godard, and Poitevin, had failed to induce the grave Germans to attempt aerial voyages.

- ✓ *Dr. Ox and Other Stories* (1874, Boston: Osgood, trans. George M. Towle); also published as *Dr. Ox’s Experiment and Other Stories* (1874, London: Sampson Low, trans. George M. Towle) - reprint: edited by I.O. Evans as *Dr. Ox and Other Stories*, London: Arco/Westport, CT: Associated Booksellers, 1964, but “The Fortieth French Ascent of Mont Blanc” has been replaced by an edited version of

the Kingston translation of "A Drama in Mexico" (see *Michel Strogoff, suivi de Un Drame au Mexique*).

"Dr. Ox's Experiment" - reprints: *Doctor Ox's Experiment*, New York: Munro, 1879; New York: Vincent Parke (vol. 7), ed. Charles F. Horne, 1911; in Jules Verne, *The Eternal Adam, and other Stories*, ed. Peter Costello, London: Phoenix, 1999.

If you try to find, on any map of Flanders, ancient or modern, the small town of Quiquendone, probably you will not succeed. Is Quiquendone, then, one of those towns which have disappeared? No.

"Master Zacharius" - reprint: in Jules Verne, *The Eternal Adam, and other Stories*, ed. Peter Costello, London: Phoenix, 1999.

The city of Geneva lies at the west end of the lake of the same name. The Rhone, which passes through the town at the outlet of the lake, divides it into two sections, and is itself divided in the centre of the city by an island placed in mid-stream.

"A Drama in the Air" - reprints: New York: Vincent Parke (vol. 1), ed. Charles F. Horne, 1911; in Jules Verne, *The Eternal Adam, and other Stories*, ed. Peter Costello, London: Phoenix, 1999.

In the month of September, 185—, I arrived at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. My passage through the principal German cities had been brilliantly marked by balloon ascents; but as yet no German had accompanied me in my car, and the fine experiments made at Paris by MM. Green, Eugene Godard, and Poitevin had not tempted the grave Teutons to essay aerial voyages.

"A Winter Amid the Ice" - reprint: "A Winter in the Ice," New York: Vincent Parke (vol. 1), ed. Charles F. Horne, 1911.

The curé of the ancient church of Dunkirk rose at five o'clock on the 12th of May, 18—, to perform, according to his custom, low mass for the benefit of a few pious sinners.

"The Fortieth French Ascent of Mont Blanc," by Paul Verne

I arrived at Chamonix on the 18th of August, 1871, fully decided to make the ascent of Mont Blanc, cost what it might. My first attempt in August, 1869, was not successful.

A Fancy of Doctor Ox (1874, Philadelphia: Warburton, trans. Stephen W. White).

"Doctor Ox"

If you look on a map of Flanders, ancient or modern, for the little town of Quiquendone, it is probable that you will not find it there. Is Quiquendone, then, a city that has disappeared? No.

- *From the Clouds to the Mountains* (1874. Boston: Gill, trans. Abby L. Alger).

"A Drama in Mid-Air"

In September, 185—, I arrived in Frankfort-on-the-Main. My passage through the chief cities of Germany had been marked by a brilliant series of aerostatic ascensions, but up to this time no native of the Confederation had accompanied me in my car; and the charming Parisian experiences of MM. Green, Eugène Godard, and Poitevin had been powerless to persuade the grave Germans to dare aerial roads.

"Dr. Ox's Hobby"

If you look for the little town of Quiquendone, on a map of Flanders, ancient or modern, you will probably be unable to find it. Is Quiquendone a buried city? No.

"Master Zachary" - reprint: "The Watch's Soul," New York: Vincent Parke (vol. 1), ed. Charles F. Horne, 1911 (named changed in text to "Master Zacharius").

The city of Geneva lies on the western shore of the lake to which it gives or owes its name. The Rhone, which crosses it on issuing from the lake, divides it into two distinct parts, and is itself divided in the centre of the city, by an island midway between its two shores.

“A Winter Among the Ice-Fields”

The priest of the old church in Dunkirk rose at five on the 12th of May, 18—, to say, as was his wont, the first low mass, attended by a few pious fishers only.

“Fortieth French Ascent of Mont Blanc,” by Paul Verne

August 18, 1871, I reached Chamounix, with the firm intention of ascending Mont Blanc, let it cost me what it might. My first attempt, in August, 1869, had been unsuccessful.

☆ *A Fantasy of Dr. Ox* (2003, London: Hesperus, trans. Andrew Brown).

If you take a map of Flanders, old or new, and start looking for the small town of Quiquendone, it is quite probable that you won't find it. So is Quiquendone a vanished town? No.

A Winter's Sojourn in the Ice (1874, *The Evening Telegraph*, trans. Stephen W. White) - reprint: *A Journey to the Center of the Earth, and A Winter's Sojourn in the Ice*, Philadelphia: Warburton, 1874.

The cure of the old church of Dunkirk awoke at five o'clock on the 12th of May, 18—, to say, according to his custom, the first low mass, at which a few pious fishermen assisted.

A Winter Amid the Ice, and Other Stories (1876, London: Sampson Low, trans. George M. Towle).

“A Winter Amid the Ice”

The curé of the ancient church of Dunkirk rose at five o'clock on the 12th of May, 18—, to perform, according to his custom, low mass for the benefit of a few pious sinners.

“A Drama in the Air”

In the month of September, 185—, I arrived at Frankfort-on-the-Main. My passage through the principal German cities had been brilliantly marked by balloon ascents....

“The Fortieth French Ascent of Mont Blanc,” by Paul Verne

I arrived at Chamonix on the 18th of August, 1871, fully decided to make the ascent of Mont Blanc, cost what it might. My first attempt in August, 1869, was not successful.

“Martin Paz” - reprint: “The Pearl of Lima,” New York: Vincent Parke (vol. 1), ed. Charles F. Horne, 1911.

The sun had just sunk behind the snowy peaks of the Cordilleras, and, although the beautiful Peruvian sky was being covered by the veil of the night, the atmosphere was clear and refreshing in its balmy coolness. It was just the hour when a European might enjoy the climate, and with open verandah luxuriate in the grateful breeze.

L'Île mystérieuse - 1874

◦ « Remontons-nous?

— Non! Au contraire! Nous descendons!

— Pis que cela, monsieur Cyrus! Nous tombons!

— Pour Dieu! Jetez du lest!

◦ Il y avait sept mois, jour pour jour, que les passagers du ballon avaient été jetés sur l'île Lincoln. Depuis cette époque, quelque recherche qu'ils eussent faite, aucun être humain ne s'était montré à eux.

◦ Depuis deux ans et demi, les naufragés du ballon avaient été jetés sur l'île Lincoln, et jusqu'alors aucune communication n'avait pu s'établir entre eux et leurs semblables.

The Mysterious Island - (1874, London: Sampson Low in *St. James Magazine*, trans.?) and *Mysterious Island* [Part 1 - *Wrecked in the Air*] (1874, New York in *Scribner's Monthly Magazine*, trans.?)

“Are we going up again?”

“No! On the contrary—“

“Are we descending?”

“Worse than that, Monsieur Cyrus; we are falling.”

“For God's sake, throw some ballast overboard!”

Mysterious Island [Part 1 - *Shipwrecked in the Air*] (1874, Boston: Shepard, trans. W.H.G. Kingston).

“Are we going up again?”

“No! On the contrary—“

“Are we descending?”

“Worse than that, captain! we are falling.”

“For Heaven’s sake heave out the ballast!”

The Mysterious Island (Dropped from the Clouds, The Abandoned, The Secret of the Island) [3 vols.] (1875 London: Sampson Low, trans. W.H.G. Kingston) - reprint: New York: Munro, 1877; New York: Vincent Parke (vol. 5-6), ed. Charles F. Horne, 1911; Amsterdam: Fredonia, 2001. Online version available at Zvi Har’El’s Jules Verne website <<http://JV.Gilead.org.il/works.html>>.

○ “Are we going up [rising] again?”

“No! On the contrary—“

“Are we descending?”

“Worse than that, captain! we are falling.”

“For Heaven’s sake heave out the ballast!”

○ It was now exactly seven months since the balloon voyagers had been thrown on Lincoln Island. During that time, notwithstanding the researches they had made, no human being had been discovered.

○ It was now two years and a half since the castaways from the balloon had been thrown on Lincoln Island, and during that period there had been no communication between them and their fellow-creatures.

- *Mysterious Island* (1876 Philadelphia: *The Evening Telegraph*, 1876, trans. Stephen W. White) - reprint: Philadelphia, Warburton, 1876.

○ “Are we going up again?”

“No. On the contrary; we are going down!”

“Worse than that, Mr. Smith, we are falling!”

“For God’s sake throw over all the ballast!”

○ (chap. 23) It was exactly seven months since the passengers in the balloon had been thrown upon Lincoln Island. In all this time no human had been seen.

○ (chap.43) Two years and a half ago, the castaways had been thrown on Lincoln Island; and up to this time they had been cut off from their kind.

- *The Mysterious Island (Dropped from the Clouds, Marooned, Secret of the Island)* [2 vols.] (1959, London: Hanison/Westport, CT: Associated Booksellers, Fitzroy Edition, trans. I.O. Evans)

○ “Are we rising again?”

“No. On the contrary.”

“Are we descending?”

“Worse than that, captain; we are falling!”

“For heaven’s sake heave out the ballast!”

○ It was now seven months since the balloon voyagers had been thrown on Lincoln Island. During that time, no human being had been discovered.

○ It was now two years and a half since the castaways from the balloon had been thrown on Lincoln Island, and there had been no communication between them and their fellow-creatures. (edited version of the Kingston translation)

- *The Mysterious Island* (1970, New York: Bantam, trans. Lowell Bair [sic])

○ “Are we rising?”

“No, we’re sinking.”

“It’s worse than that, Cyrus: we’re falling!”

“For God’s sake, throw out some ballast!”

○ (chap. 9) The colonists had been on Lincoln Island for seven months. During all that time they had found nothing to make them believe that they were not the only people on the island.

○ (chap. 14) Gideon, Pencroff and Neb ran to the window. Pencroff seized the telescope and looked in the direction that Cyrus had pointed out to him.

- ☆ *The Mysterious Island* (2001, Wesleyan UP, trans. Sidney Kravitz)
- "Are we rising again?"
 - "No! On the contrary! We're going down!"
 - "Worse than that, Mr. Cyrus! We're falling!"
 - "For God's sake, throw out the ballast!"
 - It was seven months to the day since the balloon passengers had been thrown onto Lincoln Island. During this time, despite their searching, no human had shown himself.
 - It had now been two and a half years since the castaways from the balloon had been thrown upon Lincoln Island; throughout this entire time, they had had no contact with their fellow men.
- ☆ *The Mysterious Island* (2001, Modern Library, trans. Jordan Stump)
- "Are we rising?"
 - "No! Quite the reverse! We're sinking!"
 - "Worse than that, Mr. Cyrus! We're falling!"
 - "For the love of God, drop some ballast!"
 - It was now seven months to the day since the passengers of the balloon had been cast onto the shores of Lincoln Island. In all this time, no matter how they searched, no human being had ever shown his face.
 - In all their two and a half years on Lincoln Island, the castaways from the balloon had had no communication with the outside world

***Le Chancellor, suivi de Martin Paz* - 1875**

- Charleston. – 27 septembre 1869. – Nous quittons le quai de la Batterie à trois heures du soir, à la pleine mer. Le jusant nous porte rapidement au large.
- Le soleil venait de disparaître au delà des pics neigeux des Cordillères; mais sous ce beau ciel péruvien, à travers le voile transparent des nuits, l'atmosphère s'imprégnait d'une lumineuse fraîcheur.

- ✓ *The Wreck of the Chancellor; Martin Paz* (1875, Boston: Osgood, trans. George M. Towle)
- Charleston, September 27th, 1869.—We have just left the Battery wharf, at 3 P.M. The ebb-tide is fast carrying us out to sea.
 - The sun had just set behind the snowy peaks of the Cordilleras; but beneath this lovely Peruvian sky the atmosphere, across the transparent veil of night, was impregnated with a luminous freshness.

The Survivors of the Chancellor; and Martin Paz (1875, London: Sampson Low, trans. Ellen E. Frewer) - reprint: *The Survivors of the Chancellor*, New York: Munro, 1880, and *The Pearl of Lima*, New York: Munro, 1879; New York: Vincent Parke (vol. 8, vol. 1), ed. Charles F. Horne, 1911 (abridged); abridged and edited by I.O. Evans as *The Chancellor*, London: Arco: Westport, CT: Associated Booksellers, 1965. Parke version available online at Zvi Har'El's Jules Verne website <<http://JV.Gilead.org.il/works.html>>.

- Charleston, September 27th, 1869.—It is high tide, and three o'clock in the afternoon when we leave the Battery quay; the ebb carries us off shore...
- The sun had just sunk behind the snowy peaks of the Cordilleras, and, although the beautiful Peruvian sky was being covered by the veil of night, the atmosphere was clear and refreshing in its balmy coolness.

***Michel Strogoff, suivi de Un Drame au Mexique* - 1876**

- « Sire, une nouvelle dépêche.
- D'où vient-elle?
- De Tomsk.
- Le fil est coupé au delà de cette ville?
- Il est coupé depuis hier.
- D'heure en heure, général, fais passer un télégramme à Tomsk, et que l'on me tienne au courant.
- Le 18 octobre 1825, l'*Asia*, vaisseau espagnol de haut bord, et la *Constanzia*, brick de huit canons, relâchaient à l'île de Guajan, l'une des Mariannes. Depuis six mois que ces navires

avaient quitté l'Espagne, leurs équipages, mal nourris, mal payés, harassés de fatigue, agitaient sourdement des projets de révolte.

Michael Strogoff; From Moscow to Irkoutsk (1876, New York: Frank Leslie, trans. E.G. Walraven)

“Sire, a fresh dispatch.”

“From what point?”

“From Tomsk.”

“The wire is cut beyond that village, is it not?”

“Cut since yesterday.”

“Send a telegraph to Tomsk every hour, general, and keep me informed.”

✓ *Michael Strogoff, the Courier of the Czar; and The Mutineers: A Romance of Mexico* (1876, London: Sampson Low, trans. W.H.G. Kingston) - reprints: New York: Scribners (1877, translation “revised” by Julius Chambers); New York: Munro, 1877; New York: Vincent Parke (vol. 8), ed. Charles F. Horne, 1911; “The Mutineers, or A Tragedy of Mexico,” New York: Vincent Parke (vol. 1), ed. Charles F. Horne, 1911; abridged and edited by I.O. Evans as *Michael Strogoff, Courier to the Czar*, London: Arco/Westport, CT: Associated Booksellers, 1959. Parke version of *Michael Strogoff* is available online at Zvi Har’El’s Jules Verne website at <<http://JV.Gilead.org.il/works.html>>.

○ “Sire, a fresh dispatch.”

“Whence?”

“From Tomsk.”

“Is the wire cut beyond that city?”

“Yes, sire, since yesterday.”

“Telegraph hourly to Tomsk, General, and let me be kept *au courant* [posted] [and keep me informed] of all that occurs.”

○ On the 18th of October, 1825, the *Asia*, a high-built Spanish ship, and the *Constanzia*, a brig of eighteen guns, cast anchor off the island of Guajan, one of the Mariannas.

The crews of these vessels, badly fed, ill-paid, and harrassed with fatigue during the six months occupied by their passage from Spain, had been secretly plotting a mutiny.

A Drama in Mexico (in *Dr. Ox, and other Stories*, 1964, London: Arco/Westport, CT: Associated Booksellers: Fitzroy Edition, ed. I.O. Evans, see above) - reprint as “The First Ships of the Mexican Navy” in Jules Verne, *The Eternal Adam, and other Stories*, ed. Peter Costello, London: Phoenix, 1999.

On 18th October, 1825, the *Asia*, a high-built Spanish ship, and the *Constanzia*, a brig of eight guns, cast anchor off the isle of Guajan, one of the Mariannas.

The crews of these vissels, badly fed, ill-paid, and harrassed with fatigue during their six months voyage for [sic] Spain, had been secretly plotting a mutiny. (edited version of the Kingston translation)

Hector Servadac - 1877

○ « Non, capitaine, il ne me convient pas de vous céder la place!

— Je le regrette, monsieur le comte, mais vos prétensions ne modifieront pas les miennes!

○ Le trente-sixième habitant de Gallia venait enfin d’apparaître sur la Terre-Chaude. Les seuls mots, à peu près incompréhensibles, qu’il eût encore prononcés, étaient ceux-ci:

« C’est ma comète, à moi! C’est ma comète! »

Hector Servadac (1877, New York: Munro, trans.?)

○ “No, captain. It does not suit me to give you my place.”

“I regret it, count, but your pretensions do not affect mine.”

○ The thirty-sixth inhabitant of Gallia had at last just appeared on Hot-Land. The only words, almost incomprehensible, which he had yet uttered were these:

“It is my comet, mine! It is my comet!”

Hector Servadac (1877, London: Sampson Low, trans. Ellen E. Frewer) - reprint: as *Off on a Comet*, New York: Vincent Parke (vol. 9), ed. Charles F. Horne, 1911; as *Off on a Comet*, New York: Ace, 1957; abridged and edited by I.O. Evans in 2 volumes as *Anomalous Phenomena* and *Homeward Bound*, London:

Arco/Westport, CT: Associated Booksellers, 1965; and as *Hector Servadac*, Honolulu: University Press of the Pacific, 2000. Frewer version available online at Zvi Har'El's Jules Verne website at <<http://JV.Gilead.org.il/works.html>>.

○ "Nothing, sir, can induce me to surrender my claim."

"I am sorry for it, count, but in such a matter your views cannot modify mine."

○ By the return of the expedition, conveying its contribution from Formentera, the known population of Gallia was raised to a total of thirty-six.

- *To the Sun? and Off on a Comet!* (2 vols.) (1877-78, Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen, Haffelfinger, trans. Edward Roth) - reprint: New York: Dover, 1960.
 - "Captain, it does not suit me to surrender."
 - "I regret it extremely, my dear Count; for my own cause is exactly similar."
 - "Gallia's my comet—*mine!*"

Les Indes noires - 1877

« Mr. J. R. Starr, ingénieur, 30, Canongate. Édimbourg. »

« Si monsieur James Starr veut se rendre demain aux houillères d'Aberfoyle, fosse Dochart, puits Yarrow, il lui sera fait une communication de nature à l'intéresser. »

The Black Indies (1877, New York: Munro, trans.?).

"Mr. J.R. Starr, 30 Canongate, Edinburgh:

If Mr. James Starr will present himself to-morrow at the Aberfoyle Coalmines, Dochart Pit, Yarrow [sic] Well, he will receive a communication of an interesting nature.

- ✓ *The Child of the Cavern* (1877, London: Sampson Low, trans. W.H.G. Kingston) - reprint: *Underground City, or The Child of the Cavern*, Philadelphia: Porter and Coates, 1883, and (abridged) as *The Underground City*, New York: Vincent Parke (vol. 9), ed. Charles F. Horne, 1911; abridged and edited by I.O. Evans as *Black Diamonds*, London: Arco/Westport, CT: Associated Booksellers, 1961. Parke version is available online at Zvi Har'El's Jules Verne website <<http://JV.Gilead.org.il/works.html>>.

"To Mr. J.R. Starr, Engineer, 30, Canongate, Edinburgh.

If Mr. James Starr will come to-morrow to the Aberfoyle coal-mines, Dochart pit, Yarrow shaft, a communication of an interesting nature will be made to him.

Un Capitaine de quinze ans - 1878

Le 2 février 1873, le brick-goélette *Pilgrim* se trouvait par 43°57' de latitude sud, et par 165°19' de longitude ouest du méridien de Greenwich.

Ce bâtiment, de quatre cents tonneaux, armé à San Francisco pour la grande pêche des mers australes, appartenait à James W. Weldon, riche armateur californien, qui en avait confié, depuis plusieurs années, le commandement au capitaine Hull.

- ✓ *A Captain at Fifteen* (1878, New York: Munro, trans.?).

On February 2, 1873, the schooner "Pilgrim" was in latitude 43°57' south, and in longitude 165°19' west of the meridian of Greenwich.

This vessel, of four hundred tons, fitted out at San Francisco for whale-fishing in the southern seas, belonged to James W. Weldon, a rich Californian ship-owner, who had for several years entrusted the command of it to Captain Hull.

Dick Sands, The Boy Captain (1878, London: Sampson Low, trans. Ellen E. Frewer) - reprints: *Dick Sands*, New York: Vincent Parke (vol. 10), ed. Charles F. Horne, 1911; *Dick Sands, The Boy Captain*, Mattituck, NY: Aeonian, 1976 (from the 1879 Scribner edition; Parke version reprinted in 2 volumes as *Dick Sands: A Captain at Fifteen* and *Dick Sands: The Dark Continent* by Amsterdam: Fredonia, 2002. Parke version also available online at Zvi Har'El's Jules Verne website at <<http://JV.Gilead.org.il/works.html>>.

On the 2nd of February, 1873, the "Pilgrim," a tight little craft of 400 tons burden, lay in lat. 43°57', S. and long. 165°19', W. She was a schooner, the property of James W. Weldon, a wealthy Californian ship-owner who had fitted her out at San Francisco, expressly for the whale-fisheries in the southern seas.

Les Cinq cents millions de la Bégum, suivi de Les Revoltés de la "Bounty" - 1879

- « Ces journaux anglais sont vraiment bien faits! » se dit à lui-même le bon docteur en se renversant dans un grand fauteuil de cuir.
- Pas le moindre souffle, pas une ride à la surface de la mer, pas un nuage au ciel. Les splendides constellations de l'hémisphère austral se dessinent avec une incomparable pureté. Les voiles de la *Bounty* pendent le long des mâts, le bâtiment est immobile, et la lumière de la lune, pâlisant devant l'aurore qui se lève, éclaire l'espace d'une lueur indéfinissable.

● *The 500 Millions of the Begum* (1879, New York: Munro, trans.?).

"These English journals are indeed well conducted," said the good doctor, turning himself around in his easy arm-chair.

The Begum's Fortune, with an account of The Mutineers of the Bounty (1879, London: Sampson Low, trans. W.H.G. Kingston) - reprint: *The Five Hundred Millions of the Begum*, New York: Vincent Parke (vol. 11), ed. Charles F. Horne, 1911; abridged and edited by I.O. Evans as *The Begum's Fortune*, London: Hanison/Westport, CT: Associated Booksellers, 1958; Holicong, PA: Wildside Press, 2003.

- "Really these English newspapers are very well written," said the worthy doctor to himself, as he leant back in the great leathern easy-chair.
- Not a breath of wind, not a ripple on the surface of the ocean, not a cloud in the sky. The splendid constellation of the Southern Hemisphere shone with exquisite brilliancy. The *Bounty* lay motionless, with drooping sails, as the night wore on; and the moon, turning pale at the approach of dawn, filled the air with dim and uncertain light.

Les Tribulations d'un Chinois en Chine - 1879

« Il faut pourtant convenir que la vie a du bon! » s'écria l'un des convives, accoudé sur le bras de son siège à dossier de marbre, en grignotant une racine de nénuphar au sucre.

✓ *The Tribulations of a Chinaman in China* (1879, Boston: Lee & Shepard, trans. Virginia Champlin [Grace Virginia Lord]).

"It must be acknowledged, however, that there is some good in life," observed one of the guests, who, leaning his elbow on the arm of his chair with a marble back, sat nibbling a root of a sugar water-lily.

The Tribulations of a Chinaman in China (1879, New York: Munro, trans.?) - reprint: *Tribulations of a Chinaman*, New York: Vincent Parke (vol. 11), ed. Charles F. Horne, 1911.

"It must be admitted that life has some good in it" said one of the guests, leaning his elbow on the arm of his marble-backed chair, while he sat biting the root of a sugar water-lily.

The Tribulations of a Chinaman (1880, London: Sampson Low, trans. Ellen E. Frewer) - reprint: abridged and edited by I.O. Evans as *The Tribulations of a Chinese Gentleman*, London: Arco/Westport, CT: Associated Booksellers, 1963; Amsterdam: Fredonia, 2001.

"There's some good in life, after all!" exclaimed one of a party of six, as he rested his elbow upon the arm of a marble-backed seat, and nibbled a fragment of lotus-root.

La Maison à vapeur - 1880

- « Une prime de deux mille livres est promise à quiconque livrera, mort ou vif, l'un des anciens chefs de la révolte des Cipayes, dont on a signalé la présence dans la présidence de Bombay, le nabab Dandou-Pant, plus connu sous le nom de... »

○ « Les incommensurables de la création! » cette expression superbe, dont le minéralogiste Haüy s'est servi pour qualifier les Andes américaines, ne serait-elle pas plus juste, si on l'appliquait à l'ensemble de cette chaîne de l'Himalaya, que l'homme est encore impuissant à mesurer avec une précision mathématique?

The Steam House, or A Trip Across Northern India (1880, New York: Munro, trans. James Cotterell).

- "A reward of £2,000 is offered to whoever will deliver up dead or alive one of the old chiefs of the revolt of the Sepoys—Nabob Dandou Pant, better known under the name of —."
- "The incommensurability of the creation." This grand expression of Hany [sic], the mineralogist, serves to describe the American Andes; and could it not be applied with equal justice to the chain of the Himalaya Mountains, which no man thus far has been able to measure with mathematical precision?

✓ *The Steam House [The Demon of Cawnpore and Tigers and Traitors (2 vols.)]* (1880, London: Sampson Low, trans. Agnes D. Kingston) - reprint: New York: Vincent Parke (vol. 12), ed. Charles F. Horne, 1911; abridged and edited by I.O. Evans in 2 volumes as *The Demon of Cawnpore* and *Tigers and Traitors*, London: Hanison/Westport, CT: Associated Booksellers, 1959; Parke version reprinted in 2 volumes as *The End of Nana Sahib: The Steam House* and *Tigers and Traitors* by Amsterdam: Fredonia, 2003 and 2001 respectively.

- "A reward of two thousand pounds will be paid to any one who will deliver up, dead or alive, one of the prime movers of the Sepoy revolt, at present known to be in the Bombay presidency, the Nabob Dandou Pant, commonly called"
- Speaking of the great American Andes, the mineralogist Haüy uses a grand expression when he calls them "The incommensurable parts of Creation."
These proud words may justly be applied to the Himalayan chain, whose heights no man can measure with any mathematical precision.

La Jangada - 1881

◦ «Phyjslyddqfdzxcgsgzqqehxgkfnrxujugiocytdxvksbxhhuypohdvrymhuhpuydkjoxphetozsletnmpvffovdpajxhyynojoyggaymeqynfuqlnmvlyfjgsuzmqizlbggyugsqebvnrcredgruzblrmx yuhqhpzdrrogcrohepqxufivvrplphonthvddqfhqsnzthhhnfepmqkyuexktogzgyuumfvijdqdpzj qsykrplxhxqrymvklohphotozvdksppsuvjhd.»

L'homme qui tenait à la main le document, dont ce bizarre assemblage de lettres formait le dernier alinéa, resta quelques instants pensif, après l'avoir attentivement relu.

◦ La ville de Manao est exactement située par 3°8'4" de latitude australe et 67°27' de longitude à l'ouest du méridien de Paris. Quatre cent vingt lieues kilométriques la séparent de Bélem, et dix kilomètres, seulement, de l'embouchure du rio Negro.

The Jangada, or 800 Leagues over the Amazon (1881, New York: Munro, trans. James Cotterell).

◦ "Phyjslyddqfdzxcgsgzqqehxgkfnrxujugiocytdxvksbxhhuypohdvrymhuhpuydkjoxphetozsletnmpvffovdpajxhyynojoyggaymeqynfuqlnmvlyfjgsuzmqizlbggyugsqebvnrcredgruzblrmx yuhqhpzdrrogcrohepqxufivvrplphonthvddqfhqsnzthhhnfepmqkyuexktogzgyuumfvijdqdpzj qsykrplxhxqrymvklohphotozvdksppsuvjhd."

The person who held in his hand the document, of which this medley of letters composed the last paragraph, remained for some moments in a thoughtful attitude after contemplating it attentively.

◦ The town of Manao is situated in 3° 8' 4" of southern latitude, and 67° 27' of longitude to the west of the meridian of Paris. Four hundred and twenty kilometric leagues separate it from Bélem, and only ten kilometers from the mouth of the Rio Negro.

✓ *The Giant Raft (Eight Hundred Leagues on the Amazon and The Cryptogram)* [2 vols.] (1881-82, London: Sampson Low, trans. W.J. Gordon) - reprint: New York: Vincent Parke (vol. 11-12), ed. Charles F. Horne, 1911 (abridged); abridged and edited by I.O. Evans in 2 volumes as *Down the Amazon* and *The Cryptogram*, London: Arco/Westport, CT: Associated Booksellers, 1967; published in 2 volumes as *The Giant Raft: Eight Hundred Leagues on the Amazon* and *The Giant Raft: The Cryptogram* by Amsterdam: Fredonia, 2001. Parke version available online at Zvi Har'El's Jules Verne website <<http://JV.Gilead.org.il/works.html>>.

◦ "Phyjslyddqfdzxcgsgzqqehxgkfnrxujugiocytdxvksbxhhuypohdvrymhuhpuydkjoxphetozsletnmpvffovdpajxhyynojoyggaymeqynfuqlnmvlyfjgsuzmqizlbggyugsqebvnrcredgruzblrmx

yuhqhpzdrrocrohepqxufivvrplphonthvddqfhsntzhhhnfepmqkyuexktogzgyuumfvijdqdpzj
qsykrplxhxqrymvklohphotozvdksppsuvjhd.”

The man who held in his hand the document of which this strange assemblage of letters formed the concluding paragraph, remained some moments lost in thought.

o The town of Manaos is in 3° 8' 4" south latitude, and 67° 27' west longitude, reckoning from the Paris meridian. It is some four hundred and twenty leagues from Belem, and about ten miles from the *embouchure* of the Rio Negro.

***Le Rayon vert, suivi de Dix heures de chasse* - 1882**

o « Bet!
—Beth!
—Bess!
—Betsey!
—Betty! »

Tels furent les noms qui retentirent successivement dans le magnifique hall d'Helensburgh,—une manie du frère Same et du frère Sib d'interpeller ainsi la femme de charge du cottage.

o Il y a des gens qui n'aiment point les chasseurs, et peut-être n'ont-ils pas tout à fait tort.

Est-ce parce qu'il ne répugne pas à ces gentlemen de tuer le gibier de leurs propres mains, avant de le manger?

The Green Ray (1883, New York: Munro, trans. James Cotterell).

“Bet.”
“Bess.”
“Betsey.”
“Betty.”

Such were the appellations that were heard successively in the magnificent hall of Helensburgh.

It was Brother Sam's and Brother Sib's way of expressing themselves when they desired to call the housekeeper in charge of their establishment.

The Green Ray (1883, London: Sampson Low, trans. Mary de Hautville) - reprints: abridged and edited by I.O. Evans, London: Arco/Westport, CT: Associated Booksellers, Fitzroy Edition, 1965; Holicong, PA: Wildside Press, 2003.

“Betty!”
“Bess!”
“Betsy!”

One after another these names re-echoed through the hall of Helensburgh; it was the way the brothers Sam and Sib had of summoning their housekeeper.

“Ten Hours Hunting” (1965, in *Yesterday and Tomorrow*, trans. I.O. Evans, see listing below).

There are people who don't like huntsmen, and perhaps they're not altogether wrong.

Is it because it doesn't disgust these gentry to kill the game with their own hands before they eat it?

***L'École des Robinsons* - 1882**

« Île à vendre, au comptant, frais en sus, au plus offrant et dernier enchérisseur! » redisait coup sur coup, sans reprendre haleine, Dean Felporg, commissaire-priseur de l'«auction», où se débattaient les conditions de cette vente singulière.

Robinson's School (1883, New York: Munro, trans. ?).

“An island for sale, to the highest bidder. For cash!” shouted Dean Felporg, the auctioneer, over and over again, as he announced the conditions of this singular sale.

✓ *Godfrey Morgan: A California Mystery* (1883, London: Sampson Low, trans. W.J. Gordon) - reprint: New York: Scribners, 1883; as *The Robinson Crusoe School*, New York: Vincent Parke (vol. 13), ed. Charles F. Horne, 1911 (abridged) and Chicago: Sequoyah Books, 2004; abridged and edited by I.O. Evans as *The School for Crusoes*, London: Arco/Westport, CT: Associated Booksellers, 1966.

“An island to sell, for cash, to the highest bidder!” said Dean Felporg, the auctioneer, standing behind his rostrum in the room where the conditions of the singular sale were being noisily discussed.

- ✓ *An American Robinson Crusoe* (1883, New York: Redpath's Weekly, trans. J.C. Curtin).

“An island for sale—for cash down—to the highest bidder!” repeated, over and over again, Dean Felporg, the auctioneer, in the room where the conditions of this strange sale were discussed.

***Kéraban-le-têtu* - 1883**

◦ Ce jour-là, 16 août, à six heures du soir, la place de Top-Hané, à Constantinople, si animée d'ordinaire par le va-et-vient et le brouhaha de la foule, était silencieuse, morne, presque déserte.

◦ On s'en souvient sans doute, Van Mitten, désolé de n'avoir pu visiter les ruines de l'ancienne Colchide, avait manifesté l'intention de se dédommager en explorant le mythologique Phasis, qui, sous le nom moins euphonique de Rion, se jette maintenant à Poti dont il forme le petit port sur le littoral de la mer Noire.

The Headstrong Turk [2 parts] (1883-84, New York: Munro, trans. James Cotterell).

◦ On the 16th of August, at six o'clock in the evening, Top-Hané Square at Constantinople, so full of life at ordinary times with the coming and going of the crowd, was silent, dull, and almost deserted.

◦ It will doubtless be remembered that Van Mitten, who had been inconsolable because he had not been able to visit the ruins of Ancient Colchis, had determined to explore the mythological Phasis, which, under the less euphonious name of Rion, is near Poti, of which it forms the little harbor on the shore of the Black Sea.

- ✓ *The Headstrong Turk* (1883, New York: Redpath's Weekly, trans. J.C. Curtin).

◦ It was the 16th of August, and six o'clock in the evening. The Top Hane square, in Constantinople, usually the scene of bustling, busy crowds, was now silent, dismal and deserted.

◦ The reader will doubtless remember that Van Mitten, keenly disappointed at his inability to visit the ruins of ancient Colchis, determined to make up for that loss by exploring the Phasis of mythology, which, under the less euphonic name of the Rion, empties into the Black Sea at Poti, where it forms the port of that name.

Kéraban the Inflexible [*The Captain of the Guidara and Scarpante, the Spy* (2 vols.)] (1884, London: Sampson Low, trans. Henri Frith) - reprint: *Kéraban the Inflexible, or Adventures on the Euxine* (vol. 2), Amsterdam: Fredonia, 2001.

◦ At six o'clock in the evening of the 16th of August, in a certain year which need not be particularly specified, the quay of Top-Hane in Constantinople, usually so crowded and full of life, and bustle, was silent—almost deserted.

◦ The reader no doubt remembers that Van Mitten, much disappointed at not having been able to visit the ruins of the ancient Colchis, had made up his mind to indemnify himself by exploring the “mythological” Phasis, which, under the less euphonious name of the Rion, now flows into the sea at Poti, where it forms a little harbour in the littoral of the Black Sea.

***L'Archipel en feu* - 1884**

Le 18 octobre 1827, vers cinq heures du soir, un petit bâtiment levantin serrait le vent pour essayer d'atteindre avant la nuit le port de Vitylo, à l'entrée du golfe de Coron.

The Archipelago on Fire (1885, New York: Munro, trans.?).

On the 18th of October, 1827, about five o'clock in the evening, a little Levantine vessel was taking advantage of a fresh breeze in order to reach the port of Vitylo, at the entrance to the Gulf of Coron, before night-fall.

The Archipelago on Fire (1885, London: Sampson Low, trans.?).

On the 18th of October, about five o'clock in the evening, a small Levantine vessel was heading close-hauled for Vitylo, in the Gulf of Koron, endeavouring to reach that port before night-fall.

L'Étoile du sud - 1884

« Parlez, monsieur, je vous écoute.

— Monsieur, j'ai l'honneur de vous demander la main de Miss Watkins, votre fille.

— La main d'Alice?...

— Oui, monsieur. Ma demande vous semble surprendre. Vous m'excuserez, pourtant, si j'ai quelque peine à comprendre en quoi elle pourrait vous paraître extraordinaire. J'ai vingt-six ans. Je m'appelle Cyprien Méré. Je suis ingénieur des Mines, sorti avec le numéro deux de l'École polytechnique. Ma famille est honorable et honorée, si elle n'est pas riche.

✓ *The Southern Star, or The Diamond Land* (1885, New York: Munro, trans.?).

“Speak on, sir. I am listening.”

“Sir, I have the honor of asking you for the hand of your daughter, Miss Watkins!”

“The hand of Alice?”

“Yes, sir. My request seems to surprise you, but you will excuse me if I say that I am at a loss to understand why it should appear extraordinary. I am twenty-six years old, my name is Cyprien Méré. I am a mining engineer, having graduated from the Polytechnic School, second in my class; my family is honorable, and respected, if they are not rich.”

The Vanished Diamond (1885, London: Sampson Low, trans.?) - reprint: *The Star of the South*, New York: Vincent Parke (vol. 13), ed. Charles F. Horne, 1911; abridged and edited by I.O. Evans as *The Southern Star Mystery*, London: Arco/Westport, CT: Associated Booksellers, 1966; Amsterdam: Fredonia, 2002.

“Go on; I am listening.”

“I have the honour to ask you for your daughter's hand.”

“Alice?”

“Yes. My request seems to surprise you. Perhaps you will forgive me if I have some difficulty understanding why it appears so strange. I am twenty-six years old; my name is Victor Cyprien; I am a mining engineer, and left the Polytechnic as second on the list. My family is honest and respected, if it is not rich.”

☆ *The Star of the South* (2003, Pretoria: Protea Book House, trans. Stephen Gray).

“Keep talking, young man. I'm listening.”

“Sir, I have the honour of asking for the hand of Miss Watkins, your daughter.”

“The hand of Alice...”

“Yes, sir. My request seems to have taken you by surprise. But please excuse me if I don't grasp why you could find it so daring. I am twenty-six. I am called Cyprien Méré. I am a mining engineer and I left the Polytechnic second in my year. My family is honourable and much respected, even though we aren't rich.”

Mathias Sandorf - 1885

Trieste, la capitale de l'Illyrie, se divise en deux villes très dissemblables: une ville neuve et riche, Theresienstadt, correctement bâtie au bord de cette baie sur laquelle l'homme a conquis son sous-sol; une ville vieille et pauvre, irrégulièrement construite, resserrée entre le Corso, qui la sépare de la première, et les pentes de la colline de Karst, dont le sommet est couronné par une citadelle d'aspect pittoresque.

Mathias Sandorf (1885, New York: Munro, trans. G.W. Hanna) - reprint: London, Sampson Low, 1886.

Trieste, the capital of Illyria, consists of two towns of widely dissimilar aspect. One of them—Theresienstadt—is modern and well-to-do, and squarely built along the shore of the bay from which the land it occupies has been reclaimed; the other is old, and poor, and irregular, straggling from the Corso up the slopes of the Karst, whose summit is crowned by the picturesque citadel.

L'Épave du Cynthia - 1885

Il n'y a probablement, ni en Europe ni ailleurs, un savant dont la physionomie soit plus universellement connue que celle du docteur Schwaryencrona, de Stockholm; son portrait, reproduit par les marchands au-dessous de sa marque de fabrique, sur des millions de bouteilles cachetées de vert, circule avec elles jusqu'aux confins du globe.

The Waif of the Cynthia (1885, New York: Munro, trans.?).

There is probably neither in Europe nor anywhere else a scholar whose face is more

universally known than that of Dr. Schwaryencrona, of Stockholm. His portrait appears on the millions of bottles with green seals, which are sent to the confines of the globe.

Salvage from the Cynthia; or The Boy on the Buoy (1964, London: Arco/Westport, CT: Associated Booksellers, Fitzroy Edition, trans. I.O. Evans).

In all probability there had never been, either in Europe or anywhere else, a scientist whose appearance was better known than that of Dr. Schwaryencrona; his portrait, reproduced by the vendors below his trade-mark on millions of bottles with their green seals, accompanied the bottles even to the ends of the earth.

***Robur-le-conquérant* - 1886**

« Pan !... Pan !.. »

Les deux coups de pistolet partirent presque en même temps. Une vache, qui paissait à cinquante pas de là, reçut une des balles dans l'échine. Elle n'était pour rien dans l'affaire, cependant.

Ni l'un ni l'autre des deux adversaires n'avait été touché.

- *Robur the Conqueror* (1887, New York: Munro, trans.?) - reprint: *A Trip Round the World in a Flying Machine*. Chicago: M.A. Donohue, n.d.; *Robur the Conqueror: Master of the World*. Amsterdam: Fredonia, 2003.

“Bang! Bang!”

The sound of two pistol shots was heard. A cow crossing a field fifty paces distant received a bullet in the spine.

The cow was an innocent victim. Like spectators at a riot she had fared worse than the combatants.

The contending adversaries were untouched.

The Clipper of the Clouds (1887, London: Sampson Low, trans.?) - reprint: *Robur the Conqueror*. New York: Vincent Parke (vol. 14), ed. Charles F. Horne, 1911; abridged and edited by I.O. Evans as *The Clipper of the Clouds*, London: Arco/Westport, CT: Associated, 1962; London: Claremont Books, 1995; McLean, VA: IndyPublish, n.d. Available online at Zvi Har'El's Jules Verne website at <<http://JV.Gilead.org.il/works.html>>.

“Bang! Bang!”

The pistol-shots were almost simultaneous. A cow peacefully grazing fifty yards away received one of the bullets in her back. She had nothing to do with the quarrel all the same.

Neither of the adversaries was hit.

***Un Billet de Loterie, suivi de Fritt-Flacc* - 1886**

○ « Quelle heure est-il? » demanda dame Hansen, après avoir secoué les cendres de sa pipe, dont les dernières bouffées se perdirent entre les poutres colorées du plafond.

○ Fritt!... c'est le vent qui se déchaîne.

Flacc!... c'est la pluie qui tombe à torrents.

Cette rafale mugissante courbe les arbres de la côte volsinienne et va se briser contre le flanc des montagnes de Crimma.

- ✓ *Ticket No. 9672* (1886, New York: Munro, trans. Laura E. Kendall)

“What time is it?” inquired Dame Hansen, shaking the ashes from her pipe, the fast curling rings from which were slowly disappearing between the stained rafters overhead.

The Lottery Ticket (1886, London: Sampson Low, trans.?) - reprint: Holicong, PA: Wildside Press, 2003.

“What time is it?” asked Dame Hansen, as she knocked the ashes out of her pipe while the last few whiffs floated off against the painted beams of the ceiling.

“Dr. Trifulgas: A Fantastic Tale” (July-Dec. 1892, *The Strand Magazine*, trans.?) - reprinted in Jules Verne, *The Eternal Adam, and other Stories*, ed. Peter Costello, London: Phoenix, 1999. Available online at Zvi Har'El's Jules Verne website <<http://JV.Gilead.org.il/works.html>>.

Swish! It is the wind, let loose.

Swash! It is the rain, falling in torrents.

This shrieking squall bends down the trees of the Volsinian coast, and hurries on, flinging itself against the sides of the mountains of Crimma.

“The Ordeal of Dr. Trifulgas” (July 1957, *Saturn*, trans. Willis T. Bradley).

WhOO-OO-OO... The wind is on the rampage.

SH-SH-SH... The rain is falling in torrents.

The roaring gale bends the trees of the Volsinian coast and smashes against the slopes of the mountains of Crimma.

✓ “Fritt-Flacc” (Nov. 1959, *Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*, trans. I.O. Evans) - reprinted in *Yesterday and Tomorrow*, 1965 (see below).

Fritt! That is the wind getting up.

Flacc! That is the rain falling in torrents.

Its roaring force is bending the trees on the adjacent hills and driving on to break against the slopes of the mountains of Crimma.

● “The Storm” (1983, in *Black Water: The Book of Fantastic Literature* [New York: Clarkson N. Potter], trans. Alberto Manguel).

The wind is blowing. The rain is pouring down. The roaring storm bends the trees on the Volsinian shore and crashes against the flanks of the Crimma Mountains.

***Le Chemin de France, suivi de Gil Braltar* - 1887**

◦ Je me nomme Natalis Delpierre. Je suis né en 1761, à Grattepanche, un village en Picardie. Mon père était cultivateur. Il travaillait sur les terres du marquis d’Estrelle. Ma mère l’aidait de son mieux. Mes soeurs et moi, nous faisons comme ma mère.

◦ Ils étaient là de sept à huit cents, à tout le moins. De taille moyenne, mais robustes, agiles, souples, faits pour les bonds prodigieux, ils gambadaient sous les dernières clartés du soleil qui se couchait au delà des montagnes échelonnées vers l’ouest de la rade.

Flight to France (1888, London: Sampson Low, trans.?) - reprint: abridged and edited by I.O. Evans as *Flight to France*, London: Arco/Westport, CT: Associated Booksellers, 1966.

My name is Natalis Delpierre. I was born in 1761, at Grattepanche, a village in Picardy. My father was a farm labourer. He worked on the estate of the Marquis d’Estrelle. My mother did her best to help him. My sisters and I followed our mother’s example.

“Gil Braltar” (July 1958, *Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*, trans. I.O. Evans) - reprint in *Yesterday and Tomorrow*, 1965 (see below).

There were seven or eight hundred of them at least. Of medium height, but strong, supple, framed to make prodigious bounds, they gamboled in the last rays of the sun, now setting over the mountains which formed serried ridges westward of the roadstead.

***Nord contre Sud* - 1887**

◦ La Floride, qui avait été annexée à la grande fédération américaine en 1819, fut érigée en État quelques années plus tard. Par cette annexion, le territoire de la République s’accrut de soixante-sept mille milles carrés. Mais l’astre floridien ne brille que d’un éclat secondaire au firmament des trente-sept étoiles qui constellent le pavillon des États-Unis d’Amérique.

◦ « Texar! ... » tel était bien le nom détesté que Zermah avait jeté dans l’ombre, au moment où Mme Burbank et miss Alice arrivaient sur la berge de la crique Marino.

Texar’s Vengeance, or North Versus South (1887, New York: Munro, trans. Laura E. Kendall). NOTE: although Part I of this edition is a different translation, Part II appears to be identical—except for occasional spellings and a few differences in punctuation—to the Sampson Low translation.

◦ Florida, which had been annexed by the great American Republic in 1820, was elevated to the dignity of a sovereign State a few years later. By this annexation, the territory of the United States was increased sixty-seven thousand square miles, but the star of Florida glitters with only a secondary light in the constellation of thirty-eight stars that adorns the flag of the United States.

◦ “Texar!”—such was the well-hated name that Zermah had shouted into the darkness at the moment Mrs. Burbank and Alice reached the bank of Marine Creek.

- ✓ *Texar's Revenge, or North Against South* (1887, London: Sampson Low, trans.?) - reprint: abridged and edited by I.O. Evans in 2 volumes as *Burbank the Northerner* and *Texar the Southerner*, London: Arco/Westport, CT: Associated Booksellers, 1965; published both as *North Against South* and as *Texar's Revenge* (identical volumes with different titles) by Amsterdam: Fredonia, 2001 and 2002 respectively.

◦ Florida was annexed to the American federation in 1819; it was organized into a state a few years afterwards. By the annexation the area of the republic was increased by some 67,000 square miles. But the star of Florida shines with second-rate brilliancy in that constellation of thirty-eight which spangle the banner of the United States of America.

◦ "Texar!"—such was the well-hated name that Zermah had shouted into the darkness at the moment Mrs. Burbank and Alice reached the bank of Marino Creek.

Deux ans de vacances - 1888

Pendant la nuit du 9 mars 1860, les nuages, se confondant avec la mer, limitaient à quelques brasses la portée de la vue.

Sur cette mer démontée, dont les lames déferlaient en projetant des lueurs livides, un léger bâtiment fuyait presque à sec de toile.

- ✓ *A Two Years' Vacation* (1889, New York: Munro, trans.?). NOTE: this edition also includes a translation of Verne's preface to this novel.

On the night of the 9th of March, 1860, the heavy, lowering clouds, which seemed almost a part of the sea, completely concealed from view even objects that were but a few yards off, as a small vessel with furled sails flew along over the fierce and angry waves, upon which occasional flashes of lightning cast a lurid glare.

Adrift in the Pacific (1889, London: Sampson Low, trans.?) - reprint: abridged and edited by I.O. Evans in 2 volumes as *Adrift in the Pacific* and *Second Year Ashore*, London: Arco/Westport, CT: Associated Booksellers, 1965; in 1 volume as *Adrift in the Pacific: Two Years Holiday* by Amsterdam: Fredonia, 2003.

It was the 9th of March, 1860, and eleven o'clock at night. The sea and sky were as one, and the eye could pierce but a few fathoms into the gloom. Through the raging sea, over which the waves broke with a livid light, a little ship was driving under almost bare poles.

- *A Long Vacation* (1967, Holt Rinehart and Winston, trans. Olga Marx).

On the night of March 9, 1860, the clouds scudded so low they seemed to be lying on the ocean. The horizon had narrowed to a few yards.

The one-hundred-ton schooner *Sloughie* bounced about in a howling storm.

Sans dessus dessous - 1889

« Ainsi, monsieur Maston, vous prétendez que jamais femme n'eût été capable de faire progresser les sciences mathématiques ou expérimentales? »

The Purchase of the North Pole (1890, London: Sampson Low, trans.?) - reprints: New York: Vincent Parke (vol. 13), ed. Charles F. Horne, 1911; abridged and edited by I.O. Evans as *The Purchase of the North Pole*, London: Arco/Westport, CT: Associated Booksellers, 1966.

"And so, Mr. Maston, you consider that a woman can do nothing for the advance of the mathematical or experimental sciences?"

- *Topsy-Turvy* (1890, New York: Ogilvie, trans.?) - reprint: *The Purchase of the North Pole*. New York: Ace, 1960. Available online at Zvi Har'El's Jules Verne website at <<http://JV.Gilead.org.il/works.html>>.

"Then, Mr. Maston, you pretend that a woman has never been able to make mathematical or experimental-science progress?"

Famille-sans-nom - 1889

« On plaint ce pauvre genre humain qui s'égorge à propos de quelques arpents de glace » disaient les philosophes à la fin du XVIII^e siècle — et ce n'est pas ce qu'ils ont dit de mieux, puisqu'il s'agissait du Canada, dont les Français disputaient alors la possession aux soldats de l'Angleterre.

A Family Without a Name (1889, New York: Lovell; 1889, New York: Munro; 1890, London: Sampson Low, trans.?) - reprint: abridged and edited by I.O. Evans in 2 volumes as *Leader of the Resistance* and *Into the Abyss*, London: Arco/Westport, CT: Associated Booksellers, 1963.

"We pity the poor creatures who are flying at each other's throats for the sake of a few acres of ice." So said the philosophers at the end of the eighteenth century, referring to Canada, for whose possession the French and English were then at strife.

☆ *Family Without a Name* (1982, Toronto: NC Press, trans. Edward Baxter).

"What a sorry sight the human race is," remarked the philosophers at the end of the eighteenth century, "cutting each other's throats for the sake of a few ice-covered acres of land." It was not their wisest observation, for they were referring to Canada, over which the British and French were then at war.

***César Cascabel* - 1890**

« Personne n'a-t-il quelque autre monnaie a me donner?... Allons, enfants, fouillez-vous! »
- Voici, père! » répondit la petite fille.
Et elle tira de sa poche un carre de papier verdâtre, chiffonne et crasseux.

✓ *Caesar Cascabel* (1890, New York: Cassell, trans. A. Estoclet) - reprint: Amsterdam: Fredonia, 2001.

"Has nobody got any more coppers to give me? Come, children, search your pockets!"
"Here you are, father!" replied the little girl.
And she drew out of her pocket a square-cut piece of greenish paper, all crumpled and greasy.

Cesar Cascabel (1891, London: Sampson Low, trans.?) - reprint: abridged and edited by I.O. Evans in 2 volumes as *The Travelling Circus* and *The Show on Ice*, London: Arco/Westport, CT: Associated Booksellers, 1970.

"Has any one else any money? Now then, children, look about you!"
"Here, father!" the little girl took out of her pocket a square of greenish paper, crumpled and creased....

***Mistress Branican* - 1891**

Il y a deux chances de ne jamais revoir les amis dont on se sépare pour un long voyage: ceux qui restent peuvent ne se plus retrouver au retour; ceux qui partent peuvent ne plus revenir. Mais ils ne se préoccupaient guère de cette éventualité, les marins qui faisaient leurs préparatifs d'appareillage à bord de *Franklin*, dans la matinée du 15 mars 1875.

✓ *Mistress Branican* (1891, New York: Cassell, trans. A. Estoclet)

When you part with friends on the threshold of a long journey, there are at least two chances of your never seeing them again; those whom you leave behind may not be there on your return, and you, who go away, may never come back. Such calculations, however, were far away from the thoughts of the sailors who were preparing to get under sail on board the *Franklin*, on the morning of the 15th of March, in the year 1875.

Mistress Branican (1892, London: Sampson Low, trans.?) - reprint: Melbourne: Sun Books, 1970.

There are two chances of never again seeing the friends we part with when starting on a long voyage; those we leave may not be here on our return, and those who go may never come back. But little heed of these eventualities were taken by the sailors who were preparing for the departure on board the *Franklin* in the morning of the 15th of March, 1875.

***Le Château des Carpathes* - 1892**

Cette histoire n'est pas fantastique, elle n'est que romanesque. Faut-il en conclure qu'elle ne soit pas vraie, étant donné son invraisemblance ? Ce serait une erreur. Nous sommes d'un temps où tout arrive, — on a presque le droit de dire où tout est arrivé. Si notre récit n'est point vraisemblable aujourd'hui, il peut l'être demain, grâce aux ressources scientifiques qui sont le lot de l'avenir, et personne ne s'aviserait de le mettre au rang des légendes.

- ✓ *The Castle of the Carpathians* (1893, London: Sampson Low, trans.?) - reprint: abridged and edited by I.O. Evans as *Carpathian Castle*, London: Arco/Westport, CT: Associated Booksellers, 1963.

This story is not fantastic; it is merely romantic. Are we to conclude that it is not true, its unreality being granted? That would be a mistake. We live in times when everything can happen—we might almost say everything has happened. If our story does not seem to be true to-day, it may seem so to-morrow, thanks to the resources of science, which are the wealth of the future.

Claudius Bombarnac - 1892

Claudius Bombarnac reporter XX^e siècle Tiflis (Transcaucasie)

Telle est la suscription de la dépêche que je trouvai le 13 mai, en arrivant à Tiflis.

Voici le texte de cette dépêche:

« Toute affaire cessante à la date du 15 courant Claudius Bombarnac se trouvera au port Ouzoun-Ada littoral est de Caspienne. Là prendra train direct Grand-Transasiatique entre frontière Europe et capitale Céleste-Empire. »

- ✓ *Claudius Bombarnac* [also published as *The Special Correspondent*] (1894, New York: U.S. Book; 1894, London: Sampson Low, trans.?) - reprint: *Adventures of a Special Correspondent in Central Asia*, Honolulu: University Press of the Pacific, 2000. Available online at Zvi Har'El's Jules Verne website at <<http://JV.Gilead.org.il/works.html>>.

Claudius Bombarnac, Special Correspondent, "Twentieth Century," Tiflis, Transcaucasia.

Such is the address of the telegram I found on the 13th of May when I arrived at Tiflis.

This is what the telegram said,—

"As the matters in hand will terminate on the 15th instant Claudius Bombarnac will repair to Uzun Ada, a port on the east coast of the Caspian. There he will take the train by the direct Grand Transasiatic between the European frontier and the capital of the Celestial Empire."

P'tit-Bonhomme - 1893

L'Ireland, dont la surface comprend vingt millions d'acres, soit environ dix millions hectares, est gouvernée par un vice-roi ou lord-lieutenant, assisté d'un Conseil privé, en vertu d'une délégation du souverain de la Grande-Bretagne.

Foundling Mick (1895, London: Sampson Low, trans.?)

Ireland, which has an area of 31,759 square miles, or 20,326,209 acres, formerly formed part of the insular tract of land now called the United Kingdom.

Mirifiques aventures de Maître Antifer - 1894

Ce matin-là,—9 septembre 1831,—le capitaine quitta sa cabine dès cinq heures et monta sur la dunette.

Le soleil pointait déjà à l'est, ou, plus exactement, la réfraction l'élevait au-dessus des basses couches de l'atmosphère, car son disque se traînait encore au-dessous de l'horizon.

Captain Antifer (1895, London: Sampson Low, trans.?) - reprint: Amsterdam: Fredonia, 2001.

It is September 9th, 1831. The captain left his cabin at six o'clock. The sun is rising, or to speak more exactly, its light is illuminating the lower clouds in the east, for its disk is still below the horizon.

L'Île à hélice - 1895

Lorsqu'un voyage commence mal, il est rare qu'il finisse bien. Tout au moins, est-ce une opinion qu'auraient le droit de soutenir quatre instrumentistes, dont les instruments gisent sur le sol. En effet, le coach, dans lequel ils avaient dû prendre place à la dernière station du railroad, vient de verser brusquement contre le talus de la route.

- *The Floating Island, or the Pearl of the Pacific* (1896, London: Sampson Low, trans. W.J. Gordon) - reprint: London: Kegan Paul, "Pacific Basin," 1990; abridged and

edited by I.O. Evans as *Propeller Island*, London: Arco/Westport, CT: Associated Booksellers, 1965 (rpt. of this edition: London: Panther, 1965); Amsterdam: Fredonia, 2002.

When a journey begins badly it rarely ends well. At least that ought to have been the opinion of the four instrumentalists whose instruments lay on the ground, the carriage in which they were riding having suddenly upset against a mound by the side of the road.

Face au drapeau - 1896

La carte que reçut ce jour-là—15 juin 189.—le directeur de l'établissement de Healthful-House, portait correctement ce simple nom, sans écusson ni couronne:

LE COMTE D'ARTIGAS

Au-dessous de ce nom, à l'angle de la carte, était écrite au crayon l'adresse suivante:

« A bord de la goélette *Ebba*, au mouillage de New-Berne, Pamlico-Sound.»

Facing the Flag (1897, New York: Neely, trans.?) - reprint: Amsterdam: Fredonia, 2001. Available online at Zvi Har'El's Jules Verne website at <<http://JV.Gilead.org.il/works.html>>.

The *carte de visite* received that day, June 15, 189—, by the director of the establishment of Healthful House was a very neat one, and simply bore, without escutcheon or coronet, the name: COUNT D'ARTIGAS.

Below this name, in a corner of the card, the following address was written in lead pencil: "On board the schooner *Ebba*, anchored off New Berne, Pamlico [sic] Sound."

✓ *For the Flag* (1897, London: Sampson Low, trans. Mrs. Cashel Hoey) - reprint: abridged and edited by I.O. Evans as *For the Flag*, London: Arco/Westport, CT: Associated Booksellers, 1961.

A card was handed to the Principal of Healthful House on a certain 15th of June, which bore simply the name, without escutcheon or coronet: COUNT D'ARTIGAS.

Above this name, on a corner of the card, the following address was written in pencil: "On board the schooner *Ebba*, at anchor at Newburn, Pamlico [sic] Sound."

Clovis Dardentor - 1896

Lorsque tous les deux descendirent en gare de Cette—train de Paris à la Méditerranée—Marcel Lornans, s'adressant à Jean Taconnat, lui dit:

« Qu'allons-nous faire, s'il te plaît, en attendant le départ du paquebot? »

Clovis Dardentor (1897, London: Sampson Low, trans.?)

When they had both left the train at the Cette railway station—the train from Paris to the Mediterranean—Marcel Lornans, addressing Jean Taconnat, said to him:

"What are you going to do until the boat starts?"

Le Sphinx des glaces - 1897

Personne n'ajoutera foi, sans doute, à ce récit intitulé *Le Sphinx des Glaces*. N'importe, il est bon, à mon avis, qu'il soit livré au public. Libre à lui d'y croire ou de n'y point croire.

Il serait difficile, pour le début de ces merveilleuses et terribles aventures, d'imaginer un lieu mieux approprié que les îles de la Désolation—nom qui leur fut donné, en 1779, par le capitaine Cook.

✓ *An Antarctic Mystery* (1898, London: Sampson Low, trans. Mrs. Cashel Hoey) - reprint: Boston: Gregg, 1975. Available online at Zvi Har'El's Jules Verne website at <<http://JV.Gilead.org.il/works.html>>.

No doubt the following narrative will be received with entire incredulity, but I think it well that the public should be put in possession of the facts narrated in "An Antarctic Mystery." The public is free to believe them or not, at its good pleasure.

No more appropriate scene for the wonderful and terrible adventures which I am about to relate could be imagined than the Desolation Islands, so called, in 1779, by Captain Cook.

● *The Sphinx of Ice, or An Antarctic Mystery* (1911, New York: Vincent Parke [vol. 14], ed. Charles F. Horne, 1911).

No doubt the following narrative will be received with entire incredulity, but I think it well

that the public should be put in possession of the facts narrated in "An Antarctic Mystery." The public is free to believe them or not, at its good pleasure.

I am a Connecticut naturalist possessed of a small independent fortune. In the year 1839 I was engaged in research work among the islands of the far southern ocean. (abridged and altered version of the Hoey translation)

- *The Mystery of Arthur Gordon Pym by Edgar Allan Poe and Jules Verne* (1961, London: Arco/Westport, CT: Associated Booksellers, Fitzroy Edition, ed. Basil Ashmore).

The archipelago which lies at 49° 45' south and 69° 6' east is properly called the Kerguelen Islands, having been discovered by the French explorer of that name in 1772. I assert, however, that the name Desolation Islands, given them in 1779 by Captain Cook, is the only suitable name for this group of islets in the midst of the vast storm-swept Southern Seas.

***Le Superbe Orénoque* - 1898**

« Il n'y a vraiment pas apparence de raison que cette discussion puisse prendre fin... » dit M. Miguel, qui cherchait à s'interposer entre les deux bouillants contradicteurs.

- ☆ *The Mighty Orinoco* (2002, Middletown, CT: Wesleyan UP, trans. Stanford Luce).
"There is not the slightest reason to believe that this discussion can come to an end," said M. Miguel, who was seeking to intervene between the two fiery discussants.

***Le Testament d'un excentrique* - 1899**

Un étranger, arrivé dans la principale cité de l'Illinois le matin du 3 avril 1897, aurait pu, à bon droit, se considérer comme le favori du Dieu des voyageurs. Ce jour-là, son carnet se fût enrichi de notes curieuses, propres à fournir la matière d'articles sensationnels.

The Will of an Eccentric (1900, London: Sampson Low, trans.?)

A stranger arriving in the chief city of Illinois on the morning of the 3rd of April, 1897, would have had good reason for considering himself the most fortunate of travellers. His notebook that day would have had entries enough to yield copy for many sensational articles.

***Seconde patrie* - 1900**

◦ La belle saison arriva dès la seconde semaine d'octobre. Ce mois est le premier du printemps de la zone méridionale. L'hiver n'avait pas été très rigoureux sous cette latitude du dix-neuvième degré entre l'Équateur et le tropique du Capricorne. Les hôtes de la Nouvelle-Suisse allaient pouvoir reprendre leurs travaux accoutumés.

◦ (Chap. XVII) Il faisait nuit,—très noire A peine eût-on distingué le ciel de l'eau. De ce ciel chargé de nuages bas, lourds, écrasés, déchirés, s'échappait parfois un éclair que suivaient des roulements étouffés, comme si l'espace eût été impropre à reproduire les sons.

- ✓ *Their Island Home and The Castaways of the Flag* [2 vols.] (1923, London: Sampson Low, trans. Cranstoun Metcalfe) - reprint: *The Castaways of the Flag*: Honolulu: University Press of the Pacific, 2000.

◦ The dry season set in at the beginning of the second week of October. This is the first spring month in the Southern zone. The winter in this nineteenth degree of latitude between the Equator and the tropic of Capricorn had not been very severe. The inhabitants of New Switzerland would soon be able to resume their wonted labours.

◦ Night—a pitch-dark night! It was almost impossible to distinguish sky from sea. From the sky, laden with clouds low and heavy, deformed and tattered, lightning flashed every now and then, followed by muffled rolls of thunder. At these flashes the horizon lit up for a moment and showed deserted and melancholy.

***Le Village aérien* - 1901**

« Et le Congo américain, demanda Max Huber, il n'en est donc pas encore question?... »

– A quoi bon, mon cher Max?... répondit John Cort. Est-ce que les vastes espaces nous manquent aux États-Unis?...

The Village in the Treetops (1964, London: Arco/Westport, CT: Associated Booksellers, Fitzroy Edition, trans. I.O. Evans) - reprint: New York: Ace, 1964.

"But an American Congo," asked Max Huber. "Isn't there any question of that?"

“What would be the use, my dear Max?” replied John Cort. “Are we in the United States running short of wide open spaces?”

***Les Histoires de Jean-Marie Cabidoulin* - 1901**

« Eh! capitaine Bourcart, ce n'est donc pas aujourd'hui le départ? »

— Non, monsieur Brunel, et je crains que nous ne puissions partir ni demain ... ni même dans huit jours ...

— Cela est contrariant.

— Et surtout inquiétant, déclara M. Bourcart en secouant la tête.

The Sea Serpent (1967, London: Arco/Westport, CT: Associated Booksellers, Fitzroy Edition, trans. I.O. Evans).

“So, Captain Bourcart, it isn't today you'll be sailing?”

“No, Monsieur Brunel, and I'm afraid we won't be able to go tomorrow either...and maybe not for a week.”

“That's annoying.”

“And what's more, it's disquieting.” Bourcart shook his head.

***Les Frères Kip* - 1902**

A cette époque,—1885,—quarante-six ans après avoir été occupée par la Grande-Bretagne, qui en fit une dépendance de la Nouvelle-Galles du Sud, trente-deux ans après son établissement en colonie détachée de la Couronne et se gouvernant elle-même, la Nouvelle-Zélande était encore dévorée par la fièvre endémique de l'or.

(no published English translation yet available - forthcoming from Wesleyan UP)

***Bourses de voyages* - 1903**

« Premiers classés: ex aequo, Louis Clodion et Roger Hinsdale, » proclama, d'une voix retentissante, le directeur, Julian Ardagh.

(no published English translation yet available - forthcoming from Wesleyan UP)

***Maître du monde* - 1904**

Cette rangée de montagnes, parallèle au littoral américaine de l'Atlantique, qui sillonne la Caroline du Nord, la Virginie, le Maryland, la Pennsylvanie, l'État de New York, porte le double nom de monts Alleghany et de monts Appalaches. Elle est formée de deux chaînes distinctes: à l'ouest, les monts Cumberland, à l'est les Montagnes-Bleues.

- *The Master of the World* (1911, New York: Vincent Parke [vol. 14], ed. Charles F. Horne, trans.?) - reprint: available online at Zvi Har'El's Jules Verne website at <<http://JV.Gilead.org.il/works.html>>.

If I speak of myself in this story, it is because I have been deeply involved in its startling events, events doubtless among the most extraordinary which this twentieth century will witness.

- ✓ *The Master of the World* (1914, London: Sampson Low, trans. Cranstoun Metcalfe) - reprint: abridged and edited by I.O. Evans as *The Master of the World*, London: Arco/Westport, CT: Associated Booksellers, 1962.

The mountain range parallel to the American Atlantic sea-board, which ploughs through North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania and New York State, bears the double name of Alleghany [sic] Mountains and Apalachee [sic] Mountains. It is formed of two distinct chains: the Cumberland Mountains on the west, and the Blue Ridge on the east.

***Un Drame en Livonie* - 1904**

Cette homme était seul dans la nuit. Il passait comme un loup entre les blocs de glace entassés par le froid d'un long hiver. Son pantalon doublé, son “khalot”, sorte de cafetan rugueux, en poils de vache, sa casquette à oreilles rabattues, ne le défendaient qu'imparfaitement des atteintes de l'âpre brise.

A Drama in Livonia (1967, London: Arco/Westport, CT: Associated Booksellers, Fitzroy Edition, trans. I.O. Evans)

That man was alone in the night, running like a wolf between the masses of ice piled up by the cold of a long winter. His trousers were of double thickness, his cafetan or cowskin jacket, his cap with its ear-flaps, protected him but imperfectly from the attacks of the bitter wind.

***L'Invasion de la mer* - 1905**

« Que sais-tu?... »

— Je sais ce que j'ai entendu dans le port ...

— On parlait du navire qui vient chercher...qui emmènera Hadjar?

— Oui... à Tunis, où il sera jugé...

☆ *Invasion of the Sea* (2001, Wesleyan UP, trans. Edward Baxter)

“How much do you know?”

“I know what I heard in the port.”

“Were people talking about the ship that's coming to get—coming to take Hadjar away?”

“Yes, to Tunis, where he will go on trial.”

***Le Phare du bout du monde* - 1905**

Le soleil allait disparaître derrière les collines qui limitaient la vue à l'ouest. Le temps était beau. A l'opposé, au-dessus de la mer qui confondait avec le ciel dans le nord-est et dans l'est, quelques petits nuages réfléchissaient les derniers rayons, qui ne tarderaient pas à s'éteindre dans les ombres du crépuscule, d'assez longue durée sous cette haute latitude du cinquante-cinquième degré de l'hémisphère austral.

✓ *The Lighthouse at the End of the World* (1923, London: Sampson Low, trans. Cranstoun Metcalfe) - reprint: Amsterdam: Fredonia, 2001.

The sun was setting behind the hills which bounded the view to the west. The weather was fine. On the other side, over the sea, which to the north-east and east was indistinguishable from the sky, a few tiny clouds reflected the sun's last rays, soon to be extinguished in the shades of the twilight, which lasts for a considerable time in this high latitude of the fifty-fifth degree of the southern hemisphere.

***Le Volcan d'or* - 1906**

◦ Le 17 mars de l'antépénultième année du dernier siècle, le facteur faisant le service de la rue Jacques-Cartier, à Montréal, remit au numéro 29 une lettre à l'adresse de M. Summy Skim. Cette lettre disait:

« Me Snubbin présente ses compliments à M. Summy Skim et le prie de passer sans retard à son étude pour une affaire qui l'intéresse. »

◦ Un tremblement de terre, très localisé d'ailleurs, venait de bouleverser cette partie du Klondike, comprise entre la frontière et le Yukon, que traverse le cours moyen du Forty Miles Creek.

The Claim on Forty Mile Creek and Flood and Flame [2 vols.] (1962, London: Arco/Westport, CT: Associated Booksellers, Fitzroy Edition, trans. I.O. Evans).

◦ On 17th March, 1899, the postman delivered a letter at No. 29 Jacques Cartier Street, Montreal:

“Mr Snubbin presents his compliments to Mr Summy Skim and asks him to come at once to his office on a matter which concerns him deeply.”

◦ An earthquake, admittedly localized, had just convulsed part of the Klondike, along the Forty Mile Creek from the Yukon to the Alaskan frontier.

***L'Agence Thompson and Co.* - 1907**

◦ Jambes écartées, regard perdu vers l'horizon brumeux du rêve, Robert Morgand, depuis cinq bonnes minutes, demeurait immobile, en face de ce long mur noir tout constellé d'affiches, bordant une des plus tristes rues de Londres.

◦ Ainsi donc, les événements donnaient raison à Saunders. Le ciel de Thompson s'obscurcissait, et voilà que se levait cette lune rousse, dont l'aigre prophète avait discerné les futures lueurs dans le firmament de Horta.

Cette discussion que Thompson avait dû soutenir contre la majorité de ses passagers aurait-elle des soeurs? L'avenir le dirait, mais bien certainement quelque chose s'était cassé entre l'Administrateur Général et ses administrés.

Package Holiday and End of the Journey [2 vols.] (1965, London: Arco/Westport, CT: Associated Booksellers, Fitzroy Edition, trans. I.O. Evans).

◦ Legs astride, lost in dreamland, Robert Morgand stood for five good minutes facing the long black wall bordering one of London's saddest thoroughfares.

◦ The argument which Thompson had had with most of his passengers, would it be followed by others? The future would tell, but certainly relations were strained between the Administrator General and those he administered.

***La Chasse au météore* - 1908**

Il n'y a aucun motif pour cacher aux lecteurs que la ville dans laquelle commence cette histoire singulière est située en Virginie, États-Unis d'Amérique. S'ils le veulent bien, nous appellerons cette ville Whaston, et nous la placerons dans le district oriental, sur la rive droite du Potomac; mais il nous paraît inutile de préciser davantage les coordonnées de cette cité, que l'on chercherait inutilement, même sur les meilleures cartes de l'Union.

The Chase of the Golden Meteor (1909, London: Grant Richards, trans. Frederick Lawton) - reprint: Lincoln, NE: Nebraska UP, 1998.

There is no reason for hiding from the reader that the town in which this singular story commences is situated in Virginia, United States of America. With his permission, we will call this town Whaston, and we will place it in the east, on the right bank of the Potomac; but we deem it useless to specify the exact whereabouts of Whaston, which does not appear even on the best maps.

The Hunt for the Meteor (1965, London: Arco/Westport, CT: Associated Booksellers, Fitzroy Edition, trans. I.O. Evans) - reprint: New York: Ace, 1965.

The town in which this strange story begins is situated in Virginia, U.S.A.; it may be called Whaston, on the right bank of the river Potomac; it is useless to specify its exact whereabouts, for it does not appear even on the best maps.

***Le Pilote du Danube* - 1908**

Ce jour-là, samedi 5 août 1876, une foule nombreuse et bruyante remplissait le cabaret à l'enseigne du *Rendez-vous de Pêcheurs*. Chansons, cris, chocs des verres, applaudissements, exclamation, se fondaient en un terrible vacarme que dominaient, à intervalles presque réguliers, ces *hoch!* par lesquels a coutume de s'exprimer la joie allemande à son paroxysme.

Le fenêtrés de ce cabaret donnaient directement sur le Danube, à l'extrémité de la charmante petite ville de Sigmaringen, capitale de l'enclave prussienne de Hohenzollern, située presque à l'origine de ce grand fleuve de l'Europe centrale.

The Danube Pilot (1967, London: Arco/Westport, CT: Associated Booksellers, Fitzroy Edition, trans. I.O. Evans).

On 5th August 1876 a large noisy crowd was gathered in *The Angler's Rest*. Songs, shouts, the clatter of glasses, applause, exclamations, all combined to produce a terrible din, regularly punctuated by the loud "Hochs!" which express the summit of Teutonic joy.

The windows opened on to the Danube, where the pleasant little town of Sigmaringen almost dominates its source.

***Les Naufragés du Jonathan* - 1910**

◦ C'était un gracieux animal, le cou long et d'une courbure élégante, la croupe arrondie, les jambes nerveuses et effilées, les flancs effacés, la robe d'un roux fauve tacheté de blanc, la queue courte, en panache, très fournie de poils. Son nom dans le pay: *guanaco*; en français: *guanaque*.

◦ Le Kaw-djer, à la tête des quinze volontaires, traversera la plaine au pas de course. Il lui suffit de quelques minutes pour atteindre Libéria.

The Masterless Man and *The Unwilling Dictator* [2 vols.] (1962, London: Arco/Westport, CT: Associated Booksellers, Fitzroy Edition, trans. I.O. Evans).

◦ It was a graceful animal, its neck long and beautifully curved, its legs long and slender, its skin of russet-brown flecked with white, its tail short and bushy. Its local name was the *guanaco*.

◦ At the head of his fifteen volunteers, the Kaw-djer hastened across the plain. A few minutes sufficed to bring him to Liberia.

☆ *Magellania* (2002, New York: Welcome Rain, trans. Benjamin Fry). This translation is of Verne's original manuscript, before revisions by his son, Michel.

It was a graceful animal, with a long neck, elegant curvature, rounded rump, and nervous tapering legs with a tawny, white-speckled red coat, and a short, tufted, thick-haired tail. In the countryside it was called the *guanaco*, or *guanaque*.

***Le Secret de Wilhelm Storitz* - 1910**

« Et arrive le plus tôt que tu pourras, mon cher Henri. Je t'attends avec impatience. D'ailleurs, le pays est magnifique, et cette région de la Basse-Hongrie est de nature à intéresser un ingénieur. Ne serait-ce qu'à ce point de vue, tu ne regretteras pas ton voyage.

A toi de tout coeur,
Marc Vidal »

Ainsi se terminait la lettre que je reçus de mon frère, le 4 avril 1757.

The Secret of William Storitz (1963, London: Arco/Westport, CT: Associated Booksellers, Fitzroy Edition, trans. I.O. Evans).

"And do come as soon as you can my dear Henri; I am waiting impatiently for you. Besides, the country is magnificent, and this district in Lower Hungary is just the thing to interest an engineer. Were it only from that point of view, you would not regret making the journey.

Very Heartily Yours, Marc Vidal"

Thus ended the letter which I received from my brother on 4th April, 1757.

***Hier et demain (recueil de nouvelles comprenant: Aventures de la famille Raton, Monsieur Re-Dièze et Mademoiselle Mi-Bémol, La Destinée de Jean Morénas, Le Humbug, Au XXIX^e siècle: Journée d'un journaliste américain en 2889, L'Éternel Adam)* - 1910**

"Aventures de la famille Raton"

Il y avait une fois une honnête famille de rats, composée du père Raton, de la mère Ratonne, de la fille Ratine et du cousin Raté. Ses deux domestiques, c'étaient le cuisinier Rata et la bonne Ratane.

"Monsieur Ré-Dièze et Mademoiselle Mi-Bémol"

Nous étions une trentaine d'enfants à l'école de Kalfermatt, une vingtaine de garçons entre six et douze ans, une dizaine de filles entre quatre et neuf ans.

"La Destinée de Jean Morénas"

Ce jour-la—vers la fin du mois de septembre, il y a de cela déjà bien longtemps—, un riche équipage s'arrêta devant l'hôtel de vice-amiral commandant la place de Toulon.

"Le Humbug"

Au mois de mars 1863, je m'embarquai sur le steam-boat le *Kentucky*, qui fait le service entre New York et Albany.

"Au XXIX^e siècle: La Journée d'un journaliste américain en 2889"

Les hommes de ce XXIX^e siècle vivent au milieu d'une féerie continuelle, sans avoir l'air de s'en douter. Blasés sur les merveilles, ils restent froids devant celles que le progrès leur apporte chaque jour.

"In the Year 2889" (Sept. 1888-Feb. 1989, *The Forum* [New York] - first published in English by Michel Verne).

Little though they seem to think of it, the people of this twenty-ninth century live continually in a fairyland. Surfeited as they are with marvels, they are indifferent in the presence of each new marvel.

"L'Éternel Adam"

Le zartog Sofr-Aï-Sr – c'est-à-dire, « le docteur troisième représentant mâle de la cent-unième génération de la lignée des Sofr » – suivait à pas lents la principale rue de Basidra, capitale du Hars-Iten-Schu, – autrement dit « l'Empire-des-Quatre-Mers. »

"Eternal Adam" (March 1957, *Saturn*, trans. Willis T. Bradley)

The Zartog Sofr-Al-Sr—that is, the learned Doctor Sofr, youngest member of the hundred-and-first generation of his lineage—was making his way at a comfortable pace along the chief street in Basidra, capital of the Hars-Iten-Schu, the Empire (as we would call it) of the Four Seas.

Yesterday and Tomorrow (1965, London: Arco/Westport, CT: Associated Booksellers, Fitzroy Edition, trans. I.O. Evans) - reprint: New York: Ace, 1965. NOTE: this edition does not conform to the original French version: it omits "The Humbug" and includes "An Ideal City," "Ten Hours Hunting," "Frritt-Flacc," and "Gil Braltar."

"The Fate of Jean Morénas"

One day—towards the end of September, a long time ago—a luxurious carriage drew up before the office of the Vice-Admiral Commanding the Port of Toulon.

"An Ideal City"

A Public Lecture Delivered by Jules Verne, Director, on 12th December 1875.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

Will you permit me to neglect all the duties of a Director of the Academy of Amiens presiding at a public session, by replacing the usual lecture by an account of an adventure which happened to myself?

"Ten Hours Hunting"

There are people who don't like huntsmen, and perhaps they're not altogether wrong.

Is it because it doesn't disgust these gentry to kill the game with their own hands before they eat it?

"Frritt-Flacc" (first published in Nov. 1959, *Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*) - see *Un Billet de Loterie, suivi de Frritt-Flacc*

Frritt! That is the wind getting up.

Flacc! That is the rain falling in torrents.

Its roaring force is bending the trees on the adjacent hills and driving on to break against the slopes of the mountains of Crimma.

"Gil Braltar" (first published in July 1958, *Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*)

There were seven or eight hundred of them at least. Of medium height, but strong, supple, framed to make prodigious bounds, they gamboled in the last rays of the sun, now setting over the mountains which formed serried ridges westward of the roadstead.

"In the Twenty-Ninth Century: The Day of an American Journalist in 2889" - reprinted in Jules Verne, *The Eternal Adam, and other Stories*, ed. Peter Costello, London: Phoenix, 1999.

The men of the twenty-ninth century live in a perpetual fairyland, though they do not seem to realise it. Bored with wonders, they are cold towards everything that progress brings them every day.

"Mr. Ray Sharp and Miss Me Flat"

There were about thirty of us children in Kalfermatt School, a score of boys between six and twelve years old, and ten girls between four and nine.

"The Eternal Adam" - reprinted in Jules Verne, *The Eternal Adam, and other Stories*, ed. Peter Costello, London: Phoenix, 1999.

Zartog Sofr-Aï-Sr—meaning "Doctor, third male representative of the hundred and first generation in the Sofr Family"—was slowly following the principal street of Basidra, the capital of the Hars-Iten-Schu—otherwise known as "The Empire of the Four Seas."

☆ *Humbug: The American Way of Life* (1991, Edinburgh: Acadian, trans. William Butcher)

In March 1863, I embarked on the *Kentucky*, the steamboat plying between New York and Albany.

☆ "The Humbug: The American Way of Life" in *The Jules Verne Encyclopedia*, ed. Brian Taves and Stephen Michaluk Jr. (1996, Lanham, MD: Scarecrow, trans. Edward Baxter) - reprinted in Jules Verne, *The Eternal Adam, and other Stories*, ed. Peter Costello, London: Phoenix, 1999.

On a March day in 1863 I boarded the steamboat *Kentucky*, which travels back and forth between New York and Albany.

☆ *Adventures of the Rat Family* (1993, Oxford: Oxford UP, trans. Evelyn Copeland)

Once upon a time there was a family of rats: the father, Raton; the mother, Ratonne; their daughter, Ratine; and her cousin, Raté. Their servants were the cook, Rata, and the maid, Ratane.

***L'Étonnante aventure de la mission Barsac* - 1919**

◦ Assurément, l'audacieux cambriolage qui a tant occupé la presse sous le nom de l'affaire de la Central Bank et qui a eu, quinze jours durant, l'honneur de ses manchettes, n'est pas effacé de toutes les mémoires, malgré les années écoulées.

◦ Presque au croisement du deuxième degré de longitude ouest et du seizième degré de latitude nord, c'est-à-dire un peu en aval du point le plus septentrional atteint par le Niger, la ville de Gao-Gao s'élève sur la rive gauche de ce fleuve qui, dans cette partie de son cours, marque la limite sud-ouest du Sahara.

The Barsac Mission: Into the Niger Bend and The City of the Sahara [2 vols.] (1960, London: Arco/Westport, CT: Associated Booksellers, Fitzroy Edition, trans. I.O. Evans) - reprint: New York: Ace, 1960.

◦ Certainly the audacious robbery which the press featured as "The Central Bank Business," and which was front-page news for a whole fortnight, has not yet been forgotten.

◦ At the beginning of the century even the most accurate and recent maps represented the Sahara, that immense stretch of nearly 300,000 square miles, only by a blank space.