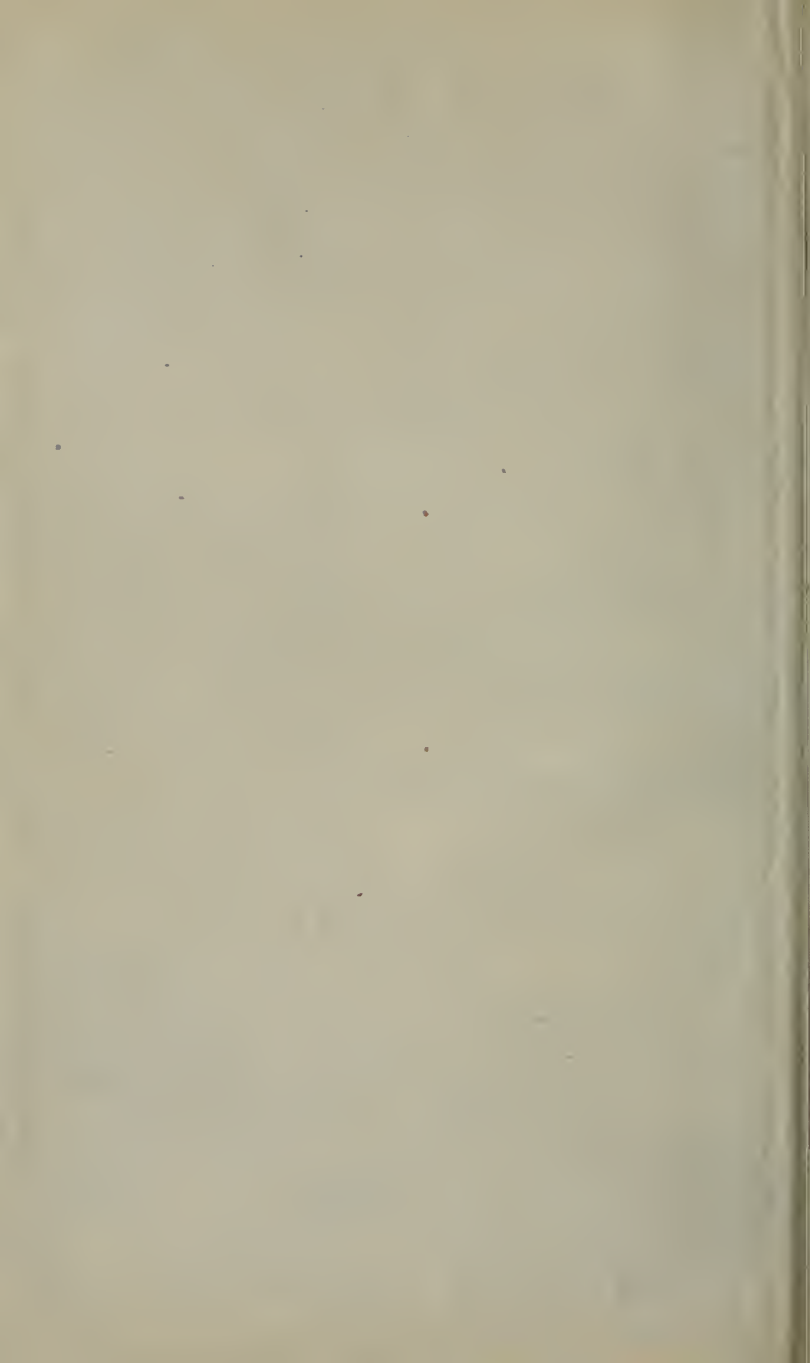
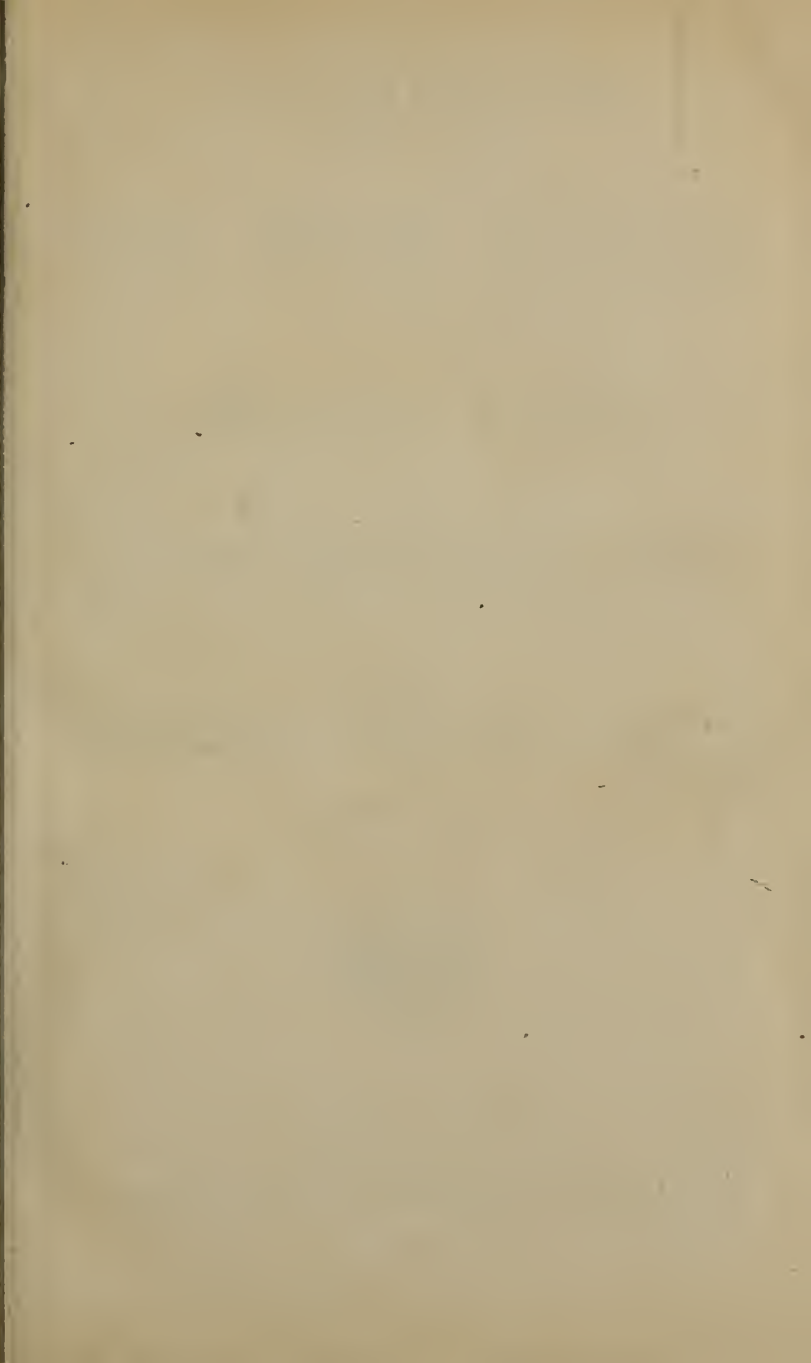
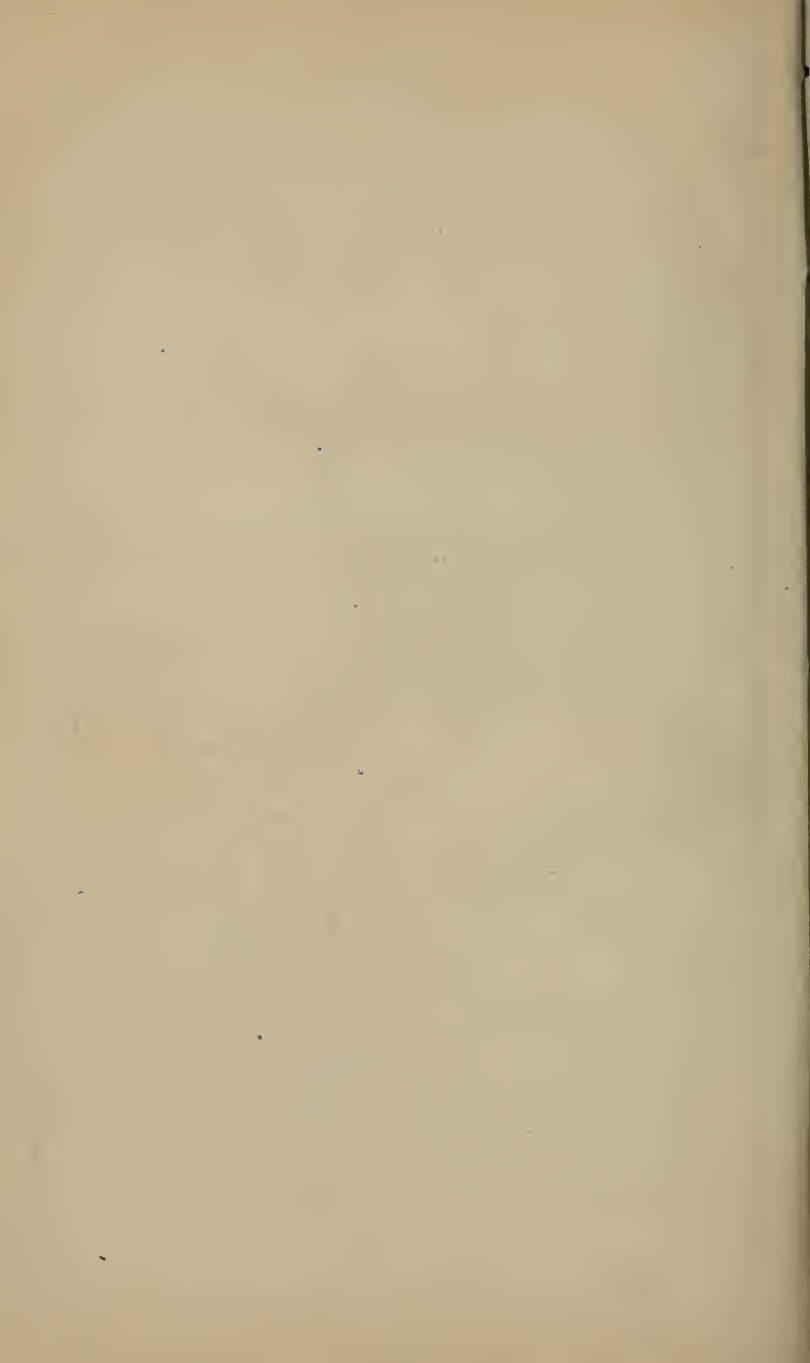


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CASCA LLANNA:

(GOOD NEWS.)

LOVE, WOMAN, MARRIAGE:

THE GRAND SECRET!

A BOOK FOR THE HEARTFUL.

"But our true nature is in our thoughts, not our deeds: And, therefore, in books
— which *are* his thoughts — the author's character lies bare to the discerning eye."

— BULWER.

FOURTH EDITION.



BOSTON:

RANDOLPH PUBLISHING COMPANY.

1872.

TO

MY DEAD MOTHER, — God bless her! — whom I never knew — for when she died I was but a babe — but to whom I am indebted for the Courage, Love, and Manhood in me! — courage to breast the fiercest storm and to strike for the Right! — love to God and all human kind, and manhood to do and say the right and true thing, no matter who or what assailed me: and to all other women the wide world over, who believe that Virtue is not a sham, nor God a delusion — to all who believe Marriage to be a Sacred Institution, founded by the Creator for Human Good; and to all who are opposed to whatever antagonizes the True, the Beautiful, and the Good,

THIS WORK

is dedicated by

Casca Llanna.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by
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PREFACE A.



YOUNG Mr. Gumbs undertook to start a paper out in Cambria county a short time ago. He called it the *Cambria Milky Way*. He said, in his prospectus, that he intended to make the *Milky Way* lively, spicy, vigorous, fearless, and entertaining; and he did. In the first number he called the editor of the rival paper "a diabolical liar, an unmitigated scoundrel, and a remorseless assassin." He alluded to the Mayor, in a cheerful paragraph, as "a corrupt magistrate, whose torments from the remorse which festered in his soul were only surpassed by the physical agony which is always the punishment of the depraved and riotous debauchee." He soothed the feelings of the postmaster with the remark that "the speculations of this official Dick Turpin can be compared to nothing but the terrific robberies committed in the past by those dastardly Spanish buccaneers, whom he so closely resembles in general character." He announced, under the head of "Social Gossip," that a certain young man had been rejected the evening before by the lady of his love, and volunteered the information that it was "the wisest thing she could have done under the peculiar circumstances;" and he related how, upon the preceding day, he heard another youth, named Alexander Jones, remark to a friend that, "if anything will make a man feel juicy about the heart, it is to talk velvet to a pair of sky-colored eyes, by moonlight, in a clover field." The next edition of the paper was not issued at the regular time. Finally some copies were sent out over the town in balloons, and they contained these editorial remarks: "The editor has found it impossible to go out to-day to hunt for news items, because the Mayor, and the editor of the *Times*, and the postmaster, and Alexander Jones, and a number of other individuals, whose names we have not been able to learn, have been sitting

on the curbstone and roosting round on the back fence all the morning with shot-guns and other murderous weapons, and looking as if they were in earnest. We give notice here that we have moved the fire-proof safe against the door of our sanctum, and have lined the front stairs with spring-guns, cross-eyed Irishmen, and insane bull-terriers, who have not been fed for a week. The privileges of a free press shall not be interfered with while we wield a pen or possess a bull-dog." The *Milky Way*, however, died next day, Mr. Gumbs having slid down the water-spout and taken the early train for Kansas.

And so, too, not every one knows how to edit a family, and come out of the trial right side up with care. Often they, after repeated experiments, come off even worse than did Mr. Gumbs. Well, here is a book containing THE GRAND SECRET, and he or she who reads it understandingly, will find the ROAD TO HAPPINESS; be able to detect the counterfeit, appreciate the true and real, and say with those who have read it, "THIS IS THE GREATEST AND BEST Book on Human Love, that ever fell from mortal pen."

Glorious John Brougham, in his play, "The Dark Hour Before Dawn," hits the truth exactly, when he, in speaking of Women as not being queens, precisely, says: "They are, as they always were, and always will be, secret agents, advisers and instigators, darling creatures and affectionate institutions generally, but in and through all, the absolute and irresistible movers of circumstances, the unseen influences that work the world's machinery, while the befooled, self-satisfied lesser half flatters himself that it's all his doing." And John Brougham was right! And also when he says: "It is sad that one should forget even in thought or for a single instant, that the UNERRING HAND holds the balance, and howsoever the world's tempest may assault the TRUTHFUL HEART, it must in time out-ride the storm."

HARRIET ———.

PREFACE B.



SAD, sad, are they who know not love,
But, far from passion's tears and smiles,
Drift down a moonless sea, and pass
The silvery coasts of faëry isles.

But sadder they, whose longing lips
Kiss empty air, and never touch
The dear warm mouth of those they love, —
Waiting, wasting, suffering much.

But clear as amber, sweet as musk,
Is life to those whose lives unite!
They bask in Allah's smile by day,
And nestle in His heart by night.

— *The Song of Fatima.*

Thus sang she. Thus singeth every true soul. And to tell the world
where to find the music, and how to pitch the eternal tune, is the object of
this book from the soul and pen of—

CASCA LLANNA.

PREFACE C.

THE HEART SONG.

Words and Music by "CASCA LLANNA." Arranged for piano-forte.

Andante.

mf

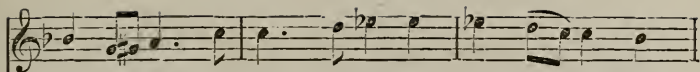
This system contains the first two staves of the piano accompaniment. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef, both with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Andante.' and the dynamic is 'mf' (mezzo-forte). The music consists of chords and single notes, with some slurs and accents.

Sva - - - - - loco.

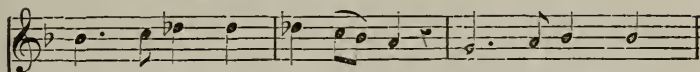
This system contains the next two staves of the piano accompaniment. The notation continues from the first system, featuring chords and single notes in the same key and time signature.

1. Love me, love me in the morning, When the light breaks
5. Love me when my life is end - ed, And my soul is

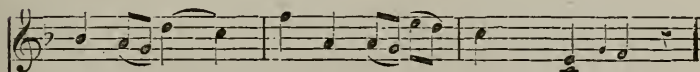
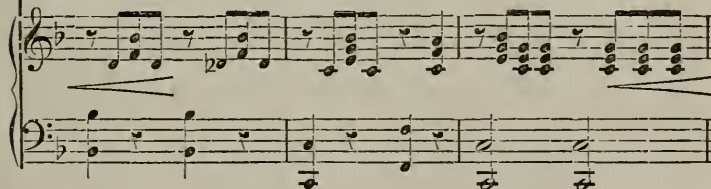
This system contains the third two staves of the piano accompaniment. The first staff includes the lyrics for the first and fifth lines of the song. The music continues with chords and single notes.



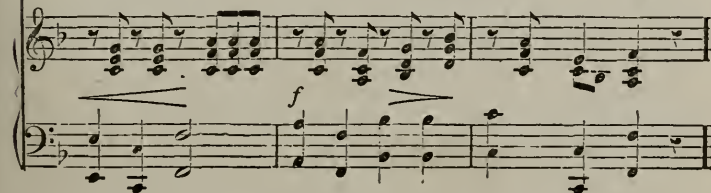
on the world, And crim - song lo - ries, sky a - dorn - ing,
waft - ed o'er The riv - er, and with an - gels blend - ed



Wave their ban - ners all unfurled. Gold - en ban - ners,
On the ev - er - bless - ed shore. Love with heart and



light so pear - ly. Love me in the morn - ing early.
soul and brain; Love me! we shall meet a - gain.



1st INTERLUDE.

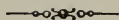


2d INTERLUDE.



- 2 Love me when the sun is flashing
Rippling seas of love and light;
Love me when his beams are dashing
Death to darkness and to night;
Love me gently, truly, sweetly;
Love me nobly, and completely.
- 3 Love me in the eventide,
When God's starry eyes look down;
Or tempests on the air shall ride,
And threat'ning storms in anger frown;
Then draw me gently to thy breast,
And soothe my timid soul to rest.
- 4 Love me when my cheek is fading,
And my sparkling eyes grow dim;
And flecks of gray my hair are shading,—
My form no longer lithe and trim;
Love me when no longer young,—
End the race as you begun.

CASCA LLANNA.



CHAPTER I.

“The Time, the Place — ah, woe is me
That change like this on earth should be!”

VIVE L'AMOUR! And flourish true, and perish false, affection! The theme is LOVE! The grand master of us all; the tyrant who rules us with a strong hand, yet the slavery to whom, is the most delicious bondage ever known.

Love is *not* the gay and festive thing a great many are apt, too hastily, to imagine; for of all things else whatever, in human experience, it is *the* most serious and solemn.

Three general aims in life are before us all, and for the gaining of which all strive alike, with might, main and patience. These are Wealth, Power, Love. To safely secure the first is often to defeat the grand end and aim of life, — Happiness. To achieve the second is often to be bound, chained, imprisoned, limited, become dissatisfied; to gain them both is to quench a thirst, with thirst-producing waters! To achieve the third is bliss indeed. To fail is death, incompleteness, perpetual unrest.

It is only when some great calamity and agony has whelmed us; after some mighty grief has befallen us; after some terrible tempest of the heart has swept relentlessly over us, that we become capable of receiving great truths from Beyond, and of bearing a lofty message to mankind!

It is only when our own souls are, or have been, racked with tortures and sufferings, *ourselves* can only know, that we become capable of justly appreciating the wretchedness of

others; comprehending the real meaning of the word Sympathy, and of exercising charity and compassion. And so, now, the writer of this gives the light and truth from out of the depths, to those who need it—the teeming thousands of the lands,—men and women, everywhere, and of all races, ages, languages, and climes, because, in heart-matters, all are on an equal footing, and all alike, from the hutless miner to the crowned king, are subjects of, and sadly listen to, the story of love. To open an hitherto unexplored field of this, the master passion, and make all wiser who read the book, is why the book is written.

Of course it is not intended herein either to relate a series of love-adventures, special incidents, deluge the reader with medical bosh, or in any way pander to a corrupt taste or morbid appetite. Far from it. The book has an infinitely higher, better, nobler end to achieve. It is proposed to present the crystallized result of a life's experience and observations,—a life which, as all who know the author are aware, has been one of very strange and varied character—in an hundred respects.

The book is not given as a warning either, but solely as the insight of the onlook. The diamonds of absolute knowledge and truth are there; and it is believed the work will leave the reader better, truer, nobler, and wiser than it found him or her.

Probably this is the third attempt ever made,—both the former ones by the same writer,—to follow the Grand Passion into its very crypts, and from out the glimmer, hold the torch to light others on their wearisome way at best; to pilot them off the shoals into deep water, and smoother seas; above all, to show the difference between the seeming and the real.

Love has a tragical, as well as a serio-comic side; and the victims of the tragedy side far outnumber the laughers on the gay one.

Tragedy in love? Ay! even when it is true and real, for not a few of us strangely delight in fearfully torturing the very ones we'd die for!

It need not be said that this work is written in the direct interests of the conservative side of human society, and of the great impending reaction against the false and perilous notions of love, and social life, and polity, which now taint every breath we draw, and which for many, long under the lead of bad women and worse men, have not only corrupted the general morals, but poisoned the public mind and seared its conscience; for that will appear at every step taken; but it is essential to state that the book purposes to inaugurate that reaction, and engage in a combat *à l'outrance*, with the loose philosophers and philosophies, till they are all driven to the wall, and virtue has a hearing, so long denied her.

What a spectacle is presented in our day, wherein shameless courtesans aspire to the leadership of Women, and pestilent libertines don the mantle of Philosophy, wherein to delude mankind, and in effect make society one huge lazaret-house of corruption, desolation, and ruin total and complete!

In this age of pseudo-philosophical knight-errantry, wherein every dabster in logic feels justified in running a tilt at all the human virtues, outraging Christian propriety and decency, — attempting to dethrone the very God of heaven from the universe, — a corrective is needed, and with that view the volume is issued in behalf of truth, civilization, healthy philosophy, and sound morals; for it is no mere literary enterprise on the writer's part. From the depths of his soul this book is born. The inspiring motive will presently appear.

Not all that could have been given to the world on the subject of the current book has been given in other works allied thereto from the same pen, already afloat on the sea of literature in this and other lands, mainly because intense suffering, since experienced, had not then developed the clearness of perception essential, nor the courage to boldly throw down the gauntlet to the entire herd of so-called "philosophers" and pseudo-reformers, and to carry the war straight home to the enemy's camp. These essentials now exist, and a change has been wrought in the author's mind respecting many points of

the general topic, and what was not previously said will now have free scope without fear or favor.

There are two sphinxes in the world ; one of them the author has gazed at for long hours, vainly trying to read the stupendous mystery of its calm and ultra-human countenance, as it so strangely, quietly, sits there in such awful and solemn state upon the plateau of old stone-founded Ghizeh, hard by the great Pyramid of Egypt, almost within ear-shot of the stilly, quietly gliding waters of old Nile, as he majestically, in lordly mood, sweeps on in his passage to the sea, from Dongola and the far-off Negro land ; over the rocks of Elephanta, by the grave of Him who sleeps in Philæ, past old Dendera, Aznak, Karnac, Thebes, and Luxor ; rolling like sheeted silver past the site of ruined Memphis ; laughing gayly as he glides past Rhoda, where the king's daughter found the bulrush basket, wherein slept that wondrous child who afterwards gave laws to Jewry and wrote his name in iron letters on the pages of the world's great history ; and gliding still, by many a crook and turn, at last finds his passage to the greater waters through a hundred mouths cut through the Desert's greenery ; for old Zahara, like the worst and roughest man, has bright and good spots here and there, mute, but powerful proofs that God *does* smile, even when he seems to wear the sternest frown.

Comparatively few people in the world have beheld that Sphinx. It is made of stone, modelled after some mighty thought in some mighty mind, in a mighty age ; and has silently sitten there alone, staring at the centuries as, in long lines, they swept by. Still nearly every one can comprehend the nature of the material, if not the weird meaning of the symbol.

The other and infinitely more marvellous and complex Sphinx is a multi-millioned one, and a riddle so deep that compared to which the one of stone on Ghizeh's plain is the merest child's play. This sphinx is found everywhere, seen at all times, places, seasons, ages ; is talked to, with, at, and about, by everybody ; but is understood, comprehended, fathomed, only by the everlasting, omniscient God ! Her name is —

WOMAN! Whoever can define her can go at once to the head of the class. The quality of mere sex is the least mystery about her; a mere point in the outspread sky of Femininity. She is a million affirmatives, with a flat denial back of every one of them; a straightforward fact, with just as straight a contradiction, looking at the same time out of the same identical eyes; vehement fire and Nova Zembla ice dwelling together, and not only coming to the surface alternately, but both at once; two mountains without a valley between them; an irresistible force and an immovable body contacting each other in the same person, at one and the same time; a vast bundle of direct antagonisms dwelling harmoniously together; the north and south poles striking hands. All she has proved herself to be in any given direction is but the faintest index propheticæ to an exhaustless volume of capabilities, possibilities, ay, and probabilities too, unimagined by others, undreamed of even by herself.

Heine, the German poet, probably smarting under the lash of one of these sphinxes, has left some rather sharp lines about the sex, yet lines conveying too unwelcome truths. Said he, regarding "A WOMAN:" —

"They loved each other beyond belief;
The woman a rogue was, the man was a thief;
At each piece of knavery, daily
She fell on the bed — laughing gayly.

"In joy and pleasure they passed the day;
Upon his bosom all night she lay;
When they took him to the Old Bailey
At the window she stood — laughing gayly.

"He sent her this message: Oh, come to me,
I yearn, my love, so greatly for thee;
I want thee, I pine, and look palely;
Her head she but shook — laughing gayly.

"At six in the morning they hanged the knave;
At seven they laid him down in his grave;

At eight on her ears this news fell stately —
And a bumper she took — laughing gayly."

Prior to the occurrences which inspired the present task, the writer hereof had devoted much attention to the study of the grand complex human enigma, Woman, and believed the solution to have been triumphantly reached, when a circumstance occurred, the effect of which was to entirely rid him of that dangerous conceit.

One day there came into the author's rooms a venal and a villainous negro, whose presence was insufferable by reason of his moral filth, and utter lack of even the primary elements of manhood. To get rid of the fellow, some of the writer's books were given him. These he took to the place where he served as Jack-of-all-work, and boasting of his present, displayed them to a woman — no — but a sphinx, who earned a portion of her bread in the same establishment. The result of her reading was that she visited the author. An acquaintance sprung up, that ripened into a one-sided affection — on his part for her. Another week, and that affection became a terrible and vehement fascination. To that woman the reading world, in a great measure, is indebted not only for this book, but for the most prodigious change of view and advancement in the realms and energizing of the Power of Thought, he had ever known in ten times the period. After all, things *are* balanced in this world could we only but see it; and in this case, although that strange woman, that cool, conscienceless, sinister, thin-lipped, blue-eyed, affectional sorceress — not in its vilest sense — brought havoc and hades in her train, yet a glorious power was born of the agony, and but for La Blondette this book had never seen the light; for she practically taught him more about woman, more of the unfathomable profundities of *womanine* nature of all sorts, in six brief weeks, than had previously been learned in many long years of unremitting study, observations, analogies, and experience, in all lands, with all peoples, and under every variety of circumstances, and favor-

able conditions. Why? Because she shook his soul to its foundations and brought new forces into play.

There's nothing like love, — or what passes current under that name, and is felt and believed to be such, — to shut one's eyes most thoroughly and completely, both to one's own shortcomings and weaknesses of character, and to those of the object of the sentiment and passion. There's nothing like the sudden loss of it to open them very widely indeed! and then what a rush of new knowledges flood in upon the soul and brain! How quickly one finds out the sore spot in the heart, and the soft one in the head, — as did the writer of these lines, who pens them, confessionally, for the loftiest of purposes, and which were not achievable otherwise; for it is not disgraceful to acknowledge having a heart, or that said heart has been warmed with affection or scorched with wild-fire, by a flame from Tartarus. When a man or woman is suddenly flung out upon the night, alone; whirled like a flash from the orbit and sphere of love; when one to whom you have given your heart, and bound all your hopes upon, turns from and bitterly mocks your most fearful pain and gayly laughs while your heart is wrung and bleeding, — how quickly you find out just where that heart is situate; that one has a soul, and that soul full of keenly sensitive nerves. How quickly one develops feeling; learns what companionship amounts to, and the priceless value of the treasured footsteps now gone forever and heard no more; and of the voice whose beloved accents no longer fall in welcome music upon the listening ear, sharpset and waiting to hear it, but waiting in vain! Then, *ah, then*, we begin to understand what desolation means; and how utterly insignificant are wealth and its trappings, fame and its trumpet, power and its sceptre, ambition and its fires; its sharp, quick throbbing; its fierce and deep untest, compared to the single breath of love! How distasteful are even sympathy and condolence then, — when the heart is reft and lonely! How utterly meaningless is even the lure of human beauty, or mental power, music, art, philosophy, — everything but religion, when love has left us wrecked and stranded on the shore; and even religion is hard to think about

just then! for we are so constructed that when we are full of a love-loss, there's precious little room for anything else. But then again it is well, right here, to apply a little common sense; for it so happens that most people so thoroughly embalm a supposed loved one in their own sphere, as to imagine they dearly love that other, when in fact they are merely loving their own reflected selves, and all the love is on one side only. They get moody, stay continually indoors, keep away from society, and grow morbid all the time; when if they would but stir out and mingle with others, the blues would soon take wing; they would find out the utter worthlessness of their idol, and discover a great many *better* fish in the sea than *they* ever caught out of it; for a one-sided love don't amount to much at best, and the sooner it is shaken off the better! Let the fascinator go, for the chances are ten to one that he or she is not worth cultivating or fretting over. All of us are so constituted that we frequently take an almost insane, certainly unreasonable, delight in deceiving ourselves. In the case of one male victim, in spite of a large experience, nothing whatever could remove the impression that he dearly, madly loved and adored a strange woman, nor that she loved him in return, when the fact is that he was under a basilisk, vampire spell, and she was making a few points best known to herself; and had no more real love for him than a tigress has for a tender lamb, except in the devouring sense. The whole thing was horribly false, yet terribly real. Now others are liable to the self-same or co-tangent experiences, and would gladly learn the loftier and the better side of love. That they may, is why the work is penned; that hearts bowed down in unhealthy depression, and suffering untold agonies, even tormented beyond degree at the bare idea of their idols, being looked at by another, may learn to laugh with palpitating joy at their deliverance from a vampire-thrall, and thereafter, unmoved, behold that self-same idol wrapped in the foul embrace of a tame gorilla, and without enduring even one single pangful twinge at the spectacle.

A false love withers the soul; a true one builds it up and makes it giant strong. It will turn out on examination that a

great many so-called burning loves, like *La Blondette's*, are but unhealthful fevers, smelling more of below than above, sulphur than roses, and charged with bitter instead of sweets.

There are better birds in the air than ever yet were caught and caged ; and better loving hearts, too, all waiting their chances to play their parts in the grand drama of Home and its joys, in many acts and numerous tableaux. Time dries many tears and opens many graves, yet never fails, when appealed to, to cure all cases of morbid love.

That would be a vain and hardy traveller who should affirm that he had seen *all* things worth viewing on the globe ; yet not one-tenth so desperate in assertion as he who should declare or even fancy he had even a half idea of *all* the mysteries locked up within any one of the myriad moving paradoxes flitting around us all the time, some of them scarcely noticed amidst the ceaseless throng. Such a one would be a fit subject for a strait-jacket, because the man does not, and never did, live, who can, or could, fathom one half of the profundities of a woman's nature, or sense one half of the awful amount of power coiled away within the deeps of her being, and she herself is not half aware of what she is capable of.

One day an old black lady of —, a lady both by culture, for she had been educated in France, and had half a million of money to back it, said to the Duchess de Broglie : “ Madame, why do you not win the Duke to your feet, *now*, as in the olden time ? ” — “ Ah, *ma foi* ! It is impossible ! ” — “ With your *face*, yes ! but *not* with your *feet* ! ” — “ Feet ! what ? ” — “ Why, Madame, when you want to win the Duke, wear close-fitting dresses, *semi-negligée* ! *white stockings and low-quartered shoes* ! ” The duchess laughed — and tried it on, — for thus attired his wife was the most beautiful woman that breathed the sunny air of France ; — and the “ *recipe* ” has never yet failed in any other land. Why ? Because it never was, and *never* will be, in the power of any man to resist the attractions of a woman he once loved, attired thus. There is a wonderful magic about it, whose nature and effects are alike inscrutable. But many a man and

woman dies and never finds it out — and indeed, never makes an effort to try to.

Sitting on a chair in the office where this is written is an intimate acquaintance of the author's, — a landscape painter of mighty fame and far mightier power, besides being a very clever poet — as the rooms are in some sense a meeting-ground for a few choice souls. Mr. —'s spirit is that of old Castilian pride itself, whose will but a few months ago was adamantine, and who held up his head like a born king, as he is; but that self-same head is to-night in sorrow deep bowed down, and to him the great outer life of the world, erewhile so jocund and full of brightness, is black as inky darkness, because a woman — his sport and half mockery last year — has taught him that he really has a heart; sometimes a bitter lesson!

How strangely we are organized; and how curious it is that, despite all human experience, which ought to have taught us better, we so seldom value health till sickness lays its heavy hand upon us; religion, till death and sorrow have crossed our thresholds, and reddened our lintels with our own heart's blood; wealth, till ruin rushes upon us; or love, till we have blighted it, and brought desolation on our heads!

“ We gathered shells, from day to day,
And — threw them, like a child, away ! ”

And yet that is the same old human story. Is it to be repeated forever and forever? God knows.

If it be indeed a sublime and divine truth that sex itself is but provisional, — that is, limited to a given arc of the universal polygon of souls' duration; a provisional phenomena which finds its last estoppel when a given epoch shall have been lived through here on earth, in this partial life, and in that fuller one which follows it after we cross to the other side, as many believe, — then is it easy to comprehend the force and vast meaning of the doctrine first announced by the author of this work, but for certain reasons, no longer existent, accredited to a certain mystical fraternity, but now openly acknowledged, which doctrine

he gave in a "First Manifesto." That idea is the true one, and it positively declares and affirms that in the feminine side of the vast universe is the womb of Being!—is centred the awful and tremendous vortex of power ceaselessly moving that universe from turret to foundation; and in which is fashioned, and from whence is born, the All that is, because itself is the centralia of Energy. The startling hypothesis may be true in fact, as to the writer's soul. If life here be but the shadow of that beyond and hereafter, — and as it is clear that all real POWER resides in the feminine principle here, while Force, its shadow, emanates from, and is wielded by, the masculine, — then femininity proclaims its vast superiority, and WOMAN at once, by reason of that principle alone, and aside from all other personal qualities whatever, instantly ceases to be small, but straightway looms up and wears a radiant importance and majesty, superlatively, unspeakably divine and grand.

Take the world and all things in it, divide them up, and it will be found that those of love, which of course is feminine in its nature, outnumber and outweigh those of mind or masculinity, to an extent not easily believable until after the comparisons are made. Music, art, the vowels, affection, pulchritude, light, color, and all derived therefrom, are essentially feminine, because each bears the burden of *betterness* within its very nature.

Is it not a common knowledge even, that nearly all men who have of their prowess achieved great names and grand results have invariably brought them forth from the feminine side of their natures? Witness the history of music, art, sculpture, poetry, and the drama. Even great warriors have won their proudest laurels on gory fields of human slaughter, under the mighty impulsion of woman's love; while it is notorious that no great statesman or orator ever lived who was not a devoted lover of woman; and no speaker ever can reach such sublime and lofty heights of eloquence and impassioned speech, as when he catches the bright glance and approving smile of some fair auditress before him. Then, ah, *then*!

“When by the mighty speaker brought,
Truth’s sacred triumphs come,
Verse ceases to be airy thought,
And sculpture to be dumb.”

The fact is, that, take love and beauty away from a man, and he becomes a poor, dry stick at best ; for it is impossible to do any great thing except under the inspiration of love in some phase.

But all is not love that passes current as, and is very often believed to really be such,—even excluding *Passioné*, for of all things in the world genuine love is the rarest and scarcest ; hard to find, and difficult to keep ; besides which, it, above everything else, has the most counterfeits, a very large family of which have their rise and flow in, and from, that multi-phased thing known as Magnetism. It was this pestiferous magnetism from a disordered soul and nerves of a vampiral woman, which nearly ruined the painter and poet recently instanced ; it it was this vampiral absorption that once drove the writer across the seas in order to break *her* hold upon his very life ; it was the self-same vampirism that caused him to go nearly wild, and to rush away from the basilisk blonde, else perish beneath her very eyes ; it was the knowledge that he was full of magnetic life and *vif* that once caused an amiable couple to lavish kindnesses upon him, entertain, feed, picnic, and sojourn with them,—because the very instant he entered their stately stone mansion, that instant his very life began to ooze out from him and go to the love-starved invalid woman, who was literally hungry for magnetism, and whose system emitted a poison sort, which penetrates the positive person, attracts, and serves as a conduit to fill her emptiness with his own rich, full, magnetic life. It is men and women only of the vampire grade, who advocate free love, and call the infernal thing divine ! It is the travelling, spouting, lecturing vampires of the pseudo-spiritualistic school, who preach promiscuity, separate families, and sail a man or a woman Hull-deep in wretchedness and affectional hell by their specious sophistry, before the

victims are aware of the dreadful drift. The author at this writing had closed an interview with a gentleman of Ohio, named — no matter,—a man utterly broken and wrecked in heart and hope, and his family and himself divided by the infamous teachings of a travelling philosopher, of Hell's blackest school, named H—l, who poisoned the mind of the man's wife right before the husband's own face; and the writer knew another scoundrel, of the same name, whose path through the land is one track of bitterness, for no man's home, or wife, or child, was safe from his infernal vampiral raids on homes. A third villain of the same cast, in Chicago, during the author's absence in the East, in 1867, corrupted his wife, and broke up a joyous family. But Mr. J—m—s—n and his male victim will one day meet, on this earth or off it, and then there will be a final reckoning. Reader, think of the terrible crime, — of writing to an absent husband that his loved wife had fallen lower than the dregs of earth, at the same time writing to the wife that her husband was consorting with the scum of the world; both being lies as false as ever came from bad hearts, and both schemes carried out for purposes of lust and robbery! Both successful: an honest wife ruined; a hard working man blasted, ruined, crushed to earth, and groaning to God that the bitter cup might pass. Out of the wrong came divorce, and with it desolation. Time flew by, and then — when it was TOO LATE — the fraud exploded. Now came the thought, — Human revenge? Forgiveness? Neither, — show up the system! Break the power of these fiends! Rescue the imperilled hosts; expose the terrible frauds, and strike the fallacy dead. The last thought was the best. Death to vampirism! It is that which destroys husbands, desolates homes, kills wives, saps the life of society, runs young children into consumption, and fills the land with unnumbered horrors. The destroyers abound, and the subject of vampirism in all its infernal phases, all its dreadful shapes and methods, is now brought forward herein, because the recital will unquestionably put people on their guard; open the eyes of many who have heretofore been blinded to the real facts of their own cases; and

enable them to clearly discriminate, first between the seeming and the real ; and, secondly, to distinguish the genuine affection from the false and counterfeit ; thereby showing them the safe and speedy methods of deliverance and rest ; for no people on earth suffer keener tortures of soul, or more unbearable mental agony, than do the myriad victims of morbid magnetism ; especially when it gets a tight grip upon its victims by assuming the specious but delightful garb of actual, positive, genuine affection and love.

There are strong and marked differences between the two, and also between the real and other merely semblant affections of the human heart and soul.

The genuineness of a love may always be questioned whenever interest, position, or passion, enter into it as a major ingredient, singly or combined ; for true love has its roots in the very substance of the soul itself, and does not depend for its strength, power, or perdurability, upon the superficial qualities or external characteristics or qualifications of its object. A real love grows by what it feeds on, and both parties to it are stronger and better for and from the varied play of its varied forces ; but a false love, on the contrary, is exhaustive and dissatisfactory in all respects. Genuine love drinks and is satisfied ; but false affection cries, " Give, give," even when the very life and health, and bloom, and beauty, or the mental stamina, strength, force, power, or energy of its object must be the sacrifice. True love ever conduces to perpetuity and increase of all these, and never gloats over the ruin of the object of its likes and desire.

Where a bride grows pale, weak, sickly, morbid, and continues to, month after month, and year after year, the genuineness of the love between herself and mate is a thing of dread suspicion, to say the least ; and *per contra*, where a man loses his higher, nobler, better selfhood, grows careless, wan, shadowy, petulant, irritable, the love relations between himself and wife are probably not of the heavenly type or most transcendently divine model, character, or quality. Neither is a genuine love of such an ardent, impetuous, vehement, or volcanic nature, as is a false,

or merely nervous love ; and all men should suspect themselves when such is the case ; while a woman who suffers herself to be won by a lover exhibiting such, is, to say the least about it, providing a deep and sure grave not only for her health and peace, but for her hopes and body ; for a passion-based love comes from Hades and returns thither, generally carrying both parties — one certainly, the woman — along with it ; whereas its opposite, or normal love, hails direct from Heaven, and transports its subjects there ; so great the difference between this and that.

The first difference is that really true love always seeks to render its object happy, even at the sacrifice of its own joy. Passion-love, on the contrary, pursues exactly the opposite course, and pleases itself at whatever cost to its object.

Love endures ; passion lasts but a breath ; while morbid magnetism withers its victim away, leaving the sufferer miserable and wretched indeed. Love adores the mental traits ; passion rejoices in the physical *solely* !

It almost invariably happens that those persons who are most full of real love, whose souls are richest and ripest, and whose natures yearn to embalm others in its fulness, are, as a general thing, the very ones who are most frequently victimized by shams and counterfeits, and soonest fall a prey to the designing schemers, female and male alike, who infest every society, and poison every atmosphere with their rancorous breath.

While a man or woman is surrounded by baleful associations, mental, social, or material, he or she is sure to become completely saturated with the poison effluvium emanating from the souls and bodies of the contaminators ; and just so long as he or she does so, the absorbing process goes on, and they are compelled, as a result, to think, feel, act, and be like unto those surrounding them. In just so far forth as one becomes saturated with this essential quintessence of ghoulism, just in so far do they lose sight of true human duty either to themselves or their best friends ; for an infatuation seizes on them, which, like a horse-leech, never lets go until it reeks and revels in the blood and life of its victim. Under its influence the ideas dwell

far more upon lurid passionism, than calm and holy love ; the victim is never easy ; seldom rests content, even for a moment ; peaceful days, quiet nights, or ease of mind, gentle sleep or sweet repose, are all unknown ; and the strangest part of it all is, that the victim, so long as entwined in the meshes, is never so happy as when yielding all of life, and love, and hope, to the base despoiler of his or her soul. Wherever that despoiler may be, there will the hope, and wish, and thought of the despoiled be also ; and thus passes a brief time ; desertion follows ; madness comes upon the scene, and sudden death or suicide ends the dreadful tragedy.

Reference has already been made to a variety of love simulations, — a remarkable series of somethings marvellously like that divine existence, but which in reality are nothing whatever akin thereto.

“ My soul, I bid thee answer : —
 How are Love’s triumphs wrought ? —
 ‘ Two hearts with but one feeling,
 Two spirits with one thought.’

“ And tell me how Love cometh ? —
 ‘ It comes unsought, unsent !’
 And tell me how Love goeth ? —
 ‘ *It was not LOVE that went !*’ ”

The consideration of the subject of the affections might easily lead the way to quite a large field of metaphysical and transcendental inquiry, but for which the reader probably has no taste, nor the writer either disposition or time ; for it is not and never was proposed herein to discuss the absurd and involute conjugalism of Swedenborg ; the pestilential affinityism of the present age ; the marriage-abrogation nonsense of various high-flown “ philosophers ;” the Mormon system, which, having children solely for its great object, is a long remove from all the others, — nor, in short, to present or deliver long homilies on perfectionism or any other erratic and erotic system, so much in vogue, and which are so strongly advocated by

the venal and scrofulous presses of the land. Neither is it intended to take sides with any of the so-called Woman's Rights movements, all of which represent the sex as wholly wronged, and the world and life nothing but perpetual martyrdom for her; simply because the statement is not true, even in the heart-relations of the race, for quite as many men suffer as keenly from the irregularities of love in some form or other, as there do of women; and it is doubtful if more women suffer from the heartlessness of those upon whom their affections are placed, than men; and most assuredly when they do so suffer, their chances of a quick recovery therefrom are even better than are those of fine-nerved men.

Love is the grand *circulus æterni motus*, — the great eternal circular movement,—which sweeps either sex alike into the vale of happiness, or dashes them, wrecked and broken, upon the sterile shores of desolation; and neither has the advantage of the other in this regard. There's a great deal too much whine and one-sidedness generally in the treatment and discussion of these matters; and poets sing and penners write just as if women alone were possessed of hearts capable of agony and of being pierced and shattered; and as if men had leather souls, as well as soles, and India-rubber affections, capable of being stabbed without injury, and stretched to the crack of doom without being strained or broken! All that sort of partialism is sheer rank absurdity, and the most contemptible nonsense, no matter who utters it, or how high the authority, for God Himself made both sexes, placed them on a common level, and strung both hearts with identical cords; and when played upon roughly each gives out the same sad wail; and when either is swept by master hands each alike swells under the touch, and utters the same glad music of the soul! Indeed, it is doubtful if ever a man was so refinedly cruel in love matters as a woman is capable of being. The author of this work sacredly believes that even a greater percentage of women are false to their husbands than there are of husbands false to their wives; and that more women moving in respectable ranks know where assignation houses are located than do married men on a general aver-

age. The Helens and Emmas abound. All this may sound harsh, but it is God's truth, nevertheless ; while on the score of heartless cruelty, an instance in proof that it won't do for Pot to call Kettle black too soon : — There was a fair, little, slender, blue-eyed woman somewhere near Montreal, Canada. She had a husband, who undoubtedly loved her dearly, and whom she pretended to love quite as intensely, sincerely, and equally well, in return. For her that man had sacrificed everything, and now lay on his dying bed ; yet at that very time, — she *boasted* of it afterwards to the author of this work, — she carried on a guilty *liaison* with a married man during the entirety of that period, and her excuse was “Physiological necessity,” rather Hadeiological ! By and by he died, and she found her way to another eastern city, where an Italian artist — whom she also speedily ruined and left afterwards — kindly taught her a branch of art whereby she could, and did, gain a fine living. Presently she — the pale-faced blonde — placed her eyes on a black, ignorant, stupid negro ; at first moulded him to her will, and through him soon found a new victim, around whom she threw her quickly dreadful glamour ; and as soon as he was desperately entangled, played with him as fisher-boys do a trout, or a wily cat with a wretched mouse. By and by her nefarious ends were gained, and she calmly tortured that man to the very brink of suicide, and then coolly told him she had never cared a farthing for him, and gayly went back to her thick-lipped woolly-headed lover. The result was that her victim was stricken with deadly illness, and his friends flocked round to see him die, and among them came that fiend in woman's garb ; and as he lay there prone and helpless on the bed, she sat there and smiled as coolly and pleased as if she were listening to a strain of melody from the last new opera bouffe of Offenbach or Herve ! Is there a man living capable of deeds like that ? It is extremely doubtful, and let us pray that it ever may continue to be so !

True love enables either to conquer weakness. No love, or false love, adds to them new growths and force. True affection goes, by instinct, to whatever attracts it ; *but it is not true affection unless it wakes responsive chords in the heart it seeks !*

and were this touchstone applied there would be fewer desolate hearts in the world. Real love awakens kindness and sympathy, never engenders cruelty; hence such a woman as is above described was as destitute of it, as a cold-blooded, husband-poisoning, Borgian murderess of sweet human pity could be!

Many strange phenomena characterize love: sadness, lightness, despondency, elevation, and all life is viewed in every color from tawny black dun to the radiant hues of summer sunsets. Now it laughs at the gentle pains it visits on its object; then it makes sport of the fears it excites; but whatever its mutations may be, it is *never coldly, deliberately, continuously, heartlessly cruel*. And whenever what passes for Love exhibits anything of that sort, love, *real* love, has no resting-place in any being who develops any such characteristic; but the passion is hadæan, decidedly, — one of the family of the fallen angels, intent, in its desperate hate of human happiness, on doing deeds against individuals which the monarch of Hell is believed to do on a vastly malignant and extensive scale. Its battle-cry is pitched in alto, and its theme is ever the passions, — wine, woman, liberty, and lager! — and so long as the senses are led captive, turns scowlingly away from all that pertains to man's loftier nature, his destiny and his soul! In a word, Love lifts up, but its simulants eternally drag down; one clears the vision, the other clouds the sight, dulls perception and sows broadcast the prolific seeds of crime, wretchedness, ill health, aberration, insanity, and death.

Passion, selfish, leech-like, looks ever for its ideal, — purity, candor, truth, virtue, sincerity; and if it finds it, soon grows weary, and starts off again, baited by new impossibilities, the creation of its own unhealth, and destroys whatever it touches. Love, on the contrary, clothes its object with ideal perfections, strives to bring up the reality to the mental standard, and delights to think its work being rapidly accomplished.

Passion seeks, finds, but is never satisfied even with variety. Love, on the other hand, wants its object wholly to and for itself. And this fact alone ought to put an eternal quietus on the sophistical gabble of the salacious philosophers who con-

tend for "Free Love" or variety. God and Nature intended human beings to live in couples; and whoever fails to see that fact and abide by it, is one of two things, — a scoundrel or a fool!

CHAPTER II.

WOMAN is by nature, though not in the same directions, the absolute equal of Man, each excelling in certain points and qualities, but exactly balancing one the other in the grand and final summing up. Holding this view throughout, the author makes no war against her nor her rights, — such as are true, natural and real; but he does object to, and make relentless war upon, that specious system of Woman's Rightsism, which proclaims free harlotage, the do-as-impulse-or-interest-promptsism and the right of murdering her unborn child, whether legitimate or not. He objects to strong-minded society-fracturing clap-trap, and insists that she who proposes to lead woman to the promised land shall herself be pure, and not a thrice-branded harlot.

Take the general average of human kind in civilized lands, and it will be found that in respect to suffering from affectional causes both sexes balance each other. Equal numbers of each are ruined, take to bad courses, and fall headlong into the slimy ditches of vice and crime by the waysides of the world, or kill themselves outright, by reason of love-aberrations or from the one great want of human nature, — true companionship.

Certain it is that no human heart, where love dwells not, can possibly be happy, at least healthfully so! and unless it is sound, it is a delusion. Scripture tells us that it is not good for man to be alone; but it is equally bad, if not far worse, for a woman to be alone and desolate, for various reasons; among which are, that she has not the same wide field of labor that the man has, and far fewer external matters to distract her atten-

tion; and, besides, as it is the province of man to think and feel, woman mainly does the latter, and without an object to feel *for* she is desolate indeed. Man's isolation can be relieved in a thousand ways, but not so woman's; she *must* love or die a thousand deaths, and can never be happy unless her affections do have scope and play.

Passion, to some extent, may substitute love in a man's nature, but *never* in a woman's, in any of its moods or phases. She *must have soul-affection*, and can never rest content with blood-energy, interest, friendly feeling, or any form or mode of so-called magnetic attraction, except when she is a born thrall of affectional disease; but she must, to be her real, true self, drink full draughts of heart-filling, soul-satisfying love. Is it not a splendid truth that no man ever yet lived but in whose soul the loftiest emotions he ever knew, sprung from love in some form? And what would a woman be who in her soul's deep core rejected the idea that love was the fulfilling of the law, — a law printed on every fibre of her entire being?

Without the slightest intention to materialize this divine passion of the human being, still must it be viewed and treated primarily from a physical stand-point, because love always has an object, and that object is a person, whose face, figure, or qualities shadowed through them, are what inspires the love we feel; wherefore at this point it is well to affirm that the passion treated of is a thing of Body, Brain, Nerves, Heart, Spirit, Æth and Soul,—these seven. [What is meant here by Æth is the telegraphic system of souls, whereby one beats time with, and responds to, the rhythmic throbbings, cadences, and pulsations of another, when both are pitched in the same key.] Let us therefore begin at the foundation,—matter, body, physique,—and trace this subtle something to its source, its centre, its fountains, whence it flows to make or mar the fortunes of all human kind.

It is certain, whatever God-denying materialism may affirm to the contrary, that the human soul is *not* a rarefied form of matter. It is equally true that love is neither hydrogen, carbon, oxygen, or even electricity, in any form whatever, as we know

and comprehend it; but in the light of science, no sane man can deny that love has a great deal to do with those self-same elements; nor that, conversely, they have a great deal to do with love. It is well-known that love thrives in the sunshine, sickens in the shade; and that however ethereal it may be, it still has strong affinities to good beef and sound food generally; that it flourishes better in a cottage than a cabin; and that even democratic soap and water has much to do with its culture, growth, strength, depth, and perpetuity. We look in vain for it to thrive in an atmosphere tainted with offensive odors, environed with squallor, marred by personal carelessness, or dwarfed by morbid, unhealthy surroundings. An unclean person cannot be loved, nor love in return, as under exactly opposite conditions; and unquestionably much unhappiness, and the gradual wasting and final demise of millions of genuine loves could easily be traced to neglect of these essentials to the healthful growth of true affection.

Love in its nature is pure, clean, crystalline, and fine; and whatever tends, even in a remote degree, to offend its delicate sense is a fatal stab at its very life. Arithmetic would have to be strained to compute the number of men who have utterly slain love, and rendered their homes desolate, by words, and what is infinitely worse, *actions*, offensive to the fine susceptibilities, delicacy, and sense of propriety, of a loving wife. The ripe peach has a bloom to be not harshly rubbed off; and so, too, has a woman, against which *no* man can offend with impunity; for although a woman will endure much from the man she loves, yet there *is* a point at which she *must* and will resist and resent; and that point once reached, she begins to look on him with different eyes than she did before. Especially in this country are families broken up from this cause alone; men blindly seeming bent on wilfully ignoring the fact that there *are* times when a wife's sanctity is *not* to be intruded upon in *any* way!

Many a male, calling himself both man and husband, when in fact he is not even a fraction of either, shortly after marriage, when excess begins to pall his vigor, resort to dastardly, igno-

ble, loathly and abominable practices, to kindle up their fleeting power, and by unutterably abominable exactions and exposures blunt their wives' delicacy and sow the prolific seeds of rage, hatred, and inexpressible loathing disgust in the woman's heart, and open her eyes to the awful fact that what she took for a man and husband turns out to be a beast and satyr, too low in God's scale to be the fit associate of even the vilest Bacchante on earth.

Sir, if you are not an insane fool or stupid idiot, *respect* your wife quite as much in private, as you would were the myriad eyes of all mankind watching your every action. Do this, not in fear, but as a mark of tender, true, genuine manhood. If you are not yet a man, try to be one, and your wife, if she be half a woman, will help you in the good work. A woman is a very fine clock, and she won't keep time, or come to it either, in any sense, unless carefully tended and properly wound up. There, do you understand?—*wound up*, but not *wounded*! Don't forget it!

Love, being fine, sensitive, delicate, whatever is coarse, rough, rude or immodest, is incompatible, not only with its nature, but with any one of its myriad moods and phases; and nothing is more absolutely certain than that it wanes, becomes enfeebled, and finally takes wing or dies outright, of surfeits of anger, jealousy, liquor, tobacco, soiled linen, foul morals, bad, coarse language, and pernicious personal habits.

Now mark one of love's hidden mysteries: so fine and sensitive a thing is it, that no man can long deceive the woman who loves him; nor the wife a loving husband, because no act, however secret, whether it be of love, passion, or anger, but indelibly marks or prints itself upon the actor so forcibly too, that the shadow of the wrong thing photographs itself upon the wronger and the wronged alike. The human soul may be fairly compared with, and likened to, a very sensitive photographic plate, just prepared to receive the shadow to be thrown upon it by the operator; because whatever influence affects the human being in any way, invariably and inevitably so impresses itself upon the individual, that any sensitive person can feel, sense, and know it with an almost absolute certainty; and although

all persons are not fine and sensitive ordinarily, yet all are so without exception in the departments of our common human nature, where love has its rise and outflow. Hence a man false to his wife or *fiancée* cannot successfully hide his duplicity, or victoriously lie to her, for she is sure to *sense*, and feel it, no matter how eloquent may be his plea of innocence. This is why so many husbands marvel at the growing coldness of their wives; wonder what it can be that is daily sundering the domestic ties; for they have done nothing, that the *wife knows* anything about; that little folly, this little escapade, the other small trifle, were secrets from her; she *knew* nothing about it; then what *can* the matter be? How in the name of common sense did she find out that so and so met him at such and such a place, and so on and so forth? Fool, do you not know that a loving woman is at one and the same time the blindest of mortals, and the sharpest of clairvoyants? No! then the greater fool you, not to have learned that fact long ago! "What's the matter?" Listen:—

The matter simply is that he sinned, erred, went astray, and brought back to his own fireside the tell-tale proofs of his own sad fault, ground into his very being; printed on his every feature; engraved upon his face; dyed in his actions; engrafted on his body, spirit, soul, and fully impregnated in the sphere evolved every moment from all three! *That* is just what the matter is; only this and nothing more.

You cannot tell a perfectly successful falsehood to any one, much less to a woman, and above all to a woman who loves the man who attempts to outrage her feminine instincts and impose upon her wifely nature. A falsehood is the worst investment in a love-relation ever made by man; for it is certain to defeat itself in the long run, and sooner or later will parade its deformity to all who have eyes. Murder will out, and so will a lie.

It has been asserted that love is quite as much a thing of matter as of mind; but while this is, to a certain extent, quite true, yet it is not altogether so; but nevertheless there is no disputing the fact that the more perfect our health of mind and

body is, the purer our habits, methods of life, sleeping, eating, drinking; the cleaner and clearer are our physical systems, forms, conditions, blood, skin, brains, nerves, fluids, solids, and physical states generally, the better chance have lofty and holy influences to guide us aright in the devious crooks and turnings of the varied life we are all compelled to walk in while we live on earth. The higher we stand on the scale of perfect health the better able are we to beat back the smiling temptations to sin which meet and lure us at every step we take in the long journey, which begins when we step forth, tottering, from the dear arms of the mother whose joy and hope we were, and, leading over deep valleys and rough mountains, brings us to the shore of the mystic stream, across the bridge of death, and then over the table-lands of the far-off Heaven, to that grand destiny which He only comprehends and fully knows, who in infinite wisdom placed us here and said, "Begin thy task—ACHIEVEMENT!" but who will never say, "Ended," while a single arm of the infinite polygon of Being remains untravelled, its wondrous mysteries unexplored! Thus Love leads man to heaven, religion, advancement, action; while mere passion (and all love's counterfeits) turns our feet aside, and draws us down to perdition and to ruin, mental, social, moral, emotional, and material. It matters not who affirms the contrary.

No American reader can have much patience with the morbid lucubrations of Michelet, respecting woman, nor can any healthy reader entertain much respect for the far worse, and infinitely more dangerous, notions on the same subject of late years put forth by scores of so-called reformers in our own land, not a few of whom claim to be spiritualists, but whom the better class of that body of people will one day begin to see through, and ignore accordingly.

It is clear that a sound soul needs, and ought to have, a sound and healthy body; and still clearer that a sound and healthy love imperatively *demands* correspondent physical conditions and mental health. And the better off we are in these respects, the stronger, higher, better, nobler, and purer

will, nay, *must* be, the loves we, in the first place, are capable of inspiring *in* the breast of another; and in the second, of cherishing and entertaining toward the object which calls the emotion forth from the deeps of our inner, as well as from the surface of our outer nature.

The higher we ourselves stand on the plane of true man and womanhood, the broader, deeper, more enduring and satisfactory, in all conceivable respects, will be our loves, and especially and emphatically those which arise between the two sexes, in accordance with the divine will and law, which we were placed here to obey and observe, — not to abuse and violate, as too many of us do.

When this book was begun, its author intended to give a scientific analysis of the human body, brain, bones, solids, fluids, etc.; and to lay down a comprehensive system, born of the experience and sufferings, physical and emotional, of several of the writer's friends; but second thoughts, which are always best, suggested the query, What do persons in love care for science? Whoever buys the book and comes to that part will be sure to skip it! and so that matter is left out, which leads to the remark that common sense is, after all, the finest kind of sense, besides being, as a corrective of any little morbidity lurking in any part of our systems, — physical, moral, mental, *and* affectional, — probably the very best medicine ever taken, provided always it be properly digested. Well, common sense says, Is it reasonable to expect to be loved without one's self using every lawful effort to become lovable? Answer it, reader, for yourself. Is it possible to live along, day after day, under the influence of impulse, chance, accident, whatever may be the day's fortunes, and expect the loves of the home side to grow strong and luxuriant, without taking any pains to render them so? and the question is addressed to man and woman alike. Is it reasonable? Answer again. If such pains were generally taken by the untold millions of unhappy wedded people, a great many of whom thank Heaven that divorce laws exist, — which laws unquestionably do more harm than good, — is it reasonable to think so many divorce sharpeners, some of

whom wax fat on rank perjury, and all flourish on wrong and injustice, would damn the land they live in, and drive fast teams at the cost of the hard earnings of many an erring, but, at the base, well-meaning man and woman, whose great fault lies in trying to be wretched, and not to be happy? If people would only examine a little closer, it would be found that nine out of every ten divorce suits, or unhappy marriages, grow out of the interference of meddlers, tattlers, gossips, pretended friends to one or other of the parties concerned, but actually, practically, enemies to both. Do you not think so, reader?

“Passional attraction!” “Affinityism!” Shame! Let any man or woman revel in such delusions to their hearts’ content, and “There’s no home like the old home, no love like the old love, no husband (or wife) like the old one, after all!” is, and will be, forever, the inevitable verdict in the *heart*, no matter if the proud lip does refuse to speak the words or not; for such an experience proves to the hasty man or woman, led astray by such philosophy and dreadful teachings, that something more than magnetic attraction, passionalism, and such destructive, radical, new-school doctrines, are required to quiet the unrest, and satisfy the sore yearnings of the troubled heart.

A story: A miser lost upon the desert. Thirsty, he beheld afar off a glittering brook; ran to it, reached the place, where tall palms shadowed earth with their heavy crowns of greenery, and rich clusters of luscious-looking dates. He shook the trees — and “Allah, Allah! they are *only* pearls and diamonds!” Burning up with fervent heat, he ran to the brookside; but, alas! the rock gave forth only broad sheets of sparkling jewels. Horror! He was a-hungered, and only baubles to satisfy him! athirst, and only molten jewels to appease it! And then came Azrael, the terrible Angel of Death, and flapped his sable wings in the dying miser’s face, for awhile, then stretched forth his hand to strike, and — the miser awoke. “Allah be praised, ’twas but a dream!” Thenceforth he lived a better life, and blessed the world with his power and wealth. Well, affinityism and passional attraction, like lust and rum, and great wealth, are but horrid morbid dreams, as void of real happiness and

true joy as were the mock waters, and stony fruit of the Cai-reen's wondrous dream. Would to our Father in Heaven we could reason well and find these things out *before* the last sad steps are taken, which are always sure to part us from a little domestic certainty, to wreck us on the rocks of adversity! Oh, the multitudes of parted wives and husbands, who, too late, find out what they have lost, and who would give half their lives for the chance of once more trying to be happy with the first love in the old home, by the old well-side!

Discontent feeds itself on excuses; is opposed to love; does not believe in trying to mend matters; but ever insists upon making things worse, and in looking at the dark side. It is wonderfully quick at finding flaws, but is stone blind to the better side, and can never once see the shining shores of Hope and Possibility. It ever yields to excitement; magnifies mole-hills into most stupendous mountains; is full of excitement; takes Impulse as chief counsellor; listens gladly to the tale-bearer, and will destroy the best home on earth in less time than it took to build one of its closets! It is a morbid cannibal, who feeds on human hearts, and, like a cancer, grows deeper every day. People know this too; yet in spite of reason, common sense, and every healthful power besides, seem to take pleasure in culturing the monster, until hearts are wrecked, hopes shattered, and domestic ruin scatters salt and ashes on the sites of once happy homes; and all for want of a little, very little, patience, common sense, and TRY!

We all have a weak and a strong side, but are more prone to yield to the former than follow the counsels of the latter. This, probably, results from the power of a third element,—Wilfulness; a thing we like to yield to, no matter how wrong the thing may seem; and hundreds of women, and men too, have fallen and gone astray, not from a bad heart, intent, or even strong temptation, but from a sudden gush of *wilfulness*,—"just for fun,"—an experiment that has wrecked many a good man and woman! Impulse is a very dangerous customer, for, although sometimes prompting to the right, its chief delight is to rush us to the wrong.

Apropos to this section of the general subject, but especially to what has just been offered. Suicide statistics prove beyond contradiction that more men kill themselves than women ; that more male suicides result from love causes, domestic trouble, and deranged affection, than do those of women from identical causes. More single persons of both sexes kill themselves than married ones, and more divorced persons than the widowed. The statistics of insanity demonstrate that more men become demented from love causes and domestic infelicity than women ; and more insanity in both sexes follows the breaking up of homes, and the estrangement of married people, than from any three other causes combined ; while the same authority declares that more vice, crime, and drunkenness results from these breakings-up, and among those thus broken, parted, separated, than among the combined ranks of those who are single, widowed, or living in the married relation ; and for these most cogent reasons it behooves society to take prompt and effective measures to preserve itself by putting an estoppel upon the brawlers for divorce, and that class of so-called New Lights, who, unfit to enjoy the blessings of marriage themselves, sate a depraved appetite by rendering others discontented ; and by morbid reasonings sapping the very foundations of the social structure, and transforming earth into a bedlam too black and filthy to be described, — too turbid and sickening to be endured.

It is hard to tell what a mosquito was made for, except to murder us in detail. Now you hear him, and then you don't. B-z-z-z-z-z-z ! Slap ! but he's gone, only to attack you somewhere else and gorge himself with your heart's best blood. The only thing is to lay low for that mosquito ; keep cool and shady ; be still. See ! He thinks you are napping, and resolves to go in for a delicious feed — at your expense ! There, now he has lit, — careful, — raise your hand, softly. Now strike ! Good ! you've hit him. That mosquito will bite no more. He's rightly served. You've *mashed* him, and served him right, you exclaim, and so say all of us ; so say we all. Well, what's the difference between a rampant, radical, social disorganizer, who goes round

sapping the lives and blighting the joys of pure-minded, innocent women, under various sophistical pleas, and a mosquito? MASH him! grind the wretch to powder! The sooner the world gets rid of all such vermin, insectivorous or human, the better for those who are left behind, — and so say all of us!

The human race delights in wholesale murder, and our fairest ladies gayly deck us off for war; but when murder is on a small scale it shocks us. Let us hope to outlive it on both scales; still while the thing is fashionable one cannot help regretting that so many good people are slain, and that so few mosquitos are compelled to face the music, and be sent to where their sins will be fewer and their chances for improvement infinitely enhanced. What follows in the next paragraph does not include men and women who are parted, nor loose characters; nor men and their wives who tacitly ignore their marital relations; nor does it include harloty wives, or libertinish husbands; but it only means the loving, true wives of true and loving men, as the first class, and innocent young girls in the second; and this is the paragraph: The author fully justifies any man in publicly horsewhipping any "Philosopher" who dares try to foist free-love doctrines on that man's honest wife and daughters! If that philosopher should succeed in corrupting that man's wife and daughters, or either of them, that man is justified in avenging the wrong, no matter to what extent he may go, *provided always* that the women were pure beforehand, and gave no overt encouragement to the seducer; for in that case the latter's punishment would be a great wrong, and his killing, wilful diabolic murder. Hence McFarland was wrongly acquitted, for the man and woman were alike culpable, if culpability there was about the case at all. If a female seduces a man from allegiance from his wife, home, and children, the wife is justified in arousing public sentiment against the errant harlot, and in making her suffer for the wrong in any way in her power, — even to the extent of moderate lynching. If any man or woman takes advantage of the common idea of the right of free speech, and uses that right in the enunciation of doctrines favoring concubinage, free love, and the destruction of the family and social

compact, any community is perfectly justified in tarring, feathering, and riding on a rail out of town, any and all such disturbers of the public health and morals. If bad women and worse men establish houses of assignation and infamy, insurance companies ought not to pay damages when the people, headed by the wives of that town, burn that den to the ground; and the wives are justified in getting rid of such a calamitous nuisance in any possible way.

Another thing against infidelity seems to have escaped notice. It is the notorious fact that a man who succeeds in seducing a wife from her duty and home *never respects the victim!* and no love, truly, such can exist where respect is not! Nor can the woman respect the man for whom she has forsaken all! True, for a time, while novelty lasts and passion reigns, she may be *joyous*, but never *happy*; for happiness is incompatible with guilt, and can never be built upon a wrong, and there inevitably comes a period wherein grief, sorrow, and anguish help to finish the sad work which impulse and folly began. For that is *not* love which degrades its object, but is a weird, unhealthy semblance of it, which conquers only to despise, and eventually ruin and destroy.

To preserve the true integrity of our souls, we must learn to be reasonable, yield to neither whim, caprice, or excitement, and ever before acting look the possible consequences fairly in the face, and will and determine to withstand the pressure, and be true to justice, right, and self-respect; for if you yield even once, and become conscious of your own guilt, even though it be a dead secret, it will fill you with bitter and terrible remorse; for its memory, like that of Herod, *will* keep coming up as a ghost, and "It is John whom I beheaded! He is risen from the dead!" will be your secret cry, even when none but God can hear.

If we be true to our better nature, that is all that God himself can require of us. It is impossible to hide ourselves from ourselves, no matter whither we run, what subterfuges we resort to, or how deep the deluding sophistry we try to believe. Be right, be just, and then we have a safe and very trusty pilot, who will

triumphantly lead us out of difficulty, away from temptation, and back into the fold of human duty. Failing in this regard, we cease to be real men and women, save only in appearance; and forthwith relapse into the tool and slave,—the despicable automaton of impulse,—the sport and plaything of passion or of capricious whim,—a power without a conscience, whose mission and purpose it is to use us up in every sense, and then, when we are powerless, remorselessly whistle us down the wind, shatter our peace, wreck all our hopes, and land our bodies under the sod, and our immortal souls, before their time, where they are not wanted; for no soul can be fully ripe and prepared for the change until its work below is finished; no soul *can* be wanted in the higher worlds unless it be pure, clean, sound, and well-fitted for transplanting in the garden of our God on the other side of Time. Therefore it is incumbent on us all to never forget, but to ever remember, that if we are driven by impulse as against sound, healthy principle, we may, under its persuasive spell, which is, after all, but a disguised, yet sharp and cruel spur, be caused to do many a foolish act, and afterward, when looking back upon our whim and its consequences, wring our hands in anguish, and wonderingly, weeping bitterly repentant tears all the while, exclaim, when too late, “Who’d’a thought it!” Avoid all such disastrous chances, which can only be done by prayerfully, sincerely keeping the lines of a *true* individuality intact and distinct—by ever being strongly *one’s self*, in the higher, nobler, holier sense. If we fail, there’s no telling where, when, or how the baneful results may end. A little timely common sense is, in matters of the soul’s affections and the heart, worth whole tons of the modern stuff absurdly called “Philosophy;” for but very few of the philosophers have enough common sense, or honesty either, to last them over night, seeing that they preach a great deal more good than they practise. Millions of very good people have been victimized by a specious sophism well put; and have been ruined soul, body, and morals, just because they failed to “keep cool” a moment, and in that moment lost sight of prudence and the right path, by reason of the murky haze of what may not im-

properly be called "high-falutin" philosophy, physical, magnetical, metaphysical, transcendental, and — jackassical, that is — Wetherbee-ish.

It is altogether a too common mistake in people to either confound the amatory passion with the principle of love, or to imagine *that* as love's object and principal mission to man; and a greater or more fatal error never yet existed. True it is that in normal, healthful marriage, that element and its triplicate offices are good under proper circumstances, — the holiest, most sacred and mysterious, in the whole domain of our wonderful existence; but are only such when kept in leading strings, for then they are excellent servitors at the banquet of life; but if they are allowed to assume too great importance, and usurp the place of love itself; if passion be let loose, its moral leash unfastened, it will soon get the upper hand, be dissatisfied at home, and go abroad to appease its abnormally whetted appetite, and then farewell Peace, Quiet, Happiness, *Home*; for it forthwith becomes an inexorable tyrant and master, wanting all it sees, but wanting nothing long! If we become timely apprised of its power, its baleful taste for variety; if we keep wide awake, hold the reins with a firm hand, it will amble most beautifully along the lanes of life; but if we let it once catch us napping, it will seize the bit between its teeth, and the victim finds himself — or she does — astride a furious steed, desperately bent on galloping its rider to perdition in the shortest possible period of time. But says the caviller, "You *can't* keep cool always, when blood, brain, nerves, and fancy are all on fire; and if love attacks us fiercely, reason goes to sleep, and passion steps in and proves its power to make fools of the strongest, wisest, firmest, and holiest man or woman that ever breathed the air in this or any other land!" The answer to this is simple. He or she who cannot command him or herself are neither man nor woman, but only grown-up children. There are two general classes of people in the world, — the creatures of impulse, and those in whom cool reason reigns paramount. The last are those who can, do, and will resist whatever is injurious, even if by that resistance they both give and

suffer pain. It has already been proven that genuine love strengthens. Hence it follows that weaklings have that lesson yet to learn!

CHAPTER III.

If all parents loved each other as they should,—and they have no right to become such unless they *do*, for the vested interests of society are injured, directly a child is born from a union where love reigns not, but which is launched on the sea of life amidst domestic infelicity and social storms, out of which launchings spring ten-elevenths of the sin, vice, misery, wretchedness, and crime, under which the world is groaning to-day, and will continue to until love and marriage are better understood and their laws obeyed than they have been, in our time at least; were they thus heeded—not one of us but would be happier for it, even if we were not personal sharers in the direct benefits; because if others are happy, that sort of a “sphere” must environ them, and of course all of us must perforce have some of the general joy reflected upon us.

When we have love-troubles, we rush to stimulants to forget our griefs, and of course make matters ten times worse for ourselves.

A quart of gin enabled him to bridge the gulf between *his* soul and *hers*, and reach the hell upon the further side. What good did it do? None! What evil? What wretchedness? Whole oceans and towering mountains! Love-troubled soul, never try to escape the pang by the bridge of drink or opium, or anything but God's direct aid, for madness lies that way! Shun it as a pestilence or a ravening death, for it means destruction! If the terrible evil resulting from such causes stopped with the parties directly concerned, it were bad indeed, but it does not, which is horrible; for, flowing from that prolific fountain is a constant and ever-swelling stream of idiocy, angularity, vice, crime, imbecility, insanity, and wretchedness beyond

computation, entailed upon the innocent children of such parents; consumption, cancer, scrofula, which are but the external forms of affectional disorders, the manifestations of violated love-law, on the part of some one of the foretime; nor is there a gambler, robber, murderer, or prostitute on earth, the seeds of whose moral and mental disasters were not sown in an unloving union between father and mother before the victims, as well as sinners, were launched upon the sea of life!

It is somewhat strange how long a fact will remain in community wholly unnoticed until some lucky observer points it out; and then everybody wonders why they failed to see it before. Now, here is one of that very identical family of facts; the absence of love in a household, as a steady, genuine, active principle, accounts fully for the periodic, *and* magnetic—because magnetic—outbursts of anger, jealousy, hatred, quarrels. Now for the fact; the births of at least six-tenths of civilized children occur within forty weeks after the making up of a family quarrel,—which accounts for the bad milk in many human “cocoa-nuts.” Maternity just as surely results in such cases, as that two and two make four. The law is natural; the principle magnetic; *results* are by reason of the temporary *reaction* of the entire being; and the fruit of that tree must perforce be gnarled and warty,—the resultant soul be dwarfed, crooked, angular, volcanic, scoriac, deranged, diseased, deformed. For “I the Lord thy God . . . visit the sins of the parents upon the children.”

The most sacred human right is that of being born *in* love, *of* love, *through* love! Such children never need doctors or the birch; such youths never run into bad courses; such people never need lawyers, jails, state-prisons, or the gallows; and over the bodies of such people coroners never hold inquests, nor render verdicts “suicide, from unknown causes;” nor do such persons thus parented ever need padded cells in insane retreats to prevent them from dashing their brains out; nor are such ever seen in low haunts, or reeling home, mad drunk, in the vain effort to throw off a load of chronic misery, be-

queathed to them by parents who loved not each other, and brought them thither in the midst of social storms.

Many of us poor men and women suffer a whole life through because we were launched into being under just such circumstances! — a thing of which there is no need and never will be; for five minutes of cool talk, each party determining to be just and true, will avert all quarrels and then, if after such double victories God gives increase, it will be the growth of summer tide, not the barren bleakness of cold and dreadful winter, — as now!

Wives are hypocritical whenever unloved, and will play a game of deception too deep for the cunning of the ablest man living! A woman's nature from top to toe is an eternal protest against deprivation of, or isolation in, love; she *must* love or die; else she will steal — what passes for it; and no man living can prevent her if she makes up her mind to gratify, not passion, — for, thank God, nearly *all* women are above *that*! — but her desire to be loved and love in return. If a man loves his wife, not all earth and wealth, and fame, and power — nay, all of them combined, with the forces of Hades to back them — can win her to a single act against his honor or her own! In which respect even the lowliest of her sex stands towering in virtue and grandeur amazingly above the best man who yet has walked this modern earth.

“Oh, the holocaust of human hearts! Oh, the lakes of bitter tears! and all because affection is butchered and its laws and rights unheeded. Down South, during the war, in New Orleans, Judge Salmon P. Chase and the writer of this was at the examination of a negro school, officered by a carpet-bagger named Warren, who, to show off his proficiency as teacher, put his little sharp-eyed pupils through their best paces, and halted one whole class by first asking them to explain to the judge that a penholder in his hand was a “corrugated” utensil; while the reading book, was a “parallelopiped” in shape. After it was over one bright little fellow called his mates about him and said, “De teacher said dat it was a barrel full o’ pie plant, but I’m *damn* if ’twarn’t a book!”

Well, a home without love is a parallelopiped, but with it a book! — a book of *life*, and joy, and peace, with a full index, good print, and illustrated by the King Artist, God Almighty! It is in two volumes, — one to be read and mastered on earth; the other for perusal in heaven, forever and for aye.

It is time that men begun in reality to understand that the grand central thought of God is Love, and that its manifested incarnation is — WOMAN!

When husbands and wives *love* each other, nature will take especial pains and pride in giving them perfect, diseaseless offspring as a result, just to show her good intentions, and what she is capable of accomplishing under proper conditions.

We have been told very frequently of late years, by various “reformers,” — Heaven save the mark! — that parentage should always be on purpose and by rule, — just the self-same ones that govern the stock-breeder in his farm-yard; totally oblivious of the fact that human beings are *not* on a level with the brute beasts of forest, field, and fen; and that an infinitely higher range of laws are applicable to, and govern, man, than rules the lowing herds. When that idea was advanced to the author of this work, and an expression of opinion solicited, the reply was, Such philosophers are fools! What they call philosophy is really nonsense, preceded by a dash and two d’s! People are always talking about man’s animal passions. Would to Heaven he were as pure and true as are the beasts, for *they* love, and herd together year in and year out; seldom have misunderstandings, but bravely defend each other; while, as for ardor, *they* always use, but *never* abuse it! Its season and uses come and go, and they obey the divine instinct, and then wait content till winter is away and blooming spring comes once again. But man! Excuse us, dear animals, for degrading *you* to the level of millions who pass for, but alas! are not, men, because they forget, which you never do, that love, when healthy, is always pure, therefore ever tender, winning, persuasive, gallant, chivalrous, concessive, emotional, considerate, appealing, kind, and should be, mutual. Beasts are never

guilty of the dreadful crime, rape ; men, so called, notoriously are, whether a legal sanction stands its defence or not. True love is never harsh, hasty, imperative, demanding, cruel, or unjust, selfish, importunate, or exacting ; save, of course, on the part of the woman, down to whose soul is descending the divine elements of a coming son or daughter ; and he who will not humor a woman *then* is not fit to have her, — is less — a *great deal* less — than half a man !

Please, in connection with what has just been written, read this from Swinburne, and read it very *slowly*, carefully : —

“ Before the beginning of years
 There came to the making of man
 Time, with a gift of tears ;
 Grief, with a glass that ran ;
 Pleasure, with pain for leaven ;
 Summer, with flowers that fell ;
 Remembrance fallen from heaven,
 And madness risen from hell ;
 Strength without hands to smite ;
 Love that endures for a breath ;
 Night, the shadow of light,
 And life, the shadow of death.

“ And the high gods took in hand
 Fire, and the falling of tears,
 And a measure of sliding sand
 From under the feet of the years ;
 And froth and drift of the sea,
 And dust of the laboring earth,
 And bodies of things to be
 In the houses of death and of birth ;
 And wrought with weeping and laughter,
 And fashioned with loathing and love
 With life before and after,
 And death beneath and above,
 For a day and a night and a morrow
 That his strength might endure for a span,
 With travail and heavy sorrow,
 The holy spirit of man.

"From the winds of the north and south
 They gathered as unto strife;
 They breathed upon his mouth,
 They filled his body with life;
 Eyesight and speech they wrought
 For the veils of the soul therein;
 A time for labor and thought,
 A time to serve and to sin:
 They gave him light in his ways,
 And love, and space for delight,
 And beauty and length of days,
 And night, and sleep in the night.

"His speech is a burning fire;
 With his lips he travaileth;
 In his heart is a blind desire,
 In his eyes foreknowledge of death;
 He weaves and is clothed with derision,
 Sows and shall not reap:
 His life is a watch or a vision
 Between a sleep and a sleep."

Than that no truer poem ever fell from human lips or pen; because in the new light here thrown upon its recondite meaning, it looms up as a new revelation!

Then, when she is fulfilling her sacred mission, and is in the variable climate of whim, mood, caprice, — now December, then July, anon running the entire gamut of change, — he who gazes on her with other than purely human eyes had better close them; for then she is the grandest mystery that ever moved! and no *true* MAN can then look into the profound depths of her soul save in grateful, silent, holy awe; nor peer into the labyrinths of her divinely luminous eyes without being stirred to the very floor of manhood; for to look is to be inspired, and inspiration and love are twins, born of one mother, sired by one God!

And yet, despite a world's experience, there are what look like men, who insanely fly at a woman, in anger, *mauvaise* ardor, or worse, *then*, when, if ever, she should nestle in his heart and be comforted and stilled. *Then*, what pass for, but are not really,

men, neglect her more than ever, and fail to render her the love, tenderness, delicacy and respect which are her due, — the due of every human woman when bearing the burden of immortality from Eternity to Time! But neglect, ill-treatment, is too often her lot, and many a woman has fallen into the cold grave for lack of sympathy, love, and forbearance, when she needed it most. There are many methods of murder which are not recognized as such before human tribunals, but which are none the less effective, and murder for all that; and thousands of women have been tortured and harassed into premature shrouds, whom a fair share of decent consideration and affection would have kept on earth for many a long and happy year. That is murder!

Woman nature is a very queer thing. Let a man hector and quarrel with his wife; and immediately thereafter let another man condole with her, and if that husband does not wear a splendid pair of cuckold horns it will not be because *she* is not seducible, *himself* a dolt, and the sympathizing condoler not susceptible, nor the opportunity ready made; for under just such circumstances thousands of good women have fallen. A word to the wise, *et cetera*, and so forth!

That is not a model household, but a very frequent one in these latter days, wherein the heads pride themselves on the tact with which they have mutually outwitted each other: where the man, who, as he discusses his morning chop, smiles gayly in his sleeve at his exploit of the last night, and thinks, as he looks at the occupant of the chair at the other end of the breakfast-table, "Oh, ho, my fine lady, you're little aware of what a good time I had with Dolly and Betty, and Polly and Hetty, and Miss Smirk and Mrs. Folloll! — ah, *what* a pleasant time! you bet!" All the while little dreaming of how *she* is thinking as she hands the matutinal coffee: "Heigh-ho! *you* little dream of what a glorious time *I* had with dear darling Fitz Augustus Mountjoy! — the duck! What a pair of horns you *are* wearing, to be sure! How happy you'd be if you only knew it, my dear!" And so goes the poison in society, ever spreading, ever spreading! Who's to blame? Society itself! which, by encouraging morbid thought, and thinkers, new-

fangled notions of individual liberty, and an atrocious abundance of "philosophico-scientific, barnyardistical sophisms, has lost sight of the dear old-fashioned, true-hearted loves of the homestead, and has learned to call vice by pleasant-sounding names, as "individual sovereignty" for libertinism and adultery, "passional entertainment" for barefaced profligacy, and "personal ownership" for unblushing prostitution! It is time a stop was put to all such blasphemous stuff, and all such mental cancers lopped off before the very life of society is completely sapped, drained, ruined.

In these rapid days love in its external phases has been deified, while its soul and spirit have utterly been lost sight of altogether; and men have become blinded to the fact that too great devotion at the altar of mere sensationalism and nervous life is deeply injurious to all concerned, and is sure to beget disgust, satiety, and all their fearful train; for there is no happiness, no real joy, no genuine, healthy pleasure, when marriage rites degenerate into orgies fit only for fiends, never for human beings. To say nothing of the mental disasters accruing from perversion of a natural sense, it inevitably defeats its own end in a magnetic and nervous direction; because the system is drained of its highest and rarest elements, the very ones that are needed in greatest abundance to enable us to sustain the shocks and wear of our daily life; and instead of being richly charged with power, our lungs are robbed of oxygen, the brain of phosphorus, and the blood becomes loaded down with urea, carbon, and earthy phosphates, impeding venous and arterial circulation, and laying the sure foundation of physical disorders ere life is half ended. The lower brain becomes inflamed, the top brain dull and softened; the baser passions intensify, and the lofty ones die out; affection is lost sight of; passion in its grossest form becomes a constant dream and motive; violence and hatred are dreadfully familiar to the morbid mind; revenge takes the place of generosity and forgiveness. The children are not only puny, weak, and imbecile, if any there be, but short-lived and vicious besides. How *can* they be *otherwise* when the heart of one parent is sad and broken, the other

robbed by excess and bad habits, too faithfully followed, of every generous impulse, having wasted its holy treasures, and lost the capacity to feel affection? The very sense of manhood grows dull; the soul never thrills with the power of great and mighty thought; the emotional and devotional nature dies out; tears are strangers to the eye — *for the man who cannot weep is lost!* — and the rich garden of the human soul becomes transformed into an arid wilderness of misery and woe; and none the less so because pride represses all external evidences thereof.

Doubt it who may, it is none the less true, that from thoughtless error in the line here discussed, mainly, have sprung forth the myriad hells at the hearth-stone which of late years have so disgraced our nation and our age. Nor is that all; because it is a law of nature, impressed by the finger of the Eternal One, that whoever disobeys the same *must* suffer the inevitable penalty of the transgression, in deprivation of true happiness and joy, if in no other way; for the very soul becomes dwarfed, crooked, angular, parts with all its finer, nobler, better feelings, its brightest hopes and anticipations, and the fountains of domestic bliss are transformed into well-springs of bitterness, horror, self-reproach, remorse, unavailing and complete, because the true fire has died out, and the baleful flames of alcohol are too often substituted in its place. Love! The meaning of the word is no longer known, for it sickened unto haggardness and death, and then, on broken wing, flew back to Heaven, whence God had sent it aforesaid to bless and happyfify mankind. But now, murdered outright nearly, the spot where holy flowers once bloomed has, under the reign of that single error, become the play-ground of fierce, red passions whose sport brings desolation — oh! how terrible! — to both sinner and sinned against.

The office of the true teacher is, not to be silly, and harp forever on the “fundamentals of science,” or deliver oceans of gabble about “basic principles,” “positives, negatives, and supercelestialized formative, subtending universological conglomerate,” — tomfoolery, which no one can understand; and

few care about trying to ; which accounts for so many works on love, sexism, and the like, still pressing heavily the book-sellers' shelves. But it is the duty of a teacher to so clearly set forth even his most delicate meaning, as to be clearly comprehended without shocking the reader's sense of refinement ; thus, feeling the mission to be holy, he or she at once appeals to human reason, and becomes an alleviator of human ill, whatever be its character.

On the desk where this is written, lies — *in a double sense!* — a recent work on marriage, the author of which opposes the institution in toto, — partly on the ground that “the constitution of man enables him to perform and enjoy certain functions of his sex at almost any time, and with almost any associate,” *ergo* he is justified in so doing ! Secondly, we are informed that there are no marriages in heaven, consequently there should be none on earth. Now, a sufficient answer to all such juvenile twaddle and greens — for this “coming philosopher” is only twenty-five ! — is, that Love seeks its own to hold and maintain, and monogamic marriage, the constancy of each to the other, is the expression of the divine idea, the builder-up of human happiness ; while on the other hand, promiscuity is utterly subversive of nobility of character and of everything else elevating to human kind. If a stronger refutation of the wretched absurdity is needed, it is found in the fact, that nowhere within the pale of civilization has, can, or ever will be found a sane, healthful, normal man who, loving a woman, is either willing to share her favors with another man ; or is, or can be, capable of so doing ; or who would not writhe in unspeakable agony of soul at the bare idea, much less the actual knowledge, that the woman thus loved had fallen from her high estate, and granted to another man what belongs exclusively to himself. It is said “*belongs,*” for a man married to a woman in love is a part of her, and she a part of him, else why the fearful anguish to either when untoward circumstances tear them asunder ? Talk of death, torture, the rack ! Why, all this may be borne with courage and fortitude ; but when you tear a woman from him she loves, or a man from her he worships,

then comes misery indeed, and woe unspeakable, and the racked soul cries in agony, Eloi, eloi, lama sabaethani! My God, my God, why hast *thou* forsaken me! Ah, the heart, the heart, O woman of the gray blue eye, was an unknown land in reality, till thou didst point it out to the thereunto blinded soul! taught it through the stern lesson of thy heartless double-dealing, that love and passion are not sisters, but only cousins-german; that Love alone is capable of subduing and remoulding human life and character. Love! Ah what a vast and unsounded, unfathomed, unimagined eternity of meaning lies hidden in the word! What a world of bliss were ours were that one word comprehended, and its holy laws obeyed! Yet they will be by and by. God is great!

One God, one Religion, one Trust, one Love,—these are sufficient to fill the measure of the grandest soul, but it often requires a moral earthquake to lead us to that transcendent discovery; when we do we have reached the religion of MANHOOD!

If we have our reason cool, and weigh things in the scales of justice, we cannot help concluding that every gust of jealousy, anger, suspicion, and bad passion of every sort, which occasionally sweep over the best of us is, after all, but discipline, intended by Him who placed us on the sea of apparent, but not real, accident and circumstance, to subserve ends and uses in the far-off future, hidden from us, but not from the Maker. If we yield to them we lose ground in every sense; the lower nature rises to the surface, and the sun of man and womanhood sinks beneath the sea. How criminal, then, are we who permit these storms to mar the serenity of our immortal souls; and that, too, when we know full well that in the very moment wherein we cry “God help us!” God himself, with outstretched arm, is there, to succor and to save! Whoever depend upon their own strength for power to withstand temptation, beat back the foes of their souls, and gain victories over themselves, depend altogether upon broken reeds. There is a God in heaven, and his power is abroad in the world, no matter what crack-brained sophists may affirm to the contrary; and

that divine power alone is able to render us strong for the right and against the wrong! Most of us have very powerful evil tendencies to contend with, and we cannot do it single-handed and alone. By reason of the mysterious action of the law of hereditary descent, the best man or woman living is liable, under certain peculiar conditions and excitements, to break the restraining cords and startle their friends and the world by a burst of temper which is, in other words, but a form of positive insanity, which, if it do not rush him or her into sudden crime, at least is very likely to create disagreements and antipathies such as no subsequent repentance can atone for. We are none of us so perfect but that there may come a time wherein the bad of the foretime, the baleful poison handed down from distant progenitors, may be awakened and ooze up from the floors of our being, through some dark crevice or cranny of our natures, left there when we were struck into being. Now it is comparatively easy work to fight against acquired bad habits, but when, in addition to our own, we have to contend with another host of them transmitted to us from two hundred years gone by, and which perhaps have been silently gathering volume and force ever since, then indeed it is up-hill work and no mistake; and he or she who wins against such odds is indeed heroic!

Totally setting aside all theories and hypotheses concerning the absolute origin of the human soul itself, — whether it, like the body it wears on earth for a longer or shorter period of time, originates, springs into being in the first instance, at, or shortly after, the point of time wherein the physical nucleus finds a lodgment, and begins its wonderful growth and unfoldment from gelatinous monad to full-fledged soulhood; or whether the immortal spark had a prior existence here or elsewhere; whether it is brought into being by the mingling of elements furnished by each parent, or whether it exists as a point in the brain of the male parent, and is subsequently clothed upon by the dear mother; certain it is, whether either of them be the true solution of the mighty and involute mystery or not, that its career on earth must be good, bad, better, or

worse, in exact ratio and proportion as were, or are, the progenitors just precedent to, and at the moment of the primary office; and also in accordance with their good or ill condition, in all respects, during gestation, as well as for some years thiereafter.

It is generally held that the male parent has nothing whatever in any way to do with the formation of the character, or physique of the child, from conception, till long after the new being has been an inhabitant of the world. This, however, is unquestionably a very grave error, and a very pernicious notion; and for many reasons; among which are, first, the mother's office is one of love, and she is almost wholly dependent upon the father of her unborn child, during her entire maternal period, for the store of true affection which it is her office to crystallize in the babe she is giving to God and the world. Second, she depends upon him for the intellectual stimulus essential to the perfection of the brain of her babe; and, third, she needs the continued flow of strong vital electricity and magnetism of her husband, to enable her to round out and fill up the nature, body and character of the new heir; and thus in a triple sense, not to mention scores of others, does the male parent assist in the formation of and rounding out of the physical, mental, moral, ethical, electric, magnetic, and nervous system of their offspring; which offices can never be properly filled unless love reigns lord of the household! Deprived of these essentials to a perfect maternity, the offspring must of necessity be lacking in the prime elements,—be a one-sided halfness, and angular, from the fact that it must, will, and does, receive impressions from *others*, which impressions being fitful, changeful, kaleidoscopic, necessarily make the child correspondently. *But* if the father *loves*, and is near the mother, those impressions are prevented, other influences barred out, and the child becomes in very deed a well-spring of joy and pleasure in the home.

Reason, nature, common sense, all sustain the position here laid down, and proclaim the principle of this new discovery to be of very truth itself. The points here set forth directly (and there are scores of momentous *suggestions* connected therewith)

are too important to be hastily passed over ; for upon them, to a far greater extent than is seen upon the surface, depends the happiness or misery, not only of countless hosts now living and playing their parts in the great drama of life and love, but also upon them hinges the tremendous question whether our children shall come into the world born thralls of vice, impulse, excitement, and barbarism, ground into their very marrow, or enter on the race of existence with calm temperaments, solid physiques, enduring brain and nervous force, and be bright and shining lights in a world of thick moral fog and darkness ; and this great question is one that each parent must put to him or herself, and for the true verdict their own souls and the Eternal Father will assuredly hold them responsible, sooner or later, here or beyond the surging river.

In this connection comes up, naturally, the question "How?" The answer is : husband, prospective father, a child is wealth ! — wealth, sir ! richer than Golconda's mines, — and it is your first, middle, and final duty to be patient, kind, affable, and all else that you ought to be, in all the trifles of life and love and husbandage and fatherhood ; for, after all, it is the *trifles*, so called, that constitute the sum of existence, and make or mar human happiness generally, but especially that of love and marriage

It is perhaps well, at this point, that reference should be made to what no better appellation can be given than that of constitutional vampirism ; hence, advantage is here taken of another work from the same pen and brain, to quote therefrom : [DHOULA BEL : or, the Magic Globe.] It is clearly demonstrable that parents affect the fate or fortunes, the happiness or misery of the child *before* that child is born ; and so positively, too, that no subsequent training can wholly overcome the inherited bias — no possible washing thoroughly remove the stain. The influences exerted upon the unborn *will* display themselves all along that child's career from the cradle to the grave ; and the satisfactory solution of the great problem of human evil is easily found in that selfsame law of descent and transmitted bias, aptitude and appetite. When evil rules openly or secretly, whether of apparent choice or strong impulsion, derived from

ancestry, there ensues a battle to the death between the Shadow and the Light, in whosoever's soul and body the combatants are pitted against each other.

Many a man has been jailed, state-prisoned, and even hung upon gibbets, execrated of all mankind, not for his own sins, but for those of his fathers before him; and many a good woman has fallen into adulterous practices, not of her own free choice, but by reason of the sudden development of an overpowering impulse, which, perhaps, took its rise a hundred years before, at some stolen interview or love-passage of her progenitors, and which, like the seeds of consumption, slept through entire generations, and then leapt to life and frightful power under some extraordinary condition in which she happened to be placed! It is well that man's judgment is not final; and it is sweet to think that God will hold us responsible for those sins wholly our own, and not for thee razy, cranky, sick abnormalities which we develop by reason of pressure, not of our own creation.

Mankind are yet to learn that evil qualities and their fruitage can only be permanently displaced by replacing them with good ones handed down from parent to child all along the line of years; for the human race, like a turbid pond, can only settle itself and become pure by the operation of forces alike resident in each. Not until then will the world be better than it is to-day; for it is of no use for us to try to permanently improve anything but our own characters, nature, tendencies and proclivities. The human constitution, unlike those of states, cannot be "resolved" into better conditions, nor be amended, even by a "two-thirds rule." *That* grand consummation can only be effected by personal analyses, elimination of the bad, substitution of the good, and persistent sticking to it, by the quickening aid of a cultivated conscience, and the strengthening power of a normal will. It cannot be achieved by patent nostrums of the pseudo-scientifico-philosophical schools, because these are, at bottom, but very pretty moonshine, and just about as solid, only a million times more injurious, because so specious as to look like truth, when in fact they are but sugar-coated false-

hoods, whose kernels, like modern pills, are very aloetic, bitter, nauseous, productive of moral consumption, affectional scrofula, and heart cancers, wholly incurable, save by the sharp knife of suffering and the invoked aid of the Omnipotent.

It is perhaps not strange that, look where you will, you will find that the most rabid free-lovers are the most vehement God-deniers ! and wherever you find one, you are sure to discover that one hat covers both characters. During the past twenty years there has arisen and flourished about forty socialistic maniacs in this country, nearly all of them atheistic, and quite all bent on destroying marriage, inaugurating the good time coming by making every man a contemptible human dog, and every woman a victim. Lunatics every one of them, with but one idea, and that only half digested. Others of the ilk who rode, and still ride, as hobbies, various so-called social-science schemes, reasoned in circles, reached their views of truth by the *reductio ad absurdum* over the *pons assinorum*,—sheer impracticables, who caught and used many a good man and woman, and, of course, wrecked them soul and body ; for these fellows, many of whom were spiritualists, of both genders, did, and still do, invite people to go to heaven on the cars of morbid “philosophy” as a name, but shameless licentiousness as a practice. We are writing by the card now, and hinting at, not telling, facts. Let the defiance come, and the gauntlet will be instantly lifted ; because at this end of twenty years’ knowledge of the whole radical movement, the writer is unable to point to one of the various leaders of it who was not either a knave, idiot, or insane, yet, operating as a social force, these schemers, from the days of Mountain Cove to the Ohio villains and villany, spread desolation far and wide, ruined families by thousands, made honest men dupes, turned dupes into rogues, and, defying God, scattered the seeds of death and hell broadcast over the fertile acres of the land ; and the remnant of the wretches are doing it to-day, urged on by lust-fires lighted at the lamps of Hell. Thank God, their day is nearly closed, and common sense and decency are gradually but effectually crushing out what little of life is left them. Out of this class sprung mainly what is here intended to be dis-

sected, — the destroying thing called Vampirism. If the dreadful dreams of these social reformers, these abrogators of marriage, could — which, thank God, they cannot! — be carried out in general practice, civilization would not endure a century, but grim gaunt chaos come again. Give such people full swing, and, if they could, they would fling the Lord God off the universal throne, in their mad career of havoc and destruction, and then, whirling all heaven across the abyss, hurtle the eternal seraphs down to the yeasty deeps of nether space. But being limited, they can only wreak their hatred of all good, by denying his existence and desecrating his holy image — human kind; for to them what is man but concentrated lust, what woman but his victim, what life but a field for passion's foul display? The morbid host have concocted scores of patent panaceas for the cure of all social ills, but who has ever been benefited thereby? Ring out the inquiry upon the air, let it echo over all the earth, let it swell upon the spaces, and reverberate from the ramparts of heaven, Who? and the mournful echo will catch the sound and fling it back in multitudinous waves, until sound itself shall die exhausted, as the quick ear catches a sibilant Who? That only.

Their dogmas are false; their doctrines disastrous, freighted with ten times more death than life, misery than happiness, vice than virtue, weakness than strength; with no religion, trust, faith or charity whatever; no social power, but only disruptive forces; no manhood, no womanhood, no good, no logic, but plenty of flimsy sophistry, and not a spark of courage to meet in fair encounter the champions of Religion, Virtue, Christ and God; — sneaking, lying poltroons at the head and foot of the movement, out of the middle of which flows a corrupting stream, a gulf of infamy on whose festering tide, born of moral feculence, which finally takes life and stalks about the world, — a moving collocation and condensation of all unseemly unsightly, ungodly things, and to which we are about to turn our attention. Its name is VAMPIRISM!

CHAPTER IV.

EVERY gust of Ador-amatory, every gush of love exhausts unless returned. The prolific cause of untold thousands of wife-deaths springs from this fact; for where a wife goes out in love, pure, tender, gentle and sweet, in these modern days, the chances are five hundred to one but that she is misunderstood and met with a different kind of fiery storm, heavily freighted with death to her, and but poorly calculated to afford real joy to him.

How long, O Lord, *how long*, will it be before all us who hope we are, and believe we are, immortal beings, will learn the first great lesson of immortality, and understand that union, mutuality, reciprocal interchange of all kindly deeds and wishes and offices, — one tune, one mission, one desire, one hope, intent, aim, object, and purpose, — is *the* sole rule and law of married love! How long will it be before men discover that to merely gain a shell is often to wholly lose the jewel; but that whoso wins the contents of the casket, the glittering gem, wins casket and all, and more beside, more than will satisfy the largest hope! Yet that lesson must be learned.

Passing wholly by the reformers, — Rapp, Owen, Compton, Fourier and men of that grade, — all of whom left the world a great deal purer and better than they found it; even skipping past Joe Smith, Ann Lee, and John H. Noyes, as persons who had a good motive in their movements, and really believed their own doctrines, we will pass at once to the lesser, and infinitely more mischievous new lights, — the grain-devouring rodents of society, — the pestiferous rats and mice of the social movement, — men and women with some brains, but no moral proportions whatever. Most of these came to the surface along with modern spiritualism, diverged from it somewhat, and — inspired by ambition to either figure or make an odor in the world — they mainly, and triumphantly achieved the latter — and a very unpleasant one it was. Doubtless among this flux of Eolists, mountebanks, and moon-struck fanatics, there may

have been one or two honestly believing themselves loftily inspired by divine ideas; but all of them save one alone, the head-centre of the foul brigade, shall be nameless herein, because their lucubrations are beneath contempt, as indeed are those of nearly all other people of one idea.

Standing alone in his nasty glory was Andrews, the self-styled "Pantarch" and free-lover general, who, while pretending to be a reformer, really knew as much about social science as a long-eared jackass does of algebraic equations, yet had he brains enough to gather not a few cracked-head, passion-driven fools about him, all of whom considered rape and seduction a fine art and justifiable, and hailed concubinage as lofty gospel. But the theme is too vile for these pages, their creed too horrible and disgusting.

These reasoners mistake worms in their brains for splendid ideas, and their wriggings for the grand movements of the vortex of vortices, and morbid cogitations for profound thought. Such men sometimes pride themselves upon their culture, and fancy they are right, simply because they are not openly coarse and brutal. A greater mistake was never made; for the more refined a man is, the more dangerous and cruel he becomes, if his devotional or religious nature is in abeyance to his intellectual and esthetic.

Passional vice in all its forms is carried to greater refinements of abomination among the cultured than the plebeian classes, for reasons self-apparent; and the writer of this is aware of wealthy wretches in New York and Boston, whose passional crimes, and deep and damning perversions of the instinct, are altogether too horrible and infamous to be mentioned, yet are actually true, as thousands can testify, if need be, on solemn oath. Women, with deep shame be it said, are not one whit behind the other sex. The whole springs from the civilized corruption of qualities in themselves pure and good. And society is to blame for them.

The best picture of Satan ever drawn, describes him as a polished gentleman, of the Pantarchal type — exactly! — the perfection of intellectual power and æsthetic culture, art, refine

ment, taste, and all that marks the outside of the perfected civilizee, but wholly destitute of moral goodness or religious devotion. And from writers of that mould has much of modern social-science-literature, mainly come, — thinkers, some of them, of rare ability, but who being all head, are as destitute of heart as a school of fish are of black-boards and writing-books !

These vermicular philosophers, in their haste and zeal to upset society, and rebuild it on new plans, are incited thereto mainly by their own diseased tastes, and resultant discontent, and not by genuinely philanthropic motives ; because their calibre is too small for universal, or even general, comprehension of the real wants and rights of man. They either forget, or purposely ignore, the fact that there are natural as well as human laws underlying society ; and that its development proceeds from the operation of principles too deep for them altogether. They are blind to the results of civilization ; that it is not dependent upon mere intellectualism ; for unless its growth be religious and moral as well, its fruits are poisonous and disastrous to mankind. In proof of which, if proof be needed, see France ; ay, our own land !

The social fabric is bulky and involute. It is builded slowly ; and no one beam in the structure can be rudely displaced,— marriage, for instance,—or reversed, by ballotizing everybody, without weakening the entire edifice, and endangering all its occupants ; for society is like a sea, with ebbs and flows, action and reaction, and whatever disturbs one part is sure to be disastrously felt by another. The fact is, society in its rise from primitive savagery has ever moved slowly, but always toward the higher and better, and despite occasional stoppages and bloody impedimenta of war, and other cataclysmal ruin, it never, in the long run, fails to surge and bend and turn and trend in the right direction, — a direction, too, never decided by human choice, but under an impulsion, which itself moulds all human thought, choice, and desire, and develops, by mystical means, the instruments of all human advancement, and in a thousand directions simultaneously. A natural law which never fails, as it operates, and moves the whole grand machine

along its God-appointed track, to grind to powder everything opposed to its healthful march and growth, Joe Smiths, Ann Lees, Mahomets and "Pantarchs" included; and this is why partial reforms and reformers, political cliques and parties, church systems, and all specialties have ever and always failed, and, save as they added a new element to the future, have come to naught, from the days of the Greek, Egyptian, Parthian and Scythian commonwealths down to and including the Darke County, Ohio, and Mountain Cove Villanism, Spiritual Agapemones, Brigham Young-dom and Berlin Heights.

The social machine naturally despises all fits, starts, periodical spasms, and personal governorship. It is *never* radical, but always conservative. Nature abhors a vacuum, and so does society despise radical innovations of every hue and shape, no matter how finely tricked off with a bright panoply of glittering words, theories, and hypotheses; it instinctively smells paste where apparent diamonds shine, and while listening to fools takes good care not to wholly follow their advice.

Society knows that neither radicals nor social amazons are safe to tie to; that they are never healthy, and that it is a good thing to give them both the go-by. The author speaks from bitter experience among both classes, and his verdict is, he never found either a virtuous, sincere, truthful or honest radical in all his twenty-seven years' knowledge of them, for their paths are very sinuous and their walk is "slantindicular." They are born malcontents, opposed to everything and everybody, diseased inside and out, and above all affectionally, for they are passion-driven drivellers, unworthy of notice, and all their teachings are pernicious.

When leaders set bad examples, erratic or erotic, what else can be looked for than that those who swear by the same shibboleth will exhibit precisely the same phenomena? But it is remarkable that when those very leaders come to see their error and take the back track, they are seldom if ever followed by even a corporal's guard! *Facile descensus averni*, — but hard to climb back into heaven!

Thus it happens that all honest men and women, who by sad

experience have come to find out that they were deluded, and when by suffering and the providence of God they have been brought back face to face with truth again, have always been berated, slandered, stigmatized, and hounded down almost to the bitter death, by those who were once their staunch upholders. For instance, take Spiritualism, Swedenborgianism, Universalism, and wherever a man or woman has left their ranks, he or she has invariably been blackened in the most "gorgeous style," and found to have always been villains, rogues, and everything else bad and woful; all of which comes of course with sweet grace from lips eternally prating peace, charity, and good-will, and prove their own truth by driving men to the wall, women to prostitution, and innocent children to beggary! Have they really done this? Yes! The proof is within sound of the writer's voice as he pens these lines; and yet at this moment many of these self-same people are blaspheming God by mock praises and pyrotechnic prayers; succeed by what Mrs. Wood called the diuretic (meaning dietetic) philosophy, right afterwards,—all of which develops another curious streak of human nature, and proves the major proposition herein, that out of extremes and radicalisms comes nothing good or sound, elevating, humanizing, or religious, but only unholiness, vituperation, malice, slander, lust, hatred, revenge, insanity, and unrest, to escape all of which the best way is to let them severely alone. Steer clear of radicalism, but emphatically insist that your children shall, because there's no real, but at best merely apparent good in it, whatever shape it takes, or style it goes by; for, stripped of its trappings, it is only another name for irreligion, religio-sciento-philosophico prostitutions, of talent, soul, body, brains, and morals; and when laid bare by the scalpel of sound logic, it is found to be full of cruelties, sophisms, and irrationalities of every kind and degree, distasteful to healthy minds, but delicious to the foul.

The insane maunderings of modern iconoclasts; the mumblings of toothless old crones of vinegar aspect, who bawl and howl against everything good and sensible; the vapid chatter

ings of pretty poll-parrot women's rightites, who mount the rostrum to show off their fine points and bring fools to their feet; and the hoarse gruntings of reformatory lunatics in broadcloth, who ventilate bad English and worse morals from the same platform, are on a par with madness; are as little worthy of an honest man's or virtuous woman's respect as are the maudlin dribblings from the brain of his salacious, pantarchical, universological and sociological High Nastiness, Andrusius the First.

The whole varied and complex tribe of would-be-State builders, gravely tell us that not only is the Christian religion powerless, effete, dead in effect, but that society is rapidly going to decay; just as if we believe such stuff, or that the conserving hand of God was not visibly at work everywhere, causing it to correct its own faults, often by severe measures; as war, revolution, and physical degeneracy; through the divine power of which agencies, fearful and terrible though they be, violated law, moral, mental, social, physical, all find their avengement, and gradually but surely restore the great world's health again.

This vehement denunciation is not against individuals, save only as they represent principles; and before this task is done the terrible cause will be seen, but not *felt*, as the writer's heart has felt it! God can only realize *that* bitterness! — why this terrible earnestness is levelled against systems foul and Satanic, yet garbed in scientific cloaks.

These self-appointed world-regenerators, but really exponents of disruptive notions, talk and write just as if there were no God in existence, no retributive forces in being, no Providence over, under and around the world; and as if it was capable of making mistakes, and the whole grand system of the universe a definitive and radical failure, total, overwhelming, and complete. They forget that we are in the middle of Time, with one eternity behind us, and another right ahead, and whole clouds of eternities dimly looming like vague, gray shadows in the immeasurable Beyond! No! There's no such thing as mistake or failure in or about or to or from the overruling soul of Being!

the infinite Lord of a myriad heavens, and the other myriads of soul-bearing galaxies such as the eye sweeps in the vast blue above our heads, and beneath our feet forever and forever ; and he who affirms such a possibility even, is either demented or a fool.

But, to argue a little further, suppose that society really is unsound in many respects, and presents the *appearance* of decay, is it so certain that these symptoms are the signs of dissolution? Is it not far more reasonable to conclude that these very signs are, in the bodies politic and social, just like others in the human frame, when scrofula so taints its every fibre that the system is deeply engaged in the depurative process, and with all its energies is rapidly and surely collecting all the bad substance into a social ulcer or two,—the isms, ologies, new lights, and their ists,—which only need deep pricking to let the pus escape and leave the system cleaner, clearer, purer than before !

It seemed to the writer that the time had come wherein the ultraists and ites, the ologists and ists, and the vampire tribes, alike in the higher ranks of social life, as in the intellectual cesspools of so-called godly and philosophic Boston, should no longer have it all their own way. Boston, the Puritanic, where girls imprisoned for the fearful crime of poverty have been subjected to abuses by paid officials, as can be clearly *proved* in open court, too dreadful to be readily believed of savages, much less Christians. The testimony is at hand, and at last “there’s a chiel among ’em ta’in notes — and, faith, he’ll prent ’em !” That city, for its size, has been a young Sodom, clearly, and most corrupt of any other under heaven ; for although there is no place within the domain of civilization where human life is better, if so well protected ; no spot where actual, open crime is so quickly run to earth, or a poor man has fairer play, or outcast a better chance to return from her wanderings when good men are in office,—yet there is no spot where bigotry and prejudice rule with so strong a hand ; or where the laws of God and man, so far as it regards the great social vices, are set so wholly at defiance ; because the facilities for their infraction

are greater than in any other place out of London. What is the cause of it? Are Boston people worse than others in that respect? The reply is an emphatic No! But it results in a great degree from the natural protest against puritanic repression; from the strict class lines of its people, and from their wretched restaurant-life, — for at least eight-tenths of her people seldom know what a good square homeside meal is, but they gobble their food in eating-houses as cattle do their hay at fodder-time; the consequence of which is that all Boston is dyspeptic; and whoever is dyspeptic does not care a straw about Moses and his seventh commandment, which they glory *then* in breaking; but they delight in the last one, with the “not” left out. Boston is peopled with two general classes, old and not old; both of which have added an additional item to the decalogue, and strictly obey each its own. That of the not old is, “Proceed during the period of juvenility, for when senility comes it will bring a chronic inability along with it.” That of the other is shorter, and reads, “Get all you can, and keep all you get.”

The man or woman whose food is constantly manipulated by hirelings, and partaken of with strangers, cannot be healthy in any way; for the food lacks the magnetism of home, love, and domesticity. Restaurants make lechers of us all! and that will be a happy day when the last one burns up, and the last meal is eaten at their tables by married men and women, or single ones either.

Convinced of the inutility of attempting to force society into new forms, modes, channels; and that a natural growth will bring things right eventually; and that the mere social phaseisms thereof are but temporary existences, destined, like pustules on the human face, to pass away when the digestive apparatus is all right, the author believes that, if the social and political doctors will but let society alone, its disorders will be healed and permanently cured for good by the grand *Vis Medicatrix Naturæ*; leaving perhaps a scar or two, but the radical poison will have been extirpated thoroughly, because God and Nature,

though sometimes apparently slow in movement, are nevertheless always perfect in their grand and holy work.

The world, in its social, devotional, emotional, affectional, and every other department, even when deathly sick, sensibly and ever refuses to be experimented upon on a large scale or for a long time, with or by any variety of patent nostrums or new-fangled notions and medicaments. Each man in the long run will be compelled to clean out his own Augean stables, even if it takes twice as long as it did the fabled hero of antiquity. But he alone — each for him or herself — *must* do it; and then, and not till then, will the world get better and be permanently cured; and that's the long and short of it!

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 Woman! Let's take a glance at a side of her always seen, but seldom noticed, and scarce ever understood. There is in all women a very great deal more than most people dream of, and here is one strange thing: there are moments in her life, fitful, flashful, evanescent as a passing dream, wherein **SOME-THING** awfully grand, deeply mysterious, fuller, higher, sublimer than what most of us call love, beams forth, like a sunburst through storm-rifted cloud-banks, from her eyes and features, — a mystic gleam, revealing some new thing of the soul, — an index to an enormous force and power, of her, within her, whoever she be, — one class, vampires, excepted, — and telling of a boundless ocean of angelism upborne on the floors of her soul! — a mystery too vast for the intellect to wholly unravel or fairly grasp. For twenty odd years, in all lands, the writer has observed this wondrous thing. He has seen it in the spotless virgin in cold New England, and on the burning sands of Araby the blest. He has seen this **GODNESS** flash out from the dark orbs of an octoroon, — the passionate, angular daughter of the South; and from the cold, gray-blue eye of an icy blonde beauty of Maine; from the beaming face of the beautiful-featured temptress and man-slayer, — Laura Fair, — may God forgive, in pity, for her great crime, and her fearful provocation thereto! It has been seen radiating from the black eyes of a negress. It flashes from the face of the nun in prayer, and

from the dying mother's features ; but oftenest is it seen for an instant, and then it is off and away again, in the face of her in whose bosom an immortal soul is preparing to be born. What is this strange something peculiar to women, occasionally seen in men, but only in those whose woman-side is the strongest, — this mystic thing which all have seen, yet no one ever named? Those in whom it is oftenest visible are ever the heartfelt, angular, misunderstood, lonely, soulful, idolatrous, uneven, moodful, capricious, wayward ones of the world. It most frequently shows itself when love has lit up the eye, and then the lowliest woman bears the stamp of queenliness, and while the spell lasts is possessed of a nameless grace, and glides along with the soul-subduing witchery of a magnetic summer cloud. Then she floats in an atmosphere that is something more, yet something less, than voluptuousness, for this wonderful and strange magic never either inspires or seeks passion ; for it is as wide apart from that as heaven is from earth, or manhood from a libertine's soul ; and yet this strange something oftenest appears when passion is at high tide. When that flashful glimpse is on her, a woman — be she who or what circumstances have made her, rich or poor, beautiful or homely, old or young, black or fair — is simply celestial and divine ; for immortality, beyond the wildest dream of rhapsodist or tableist, gleams forth unmistakably ; and she who has it, or he who beholds it, can no more doubt the hereafter of the seeing soul, or the seen, than that one and one make two, according to human arithmetic. He who beholds her then, and drinks in the subtle meaning along with his seeing, cannot help realizing, perhaps for the first time, that the object called woman is a great deal more than mere physical gender implies. Women of the soulless grade have already been alluded to, and will be again further on ; but this divine thing, this celestial femininity in part or wholly, is very seldom seen, found, or felt in them, save by reflection shortly after they have sapped some one else of life and soul, and then it flashes out for a second only. It shot forth for just an instant from the eyes of *La Blondette*, as she sat there by the bedside whither she had been drawn to see

him die — her victim ; for a moment the celestial nature gleamed through the vampire eyes, brought to the surface by an instant of pity, — for the man lay at the point of death ; but God said, “Die not yet!” and so balked her of her prey; whereat the divine thing went back to heaven, and the leech again swam in her own dark, turbid pool.

Speaking of vampirism, — is it not rather singular that soul-leeches are never, or exceedingly seldom, found, except among the radical types and grades of society? The writer has met scores of them, but never anywhere else save among the “Reformers,” “Women’s Righters,” “Pantarchians,” and among a certain class of so-called, but falsely called, “Spiritualists,” — falsely so-called on the ground that being born in a stable fails to make a man a horse, and so-called, simply because, happening to believe in certain strange things, they call themselves spiritual, when analysis demonstrates them to be wholly material, sensual, sensuous, non-spiritual, and altogether of the earth, earthy.

There are thousands of such abnormal beings in existence, most of them in America, and very nearly all in the radical ranks, persons of either sex and no sex, who sap, vitiate, and drain out the life and vital nerve-energy of others ; and contact with whom leads many a one to imagine they love and are loved in return, when in sober fact all such are the pitiable victims of a very devil-spell, and stand, body, health, spirit, morals, and soul, upon the toppling verge of a precipice, to fall into which is ruin greater than aught which can otherwise befall a rational human being. May the God of Heaven succor and save all such, — and there are thousands of them, both within and without the pale of marriage, so-called.

The terms basilisk, vampire, evil eye (*mal occhio*), jettatura and ghou, of Eastern story, are convertible terms, and were intended to denote what is now being herein held up before the world, in the hope of putting people on their guard against the most dreadful and terrible counterfeit of love known on earth ; and which is as far worse than its extreme opposite as is a deliberate murder worse than a school-boy’s quarrel. There is no moment in the entire life of such a person, when the heart

pulses with generous feeling, or the eye is lit up with love. Instead of that there is a short, sharp, quick, piercing glance, which once seen can never be forgotten, because it fangs the very soul of its victim, and leaves a sting which only time and a genuine love, in fair, open, manly marriage, can ever heal. But we have not yet done with this fearful thing, which, by the way, will never wholly die out while the outréisms of modern society, the entire family of radicalisms and ologies, maintain a footing in the world.

The true woman is ever one of feeling; ghouls have none, save for themselves, and only weep and lament when they no longer have hearts to feed on and destroy. But a genuine woman, on the contrary, is never so blessed and happy as when ministering to the joy and good of another. And although such an one may plod along unappreciated, yet there are moments when she feels her divinity, her royalty of soul, and it flashes out upon the gaze of others when neither expects and one knows not, and the observer is startled and astounded by the sublime revelation.

When a true woman's soul is up, when it gazes out from its fleshly prison-house, when its divine fire is shot forth from her luminous, loving orbs, disarming passion, and waking a train of better and lofty thought, feeling, and emotion, then, ah, *then*, there is something felt and seen by the observer which is instinctively recognized and acknowledged to be very close akin to absolute power and divinity; for it is more than magnetism, more than beauty; for beauty takes the senses captive, but this illumination unhinges the senses and goes through their gateways directly to the soul of the observer, and there tells his inner spirit that this is true womanhood! — an abused word, but whose real meaning is grandeur, dignity, friendship, affection, tenderness, trust, faith, and love; differing, indeed, from either, but embracing the essence of them all combined. The woman loves, the vampire preys, and the only common property of them both is, not sex, but its mere semblance, its external symbolism; because no ghoul can be, in reality, a woman.

The wide-spread, but almost wholly-unsuspected, prevalence

of vampirism accounts for the ruin and havoc, and domestic heavens transformed into social hells, which invariably follow in the wake of most professional reformers, particularly of the mediumistic class, very few of whom are healthful in any sense whatever, and the vast mass of whom are not merely one-sided, crooked, angular, but morbid and badly demoralized affectionally. Scores upon scores of thousands of families have been broken, husbands lured to infamy and home-desertion, wives to utter ruin and abandonment, by the flood and raff of reformers with a mission, who in these days scour every nook and corner of the land. What else can be looked for from a horde of fanatics who have no God to lean upon, draw inspiration from, or look up to?—people who have no conscience to accuse, no sense of honor to uphold, no real heart to love; who live on excitements and fatten on the nervous, magnetic, and affectional lives of all who enter their pestilent presence, or breathe the devil-essence, the exuviae of the nether pit,—if there be one—evolved from their entire personalities, physical, social, mental—people who can love only as jackals and hyenas love their prey.

A true woman, before she is contaminated and demoralized by current radicalism, is capable of, and to be happy, must love; but *such* love! Not your rose-colored, mawkish, Miss Nancified, kid-gloved, fair-weather affection, so commonly met with everywhere except on the stage or in novels,—but she is equal to one to be found when wanted, and which sticks.

Three days before the tragic ending, *La Blondette* wrote, or quoted, to the writer hereof,—who thanked God his fate was not sealed by marriage:—

“Then, come the foul weather, come sleet or come snow,
We will stand by each other,—however it blow!”

And, reader, would you believe it?—the man who wrote this book was fool enough to swallow that as Cupid’s gospel, without the slightest valid reason therefor. Blind! did you say? Yes,—as a bat; but then that very blindness resulted in eye

opening ; and the book in your hands ! That's how things are balanced, and good comes of evil.

How blind we are to the providences bending over us ! What grand results often spring from what looked like merest accident ! The fates or fortunes, not only of individuals, but States and empires, often hinge and turn upon the merest trifles in appearance. It may prove, and often does, that a love-grief or sorrow may turn out to be the changing tide in a new career. Never doubt till the end comes ; for misery and grief are often sent to test what sort of material underlies our character. No woman or man is fairly dead till quite ready to be buried ; and when a love grief takes hold of a person to the extent of suggesting despair or suicide, the chances are just about three hundred millions to one, that it is a vampire spell, easily thrown off by a resolute will, and wholly gotten rid of inside of forty days from date !

Extremisms, absurdities, and radicalisms all belong to one catalogue, and all alike lay violent hands upon the soul's integrity to itself and its divine Master. Rum-intoxicants destroy the soul through bodily channels, and over appetital bridges ; and so does vampirism, and the entire ungodly host which marshal themselves under the banner of social reform ; not always, but as a general thing. All but straight roads of life and philosophy are unsafe paths to follow ; and all loves but the home loves are dangerous to mankind ; and though outréisms are very pretty to look at on paper, or to be listened to from rostra, yet they are explosive bombs, charged with ingredients fresh from the pit, — if pit there be, and things look as if there were. The only perfect insurance against disaster consists in keeping clear of their respective lines of operation.

It has hereinbefore been repeatedly said that all true women are capable of loving deeply, enduringly, and well ; but, on the other side, it is equally notorious and true, that men very rarely, in these rapid days, possess the power to evoke, kindle, or call out, the true, deep love that dwells in every normal woman's heart, where it slumbers uneasily, and longs to be awakened. Instead of so arousing it, the majority of men are finished

adepts in the art of, and almost invariably succeed splendidly in, so thoroughly chloroforming it, that the poor, dear love goes to sleep for good and all, never to be awakened this side the grave; and then they wonder what's the reason why, and utterly fail to see that the fault is in themselves, and do not even dream of the wonderful meaning of the word Woman, nor that to call her out and make her all she is capable of becoming, three things are necessary, Love, Wifehood, in the true, full sense, embracing trust, confidence, respect, appreciation; and, to crown the series, Motherhood, resulting from the combination of them all.

Picture such a woman standing before you in all the radiant majesty of her nature; but measure not her boundless, limitless, unfathomable ocean of genuine feeling, and giving ability and power, by the standard, or in the petty heart-measures of peach-cheeked, carnationed sentimentalisms now in vogue; for she and her heart require larger, fuller methods for the determination of real values. A woman's soul is a lake of fervent water, heated by the breath of the Infinite, ready to flow forth, and wash white and pure the blackest, foulest, spirit of man, if he will but permit the holy baptism. On the other hand, the lurid flames which ceaselessly burn and fret within the soul of the loveless, unloving, yet love-hungry human leech, is a consuming death, capable and efficient to ruin the best and purest man on earth, between the birth and fulling of a single moon, as it hangs out, first a line, then a shield of silver, in the sky.

Some wives and some husbands are nervous leeches to each other! Such marriages are very prolific of consumptions, heart-disease, vice, infidelity, drunkenness, ether-using, opium-eating, jails, assaults, elopements, divorces, slander, early death, and sometimes state-prisons, murder and the gallows. The question arises here, however, When such unions exist, such results not having been foreseen, is there any method of averting any item, or all, the evils in the catalogue? Reply, Most assuredly! It has already been given, and will be repeated in another chapter, if that is not clear enough.

CHAPTER V.

ATTRACTION: CAUSES, EFFECTS, CONSEQUENCES.

THERE is in certain persons of peculiar organization, a kind of magnetic attraction, strange, weird, almost undefinable, yet though it is a broad, deep river, its original spring or source is a very tiny point. This singular attraction, exerted by persons of both sexes alike, but more frequently by women of particular mould and make-up, has neither love, friendship, nor passion as a basis or fulcrum for the exhibition of its energy or power, yet is frequently attributed to either and all, while in reality it is far different from, yet immensely stronger than, any one of them, or than the entire combination of the three, as the three generally exist.

It seems a marvel that a discovery so vast as the above lines imply, — and those which follow will demonstrate, — should not have been made long ago by some of the millions of people who have written, said, or sung, the interminable, yet ever fresh, story of love and its wonderful mysteries. They were not thorough analysts, else had it not been left for the present writer to call attention to a very remarkable series of facts connected with the subjects under discussion.

This power, of a semi-magnetic character, to which attention is here called, is deeper, higher, broader, and far more mysterious than what is usually known as love; for love invariably draws its object toward itself; or, at least, it tries to, that being its nature, albeit it does not always achieve success. But the power here tried to be defined is both strange and peculiar, because passionless, yet the *soul* of passion, by which is meant *soul-passion*, not material incandescence; for while it attracts its own gender, it also draws persons of the opposite sex, intensely, yet at the self-same moment exerts a positive repellant energy, and keeps the attracted one from approaching too near, save to worship and adore.

All truth is dogmatic and self-assertive, no matter what be

its nature, character, or form; and the truth here announced, although for the next century it may defy analysis, and all mankind may prove unequal to the task of giving an adequate or satisfactory reason why; yet is so clear cut, is so much a part of almost every one's experience, as to be at once accepted as being real; for there are but few persons of either sex, past the *jouissant* period of youth, wherein there's never a time for close observation or solid thought, but who have had abundant cause in their own personal experience, to corroborate what is here said upon this most wonderful and deeply mysterious working of the human soul; and to recognize the existence of, if unable to give a name to, that strange mode or mood of the soul now under discussion, if not dissection. The power alluded to is real and positive, and its influence is felt by all people, and everywhere. It holds them spellbound at distances proportional to the amount of soul in the attracted individual; just as planets are in the solar world. Some persons, of either sex, in whom a plus of soul exists, when heart-reft and lonely, as all such are extremely likely to be from the very great difficulty of finding suitable or equal mates, or anything like just appreciation, very often, and periodically, have sunbursts of vehement love; and during such periods, exert, ever unawares, an attractive fascination, almost awful in its intensity, upon whoever of appreciative grade becomes embalmed within their then quite magic sphere. But — and here is the grand and broad distinction between what we are now studying, and the fearful vampire spell already alluded to, and to be further explained; for no one ever suffers, or becomes gross or wretched under the influence of the former; while whoever falls beneath the latter invariably inhales the spores of the deeps, and becomes demoralized in exact ratio with the amount of the pestilent magnetism they have imbibed.

One leads to self-restraint, virtue, goodness, God, and heaven; the other to total abandonment, passioné, volupty, angularity, hardness, grossness, moral death, and stultification.

Reader, a question or two: Have you never been in company

with those for whom, at first, you had no especial liking, or regard, yet whom, after a brief acquaintance, and having caught the strange unearthly flash, described erewhile, you were compelled to—love?—no, not that, for as times go the thing passing by that holy name smacks more of earth than heaven!—but to whom you looked longingly, and clung to with something deeper, broader, fuller, more mystical, and apparently more dangerous than love, in spite of yourself? Ay, and which continued to move and grow upon you whether you would or not,—not as an infatuation of the leech grade, but as a deep emotion, almost devotional, because clear, clean, white, pure, unsullied; having nothing of fiery passion, lurid ardor, morbid, and charged with falsehood, flanked by jealousy on one side, and gaunt murder on the other. Have you not felt this better something sinking—a flood of wondrous life—to the very floors of your being, and kindling theretofore slumbering aspirations to reach higher and go farther? making you conscious of strange and mighty possibilities of achievement on your part, never even vaguely dreamed of before?—possibilities of joy, love, devotion, thought, act, faith, and trust, theretofore soundly slumbering deeply in the far-off crypts and dormitories of your soul? Have you not felt all this, even when strict analysis on your part failed to enable you to discover any satisfactory cause for the feeling, or any qualities, abstract or concrete, in the individual thus inspiring you, reasonably capable of producing such effects? Well, this something is soul touching your soul without the intervention of flesh, contact, sound, or magnetism. It is wholly SOUL! The inspiration is divine, and a union between one capable of inspiring, and one able to appreciate and return it, is celestial, heavenly, of the gods, godly, and just what the Maker intended *all* souls should feel before, during the continuance on earth of, and when rejoined above in a still more holy and intimate marriage. This is the love which angels feel and entertain, and so may we here on earth, every one of us, if we but fairly try to have it so. But this sort of marriage will never be

realized so long as we are content to float on the belly of the air, our heads not touching heaven, our feet away from earth!

Men, however, have first to learn that she gives little who only gives her form; and women will be compelled to act on the principle that howsoever beautiful the casket may be, it sinks to insignificance in point of value when compared with the jewel it contains. Of course this knowledge is the exact reverse of what is learned to-day; but when it obtains, horror will disappear, and gladness take its place in every household; because the one only and true principle — Pure Love — will be enshrined in every human heart.

As things are now, many a bride goes to the altar leaving her heart behind her; and many a bridal couch is pressed by the lithe form, and form *only*, of her who has just spoken the irrevocable words, but whose soul is far, very far away, and proposes to stay; and as times go — a not altogether unwise determination, yet the conditions are very sad.

Husbands are not always blind or callous; for though a wife may conceal her wretchedness or inner dislike of her condition for a while, yet even the grossest man, who after all values mind more than matter, will find it out in time. Generally men have themselves to blame for such a state of affairs, and find it hard to bear. But if it is hard for them, what must it be for the woman? *Think* of that, reader, think of *that*!

When shall we three meet again? — that is, husband, wife and love — is often *thought* as the twain enter the room where each is to call and be the other's own; and if fine ears could catch the answer, the sound would strikingly resemble the sad word *Never*!

As Heaven intended us all for joy, and gave us the elements of being happy, it is to a great extent our own fault if we fail to reach the shining shore. The reason is that we find it much easier to run down hill to Hades, than to climb a little toward the table-lands of Heaven.

No diamond without its resemblant paste, no light without

a shadow, no joy without a horror, and, true to the rule, there is more than one dreadful counterfeit of the perfectly holy thing just tried to be described, the angelic, or rather the truly human affectioné. Let the portrait of one of the most fearful and devastating counterfeits of them all here be painted: Reader, have you never encountered pale, thin-lipped, strange-eyed, singular-looking, mysterious, semi-silent, reticent, yet periodically loquacious, eat-you-up-ish persons, — females of the *outré* stamp mainly, who possessed a certain positive, yet nameless, but fathomless quality, not merely of physique, mood, manner, gifts, or accomplishments, but all of them and something more beside, differing from them all? — people with curious gait, peculiar eyes, and very strange, disturbing, sense-enthraling glances from those weird and terrible eyes, — *her* eyes, — the eyes of Herodias, — she who asked for the Baptist's head in a charger, as she made merry before the king, and for which, the legend tells us, Christ commanded her to walk the earth till he came again; just as he sentenced the Jew Ahasuerus, to the same penalty for a like offence against the Master, as hers was against his best beloved, John, — peerless, lovable, thrice-blessed John! and the one went east and the other west, and once in a century they met, and where they met cholera and famine, plague and fire, devastated the homes of men, and as many thousands perished as they had hairs in their heads! — eyes like Herodias' eyes, longing for your life-blood! — eyes which look you through, cut, cleave, carve, mercilessly divide you, lacerate, yet, strange to say, at the same time, confuse, soften, melt, charm, fascinate, bind, and chain your very spirit, and, despite your struggles, take you, sense and senses too, captive before you fairly know your real danger; for they put the will to sleep, and soon you are in a sweetly delicious, but terrible thralldom! If you have not had such an experience, you have not attended many of the sorosis and other world-renewing conclaves of the sober sisters, nor the “circles” “séances” and conversational levees, held everywhere in these days by the multiform and myriad members of the Circean sisterhood; women in appearance only,

but in reality, many of them, conscienceless soul-leeches, who deplete, exhaust, demoralize, and render gross, loose, and desperate, any and every one who approaches near and remains long enough to be saturated with the hadæan aura perpetually evolved from them. There, is, however, one consolation, — vampires seldom live long, for Nature herself, repentant of her parentage of such beings, decrees them but a limited period wherein to revolve in earthly orbits, and then, in pity, removes them beyond the veil, to where their abnormalities can be corrected, because there is nothing for them to feed on over there. True, we are told that such beings, uneasy still beyond the grave, return to earth and fasten upon innumerable victims here ; but then, if this be so, we have a sure protection in prayer and will, inspired by faith in God, able to shield us from all such envenomed attacks ; and moreover, it is a singular fact, that within the pale of the Christian church even such are powerless, and they can *only* fasten upon those, who, moving in a morbid sphere of life, breathing sickly mental air, are already tinctured and tainted with the poison, and thus attract such leeches just as carrion does the far-off buzzards of southern lands. It may be set down as absolutely certain, that only where inviting pastures are will these harpies from the hells upon the other side come trooping, rushing, flying, to sate their baleful greed, and quench a thirst born with them, because the mothers who brought them into being vainly yearned and longed for love, affection, something to appease the deathless thirst that consumed them while bearing the child, whose whole nature thus, in consequence, became warped for lack of what every mother absolutely needs, and without which both she and her babe are rendered wretched and desolate indeed.

Every human being is the exact expression of the conditions existent when they were called into existence.

At this point it may as well be stated that it is notorious, that wherever you find a radical religionist, society-builder, pseudo-reformatory philosopher, extreme political regenerationist, free-lover, passional attractionist, pseudo and self-styled spiritual mediums. iconoclasts generally, and especially brawlers *against*

marriage, *for* divorce, and new-fangled, half-digested schemes of social reform, you will find every one of them to be one-sided ; high, but narrow-headed ; uneven ; angular ; dyspeptic ; passion-ridden impracticables ; fungi of the mental world ; half men, half women, whose very organizations prove them the offspring of parents about whom there floated an atmosphere of some sort of wrong, misery, warpedness, unrest, wretchedness ; and their children are living proofs that *they* were badly gestated, and worse brought forth ; because no normal, sane, mentally equilibrated man or woman ever exhibits the sharp corners these people do, and who are ever full of caprice, quirks, turns, inconsistencies, — now this, then that, and nothing long, — unenduring in any direction, save in the chronic discontent which is a part of their very nature, and the legitimate expression of their parents' states before themselves came to the world, not by any means to make it better, or to bless, but to upset and drive it mad and wild ; by their persevering but futile efforts to improve what only God can make better in his own good time, and own grand way.

That the absence of love at home is the cause of all the terrible evils that afflict society, is a very painful, but solemn truth. It may not appear so upon a cursory and superficial view ; but in the final analysis will incontestably demonstrate itself. If every man loved his wife and children, and every wife her husband and family, there would exhale from the body politic a divine aura, — an atmosphere of goodness, love, truth, and purity, in which it were an utter impossibility for hatred, lust, gambling, drinking, anger, cheating, lying, slander, or any other bad thing, to exist ; simply because there would be nothing for them to feed upon.

God rules the world, and Chance has no hand in the matter at all ; and ignorance of his laws occasions all the marital discord on the planet ; hence it is because woman's true nature and demands are not comprehended or appreciated by either herself or the male world, that evil exists everywhere as the qualitative and quantitative expression of exact conditions obtaining in her life and world.

Various so-called remedies have been concocted and put forth for this universal bad state of things, for instance, Free homesteads, Woman's rights, Suffrage, Office-holding, New religions, and ten thousand things beside, all just about as effective in reality as the pope's bull against the comet, simply because wholly unnatural.

A woman whose heart is full of love, and whose love is returned, is contented, and can no more go gadding about preaching impossible doctrines than she could deliberately strangle the babe of her bosom. Of course it need not be here repeated that actual love, being all a woman requires, is not merely the cure of evils resulting from the reaction of morbid states of mind upon her body, which reactions pass by innumerable high-sounding Latin names,—is not only the cure for, but preventive of diseases of all sorts now in the world. If more women were like Mary, there were more Christ-like men in the world; for as the mothers mould the children, the exhibitions of perversion in the world show how very imperfectly she at present does her work. A good deal of these bad results spring from the mutual humbug of the wooing days; for it often happens that the love which touched two hundred degrees three weeks before marriage, sinks below zero six months afterwards,—when the fine, sharp, keen edge is worn off; and unless the man, but especially the woman, takes special pains to rebuild the fallen edifice, lasting ruin is sure to mark their wedded life thenceforth. Humbug reigns, yet need not, for there's as much love in existence to-day as on that glad morn when the morning stars sang together for joy, and the sons of God were made joyful. The fact is, four-fifths of the women in the world to-day, married and single, are actually love-starved, and dying for what is either wasted, perverted, or wholly smothered.

As a provisional step toward a true state of things, there is no good reason why a woman should not express her preference and love, as well as a man; for as things are now, it is very often Hobson's choice with them,—a piece of a man, or none at all. Woman has now but a slim chance of happiness, or

even to develop her better, higher, nobler, deeper, and more delicate and feminine character, because the tendency of the ages has hitherto been toward masculinity in all directions; hence she must move with the current, or not at all.

But whosoever says that man is *wholly* to blame for the actual condition of the great majority of women is a fool; as well as he who should assert that she herself, individually and collectively, is not at fault. Go out in our streets any grand gala day, like July 4th, and look squarely in the faces of the thousands of women and girls you meet, as they come swarming into town, and not in one face out of fifty you meet, will you detect the slightest trace of thought, thought-power, genuine ideal woman or girlhood; but, on the contrary, a dead level of mediocre commonplace,—a frippery and childish *abandon*, from which it is hopeless to expect anything higher than gossip and gabble. This criticism may be harsh, but it is just; for not in over one face in a thousand will you see the lines of a marked and distinct character. If, then, woman will not improve what chance she has, with what justice can she expect her cause to be championed? Let her avail herself of her undoubted opportunities, and demonstrate her desire to stand on the place she craves and ought to occupy, and no power on the globe can keep her from it, and indeed none will seriously try to. The fact is, both sides, both sexes, are faulty,—woman for not being what she might, and man for expecting too much from her in view of the chances he has given her and she has improved. The majority of women are mere mechanical puppets, moved by springs. They will *not* think, but persist in moving on the prairie lands and dead levels of the exceedingly commonplace. Of course there are exceptions, but exceptions do not make human society, the people, the world, or build a nation's greatness. It is in the great mass of women we require to instil loftier ideas of their nature and destiny; it is the school-girl whom we need to cultivate; and it is the mothers, sisters, wives, of the "huge-paws" and commonality whom we want to raise; and not your he-she-gabblers; nor your polished treader on velvet carpets; for one good country

girl or sewing maid, for the world's practical uses, is worth five hundred such. We must go to work there if we would succeed, — ay, and lower still, — and rescue the millions now in the broad maw of ruin, and in saving them teach the lessons of labor, love, and sweet charity, and instead of cursing the poor wanton by the wayside, save her if possible, for she may yet mother heroes; but if we cannot save her, then let us arm ourselves with good-will toward her, and in the true Christian spirit say, as say these lines, — blessed lines! —

“ Where'er her troubled path may be,
 The Lord's sweet pity with her go!
 The outward, wayward life we see,
 The hidden spring we may not know.
 Nor is it given us to discern
 What threads the fatal sisters spun;
 Through what ancestral years has run
 The sorrow with the woman born;
 What forged her cruel chain of moods,
 What set her feet in solitudes,
 And held the love within her mute;
 What mingled madness in the blood,
 A lifelong discord and annoy,
 Water of tears with oil of joy,
 And hid within the folded bud
 Perversities of flower and fruit.
 It is not ours to separate
 The tangled skin of will and fate,
 To show that metes and bounds shall stand
 Upon the soul's debatable land,
 And between choice and providence
 Divide the circle of events:
 But He who knows our frame is just,
 Merciful, and compassionate,
 And full of sweet assurances,
 And hope for all the language,
 That He remembered we are dust!”

Let us take a case of vampirism, — as it actually occurred, — and thus show how it works, and what its effects are, to the end of saving those from ruin, who may hereafter suffer attacks from

that Mephistean source. Given to start with, a meeting between the female ghoul and her intended prey, — for let it be known vampires always *plan* their raids and conquests; while people *never* fall in love on purpose, — for love is the flame kindled either instantly, at first sight, or is gradually, imperceptibly grown into. Well, in less than twenty minutes after they twain have met, he has become completely fascinated and is affectionally wholly absorbed by her; thinks her more than celestial, divine, adorable, and thenceforth is only at ease when she is the sole subject and object of his thought; and he pines for her presence (simply because she is drawing his very life and soul out of him, by a magnetic and exceedingly mysterious but diabolic process), sighs, longs, yearns for her as the babe a-hungred does for its mother, or the parched and thirsty soil for rain. When she has him well in hand, she tries her power variously, as by putting on airs, being whimsical, odd, jealous, exciting his jealousy; insisting that, unreasonably, he shall discard all others, but her own bleary self, and she delights in torturing and exciting him in every possible way. She will make him promises, purposely break, and then, when he least expects it, fulfil them to the letter. If he is poor, she will offer to, and frequently actually will, assist him; and at other times will extract his last dollar. Now she doats on him; then turns to rend him; ending the drama by falling into raptures and declaring heaven only is to be found in his presence. She appears to love him tenderly, dearly, *desperately*; but it is appearance only; for such a woman *cannot* love; her very nature forbids it. True affection is a garden barred to her access by flaming swords, as in the land of Eden in the twilight of the foretime. That strange passion she inspires is no mere fancy, no idle hallucination, or imaginative fantasia, but is fearfully real, but lurid, dreadful, soul-benumbing, will-paralyzing, unmitigatedly demoniac in its effects upon the man, if the subject of its horripilant energies be a man; or on the woman, if the victim be such; but the pestilent power is wielded ten times by females to every once by the sterner sex. While under the spell, the man thus vampired can only fitfully, spasmodically read, write,

eat, drink, sleep, pray, enjoy life, or the society of his friends, against the latter of which she takes good care to prejudice and arm him, especially those of her own *apparent* sex; and the victim soon becomes entirely engulfed in and by this one blind madness of his life, — a madness fearful from its unreasoningness, its utter fatuity, burning, fiery fervor. Let no one imagine for a moment that all or even one-fiftieth part of this unrest is of a passional nature, because such is not and never wholly was the case; for in a hundred other respects it is to him consuming, wild, agonizing, health-destroying, heart-crushing, moral-blasting, soul-withering; and his life, energy, manhood, will go out of him day by day, while the thing that looks like, but is not truly a woman, who is destroying all his hopes of earth, and heaven too, is really as cool and unmoved as if sitting at the supper-table. “Will you walk into my parlor?” said the spider to the fly.” And such a woman is a human spider; and it matters not to her what color, age, race, or character the flies are, so long as they get entangled in the meshes of her infernal web, and she can thereby prolong her life at the expense of their blood and vitality; for the vampire waxes fat and strong, and even her hair will grow darker and more glossy while she feeds upon her human fly! The culmination of the drama is either death, or a violent disruption of the malific relationship. Victims everywhere may see their danger, and with a single prayerful effort of the will, break their gyves and burst their chains forever.

Take a ghoul as painted here from an original, and ask yourself, was ever such a woman really wooed? was ever such a woman really won? — actually touched with genuine love or affection? It is an undecided question, but looks rather doubtful, for such human beings are in this world, just what certain vines and parasites are in the vegetable kingdom, deriving their sole life by extracting it from others, themselves having no root whatever in nature, and but little on immortal life. Orientals say that no ghoul *can* attain to immortal life. Can they?

But is even such a person beyond the pale of God’s mercy?

Is there no joy, no hope, for them? Are they lost forever? These are terrible questions, and would require a longer essay than is practicable just now; still a brief answer may be given. There *is* hope of redemption, but it must be found, like every other true remedy for affectional ills, within the pale of honest marriage, and by resolutely trying to live the higher, nobler, better, and purer life.

The singular power wielded by a spider-woman fastens, leashes, binds her human fly to her by cords stronger than a hempen cable. She sometimes, though very seldom, goes through the marriage ceremony with her victim,—for that would be to tie her,—and all such women are freedom-shriekers; but occasionally will persuade their dupes, that in order to appear respectable and stop the speech of people, it may be necessary to appear as husband and wife, to do which a “marriage under protest,” or for so long as both can agree; or a “mediumistic” celebration of the rite; or a “philosophic ceremony,”—all of which are blinds, cheats, shams, mockeries, illegal, unrighteous, invalid, of no account in law, and much less in gospel,—is just the thing; besides which, even such a swindle might give her a right to his property in case of death, which she would very likely hasten by aid of a little strychnine, or a few grains of cyanide, or some other photographic condiment, if need be!

What fool in love could resist such blandishments? Few. Hence the chances are, that to gain her point the spider will induce the otherwise sensible fly to take a trip in the cars and have the “mediumistic” or “new-light” mummary gone through with, after which woe be unto him, for his fate is sealed, unless God’s moral thunders crash upon the ears of his soul, and waken him to the actual situation. God *does* so thunder. Souls have thus awoke; vampires have been foiled thereby, and men have been saved from total wreck, and will be again; for are we not in his hands who foileth the wicked, and doeth all things well, saves, with outstretched hand, whoever cries, “Come, Father”?

Vain are the efforts of friends who scent the danger, and

seek to annul the disastrous rapport, and cut the cruel bonds. None are so blind as those who will not see; and so the fly's whole being is wrapped up in the pale, thin-lipped spider; and nothing but her fangs in his heart will suffice to make him believe her aught but an angel, or rouse him from his stupid lethargy.

Whoever has trouble in the kidneys, save from accident, has had difficulties of an affectional nature; and if of a vampiral character, these organs are sure to be painful and disordered, if not positively diseased. Loss of memory and fancy follow next, and if total loss of nubile energy does not supervene, the victim is a lucky one, that's all. Such a woman is a moral leper, poisoning all she contacts; and if your town or village has a single one of the genus in it, she's a fruitful scourge assuredly.

Not many years ago, when the writer's blood was a little younger than it is to-day, he formed the acquaintance of a woman, who was a full-blown vampire, of the most marked character; *she* was disliked by nearly every one, and yet in spite of their teeth, so to speak, ruled everybody she met, and chose to exert her baleful power over, with as much natural ease as a queen bee reigns paramount over her hive; even while every one of *her* victims knew her to be a leper in a triple sense; for her very presence was poison, her every breath redolent of something far worse than the Egyptian scourge; for while *that* contaminated blood and body, *this* did as much, and burned the soul beside; upsetting the very basis of honor, purity, manhood; and her influence was a thousand times more demoralizing than that of the painted Cyprian stalking o'er the town, for the reason that the latter being mercenary, only carried a less deadly trail, and exhaled a less destructive aura. The writer had rather his son or daughter should fill an untimely grave than be exposed for long to the contaminating and pestilent personal atmosphere evolved from such people. For it is no uncommon thing for persons sound, sane, manly, good, to become utterly demoralized, even to the extent of the most

terrible blasphemy, within a very short time after being well-charged with the infernal exuviæ, the protoplasmic evil of such harpies and ghouls.

Have you never felt, as it were, your very soul's purest, sweetest vitality — its life-essence, magnetic, electric and nervous, combined — gushing from your entire being, soul and body too, in one full, breakless, deep, rich stream, you knew not why, when in the presence of particular persons; and which in spite of you, flowed toward them, keeping you fretful, suspicious, hopeful, sorrowful, desperate, all by turns when they were by, and in a longing, restless, unquietable condition continually, in their absence, yet in both cases without either the hope or assurance, the pure, sweet satisfaction which unmistakably would attend upon a true, healthy affection, no matter whether the attraction were reciprocal or not?

Have you not heard or seen persons who have become insane, utterly crazed; and have you not been told, by those who ought to know better, that true love has made them so? Undoubtedly there are cases wherein reason has been dethroned from genuine love, impeded or frustrated altogether in its course; but that such is the case generally is demonstrably untrue. It is no such thing in nine out of ten instances attributed to that cause. Love works no such disastrous results in healthy minds; but the victims have fallen before the attack of its dreadful counterfeit, now being analyzed and traced to its real and fundamental causes. Love and its train are heaven-sent; but the passion written of here is a thing of lower worlds than that, or this either, and bears no more real resemblance to the true principle than ghastly murder does to sweet charity's hand.

Have you never suddenly felt a peculiar and indescribable *thrill* pervade your very being, when some perfect stranger has crossed your path, but whose momentary, though positive influence, stubbornly refused to quit its hold upon you? If so, you are here called to note the difference between it and love; for the latter leaves a longing calm; the former a quenchless thirst, and fervid soul-storm.

There are threes or trines in all things whatever, whether of the physical, moral, mental, metaphysical, or affectional worlds ; and in nothing more perfectly than in this latter ; for the love-world, being the fundamental basis of human nature, has its trinity even more absolutely than has any other section of man's interior economy. Accordingly there is, what perhaps will be more clearly apprehended by the term heart-trine, or heart-triangle. One line, arc, or limb of this trine, this centre being, is love, by which is here meant the mutual outflow and inflow (affectional systole and diastole — the tides — action and reaction — response) between a woman's heart, not material but emotional ; she being well-fitted, or fully adapted to her opposite, and a man's heart well-fitted likewise. Wherever two such are thus fully met and well-fitted, there can be no jealousy, suspicion, discontent, rivalry, uneasiness, or unrest, save of course, in the latter case, prior to legal and actual, mutual, marriage ; but not in any one of the other items of the list.

The true and never-failing proof of well-fittedness is ever the satisfiedness of the twain ; for in all such cases the loved one looms up very much higher before the loving eyes than any one else possibly can ; no matter how great may be that other's advantages of person, position, youth, beauty, power, wealth, fame, or any combination of them all. Because true love ever opens the eyes of the lover to the advantages of the loved, and disadvantages of every one else, and shuts them tightly to the faults of the loved and to the good points of all others. It is its nature so to do. If any so-called lover, if any wife or husband, ever hears a constant ding-dong of fault-finding and criticism from the lips of the pretended lovee, or of the wife or husband, it is an incontrovertible proof that the love felt is very lukewarm, and decidedly fair-weatherish, is easily drawn aside, gets sick quickly, and is sure to come up missing at the very hour it is most needed to sustain a soul amid the war and tumult of life and its accidents. Such love is no love, only pride, vanity, interest, selfishness, or, worse than all, passion ; for if one perpetually thinks of qualities desirable in the other, which that other hath not, yet refrains from constant effort to

develop said qualities in that other, then such persons are only in part well-fitted to each other, — are merely friends, and by no means true lovers. Love is an allness each to the other. Friendship is but a partness, and is sometimes selfish, which love never was and never can be. The finer the grade, nerves, brain, build, and culture of a man or woman, the higher and nobler are the love and friendship they are capable of feeling and inspiring, so that what would pass for ardent affection with and to people of grade “A,” would be but a moderate affection in those of grade “B.” People sometimes think they love above their own natural rank. But is this so? Can there be perfect unanimity where one outranks the other in the natural scales, of soul, body, intelligence, and calibre? Can such an union be perfect and satisfy each? Is it not rather a magnetic spell, therefore a delusion, from which both are, in time, sure to awaken to actual wretchedness? Must there not be a general if not special equality between them? must not Cupid woo Psyche, and must not Psyche yield her all to Cupidon, to make the relation natural and complete? Could a beautiful cultured lady return the full, deep, wild love of an earnest, honest fervid, but uncultured, thick-headed savage from the foundry or the ship-yard? *Can soul respond to muscle?* Doubted! Such a thing might resemble, but could not really be, genuine love. Pity, compassion, aspiration, hope, tenderness, all fall far short of being *the sine qua non*. There must be soul-equality, or the pair are mis-matched. Not that intellectual powers should be on a level, — for that can never be, and is not needed, — but that the great qualities of one should be balanced by some special potency of equal fineness in the other. People often wed from friendship and imagine it love, until some one else crosses their path, wakes up the sleeper, and convinces them in ten seconds of their great mistake. Friendship grows apace and keeps on till death or financial operations slay it; whereas love is full-fledged, *generally*, at its very birth; its subsequent work being one of mere magnetic and ethereal blending or chemical assimilation, fusing, mingling, crystallization, and condensing; the sundering of which produces heart-agonies compared to which

death itself were far preferable. Love, then, remember, is the central figure or main chord of the great heart-trine. But there are two other lines to the triangle — two more deep things or love-resemblant passions in the human heart, yet which really are nothing akin thereto, save in the respect in which a brass coin is like the real one.

It is well to remember that souls, like bodies, are of varied timber, texture, weight, and value, just as is everything else on the earth or off it. Some are large, full, free, open, generous, noble, time-enduring; others are cribbed, crabbed, small, close, mean, lank, self-important, arrogant. No two blades of grass, no pair of leaves, on all earth's green fields, or in her boundless forests, no two drops of water in all her teeming seas, or grains of sand along the measureless stretch of her ocean lines, are exactly alike; and for a man or woman to hunt for a precise affinity, viewed from their individual positions, were just about as sensible a task as to undertake to match a leaf, blade of grass, drop of water, or grain of sand; for no two alike in all the vast fields of space, — and remember, O reader, that the material, man-bearing universe, compared to the soul-fields of the vastitudes beyond, are but as a tiny little-acred islet on Pacific's placid waves, — a mere egg-shell floating on the bosom of the deep! Wherefore, to count the billionfold starry homes of human fraternities and zones and belts of space alone, would defy a seraph's algebra; much less to number the unit souls composing them! But, although no two souls are alike, yet they are often so closely so as to be able to grow comparative similitudes, and therefore maintain constantly coalescing, and therefore happy, unions. Now take special note of what follows: When a woman with a great heart, large, broad, deep, high, and aspiring nature, full soul and well-constructed, compact, healthy body, gives birth to a child, the father of whom she *hated*, from her soul's base, ask yourself if it is possible for that child to be even one half as perfect as its father may have been, and its mother unquestionably is, — an earthly queen, in all but the one dark blemish; and for which causes, outside of herself, are responsible, not she. In such a case, is

it reasonable to suppose that *all* her maternal functions were perfectly performed? and she having not a drop of husbandly love to plant in its nature, but with an overplus of hate, discontent, revengeful feeling, to take love's place? Can she be even half a mother under such conditions? or do her work one-quarter as well as she undoubtedly is capable of, now that all the sweet honey of her nature is soured and bittered by bearing a burden she hates, as well as its author? There are millions of people born of just such mothers, under just such conditions! Is it any wonder that there are so many human incongruities, halfnesses, angularities, contradictions, and moral malformations in the world? for if such a mother fails to mark her states upon the child's body, she is sure to impress them unmistakably upon its mind, so strongly, too, that before its earthly race is run, the chances are ten to one but that the malevolent or otherwise non-healthful bias or influence will crop out and develop itself in pronounced shape and energy; and it may be that the metaphysical thing in her mind shall, in the person of her child, when long years have flown by, take form in outward act, and startle the world from its propriety by some strange and unlooked-for whim, caprice, or violent deed, the seeds of which she planted, instilled, before her child was born; ground into his or her very bones; for which deed, when justice decides the case, the actor is not all to blame, for, in fact, he or she is less than half responsible. Why? Because her labor was not one of love, willingness, heart-desire; but her office, being a semi-forced one, is very distastefully performed. Why do not social regenerators look deeper than they do? Why do not writers on love go to the root of the matter? Why do not preachers of Christ's Gospel tell their hearers that love, family, social, domestic, connubial love, lies at the foundation of the social structure; explain its laws, and enforce their teachings? Now the chances are five hundred to one, that such a child of such parentage will have a fine physical make-up and constitution, like its mother's; but mark ye! Whereas she has not *loved* the unborn, it comes to the world without having her love crystallized in its little heart, suffused through its tiny body,

diffused over its sea of nerves, or centred in its new-born soul, — a deadly wrong done it before its birth, never to be atoned for afterwards ! Thus, there being no love-crystals in its nature, it follows, with awful certainty, that of all its longings, yearnings, aspirations, struggles, and demands, from the nipple to the coffin, that for love will be the strongest, fiercest, most poignant, restless, deep, unappeasable ; and to obtain which, it will sacrifice anything, everything, — laws, customs, proprieties, decencies — all things must give way before this resistless appetite and natural demand ; yet never on earth will it be able to quench this natural, yet unnatural thirst, even though it could consume the mountains and drink the oceans dry. Beauty, wealth, talent, fame, passion, all will tempt, all be yielded to, all be tried, and tried in vain. Why ? Because the wrong is constitutional, was inflicted before its birth, therefore, unless it is possible to be born again on earth, that wrong can *never* be redressed ; nor in this life can it be righted, and possibly *never*, in all the vast *Æterné*, unless God shall do so in other worlds than ours ! Citizen, legislator, moralist, preacher, woman, man, do you ask to see one prolific fountain whose bitter waters flood the lands with evils, murders, drunkenness, rapes, libertinisms, profligacy, harlotage ? If so, behold it in the terrible facts here unmasked ! Look at them ; gaze upon, and stare them squarely, fairly, in the face. Reason them down ? Correct them by jails, gibbets, insane retreats, or surmount them by any subterfuge ? IMPOSSIBLE ! The blood of Christ ? No, even *that* will not do it, for the purest in the land, select agents of the living God, all fall before the storms thus originating, and for a time repressed, but only to gather greater force, to burst in fury on the world, scattering death, desolation, ruin, and despair on every hand. Blood won't do it. Love's the only remedy, and that in the nature of a preventive, not as a cure ; for it must be applied months before the child is born ! Talk no more about the divinity of Free Love. Behold its roots, and marvel no longer at the wraggled bitterness of its pestilent fruit. — Patent panaceas for the world's great sickness,

indeed! Go to! Whoever fancies that anything but connubial love *can* cure it, is — an idiot.

The aptitude for inspiring a peculiar form of what passes for love, and for being attracted by others, resident in such children everywhere, is, indeed, wonderful, enormous, because they continually crave what nature herself tells them is their greatest want. Nor can lust appease these fires, albeit that is in many cases the dreadful resort they rush to at first, until they find, as all do, sooner or later, that the fires grow more quenchless by the ~~very~~ means hoped and relied on to put them out.



CHAPTER VI.

MARRIAGE is, but ought not to be, a lottery, in which both parties too frequently draw blanks; hence it has come to be looked on with suspicion by far too many men, and by an equally large number of women; but the latter are often, by stress of circumstance, compelled to enter it, if for no other reason than what they hope may be gained thereby, — a home; and at any rate shelter and protection, — such as it is!

A pupil in Sabbath school being told to define matrimony, and having heard a lady declare that that word and purgatory were convertible terms, replied, — matrimony — purgatory, — a place or state of punishment, where people suffer, for longer or shorter terms, the agonies of the nether hells, previous to their entrance into heaven. The lad was not far wrong, — as times go!

It is related that a celebrated wit when told that an acquaintance had just married, exclaimed, Glad of it! But reflecting a moment, his countenance changed to a compassionate expression and forgiveness, and he added: Yet I do not know why I should wish him so great an ill, for the man never did me any harm!

Such things ought never to be said of the holiest estate known

to humanity ; nor would they be if love prevailed in the homestead, and children were born with hearts and souls and bodies too, full to the brim of a health that pervaded and enthralled every department of their natures.

Love, of all other things, qualities or passions of the human soul, and body too, may truly be said to be of a *fluid* nature, because it flows forth, goes to, and fills up, those empty or void places or cells in all unfilled hearts and spirits of the human world, to and for which it is adapted, and was designed to by the great Supreme.

If love is fluid it must obey the laws which, in other departments of the universe, govern all things of like nature. These all seek their level ; so does love. We have already seen, in the case of the vampire-grade of mankind, that in their cases there is an awful void, the inevitable consequence of which is, that wherever they go, or whoever they come in magnetic or even comparative contact, or proximity to and with, there is straightway and forthwith an involuntary affectional and magnetic tide setting toward the empty heart from the full and flowing one ; and with especial strength if the vampire be female and the full one a sensitive male. This leeching operation will take place, however, even if both parties be of the same sex, or the full one be a child. This self-same vampirism sometimes takes a still more horrible form, and in that case, if the ghoul be female, she feeds on her own sex. If a male, then boys become the victims, and both resort to practices too infamously horrible to be more than hinted at, much less described. This grade of demons abound in Boston to a far greater extent than any other spot on earth, as the police records prove ; and yet probably one-fiftieth of the villany is never found out and punished — *with death*, as it should be ! — for *that*, Ingratitude, and Fœticide are the three king crimes of the world, the nation and the age !

Philosophers, or rather scientists, have told us that attraction resides in a point, and that said point must necessarily be greater in volume, bulk, weight, solidity, than the entire combination of all the other points, bodies, atoms, or worlds which

are attracted by it, for such is the inevitable, inexorable, mathematical law. Now these philosophers are mainly right, and yet they are wrong; because both fluids and bodies rush toward and into a vacuum quite as forcefully as they do toward a bulky, and in the gravity sense, heavy centre, from which centre they are repelled at the precise moment whenever the two forces exactly balance each other. But there is no driving-off force, or repellant power exerted from emptiness, in other words, a vacuum; hence whatever rushes thitherward must inevitably be swallowed up, dissipated, lost; because an absolute, positive, actual, or an even comparative void, *necessarily* is immeasurably more attractive than any magnetic thing, centre, or body, that could possibly have an existence. For instance, to demonstrate this almost self-apparent truth by a simple example: suppose that it were possible to displace the Ether of Space at any particular section, or point of the sidereal heavens; and to cause a limited, but yet a certain circumference to be wholly, entirely, destitute of aught save Room, an actual vacancy, and what result would instantly, tremendously, follow? Why, every planet, sun, system, galaxy, every single globe, asteroid, meteor, ay, every atom in the entire material universe, would be instantly checked in their orbital careers, and with one universal consent rush toward that empty space to fill it. But if, after they reached that point, they were dissipated into, say luminiferous ether, or light, the rush would continue until not an atom, not a particle of matter would remain in God's great domain as a field for the exercise of his benignant energies.

Now the laws which govern all matter are but the external expression of principles imminent in mind, spirit, and the general soul of things; for we have attraction, repulsion, rise, flow, ebb, storms, clouds, sunshine, heat, cold, quite as much in our mental and the hyperphysical as we do in the gross material world, save that these laws and principles express themselves far more positively and vehemently in the metaphysical than in the atomic or particled universe. This is no mere assumption, having no firmer foundation than the writer's

ipse dixit, but is the grand conclusion arrived at by every thinker from Ægyptia's Thoth, down to the last essayist upon the subject now on the globe. It must therefore be considered an irrefutable dogma; and being so it follows, with merciless precision and force of logic, nay, absolute certainty, that in the case of a person organized as stated, and types of whom abound everywhere, that the very void or emptiness of his or her soul constitutes an attractive, pulling, *pumpiny*, drawing force, infinitely greater, stronger, more certain in its effect, than if that heart were filled and teeming with purest, clearest, jousissant human love; for which reason persons thus constituted must and do, both of will, purpose, and absolute necessity besides, not merely attract others with a force equalling their own sad void, but also, as a matter of mere vital magnetic life and existence, make large and copious draughts upon each and every differently constituted human being with whom they can gain even an ephemeral *rapport*, no matter what the sex, age, race, or grade may be. Ay, they will even draw the life of animals; and birds, dogs, cats, and some plants actually, nay, frequently, have their death-warrants signed and sealed through such companionship! Whoever, whatever, sentient thing stands, lies, sits, or moves with such, almost invariably feel a pleasurable magnetic thrill, — a sure indication that their *vif* or life, their love and strength, their force, power, and even will, is going from them toward the strange fascinator; generally resulting in a morbid liking, an almost irresistible drawing, mentally as well; followed shortly by a sense of exhaustion, peculiar, and to them unaccountable. They do not dream that their gentle tyrant is a ghoul, with the difference that these last are fabled to have fed on dead human beings, while the former devour living souls! In this statement is revealed the deep meaning lying behind the oriental and derivative Italian terms, *mal occhio*, jettatura, — the evil eye. Such persons easily acquire mastery of the affections of others; yet whoever yields to the accursed spell slowly but surely perishes, because their love is all drawn out of them; none whatever is returned, and when the supply runs out, then come madness, despair, utter reftness,

and *such* desolation as only quick souls can know and languish under; while if confirmed insanity, consumption, and sudden death do not follow, the wonder is all the greater.

Doubted? Then *you* have never fallen beneath the dreadful fascination. How can there be life or love without ebb and flow, and if it all runs from you to fill a cormorant void, what else can you do but break the spell, stop the flood, or lay you down and die? How can there be happiness, joy, health, without interchange? and if you give and never get back, what else than a grave yawns immediately beneath your very feet? How many prematurely dead people owe the deep damnation of their taking off, to this one cause? Millions! here, there, around you, everywhere; and yet the wretches who foster the state of things which father such results dare to call themselves benefactors of the human race; and there are, doubtless, thousands who will read this book, yet blame the author for striking at the wrong with sharp words and ungloved hands. But then, such people have not felt the steel in their own hearts; have not been robbed of *all*; have not lost wife or husband by the foul thing; nor wept over the green grave of a beautiful daughter or promising son, brought there by the system here so freely ventilated, — and from the spiritualistic branches of it too! Not that all who believe that doctrine are amenable to the charges here rammed home, but that many — nearly *all* whom the writer ever knew — were, and are. But the story is not yet fully told.

When two people interchange real affection, the divine fluid element, whose presence in us makes us noble, good, strong, and great, both parties retain what they severally receive, and each is better for it in every sense, in every way. Not so in the other case; for no ghouls can retain what they rob others of. They are cormorants, vultures, with no centres in them around which either the good can gather and cluster, or the loves crystallize and condense, or points in their natures for it to cling to and adorn. They consume it just as stomachs and lungs do food and air. A tiger feeding on broiled beef and game would transform that beef and game into ferocity and vindictive energy;

so would a tiger man ; whereas an artist or poet would change them into flowing verse, or beautiful transcripts of nature ; and just so a true man converts the love he drinks in, into good, truth, beauty, and high resolve ; but the ghou! converts it into a *point d'appui*, whence he or she can play their infernal enginery upon other victims, with whose life-force they never were, and never can be, satisfied or satiated except for a time, like a gluttoned wolf, only to return with new appetite to the banquets of blood, every one of which is seasoned with salt tears, and appetized with the dreadful music of breaking hearts !

Voracious to the last gasp, conscienceless as an India-rubber doll, what care they for desolated hearts and homes, so long as their turns are served, and they can find fools to believe that whatever is, is right ; God but a form of electricity ; morality an idle dream ; retributive justice a flimsy conceit and bugbear ; and human virtue the natural food of “ Philosophers ” and “ Pantarchs.”

Here rises an apparent paradox, needing explanation, from married life. Thousands of wedded pairs to themselves and others appear to love each other, yet make it a point of their lives to have *other* fountains whereat to slake their amatory thirst ; nor really think they are doing wrong. Why ? Because something was radically wrong about their parents for the ten months preceding their birth ; hence, they are obtuse on all points of honor involving love-matters ; they are constitutionally incapable of correct motives in such directions, because also incapable of true reasoning in that particular line. There's a chronic morbidity which needs correcting. And it can be. If the whole truth were to be told, it would be found that millions of wives and husbands have secretly gone to the bad, who were and are not even suspected of fallibility in that line by their mates, or any one else ; and they pass through life wholly unscathed, yet are generally the hardest persecutors of any poor devil who was too weak to resist temptation, and not smart enough to avoid being caught ! But these are effects ; causes must be looked for in another direction, and the one underlying the above facts is, because such persons can no longer draw

from their partners the peculiar magnetic life they require ; and are rushed into vice by the resistless impulsion of a bad bias entailed upon them by progenitors perhaps of a century before. And here, too, we have new reasons for the exercise of the loftiest pity of the human soul, else we, in our blindness, may condemn as a sinner some poor victim of a terrible and inherited disease, whose roots, penetrating the body, are fast anchored in the very floors of the constitution and the soul itself. "The greatest of these is charity !"

How very little positive mental light there is in the world, after all ! How hard to see the line connecting cause with effect ; and what a deal of inane twaddle there is afloat concerning the loves of the human being ! Sometimes, as these pages were penned in odd hours snatched from the thousand people who throng to the writer's office just to see what an author looks like, and consume his precious hours to little effect, save to exhaust his vitality by force of much gab, and his patience by their boring, he has been tempted to throw up the task in sheer despair of being able to dispel even a little of the dense fog which obscures the subject and involves love itself in almost impenetrable mist. However, the approval of a sensible man and woman, now and then, who dropped in for a friendly chat, and not to weary him with platoons and squadrons of unanswerable questions, confirmed his purpose to keep on working at the book. That's why he did keep on.

Bees, failing to find honey, soon die. Ghouls, failing to find victims, exhaust themselves and perish. But others, who are but partial vampires, manage to live on and thrive apace ; and many there be of this latter class who themselves suspect it not. The test of the fact is : If an affection brings rest and satisfaction, it does *not* spring from this second member of the heart-trine. But suppose a person, on strict analysis, makes the discovery that he or she really belongs in this groove, this love-reft grade of being, how can the bad quality be overcome, subdued, evanished from the nature ? The reply is : That when one finds one's self partially morbid on the application of the test, — satisfiedness, or unsatisfiedness, — with *one* love, then a resolute

will, self-restraint, the culture of the higher and nobler elements of character, and perfect reliance on the Supreme, are the only possible antidotes for, and correctives of, the pestilent bane.

Let us take one more step onward and downward in this analysis, and question Nature and science too, about the third great member of the heart-trine, and describe a class whose sufferings are acute beyond all mortal telling, and who are fit subjects for even an angel's or a seraph's tears.

Different, very different, from the class of persons just out of our mental crucible, is another, whose numbers far exceed either of those already treated of, — at least within the pale of Caucasian-Teutonic-Latin civilization. But of all lands they abound on this American soil.

This last class of persons not only suffer untold misery here, but probably are unhappy for long periods after quitting this mortal frame. Yet human pity seldom reaches them, because human intellects do not yet, save in rare instances, comprehend the nature of their peculiarities; and instead of studying the matter thoroughly, society — nearly all its members — blindly blames people for the adverse or intense action of a physical, mental, moral, and affectional chemistry, or chemico-constitutional make-up, over which they had and have no control, any more than they do of that lesser chemistry which determines the color of eyes or hair. And yet not even organization can justly be pleaded in defence of any person whomsoever, unless that person shall persistently fight against the bad tendency, and so weaken, if not completely neutralize, its effect upon them; for only in so far forth as we exert our force for the right, and against the wrong and unhealth, are we really men, are we really women; and it is impossible to be either, in the true, full sense, so long as we suffer what we know to be an evil to rule over and govern our actions. One single victory over a bad impulse weakens that impulse and makes us stronger, and subsequent triumphs far more easy of achievement. Especially is this true of all matters concerning the affectional life of mankind.

The class already described, and the one now being treated

of, are precisely alike in one respect, and one only, because each is but a human halfness. Both spring alike from the bosoms of talented mothers, highly developed, finely organized, of susceptible temperament, and keen, emotional natures; and both are graded and classed pre-natally; are fashioned well, but not by love. Take a woman of a highly sensitive, deeply-feeling nature, and suppose her to bear a child whose father she *hates*, and hates intensely. But, mark you, whereas in the first analysis we found the mother hating also the *office* she was fulfilling, — motherhood, and its fruit, — the babe unborn, — take notice that such is *not* the case with this second mother in its latter aspects; for she, unlike the other mother, does not bring a vampire into existence, because she does *not hate the babe* she is charged with ushering into the great man-wanting world. *She* does not perform her maternal task unwillingly, however she might have shrunk from the initial steps and fearful risks, but the step once taken, she has no regrets on *that* score; but rather clings to the consequences, that she may have what all beings are entitled to, — something to love, and be loved by in return. *She* is never reluctant to bear the ills resulting from her condition; nor does she ever so far forget her human duty as to inwardly curse the innocent unborn, as notoriously do thousands of wives and mothers in the barbarous parts of the earth, which are chiefly the great manufacturing centres and most densely populated cities of the so-called civilized world!

This second mother loves her coming son or daughter to a greater degree of intensity, if that be possible, than that wherewith she hates its father. She clings to *it* with a devotion which leaves nothing thereof for all the world beside; and she pours into its tiny being all the rich, ripe fulness of her entire selfhood, — from the base of her physical being, to the coronet of her immortal soul; and it is because such women have borne such children, that the world has in all ages had its remarkable geni; angular, crooked, eccentric, *passional*; for there never yet was a *very great* man who was not weak in that department of his nature. If it be said that Newton, whose fame was complete at twenty-four; Johnson, who was a great bear; Milton,

whose life was vixenized out of him, or Humphrey Davy, — a celibate, — were exceptions to the rule, yet the reply is, All these men had inner lives and experiences; and probably so covered up their amours as to defy all prying eyes and laugh at Mrs. Grundy. But we shall be told that Randolph of Roanoke was a great man, yet wholly non-passional. The reply is the *fact* resulted from pre-natal malformation, and not from choice or will. But allowing these cases of genuine genius to be exceptional, they but prove the rule, for wherever you can put your finger on one such, we can point to five hundred others whose lives and experience demonstrate the rule.

Persons descended from such mothers enter the world with an overplus, a vast excess, of that very quality whereof vampiral persons are utterly destitute. The one has *no* love, the other is *all* love. The former are born sensualists, the latter born lovers, because their entire being, souls, spirits, bodies, are filled with it, and the consequence is that no *one* attachment is capable of satisfying them; but their love flows out everywhere, to everybody. Captivated now by the short, then by the tall, now by the refined, anon by the opposite, — now here, now there, — human bees sipping honey from every flower, and not seldom leaving a sting behind, and badly stung at other times; changeable, ephemeral, intense, violent, are they; loving to the death this week, and wild after new faces the next. Such persons are the geniuses of the world, the cometic people, who bound at a leap to the most stately truths of being, and dash off poems and prose brimful of power and soul, with a careless abandon and ease perfectly astounding to the slow pacers who do not know the secret! Such persons have been the arch-magi of all times; the true seers, the strange delvers after mysterious things; for, discontented with this little earth, they have dared to force the portals of the grave and wrest strange and mighty secrets from their custodians on the farther shore; and for them alone have the golden realms flung wide their gates and laid bare to daring eyes full many of their hidden histories.

No man or woman of them all has ever been a villain, or sunk to infamy and crime; for such beings forever move down

life's pathways between two angels, — a good and an evil one ; the latter continually suggesting ill, the other always saving by the resistless might of the HIDDEN HAND, — as the writer of these lines hath often seen proved.

Power is one thing, happiness another, and genius was never yet known to be happy. Joyous, yes ; jubilant, frequently ; but whenever it takes a flight to heaven it is sure to dip its wings in hell, for it constantly oscillates between the two extremes.

Sensitive to the last degree, it readily is impressed by others, and accordingly blows hot or cold as impulse dictates, whim or fancy may determine ; all being regulated by its surroundings and associations. But it is ever true to its central idea, whatever that may be, — music, art, the drama, sculpture, poetry, oratory, — and is only inconsistent when measured by the small standards of those who stupidly stare at, talk about, scandalize and condemn, but can never understand it. How *can* a candle comprehend a comet, especially when contemporaneous with it ? How and why expect sluggish souls, dull, leaden brains, thick, cartilaginous, half dead, and wholly non-magnetic, non-electric nerves, understand the vivid lightning, and vehement, fervid fire of true and absolute, even if eccentric and unbalanced genius, — genuine soul power ? or with tape-line measure the measureless flight of a being who, pitying his earthly kindred, turns skyward and claims kindred with the Infinite ? — a being whose soul is surcharged with the intense white fire of the immortal Gods ? who scorns the petty honors earth affords, and seeks communion only with his equals, on earth or in the vast Beyond, — because his soul is pure, crystallized love ! — love planted there by the mothers who bore such beings to the world and God !

Mutual love between parents balances the characters and natures of their children ; and such children ever move above the crowd, but never rush well-clad where genius delights to roam barefoot, naked, and alone ; because love lieth at the foundation, and love, restless, inspires its unrest and its flights.

Such persons almost invariably love children, plants, tender

animals, poetry, music, art; and are never jealous of others, even in their own chosen fields, for they instinctively know that no other human being can possibly fill *their* own peculiar groove; hence, whenever you hear a so-called "genius" berating and uncharitably criticising another, you may take it for granted that *their* power is not real; and *their* claim to its possession but a very pleasant fiction, believed in by no one but their own silly selves! for your true geni is ever one-sided, but never a knave, poltroon, defamer, or a coward! But the vampire is always a miserable creature, from an inborn lack of genuine man or womanhood.

A being of the grade just described, taken generally, nearly always carries a breaking heart in his or her bosom. The children of the former class — the vampiral sort — very often reach the prison, brothel, and the scaffold; and *not* from impulsive criminality, but with prepense (forethought) in their career, for overt acts, against the weal of man, of which acts themselves alone are not wholly guilty. On the other hand the children of the other class — the true geni-producers — are almost always tender buds who blossom into short, but packed and concentrated lives, during every day of which they live more and longer than some others do in a month; and then they pass away from earth to make room for other human beings of a less intense nature, order, kind, character, and degree.

Wiser than most people on great subjects, perfect childlings on small, such persons, born of such mothers, under such conditions, — *that is*, hating the father, but loving his child, — are generally quite blind to the affairs, not merely of their own purses, but of their own hearts, because avarice is small, trust in others very large; complete fools in matters involving dollars and cents, they on the other hand drink in copious draughts of love from space, and beauty, and art, the drama and music, and never hesitate to pour it out in rich libations wherever, to whomever, and whenever opportunity offers. Their affections go out with reality, freshness, fulness, spontaneity of well-wishing and better doing, to all human kind; and being strongly, and in very many cases almost inevitably drawn to those who express

by word or look, tenderness, friendship, or interest in their welfare; measuring others by their own generous, upright, trusting, honest hearts and souls, are sure to be misunderstood, scandalized, betrayed, and readily fall victims to the wiles of people with less than one-tenth their own amount of thinking brains; and are generally repaid for their goodness by insult, mockery, slander, and neglect. If a man, he is always poor; if a woman, she is sure to wear mourning weeds from the altar to the cradle, from that to the grave!

It was stated at the outset of this analysis of the heart-trine, that, aside from the central and genuine love, there were two other existences, both of which, in many respects, resembled the true and normal affection of the human being. Both these others are, as has been seen, abnormal, and both abound in our world to-day. The first must be mainly, though not always, looked for, in the extremes and radical ranks of the age; the other can be found any and everywhere, because marriage in our day has been so profaned that its human products are mainly one-sided, angular, and wholly discontented.

The root of the whole matter of human wrong, in these as well as all other respects, must be looked for in the oft-times wilful ignorance of people generally, concerning the rules and laws of nature which underly and subtend not merely our earthly existence, but our happiness or misery at every beat of the clock of time.

This is a juvenile world, and most of its inhabitants are exceedingly young and unripe, not to say absolutely green; for, just like babes of tenderer growth, they push their pleasures beyond the verge of constitutional endurance, and then gape and wonder at the bad state of things, moral and health-wise, which legitimately ensue from, not only their stupid disregard of the up-building laws and rules, but their prompt and continuous obedience to their opposites, or the laws which tear down, sap, disintegrate, demoralize, and finally destroy. Men and women, as we meet them in the streets of the world, *look* civilized, tame, reasonable; and so they are, *outside*, when in public, but in the dark, O Lord! Could we with our eyesight

penetrate the heavy curtains at the windows, or peer down through the slated roofs, we would behold sights and scenes exhibited and enacted by these polished civilizees, sufficiently childish, ay, detestable, sometimes infamous and diabolical, to put all the devils of nether space into wild, fantastic hell-bursts of demoniac glee; for we should behold people supposed to be sane desperately trying to set fire to their own bodies by constantly swilling what they *know* to be rank, pestiferous poison; and then, when duly fired up, exerting every energy of soul, spirit, body, mind, to speedily finish their mad careers by draining themselves of every true element of power, extinguishing every divine spark of virile life and genuine man and true womanhood. And yet this self-same civilization whiningly complains of the brevity of life, and pitifully growls out that all is vanity and vexation of spirit. The countryman or laborer envies the banker and millionaire, and these latter pine for the laborer's jocund health, spirits, and digestive power. The servant-girl envies the courtly dame and mincing miss, and finding labor will never carry her where she wants to be, takes the first opportunity of being tempted, by a rich man; sells herself, reaches the plains of gaudery, and, when too late, finds out what a simpleton and fool she has made of herself. Others, love-starved, resolve to make reprisals on the world at large; and then they make nests, out of which come whole broods of vampires, ghouls, and every other malformation of the human soul and body.

You can't expect manhood of little men,—little souls, pinched, starved, robbed of their birthrights before they were born! nor can the Christian world make things better and radically renew the vigor of the race, morally or religiously, until it takes these social and domestic vices by the nape and heels and hurls them out of the windows of the world; and *that* it can never do by preaching as it does, but only by attacking sin, not man; and by taking as continual texts, sound bodies, sound love, sound souls, hence sound morals. True, God himself is daily doing this; but then it is safe to say that we ourselves can aid the good work. One thing is certain;

the joys which come to human beings through love and virtue, infinitely overtop and exceed those which reach him on the high-pressure principles of vice and excitement. Every roué, libertine, prostitute, gambler, in the wide world, who has run their race and returned to virtue and the homestead, will tell you this is true! Disobedience of natural law is a bad investment; excess is quite as ill; perversion is worse; repression is suicidal, and only restraint and temperance bring the profoundest, highest acme of social joy!

CHAPTER VII.

LOVE'S CHEMISTRY.

PEOPLE are wont to laugh at what they might at first sight call the ridiculous idea that love is in any sense chemical in its nature, operations, or effects. But probably they would cease smiling upon discovering that other mental or spiritual emotions produce most decided chemical effects upon any human being subject thereto. For instance, talking of lemons makes our mouths water; grief allays hunger; fear produces intestinal relaxation; doubt dries up the palate; rage increases the glandular action of the mouth; jealousy turns and alters the entire action of the liver, and fills the whole body with its green, slimy bile. Loss of confidence, love, affection, immediately reacts upon the kidneys, and sometimes so utterly changes them that the urea passes directly into the blood, and insanity is the next step. Thus we might go on to the enumeration of hundreds of proofs that emotion and chemical changes are but convertible terms for one and the same thing.

But, says the caviller, emotion is of the *soul*, and if this doctrine be true, then its non-materiality is disproved, and — There, that will do, for if the soul exists at all, it *must* have form, size, dimension; occupy space; be *something!* which it

certainly does and is ; and there must be a circulation of both body and soul, and a third circulation here announced for the first time, common to each other and both at once. The *proof* has just been given ; for we have seen how a deep-seated soul-emotion must have been conveyed from the crypts of being to the outer organic structure, for otherwise it is clear that no effect could have been produced upon the physical organism. So much, in brief, for that fact ; now for its application.

Every one of us when in love becomes aware not only of a change of both mental and physical previous states ; but also that we are full of a divine something which was not there before ; that this something, like an electric thrill, passes all over and through us, sending the hot blood to the brow and cheek ; two kinds of tears — joyous and not so — to our eyes, forcing the red tide back to its heart-fountains, and blanching us white as snow ; thrilling us with strange preternatural strength and force, and rendering us weak and helpless in a single moment's time. We also know how, when it is sapped from us, we become exhausted and quite beaten out, and we know also that extreme hunger is capable of destroying even a mother's love ; for such have been known to resort to cannibalism in famines, — their own flesh and blood affording the victims.

If love and passion, beside being metaphysically emotional, be not also in some sense material and chemical, why and how is it that the glance of an eye will utterly transform, not merely a man's whole nature, but his appearance in others' eyes ? And yet these self-same identical appearances and effects follow the administration of certain drugs and gases, and by unmistakable chemical agencies simulate all that is accomplished through other means in their absence, but in the presence of metaphysical motives and impulsions altogether ! Now there are certain nervous ganglia in every human being, whose office it is to extract from all that enters into the human economy certain vital essences akin to electricity, magnetism, and nerve-aura, but which yet are not identical with either of the three ; and under certain excitements this peculiar fluid-power, this white-fire of the human being, rushes from its cells and crypts

through the body like typhoons on the sandy sea of sun-parched Zahara. If the rush be toward the amatory organization of the individual, generally, *including* head, heart and passioné, there's no harm done; for it is under such triplicate proper conditions that the loftiest interests of parentage find their truest scope and interests, save of course where the inflammatory state becomes chronic, in which case disasters threaten on every side; but when these results are tidal, periodic, orbital, the expression of the grand diastolic and systolic law, harmony follows and happiness is conserved.

If this tide flows entirely to the head, lungs, *and* heart, our mentality is at high flood, and we are capable of lofty thought, noble, daring, grand, and magnificent heroic action. If it wholly deserts our brain, lungs, heart, and does not stop at the generative centres, we become craven cowards, weak-legged, pitiful, and paralytic.

In these days persons of both genders abound who are so badly organized that at the slightest provocative all the hidden forces named come to the surface, and in a brief period surround them with an atmosphere which whosoever breathes, even for a very brief period of time, forthwith becomes tinctured, poisoned, contaminated with the dreadful, fiery exuvia; and as at present it is fashionable to call things by fine and fancy names, this sort of devilism is styled "Passional attraction;" is said to be a positive proof of fitness and fineness of soul, and is hailed as demonstrative of superior organization on the part of attractor and attractee; when in fact it is as deadly a moral and magnetic poison as would be strychnine disguised in a delicious Persian sherbet; and whosoever shall be so unfortunate as to contact such affectionally diseased persons need not be surprised to find all the apocalyptic plagues following as a consequence. Even a normal love is liable to fevers, chills, disease, by reason of unsound body, brain, nerves, and vitiated blood; for pure white milk cannot unsullied flow through conduits of foul black substance. True, it will still be milk, and love will yet be love, but neither of the fluids can be sweet and clean.

Now of all things that tend to lower the tone and standard

of affection, excitements are the worst, because they vitiate the body and injure the mechanism of the mind, hence are ruinous to life, therefore destructive of love. It is folly to think that any outer treatment alone can cure a person of any form of disease whose roots lie buried in a disturbed mind or diseased affection, — and to such causes are attributable four-fifths of the diseases of Christendom, — unless the will and moral nature are first brought right.

To expect to make a sick man or woman well, whose ailments spring from overtaxed minds, or disturbed affection, the effect of which is to paralyze or otherwise disease the delicate organs, nervous papillæ, and ganglia, whose office and function is the evolution of that divine nerve-aura alluded to before, — the physical love, itself the vehicle of soul love, — is to expect water to voluntarily run up-hill. The age of miracles is not past, certainly, yet the day of that particular sort went by long ago. Virtue is its own reward; but the word does not mean physical chastity, but human strength, soul-power to resist attacks from within, not merely those from without; and especially those which beset us on our loving side.

A violation of our own self-hood is the worst form of rape; because no victim of another is held responsible for violence offered and accomplished, except wherein that "victim" of free-will made the conditions of the outrage possible; in which case the guilt must be divided; for the temptation may have been the promoter of the crime! But whosoever takes good care to resist all morbid action in and of themselves is truly virtuous, or strong, because sensible that wilful neglect of common-sense precautions exposes them to magnetic and affectional waste and suffering; and if the *elements* of life be wasted, the economy cannot possibly expand and grow; and therefore the essential man or woman — the soul and spirit itself — must become dwarfed and warped, because it is of the surplusage of this fine aura the intellectual human principle fashions and elaborates its superphysical investiture, its real, but incorporeal, immortal body; and if in life, and strength, and youth, we throw away the elements, — the bricks, so to

speak, — wherewith shall that body be upbuilt? This is a serious and solemn point for consideration, and at once shows the absolute necessity of avoiding not only excess and baleful counterfeits, personally and in association, but also of so strengthening our souls and bodies too, as to be wholly invulnerable either to vampiral attacks, or amatory temptations, come in whatsoever form or guise they may. Of course the advocates of perpetual celibacy will affirm that if a great deal kills, less will injure; forgetful that either sex is but a halfness, and that reciprocation and mutual interchange is the secret of perpetual peace and harmony, in that and every other possible relation in the universe, so far as we know it. They forget that any power non-used brings as great a load of misery and punishment, though of diverse kinds, as does its exact opposite, and that though repletion is bad, inanition is equally so.

In essaying an analysis of the two sexes, a good Methodist brother in meeting declared that woman was just like man, with a little variation; whereupon a good deacon clapped his hands and shouted, "Thank God for the variation!" and the whole male audience cried out "Amen!" and the sisters remarked "Te, he!" It is a common mistake, and a bad one, to place the sexes on a par or equality in any but three general senses, — affection, intelligence, immortality; for in all minor points they are as widely different as south from east.

In all matters directly or obliquely pertaining to the love-nature woman is not only more one-sided, but far more cruel than man, and as a dissembler of love can give him heavy odds and beat him out of sight; so skilful can a woman become in this respect, that she is capable of deceiving the sharpest man alive, and make him believe, and ready to swear to it, that she loves him to the borders of idolatry, when in fact she don't care a straw for, and just as like as not uses him for her own ends, and laughs at him in her sleeve. No man can break from a woman without a pang; but a woman will part from him, her love-kiss warm on his lips, and without a word of notice abandon him forever. A sphinx? A riddle? An enigma?

Ay, God never made so great a one as Woman, who is at once tenderer than a new-born babe, and tough and cruel as a tigress at the same time. A woman can nearly always tell when a man loves her, but he's a wise being who can take his Bible oath that a given love of any given woman is the genuine or simulated. Hence men have but one test of the reality of a woman's love, — if she *sticks* in the dark hour, she is true. Yet
* nothing but the dark hour can prove it!

She has not proved herself capable of fairly reasoning and deciding justly. She always mixes her feelings and prejudices with the results of her judgment, and never yet gave a genuinely honest verdict. If her cool judgment weighs ten pounds, and there be one single ounce of feeling, judgment and justice are sure to kick the beam; for a woman can no more divide a character, and attribute credit to its fair side, if there be one single tiny speck against which she *feels*, than she can radically change her sex; she is far less generous than man, and is the bitterest of all foes against her own sex. No matter how finely she may declaim in public on the wrongs and the horror of intolerance and the virtue of forgiveness, the cases are very rare in which she exercises practical charity and forbearance or the pardon principle wherever her feelings are engaged against the offender. While, as for the self-elected women's rights' leaders, their love for the poor ranks, for the sewing-girl and cast-away, is really all bosh; for not one of them would lend a helping hand, unless the act was sure to get into the papers next day.

People, the masses, have yet to learn that in these days philanthropy is a *trade*, followed so long, and only so long, as it will pay. Another thing to be learned is that there are some things a woman never forgets, and more things a woman never forgives. Think of that!

One of the opposite sex, no matter how barbarous he may be, will be able to find many good points about even his foe, give him credit therefor, and vent his indignation upon the bad side only; but a woman never does this, and one little blemish in a character is seen by her to over-bulk and over-freight a whole continent of good qualities. The writer once knew a

woman in Massachusetts, who deliberately tried to ruin the best friend of her life, and one, too, with a thousand good qualities, of all of which she was well apprised, — and there are thousands more just like her, — simply because his nature could not be entirely subdued by her blandishments. She could not bear that he should have or express affection for any one but herself, old or young, male or female; and finally she became jealous of the Deity, and cursed the man because in his prayers he exhibited greater confidence in the Almighty than he did toward her. And yet that very woman was a flirt, and took it very hard when expostulated with on the subject. But, these two faults aside, a better woman than “Kitty of the West” never drew the breath of life.

This morbid approbative selfishness is the bane of many a household, and the grim *squelette* in many a closet. It were well if wives, and those expecting to become such, would ask themselves, Is it right? and forthwith correct an altogether too common evil; not that any female should cease to crave and expect homage, — which every gallant and true man is but too glad to pay, — but that the demand should not be so broad as to exclude all the world except her own sweet self; for men *will* kick against tyranny, and are very apt to even undervalue the woman’s really good qualities who so far forgets her duty to herself and him as to often try it on.

A woman finds it hard to tolerate worship, love adoration of anything or any one except her children and herself. But those who blame her for this are harsh and hasty in their judgment, because a woman is love incarnate, and when she fails to obtain that, her failure is complete and total; for what were all the world to her, what honor, place, beauty, — anything, everything, — without the one grand desideratum of her nature, — love, whole love, right straight toward her, and her only; and an object to reciprocate that love and send its counter tides of thrilling jubilation to the vast receptacles of her peerless spirit? Nothing! Give her but *that*, and you may take all the world beside. For in the glorious light thus thrown on her it is seen why even her intolerance is a part of

her very being, and a hand pointing the way to the vast realms of joy lying on the table-lands of love's grand domain! Men have a thousand means of dividing their life and life's attention. Not so women; because there are but two,—and both are loves,—maternal and conjugal. Hence, while the former in their estimate of a person are able to discriminate between opposite points of character in another, and do justice to both, woman, on the contrary, if she finds one dark spot, is sure to magnify it till the little speck becomes a huge black blotch, an inky cloud, totally obscuring every light spot or brilliant or good quality in the individual. If a man, however good, and however long his goodness may have lasted, commits a *faux pas*, bursts out in anger, says one harsh or thoughtless thing offensive to the AMOUR PROPRE or *amour du sex*, to coin a phrase, she can *never* forgive it, but will eternally pit that single error, defect, or action, against the combined excellences of a life's devotion. It is an ever-present memory, ready to be paraded at all times, and brought up against the unfortunate when he least expects it. This is here presented to teach men to beware of the *first* false step toward fracturing in a woman's nature what can never be repaired. Many things a woman can, will, and does forgive, but never a preference of a rival against herself. She may be convinced that a man loves her, but never afterward gets rid of the unrest occasioned by even an apparent estrayal. This, too, is why she is so utterly pitiless, cruel, and merciless toward her own sex. If she loves, she that moment becomes blinded to all the defects of the loved one, *except* admiration for another woman! Intellectually she is by nature and culture irrational, unjust; but affectionally, emotionally, *devotionally*, presents the most surprising antithetical peculiarities; so that the person loved to-day will continue to be loved with a fervency quite astonishing so long as she believes herself alone beloved; but the very instant she convinces herself, even by the absurdest of logic, that that person is recreant, then she becomes stone-blind to all his good points and advantages; and she despises, hates, abhors him with an extreme unction, and keen, incisive vehemence, wholly un-

known to most mankind, and only partly appreciable by men of feminine, psychical make-up. Now it is not so with a man; for his love, once fairly kindled, survives nearly all shocks, and he will take her back even from the slums to whose foul cesspools she may have fallen; and forgive her, too, when taken back; and in this respect there is no question of man's superiority, — that is, in the endurability of a genuine love, and its surmountability of offences against itself.

“False one, I love thee still!” may often be *said* by a woman, but is far oftener *meant* by a man! It is possible for a woman to survive a real affection, but the man never lived whose heart became *wholly* steeled against the woman — whatever her sins may have been — who first taught his soul to languish beneath the delicious, delirious, exquisite spell of actual love!

But there is one very strange mystery, too deep for present solution; which is, that obstructed love destroys more women *non-possessed*, than it does *femmes couvert*, or *after* actual marriage; while more men fall and perish from it *subsequent* to that event in the ratio of seven to one, statistically!

Happiness and misery, joy and sorrow, bliss and agony, ever and always go hand in hand, and the most glowing pleasure of life floats in a sea of anguish. The old French fable says — and oh, *how* truly! — that one sunny day, Love and Death set forth on their travels, each with his quiver full and bow strung, prepared to strike. When night came, they threw their bows and quivers carelessly down, and fell asleep beneath a tall tree. The next morning, when they awoke, the wind blew cold; alas, in their haste, Death snatched up some of Cupid's darts, and Cupid some of Death's missiles. Ever since that fatal day Death sometimes aims at a wrinkled, care-worn old man, and his arrow bears not death, but love and life. Whenever Cupid hears the prayers of mortals he strikes, and sometimes the shafts of love bear with them death.

And Elizabeth Barrett Browning: —

“The little birds sing east,
And the little birds sing west, —
Toll slowly!

And I said in under-breath,
All our life is mixed with death,
And who knoweth which is best?

And the little birds sing east,
And the little birds sing west, —
Toll slowly!

And I pause to think God's greatness
Flows around our incompleteness;
Round our restlessness his rest."

Were it not so, love and all things else would be a human scourge and our greatest possible foe. Let us be thankful that it is our discipline and salvation.

There is a very singular, and quite appallingly curious circumstance attendant upon a very great number of marriages in America, but notoriously of the east and north, — but which is almost if not entirely unknown in any other land on the habitable globe, — which is that a bride's love often comes to a sudden and resurrectionless death within a very few hours after the verbal ceremony has been — mumbled over. The bridge of marriage looks long and fair, but no sooner does she enter *one* of its dark arches, than her dream is dispelled, and forever. Then begins a reaction from the revulsion, whose final fruits are loathing; and the divorce court, apothecary shop, or the brothel tells the balance of the story.

It is equally certain that a woman becomes infinitely dearer to the man who *loves her* under precisely similar circumstances; and it may be set down as a truth incontrovertible, that whenever or wherever a woman becomes *less* dear to a man after she has yielded all a woman can, but who turns from her, or repels her caresses, the thing is infatuation, passion, vanity, egotism — anything, everything, but **NEVER love**; and to use that holy term in such a connection is a profanation and blasphemy! Here then is a test of easy but absolute certainty, applicable by any one of either gender. But, and let this never be forgotten, such tests are always inapplicable in the ill health, moody,

capricious seasons of the tender sex, at which times that and all other rules and laws are suspended by more than a two-thirds rule in her behalf. To be certain of never making mistakes there is but one thing necessary on the part of any one whatever, and that is to always be good and true, for goodness alone is power, in spite of old Bacon's adage that knowledge only constitutes it. Knowledge may and does strengthen one; but force or strength is a very different thing from wisdom and power; and this is here asserted confidently in the teeth of the sciolists of the day, Buckle and all the other philosophers to the contrary notwithstanding. The most *knowing* men are the greatest bankers, soldiers, merchants, theorists; and the most heartfelt men are the greatest benefactors of mankind. Contrast the loving, feeling, heartfelt Jesus, with the headful, brainy Plato, Zeno, Aristotle, Bacon; or the good Wesley, with the scholarly Swedenborg; or measure the life-work of a country parson with the brilliant brainisms of any metropolitan, classical, gilt-edged expounder of super-eruditionary capacity, full to the lips of logical points, sequences and corollaries, but with a heart-as empty of Jesus Christ and his blessed religion as a last year's bird's-nest is of fresh laid eggs at Christmas — up north.

People of mere brain-power ride their hobbies roughshod over the peoples and the world. People of heart-power conserve that world's best interests, and in them only are its best hopes anchored. Woman all head, intellectual amazons, new-right-ites, are to the really feeling and thoughtful a sad spectacle indeed. Not a single *womanly* glance irradiates their features, or a tender thought inspires their utterances. Never a gentle, sweet emotion beams from their faces, or a warm, feminine feeling lights up their eyes, — eyes *so* cold they freeze you; marble women, with granite hearts and cast-steel souls, incapable of making a man happy, or gladdening the homeside; females without femininity, sexed, but only in appearance, eternally babbling frothy nothings about love which they practically know nothing of! God help that unfortunate wight whose temporary insanity may have led him to commit an unpar-

donable sin by leading one of them to the altar, in the vain hope of making her a wife! Wife! great Heaven! what a burlesque on the sacred name! For a man might just as soon expect a painted tree to bear fruit, as that such a being is capable of wifehood, in any single one of its myriad phases, offices, or divine meanings. Divine! No — merely human, for they never reach *that* solid plane, by reason of their brainy surplusage of “ideas, polarities, primary and secondary subjects, mathematical halves, circulating phenomena, quantitative limitations, circumferatory generative spheres, compensatory integrants, projected dynamic conditional existæ, initial and subtending, cotangential, parabolic (diabolic), dividential, harmoniacal, centrifugated, centripitalized, personal circumstantial compatibilities,” — *usque ad nauseam!* Give us true womanhood; let the rest go to Jericho, or anywhere else, so long as we get rid of the perpetual, impractical, radical dinging, wherewith our ears have been stunned ever since the early days wherein the Hutchinsons began to whine about the good time coming! which hasn’t got along yet, and never will until it has better means of getting here than all radicalism combined affords.

Life and love are each full of modes, phases, grooves, aspects and moods, and all of them are mysteries, never wholly solvable by the intellect, but only, if ever, by the human heart; and yet they are both the subjects of chemical law, for it is demonstrable that a very slight change will so turn a man’s, but especially a woman’s, nature, as to make her loathe what a day before she doted on and adored.

When a man turns against another, the change is gradual, never volcanic or sudden; not so with a woman; for she can, will, and does, change in a great deal less than the twinkling of an eye, or of two eyes; and it is not an uncommon thing for a woman to bitterly hate the man, for whom less than five minutes before she would have freely perilled life and limb. In that mysterious moment something — what? — has taken place; love has been ousted never to return; and the woman’s entire

character has undergone a complete and radical upheaval and overturning. Thenceforth she never is to him, herself, or any one else, what she was before. Talk of photographic-plates being sensitive. Pshaw! a woman, at times, is ten thousand-fold more so than the most delicate glass ever yet manipulated.

Therefore the wise man who has a woman under the tribute of affection must look sharp, else he may mar his happiness in a second of time.

And now another paradox of the wonderful sphinx. There is many a woman whom hardly anything on earth will change in the slightest degree; yet that self-same woman, under different circumstances, will transform from angel to devil in less time than a rapid penman could indite the words.

All this is chemistry, and that, too, of the most subtle kind.

The grandest oration ever delivered could have been made to terminate in lugubrious bathos by a very few drops of Croton oil; and the greatest hero the world ever saw will quit the heroics suddenly, when impelled thereto by a few grains of tartar emetic; and even a person with suicidal thoughts intent will experience a sudden and perduring change by the persuasive power of a spoonful of lobelia; while all human experience demonstrates that happiness and misery alike depend quite as much upon physical and chemical states as they do on more mystical causes. Very slight chemical changes in a person's body, whether produced by matter in any of its subtle forms, or whether they result from emotional reactions, are competent to entirely alter the aspect of a whole life, and determine the grooves of a human career. Contemporaneous history proves this on a very vast scale; the entire chain being thus: I. Isabella of Spain, by injudicious feeding, became affectionally deranged. II. That derangement was beyond the power of her husband, the king-consort, to remedy. III. There thus was engendered in her nature a morbid want, sufficiently energetic to cause a desire to forget both her dignity and wifehood; and under its devilish impulsion she cast about her for an object upon whom to place her diseased affection. That object she found in Marfori, an ordinary soldier in the ranks, — so goes

the tale, — and the inspiring idea of Offenbach's "Fritz," in his Opera Bouffe, "The Grand Duchess of Geroldstein." Isabella raised Marfori from his subalternship to the rank of Grandee of Spain, and Queen's favorite, thereby offending the pride and blood of Arragon and Castile, the arrogant dignity of the Hidalgos and the Cid, and laid, with her own hands, the fatal train whose explosion shattered two of the proudest monarchies of earth, — France and Spain, — raised a third-rate power of Europe to the first rank and leading position of States, — Prussia, — disrupted the Roman Church, shattered the Papacy, devastated a dozen nations, spread havoc through the world, and changed the fate of empires, affecting the very bases of civilization itself.

Step No. IV. witnessed her dethronement and contemptuous flight to Paris, — itself steaming with moral filth and corruption, and ready at a touch to burst forth in self-consuming fire and flame. Step V. was the attempt to enthrone a Hohenzollern in her stead; and the awful war that followed that attempt, culminating in Sedan and a series of compound disasters to all concerned, including the silly woman, Isabella, and the miserable fool, Marfori, the whole culminating in a still more dreadful, because fratricidal, civil war. The end is not yet, for out of all this trouble will yet spring greater ones, involving the slaughter of myriads, the overturning of other dynasties, the abrogation, finally, of kingship the wide world over; the installation of his majesty, The People, on the throne of the earth, and the beginning of the better end. All springing — these tremendous effects, the last being God's part direct in the vast drama! not man's — from a disorderly love-life; a species of amative madness in a woman, caused by too high living, too much play, and no work at all, which course of life generated in her body a little tiny animalcule not larger than the point of a pin.

But this little worm caused a great deal of trouble, and made a mighty sight of history.

Let us now take another, and somewhat different view of

that wonderful something, the human soul, in its operations where the divine master passion is concerned.

Are they not strange and mysterious, the marvellous resemblances between a child and the originals of the phantomesque images in the mother's mind, living or dead, passive or active; in other words, of a person about whom she frequently and persistently thinks? for it is beyond all dispute that a woman will bear a babe to one man, the body and features of which may be the exact image of another, whom she may not so much as have even seen for a year or more prior to its birth; and that very child may, in after years, develop a mind and other mental similitudes exactly like those of a third man, of whom she is likewise innocent; and yet that babe bear not the remotest likeness to its actual male parent, or even any of his kith, kin, or lineage. Such things have been, are, and will be again, and on the strength of them many an innocent woman has been rashly, unfeelingly, condemned. Of course there is a preventive of such mento-chemical effects, and it consists in the husband so favorably and constantly impressing his wife that she shall have neither time nor inclination to think of, or about, any other man than the lord of her heart and father of her child, — only *that*, and nothing more. True, photographic accidents of that sort will occasionally happen in the best regulated household; but the chances are slim, if love holds full sway!

In this connection there is a curious thought to offer, which, although rather transcendental, yet is nevertheless worth a brief space in these pages. It is this: Why may not what Darwin affirms to be unquestionably true of the quadrumana, be also true of the bimana, and especially true of man? The experience of thousands of stock-raisers warrants the great naturalist's affirmation in reference to cattle, and why may it not also be of their lord paramount, Man? If the law in question be really true, then the idea above advanced finds a scientific foundation, and the legal quibble that a child ought to resemble its father is not wholly orthodox or sound; besides which it is well-known that thousands of children do, in fact, resemble

neither parent. Says Darwin, in his "Origin of Species," "When a breed has been crossed only once by some other breed, the offspring occasionally show a tendency to revert in character to the foreign breed for many generations, — some say for a dozen, or even a score of generations. After twelve generations, the proportions of blood, to use a common expression, of any one ancestor, is only one (1) in 2048; and yet, as we see, it is generally believed that a tendency to reversion is retained by this very small proportion of foreign blood."

Here, then, is an idea worth remembering, for that the same law is in even fuller and stronger force in mankind, by reason of its higher grade, is not only reasonable, but demonstrated; for how very often do we see persons who, resembling neither parent, yet bear striking physical and mental likenesses to ancestors and races of mankind more or less remote? This being so, — and there are but few families along the distant lines of which greatness or goodness has not cropped out strikingly, — suppose a pregnant woman, who has love at home, chooses to mentally dwell upon that heroic, great or good ancestor, who shall tell us that she will not, may not, produce a new and improved edition of that original, by virtue of the mysterious triple action of the law under discussion? Darwin goes on to say, "In a breed which has been crossed, but in which both parents have lost some character which their progenitor possessed, the tendency, whether strong or weak, to produce the lost character, might be, as was formerly remarked, for all that we can see to the contrary, transmitted for almost any number of generations." Well, in the light here shown, how true it is that evil, in whatever shape it be, wears itself out, and the excellent only goes on ripening itself and adding to its volume, while its opposite pursues the contrary course until, at last, it topples forever into an eternal grave!

Who can doubt but that by the mystic force of will and prayer, a woman may draw down to her while pregnant, and crystallize in her child, measureless seas of good qualities, which may have ripened in the souls of myriads of her ancestry

on both sides, and also upon those of her child's father; why may not she lay siege to and capture those fuller powers which theretofore have been only germinal points in the four lines of ancestry? Certainly this is a mighty thought, and a true one too.

The author believes that every good human trait, though asleep for a century, will at last awaken to the grand exercise of re-creative and re-formatory energy; for in man, as in the animal, — *vide* Darwin again, — “When a character which has been lost in a breed reappears after a great number of generations, the most probable hypothesis is, not that the offspring suddenly takes after an ancestor some hundred generations distant, but that in each succeeding generation there has been a tendency to reproduce the character in question, which at last, under unknown favorable conditions, gains an ascendancy.”

But as man infinitely ranks above all animals, those good and upward tendencies can be awakened and struck into effective operation by the resistless potentiality of a pure, clean will, and the exercise of the moral muscles of the human soul.

The great majority of females in this land of free America are weak in will as in nearly all other proper and healthful culture; because their hot-bed, false education, and modes of extreme life, loosen the very ligaments of character; the consequence of which is that ill-health, torpid viscera, cadaverous faces, yellow skin, poor teeth, aching frames, brittle bones, periodic nausea, faulty periodicity, out of which grow morbid fancies, domestic trouble, chronic griefs innumerable, and total lack of will-power, and moral resolution, — characterize American females, even out of crowded cities; and good health is invariably the exception as an almost universal rule.

Men also lead such very rapid lives, that they are not much, if any, better qualified or fitted for the true connubial life than women are, for the most of them are passion-driven, victims of too varied and violent modes of existence, and nine young men in every ten young men are far better calculated to destroy a home from such destructive causes than to build it up healthfully and rightly. Married women, too, as a general thing, owe

much of their actual misery to too much exercise of *certain* faculties, and far too few of other sorts, in consequence of which most of them are ill two-thirds of the time, and suffer in thousands of other ways, which no man can possibly know, appreciate, or understand.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE human mind and body sympathize, to an extent at times perfectly marvellous. American women — if we except the Indians and Blacks — do not get enough sunshine, nor exercise of the muscles of the back, shoulders, and abdomen; neither do they breathe deeply or often enough to thoroughly vivify and oxygenate their blood, or to mechanically expand the lungs and thorax. The remedy suggests itself: In the cool season, people — women and children particularly — inhale altogether too much hot, rarified air; air rendered deleterious by those abominations before God and man, closed cast-iron stoves, every one of which ought to be sunk in the salt sea ten thousand fathoms deep, and their places supplied by open grates, or, what is still better, the good, old-fashioned Franklin.

Civilized woman is altogether too careful of her crinoline; too careless of her neck and feet. Too much weight depends from her waist, too little from her shoulders; she is too fond of wafer-soled shoes, too heedless of the advantages of heavy foundations. Many females live to eat, instead of eating to live; are too fond of concentrated sweets, edible but indigestible flummeries, pies, cakes, strong tea, nick-nacks, confectionery, — albeit pure sugar candy, and a fair share of sweets are essential to the physical life of love, while excess in its use most unquestionably leads to amatory folly likewise.

Here let it be known that the girl who accepts confectionery from her lover, as a general rule, is a fool, no matter how well she *thinks* she knows him; for many and many a girl has lost

all that she was through a package of candy — undrugged candy at that. And, candy! Well, the writer of this *knows* people in Boston who drug confectionery for the vilest of purposes. Their shameless advertisements used to appear in a respectable Boston daily; and to this day, at least, one large, wholesale drug house displays upon its walls the flashy card of a conscienceless wretch, said card informing the hundreds who pass in and out there daily, that for a trifling sum they can procure “Professor ——’s celebrated candy.” Well, a villain buys it, breaks it up with other confections, gives it to “his girl” as they take a moonlight walk. Presently she eats it; feels an unusual flow of spirits, succeeded by drowsiness; a bagnio is near at hand, — he advises her to drop in at his “aunt’s” till she feels better; they enter, — a glass of wine, and her blood is on fire in an instant — even though she never felt such flames before. Well, she leaves that house a ruined girl, — the victim of one damned scoundrel, put up to it by an infinitely worse one. The meaning of this statement is: Young girls, *never* eat candy given you by a lover — *never!* He may be honest, but be you on the safe side; and if you eat it at all at his expense, select it yourself, in the store; but *never touch a bit he brings you!* Then you will know you are not eating, — and, — and, — and the still worse, — all of which are hell’s own condiments, and nothing less.

An ounce of genuine affection and love, shed from a husband’s manner, goes a great way toward filling the void in a poor wife’s heart. Per contra, many a woman is undeserving of any husband at all, judging from the notorious fact that every tenth man regards his home as above all places the spot where he enjoys himself the least. If it were not so, the brothels would not be so well sustained, as they unquestionably are, by — *married men!* Thousands of wives practically believe that, so long as they keep the house, and tamely submit to the oftentimes unreasonable whims and caprices of the head of the house, especially if against their own inclinations, they have done their whole duty; but that is a great mistake, and a fatal one;

for when a husband sees that his wife values herself more upon her physical relations toward him, than she does upon the infinitely higher, because mental, moral, and æsthetic ones, he is very apt in time to accept her at her own valuation, and treat and regard her accordingly. Yet this very identical rock is that upon which thousands of homes are yearly wrecked and shattered to very flinders. Another thought just here. Women complain, and justly, too, that they are *forced to accept unwelcomeness*; but they forget the unwelcome homage their husbands are obliged to pay, is heart-breaking to the man, and that its effects on him are to sour his soul, and make him anything but what he ought to be. Woman! woman! the rule works both ways, and a husband has as much right to expect warmth, as you have to expect tenderness and affection. Woman was made to love, yet few know how to do it. She was made to be loved, and might be, by her husband, if she only took the pains to *teach him how*. She has a right to be respected and admired for certain qualities which are infinitely superior to mere physical sex. Mental sex is what men love most. She is ever wronged unless she is admired by those around her, and by all the world. It is her intuitive sense of this heaven-born right, and her natural and spontaneous determination to obtain it, that from the year ONE, till to-day, has prompted every female, from Dahomey upward, to set off her charms to the best advantage. Show us a woman who despises dress, and we will show you a female monster with a bad spot in some corner of her mind.

All women are aware of the power of dress, but in these days they pervert it. Go into any parlor and you will find a very fine and gorgeous display of millinery, but an exceedingly poor show of brains, if solidity and real sense count for anything; for the whole aim seems to be to reach the acme of sensational flip-flappery and show.

Jessie H. Jones, in the "Women's Journal," a Boston sheet, runs a terrible tilt against the present style of women's dress. She claims, indeed, that for the last six or eight years women's dresses have been devised by the courtesans of Paris. Hear

her: "It is a further fact that these fashions were specially devised by these women for the very purpose of aiding them in carrying on their trade more successfully; that is, to make them 'more attractive' (to use a euphemism which being translated into plain speech, means, more exciting to the passions of) men. The highest artistic power that can be used has been successfully prostituted to the securing of this bestial purpose. In short, the present prevailing style of dress may be fittingly termed courtesanship in woman's costume. These Parisian women, who have devised these styles, are those who for to-day correspond to the priestesses of As-tarte, the Zidonian Venus; and our Christian mothers and sisters, the Hebrew of to-day, have gone mad after these abominations of the heathen, are literally wearing the uniform of the priestesses of such a goddess. I am speaking now of walking-dresses. The flaps and tails, the frills and the furbelows, and even the airy curves of the outlines of the short overskirts, as these are all combined together, were intended to be, and their natural affects are, fit adjuncts to the trade of the strange woman. Not even in the days of Ahab was the licentious paganism of the Jezebel's native Tyre more flaunted in the face of those Israelites who remained faithful to the true God than is to-day, in matters of dress, the licentious paganism flaunted in the face of American Christendom, and that, too, by Christian women."

And Jessie Jones is right. Enough on that point.

A woman, unless she is loved, and made aware of it, not in flatteries and honeyed words, — which speak the language of mere blood-heat oftener than anything else, — but in the ten thousand little attentions of life, is by far the most miserable creature in God's creation, *except* the man who does all he can to merit a wife's love, unavailingly.

Where a wife finds herself regarded as a drudge, slave, and plaything; where and when she sees no comfort and joy, feels not a warming, genial ray of life's sunshine, has no friendly bosom in which to pour out the aching fulness of her heart, — the great flood of her gathering grief; has no one to "*kind*"

her, and speak and act lovingly to her, — what wonder that she revolts at times, and not only forgets her “duty,” but her own personal dignity and self-respect, under the blandishing but destructive influence of that lying and salacious philosophy now so current, which teaches that disobedience to the marriage vow is obedience to the commands of God? What wonder that she occasionally becomes blinded by philosophic mist, when she is offered that, which from her ignorance of the real article at home, where she ought to find it, she mistakes for true, heartfelt, heaven-sanctioned love? There is no cause for marvel, nor that so many have fallen so low that it is difficult to rise again; but there *is* a marvel, and a mighty one, that such vast numbers, such untold hosts, have triumphed, not merely over temptation, but achieved a nobler task, — the victory over self.

Per contra: What marvel that many a well-meaning man has been driven by his wife’s coldness, *offishness*, petulance, and vinegar disposition, from the home he *tries* to love, but cannot on that account? What marvel that such a man — and God knows there are thousands — should be blinded by the sophistical special pleading of Satanic philosophy, and comes to the conclusion that he is justified in seeking in the caressing arms of a wanton that solace which his wife will not give him. Taking the average of men, and estimating them at their true value and positions in the great scale of the race, there is but little room for wonder that they thus exemplify their human weakness; but there *is* room to marvel that so many men, under such provocation, and surrounded by so many and potent temptations to err, still remain true to their wives, still labor for the household, still fight the world for bread, and die without tasting one single drop of the exquisite honey of Home Love!

One great and fatal mistake that men make is, that they deem it beneath them to either study or yield to a woman. Not one man in twenty thoroughly understands a woman; not one husband in fifty really knows his wife. A woman is a mine, exhaustless; the deeper you go, the larger diamonds will you find. Most men live on the surface — feed on the edges of

the marital pasture. Men *think* they know woman, but really are entire strangers to her nature. They underrate her importance, intuition, and divining power. As for the author, he would rather face ten men, with the "devil" at their back, than enter the lists with a woman determined on his defeat and ruin; and, on the other hand, had rather take the *word* of a woman who was a real friend, than rely on the sworn *oaths* of a whole battalion of men; for men have a bad habit of saying much and performing little, while a woman says little, but does much when the time for action comes along.

The majority of men practically regard woman as a softer sort of male; treat her as such; square their conduct towards her as if she were a man in all respects. In all things save one she is looked on as if gender extended not beyond the physique. Wrong! wrong! She is of finer mould and stuff, and converts her food into several materials and juices more than man does. She has finer and acuter sensibilities, and is infinitely more susceptible, not only to the same things which affect man, but experiences whole classes of sensations to which the male must forever be a stranger; and from the cradle to the grave she moves along a path parallel to, but never once merging into, that which man travels, in spite of what the rightites aver to the contrary. Go where you will, find her where you may, you will discover that she is ever disgusted with many things which constitute the solace and delight of the male; while she enjoys the acme of felicity in things totally insipid to a man.

Woman is everywhere an instrument of music, capable of giving forth strains divinely sweet and soothing; and sensible men seek to evoke and profit by it. Properly played on, the tones called forth are sweeter than ever came from any other source; but if the chords be harshly struck, — as, alas! they too frequently are, — what wonder that they are dissonant, crackling, harsh and grating? The wonder is that they are not more so.

The human being, but civilized woman especially, is

A harp for angels' fingers strung,
While colder hands are o'er it flung,
And only broken strains are sung.

Woman, standing everywhere as the synonyme of gentleness, tenderness, affection, and trust, should be treated accordingly. Even the harlots who infest the purlieus are women still, and therefore deserve just such treatment as Christ gave them, — not such as they receive from most of those who claim to be his followers. A very intelligent physician in New England once said, in a speech, that he could imagine such a thing as a virtuous prostitute. His opinion was, doubtless, predicated on the fact that very few people in this world are exactly at heart what circumstances compel them to be externally. Take it as a general thing, harlots are denounced the loudest by those who have fallen in God's sight, not only lower, but ten times to the harlot's once! That's gall; but true, nevertheless.

Deep down in every Cyprian heart, far away beneath the physical structure which poverty, the biting north wind and wintry tempest, shelterless head and griping hunger compels them to barter off piecemeal to ready purchasers, there lies a pearl of great price; just such pearls, sir or madam, as shine in the coronet of heaven, and sparkle in your little daughter's breast. True, it is soiled, yet still it is a pearl!

Every one of these "social evils" has an immortal soul to be washed clean in the infinite stream of God's great river of mercy! Every one of them can *feel*; they dare *not* stop to think, — for to think is madness, madness! and they have a boundless capacity to love, — love purely, too, which proves that God has neither driven them from beneath the brooding wings of mercy, or cast them off forever, forgotten; nor despised them. Why, then, should we? Why should anybody? It strikes the writer that many a respectable person who sees these women going to ruin, yet are so full of "damning" as to have no time to save them, would, if analyzed in heaven's alembic, not yield so much pure human gold as would many of these fallen ones! That's wormwood!

Woman is more easily affected by climatic and atmospheric changes than man, especially American women. These changes, affecting the body, react on the mind, and for this reason her

morbid nerves are rendered still more so, and hence her social, domestic, and personal difficulties are magnified greatly beyond their true proportions; they loom up as mountains when, were the truth known, they would prove to be very diminutive mole-hills. Restore her physically, and you will enable her to look through a glass not so darkly.

The reason why prostitutes die so soon, and many honest wives drop into early graves, is because there is no *soul* in the sort of love they give and receive, — it is physical solely, and therefore most terribly exhausting. All love between man and woman should be holy, true, and sacred, otherwise the invisible Damoclean sword hangs over them both; and it will assuredly fall some day, and then, when it is too late, both will bitterly repent their shortsightedness. The woman who is physically loved *only*, is sure to languish, grow sickly, pale, querulous, impatient, fretful, haggard, emaciated and discontented, and finally demoralized; while the husband suffers to an equal degree, but in a different direction. He grows hard, harsh, careless, and entertains thoughts not good for his soul! The children of such couples are one-sided, deformed in mind, and, literally, are not half made up. Such people change from July to January, towards each other, within the space of a single hour, and they see far more of wintry than of summer weather during life.

Extremes abound in the world. We have the Isolation system of Shakerism on one side, and the "Freedom" of Noyes and Andrews on the other; while there is a third class, led by fanatics of New England, who declare that human commerce is on a par with that of field or farm-yard beasts. Such reasoners deserve no better audience than the farm-yards produce, for certainly they are not fit to teach human beings, seeing that common sense, no less than common custom, since the world began, gives them and their reasonings the lie; for the reason that beasts are blindly led by the procreative instinct; while mankind being a triplicate, soul, spirit, body, is moved by corresponding triplicate motives or impulses — or should be, at all events, but too often is not. First, the selfish desire of

personal joy ; and all marriages consummated on such grounds, mainly, — and many such there be, — can but result in unhappiness, — the marry-in-haste-repent-at-leisure affairs which abound on all sides. The man whose principal merit lies in his merely physical energy and prowess soon renders himself distasteful, to even a coarse wife, and unendurable and disgusting to a refined one. The woman whose chief recommendations are her physical charms, would very soon exhaust the patience of even the archangel Michael, much more a common son of clay, and speedily find herself a “grass widow” of the true New England, Californian, or Australian stamp. 2d. Mankind, like brutes, are moved by this external, or mere blood-fire, and also by the higher, and mental motives of the deeper soul, which beasts are *not*. And, 3d, last, highest, mankind are moved in the direction indicated, by the religious desire of interchange of immortal well-meaning and good, — above, beneath, and between souls as well as grosser selves ; — a love all truly human. For this reason the man is truly a fool who places the human marriage union on a par with that of brutes. He can be nothing but a fool, or knave, who asserts that propagation *alone* should draw people together ; for if the world should never be peopled, save by those brought here by rule and plummet law — by intention and purpose, — *a la* army contract, — then this world would not be crowded very fast, and Malthus dance with joy !

Too much of a good thing palls the taste ; and so, too, if a couple who really love each other *make fools of themselves* on that account, and neglect their physical interests, they will find it don't pay in the long run ; for after a while the supplies will be cut off ; for as said before, love can be wasted just as can the saliva by tobacco-chewers, or nerve-force by drunkards.

Rapid Americans are *au fait* in the art of destroying life, especially by gustatory and other excess, but are not remarkably efficient in the modes of preserving and prolonging it. In fact there's a national *leakness*, and a national weakness too. To stop the former and correct the latter is up-hill work, yet it can be done. How many wives are yearly immolated, how

many husbands destroy themselves on that one accursed altar! — for *abused*, it is a curse!

Disease, sin, and civilization travel together, — at least they have till to-night; but there comes a divorcing morrow. Why? Because the first two are parasites of the last, which last, when washed clean in the river of common sense, a rare old bath, will undoubtedly make things all right again; and then no longer will blackmail be levied by disease on the universal species.

Modern diseases and the dreadful and prevalent voluptuousness come of the same mother; banish the latter and the former will disappear forever, never again to fever mankind and curse the species.



CHAPTER IX.

DIVORCES are quite too common in these days. Many a man and woman worry each other's lives out in the hope of driving their marital team through that gate. Were marriages indissoluble, then, people finding that they *must* either lie quietly on the bed themselves have voluntarily made, or else not lie at all, would take good care to render it soft as possible, both for the partner and self. But just so long as there is the least chance for a legal separation, just so long there will be a premium on adultery and ill-usage. If divorce was impossible, there would be fewer of the "if-marriage-is-disagreeable, divorce-is-easy unions," so common in these days.

Disorders of mind and body are transmitted through scores of generations; and we of this age have not only to pay for our own sins, but must also wipe out a long score run up years, ay, centuries ago, by our jolly wassail-drinking ancestors. We have to face the music and pay the fiddler for their dancing, just as our successors will pay and *damn* us for ours. The disorders of to-day unquestionably spring from the waste of strength and loss of stamina consequent upon infractions of the

human love law, with false modes of life, and the indiscriminate use and abuse of functions bestowed on the race for very different purposes.

When men and women learn the grand law of self-conservation in the matter of love alone, they will be forever happy, because then disease can no more remain man's scourge than holiness can exist in Gehenna!

Many so-called "medical professors" are not seldom regular numskulls; as a general thing they fret and fume at their inability to master diseases, especially such as afflict women. The cause of their failure is, that they attempt to go too deep; they fancy that the fountain lies afar off in the intricacies of physical being, when, in fact, it lies right square before them, as has been shown. They doctor effects; causes go untouched. Medical science (surgery aside) is very unscientific after all; there's too much guess-work about it. The Spaniard's epitaph is true of more dead men and women than himself: —

"I was sick — wanted to get well,
Took physic — and — here I am" —

Six feet beneath the surface of his mother-earth's bosom.

The consumptions, dyspepsias, liver-diseases, syphilitic affections, epilepsy, fits, neuralgias; female difficulties, as chlorosis, rheumatism, gout, fallen womb, leucorrhea, piles, headache, suppressed menses, flooding, together with seminal weakness, nightly perspiration, cancer, and ulcerations of all sorts, including all scrofulous affections, — are the curses of this age; they are treated in the wrong way, and the remedies are often worse than the diseases in their effects upon the patients, and their *patience*! True: admit that all the above, except the fourth, are mainly external proofs of internal mental bad states, but the author of this work does not believe it possible for those diseases to exist in the home where pure love reigns, any more than for ice to exist in a heated furnace, because love antagonizes them, and they cannot remain; yet, for all that, nature needs art's assistance to restore the proper balance.

The writer hereof has no faith whatever in lust, in any form, but he does own to a mighty confidence in the LOVE-CURE, — the means above all others to which resort all mothers, brute, or human alike, whenever the young one is sick or imperilled. See that young matron! how tenderly she rubs the little bruised nose, and breathes upon the precious burnt fingers! Why, even yonder old blue hen is *au fait* in the sublime mysteries of the love-cure! Just mark how tenderly she *broods* her chicks when they are wet and cold. Well, we humans are all chickens when we are sick, and need just such *brooding* in order to get well. When we are well we need just such brooding by our wives, sisters, brothers, and husbands to keep us so.

It has, reader, already been stated in this work — the crystallized results or resumé of a life's experience — that love, both in its phases of sentiment and passion of the human soul and body too, is, to a greater extent than superficial people will readily believe, or, indeed, are capable of doing, dependent upon the absence or presence, in greater or less volume, of a peculiar nerve-aura which is elaborated within the body, but actually ranging and circulating over and through the very soul itself. Very much, nay, even more depends upon the truly healthy or unhealthy state of that aura than upon its amount or volume; for in that, as in all things else, quality ranks quantity. This aura, by reason of its magnetic nature, — for it attracts and repels, — has herein been called physical love, for one reason, among others, that oxen, eunuch-dogs, and human eunuchs have it not; nor does any emasculant emit the sphere resulting from its presence, which sphere in animals takes the form of an odor which influences the female of the same species, but which in the human being assumes the form of a delicate, subtile, magnetic, glowing sphere or emanation, capable of being distinctly sensed by all persons whatever, and which, when thus sensed, makes us say that such and such a person is quite lovable; and when it is not sensed we say such a person is hateful; and we often apply even worse terms than that. Now one great essential to a successful and happy love-life is that this sphere be kept right, and to do that we must eat, drink,

laugh, sing, and sleep well; otherwise it becomes exhausted, and we lose our power and personal force and influence in exact proportion. Boy babies have more of a sphere which in other years becomes changed into this aura than girls, up to their fourth year; consequently attract more notice, and are kissed oftenest. But after that age, till *death*, the girls have it all their own way.

When we are most healthful and true, both in body and mind, this aura is most plentiful and powerful. Music, dancing, singing, and very fervid preaching evokes its action; it rages at camp-meeting, flows in ball-rooms, leaps to life at singing-parties, and abounds more where reserve is laid aside and *abandon* takes its place; hence, must be watched, for but very few men, and less women, are able to withstand its tide and suggestions, when it flows strongly; for it has very often swept even many a right reverend father in God down the wind when blowing fairly on him from the outside, and met with an equally vehement tide evolved from within. All this is chemical, but a chemistry finer than what passes by that name.

Nothing but cool will can stay it; nothing but calm reason direct its highest mode of use.

This aura is of varied degrees of intensity. It radiates from our eyes, features, face, fingers, our entire bodies, just as heat does from a stove or grate. Let those who doubt this just note the exhaustion consequent upon holding the hands of a sick person, especially if that person be of the opposite sex, and one of those who plod broken-hearted on their way through the world, hungry for love, starving for three grains of affection.

In his day the writer has seen many persons, particularly females, who practice "clairvoyance," and who "sit for communications," and the majority were literally used up, because they were sympathetic, and hence easily drained, through hand-holding and tactual impression, of their last drop of vitality, the last spark of love-fire in their bodies. What wonder, then, that many such people soon degenerate physically, grow queer, eccentric, deranged, morbidly sensitive, and melancholy? None whatever.

The love-cure is performed rapidly or *not*. in exact ratio of

the moral purity and physical health of the operator. A bad man or woman may be *healed* by this process; but they must first become pure themselves ere they attempt to heal *others*. The love-cure is higher than mere mesmerism, for it acts magnetically, electrically, chemically, emotionally, and dynamically.

When such a vast amount of illness exists from affectional causes, how exceedingly absurd it is to attempt to cure them solely by mere medicinal means! How well Shakespeare understood this idea, when he makes the conscience-smitten Macbeth exclaim:—

“Canst thou minister to a mind diseased;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the foul bosom of the perilous stuff
That weighs upon the heart?”

No. It cannot be done; and if we would have the body right, the affections must be right also, and to do that we must be just and true, and kind and loving to ourselves and one another.

Many a man has only found out how well, how truly, wholly, fully, and how tenderly he loved his wife, at the dread moment when the death-angel hovered near her pillow, ready to bear her soul to God; and then, when the ice around his heart has melted, and he has discovered how priceless she was, how supremely near and dear,—that after all she was something higher, nobler, better, than a mere pleasure-barge,—has the power and the will gone forth on the love-tides of his soul to beat back Azrael, and recall her into life again; then has love worked such miracles as made the doctors gape with surprise at his power and their impotency. This is the love-cure, and by it a man may heal his scrofulous and nerve-sick wife, and the mother save her darling babe. Through it a husband or wife may cure not merely the physical, but the passionai and moral ills of the partner; all that is requisite is PURPOSE, PRACTICE,

PERSEVERANCE. These three will rescue from the grave, yearly, millions of suffering people.

But there is one drawback to this system of treatment, which is, that men are generally so morbid that they cannot mingle in woman's sphere without being tortured with the hadean flames of unhallowed passion. There are a few who are superior, but these are exceptions to the rule.

Reader, if you know a man, woman, or child sick with scrofula, or anything else, make it your business to *render them as happy as possible!* Do this, especially if the patient's brain, affections, or reason either, is affected, and in a short time you will reap a golden fruitage for your labor.

Perhaps those who read this book when the hand that pens it shall be cold in death, and the soul that thought it is basking in God's sunshine on the farther shore, will not take it amiss if he here expresses in plain terms one of the most momentous truths in the love line he, or any one else, ever discovered. It is this: Every disease that may be lurking away down in the very deeps and intricacies of your body, or that may be slyly hiding in some mysterious recess or nook of your physical, or even mental part, are all emboldened to come out and take their places in the train whereof amative passion is not only engineer and fireman, but conductor also, who has called them all from their places by lateral-lines—the nervous and other centres—to the grand depot. Now this conductor understands his business perfectly; and is so absolutely wide awake, as to never miss an opportunity of summoning the largest possible representative delegation to go on his train to the amatory congress. When the trip is over and journey completed, both cars and conductor go back again, *but the delegates always remain*; and every one of them, be their names Scrofula, Consumption, Dropsy, Insanity, or whatsoever else, will, in time, you may depend upon it, be sure to be seen, heard, and felt from the tribune of the children's bodies and souls who may thereafter claim you as parent.

But are people who are victims to disease,—except madness—*to* be utterly debarred from love, home, and its joys? Reply,

No. Your only hope of escape from making marriage suicide and murder in the softer sense, and from transmitting the curse to posterity, consists in the valiant exercise of *Try*, and thereby so completely charging every drop of your blood with health; and how to do that is, throw physic to the dogs, — but they'll have none of it, sensible brutes! — and address yourself to the sole business of crystallizing within you a triple portion of right-down honest, manly, womanly, noble, unselfish, self-restraining human love, right out of the heart, from the floors of the soul. A child born of sickly parents, in whose hearts love is a mountain, *forgets* to bring disease with him when he comes here from God to gladden the faces of men; and he, or she, is born with many foes perhaps, but with one powerful friend, not easily discouraged, in the shape of a good constitution! — a friend who will stick by, and be right side forward when most needed.

Most children are accidents. What then? Why, be ever on the safe side, nor run the chance of such “accidents,” unless soul, body, mind, and morals be in such a normal state that none but good results *can* follow. No one on God's earth has the right to run the risk of a *bad* accident. Enough said on that point, — a word to the wise is sufficient. If, on the contrary, LOVE be ignored, denied, cast aside, and its counterfeits be encouraged and cherished, and *their* forces only be brought into play, — as is, alas, too often the case in these days, — and married people go on in the present style, giving criminals and monsters to the world, instead of healthful offspring, — children whose chief end will be the bringing of gray heads with sorrow to the grave, why, whose fault is it?

The great lesson of life is self denial — the accrement of temptation-resistant power. Few successfully learn it. Civilized mankind are very weak. We swear to “go and sin no more,” and ten to one we straightway go and sin; and then, when sorrow comes, and the music must be paid for, feel sorry, whine a little, forget all about it, do it over, burn our fingers — and repent again! We start out on a pleasure-voyage, hoping we shall be able to visit all the pleasant lands on the sea of

life; we put a blind man on the lookout, and a fool at the helm; we never once look aloft to see how the wind blows, or to note the signs of the weather; we are seldom on deck, but our time is passed down below, in the pleasant business of playing pleasure-cards; we take a trick or two and smile at our luck, wholly forgetting that our bitter, though smiling foe — moral, social, physical, mental, affectional bankruptcy — holds all four aces, three-kings, two queens and every knave, ready to table them against us and sweep the board whenever it suits him so to do! And still on goes the losing game, until at last the bark strikes the rocks; we are ashore on the island of Used-upness, the game's up, we are played out — and that's the way the queer thing works!

Said the "Chicago Republican," "Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind devotes itself to trapping the bounding cricket and chasing the angle-worm to his native lair in the sublime fastnesses of Puget Sound, has taught us, the heirs of all the ages, a lesson! The moment that one noble savage, baser than all his tribe, becomes the father of twins, he is torn from his young barbarians, all at play, placed in a canoe, with a shingle and earth-worm sandwich, and turned adrift on the river, a Malthusian scape-goat. For three months he roams the woods, an exile from his home. The consequence is, that the population is kept down. The Zoozoo Mynnggpoo tribe of Caffres have also developed a high standard of civilization. No sooner has one of their number wedded the sable Dulcinea of his choice than the face of his mother-in-law is to him taboo. If he gazes upon her, 'twere better that he had met the strong glare of Medusa. The consequence is, that matrimony is not over-frequent, or, that if a man does wed, he selects the first favorable opportunity of staining the arid sands of the desert with the blood of his mother-in-law. Will the great American nation permit itself to be outdone in boldness by the squalid son of the Squallyamish, or a benighted Zoozoo from Afric's sunny fountains? We trow not."

That would be rather rough on the mothers-in-law, but a great many of them are so inconsiderate of a husband's rights and a

wife's duty as to render home a hell to both; and while the author's love for mothers-in-law is not of the desperately ardent kind, his pity for their dupes and victims *is* so. And yet here and there is to be found one truly a mother in every holy and excellent sense of the word. God bless all such! And still another — the SON-IN-LAW: —

“He stood on his head on the wild sea-shore,
And danced on his hands a jig!
In all his emotions, as never before,
A madly hilarious grig.

“And why? In that vessel which left the bay
His mother-in-law had sailed
To a tropical country some distance away,
Where tigers and serpents prevailed.

“He knew she had gone to recruit her health
And doctor her rasping cough;
But wagered himself a profusion of wealth
That something would carry her off.

“Oh, now he might look for a quiet life,
And even be happy yet,
Though owning no end of neuralgical wife,
And up to his collar in debt!

“For she of the specs and curled false front,
And the black alpaca robe,
Must pick out a sailor to suffer the brunt
Of her next daily trial of Job.

“He watched while the vessel cut the sea,
And bumpishly upped and downed,
And thought if already she qualmish could be
He'd consider the edifice crowned!

“He'd borne the old lady through thick and thin,
Till she'd lectured him out of breath;
And now, as he gazed at the ship she was in,
He howled for her violent death, —

“Till over the azure horizon’s edge
The bark had retired from view,
When he leaped to the crest of a chalky ledge,
And pranced like a kangaroo.

“And many a jubilant peal he sent
O’er the waves which had made him free;
Then cut a last caper ecstatic, and went,
Turning somersaults, homeward to tea.”



CHAPTER X.

THE *difference* between species is only a difference in the arrangement of particles; and the difference between human beings is nothing more, nothing less! Thus in a line is solved the problem of the ages, — one that has probably called forth more brain-effort than any other in natural history, and led Darwin to astound the world of letters with his “Origin of Species.” The *differences* between people are only the differences of sounds. People don’t understand each other, especially lovers and married ones, and they won’t take the trouble to try to, and so get by the ears, and quarrel and part and make fools of themselves, merely because their ears don’t interpret sounds alike. One won’t, or don’t, understand what the other means. Now love is a sound that all do not interpret alike. “I love you,” said John to Joanna; “will you have me?” “Yes!” A little while afterward Joanna said, “If *that* is love, I want no more of it! It may be love down below, but certainly *can’t* be among the angels!” What a pity words are distorted by the sounds that express them!

Satiety in a natural marriage is not possible; true love is inexhaustible. But then, true love’s major element is common sense — which is quite uncommon.

To a husband: Be delicate, sir; never, *never*, expose her in any way. Even in the dreadful hour of childbirth remember this. Procure a female doctor. Never call a male until the

last hope is nearly gone. If she lives, she will love you all the better for your kind consideration.

To a lover: Women that are the least bashful are not unfrequently the most modest; and we are never more deceived than when we would infer a laxity of principles from that freedom of demeanor which often arises from a total ignorance of vice.

Love may exist without jealousy, although this is rare; but jealousy *may* and *does* exist without love, and this is common.

Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pain, and one little single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.

When a woman speaks with contempt of the opinions of the world, it argues in her neither good feeling, cleverness, nor true courage. True courage (in a woman) consists in *at once* giving up what may be agreeable and innocent in itself, rather than risk having one's good name called in question.

How difficult it is, with the best intentions, for a woman who lives in the world to steer entirely clear of suspicion or misrepresentation, unless there exists between herself and her husband a frank and cordial understanding!

Every man knows the height of virtue to which he may attain; but no man can anticipate the depth of depravity to which he may fall. Singeth a poet:—

“Love me, love me while you may,
Take the love I bring to-day,
Plead not for to-morrow;
So warm, so bright, so near, so high,
It is the sun that gilds the sky;
Cloud it not with sorrow.

“Shall my lips refuse thy kiss,
Though its deep, exquisite bliss
Fade the moment after?

Storms arise and clouds may lower,
Shall the earth refuse its dower,
Joy, and light, and laughter?

“ Then take the love that’s mine to give,
I know not if it may outlive
The rainbow’s fleeting splendor ;
But well I know this heart is warm
As any, quick to meet the storm,
And full as soft and tender.

“ But if our love should fade away,
We’ll hold it, like an April day ;
Its glory still remember.
And ne’er be weak enough to sigh,
As oft we pass each other by,
For roses in December.”

The entire being is dependent upon the condition of the love-system of either sex. As previously stated, so now the assertion is repeated, that the love-element—the fine fluid-liquid, liquid-fluid, elaborated in the manner so frequently alluded to, is in very truth the genitive part, the fountain of life, *primum vivens, ultimum moriens*; is, in fact, the very material and fountain whence arises all power, mental and physical, that man possesses, while embodied here below.

Well, there are cases constantly occurring, wherein, from causes needless here to specify, persons of either sex become wholly sapped, worn out, exhausted, depleted; and as a matter of course such persons run to a physician, expecting, and vainly, relief from that source. Now, if instead of resorting to medicines such persons would drink and eat purely protoplasmic food, eschewing condiments, wines, and all excitants, but especially taking to the richer cereals in natural shape, with due attention to bathing, lifting, chest-expanding, self-slapping, bending, twisting, deep-breathing, the result would be an extraordinary recovery. This advice is especially applicable to pale, thin, delicate women, and to sedentary, nervous men. With their physical, will also revive their lost, or deadened affectional

powers, and into their souls will flow, along with health into their bodies, a peace which almost passeth understanding.

The functions of the distinct *special* organization of both sexes are nearly identical. The human being probably comes originally from God as a MONAD, down to the male (speaking of the mystery — SOUL), passes to the brain centre, clothes itself from the substance of *his spirit*; passes thence to the prostate; there remains until it finds another garment — the minute head of a zoosperm, in the ultimate rite of incarnation. Up to this instant its life is nascent, and though it be now *wasted*, it can never be *destroyed*; but, escaping its thrall, again becomes a free monad, floating about in open space, until it again becomes incarnate, and finally achieves the end for which Eternal God designed it. Up to a certain point, then, its life is negative; but at the very instant it — the monad — comes in contact with the divine, immortal point concealed in every female ovum, its life becomes positive, and whosoever then destroys it, after the mother-force has once fairly closed upon it, is a MURDERER! — and so the writer hereof pronounces in the awful presence of Almighty Truth herself! — a murderer — just as certainly as if a knife were used to deprive a grown human being of his or her life.

So much for that point; now for another. It is no rare thing to find both men and women in whom love and love-power are either wholly dead, or wrapt in such profound slumber that the thunders of Sinai would be powerless to wake them from it. It need not be said, for the fact is patent, that such fearful results are the legitimate effects of false, lonely, excessive, or inverted modes of life and habit. Such a man, or such a woman, while in such an atonic state, count but as mere pawns, and poor ones at that, in the great chess-game of actual social life. A female thus conditioned — Heaven pity, and God bless and help her! — is not herself at all, — is but the mere semblance and unsubstantial shadow of what her form represents. To her love is the seventh sealed book; nor has such a woman any more actualization of what love really means, than has an unborn child.

In consequence of this connubial iciness, this chronic con-

gelation of love on the part of a husband, a condition and state of things by no means rare, many a wife has had bitter cause to rue the day she ever spoke the words, "I will," — which really was sentencing herself to disease, disaster, despair, desolation, and death — five d's — bad ones, and in consequence of the same condition on the part of a wife, full many a man has been rendered unhappy, and finally supremely miserable, because his wife is an utter stranger to the slightest conjugal reciprocity. Fruitage: Disgust on one side, distempered feelings on the other. The cure: TRY to overcome the condition. How? By rules already laid down herein.

Of course it does not lie within the province of this book or its author's present design, nor comport with the dignity of his present intention, to enter more fully than has been done, into a discussion of the physiological reasons for, nor the hygienic treatment of, such states, for those special topics lie outside the current object; however, physicians, and indeed any one else who desires to learn a system of medical treatment adapted to cases originating in amative causes, are at liberty to correspond with him on that subject — and that *only*. Let this be known, nevertheless, that the author considers that not the slightest degree of confidence whatever is to be placed in any one of almost innumerable statements and fine-spun quack-theories of the matter, so numerous championed in these days of medical fraud and philosophic empiricism; but the healing of all such life-troubles must be applied mainly from within, never wholly from without. Suffice it then to say, that he or she, no matter whom, who suffer unrest from the causes here hinted at as delicately as possible, must look almost wholly to themselves for power to overcome the great obstacle to their happiness; for there, and there only, can it be found, maugre all that unprincipled quack-nostrom venders, whether within or without the pale of "medical respectability," may urge to the contrary. Of course reference is here made solely to those cases which are the result of mental and affectional causes, and not to those which wholly originate in a physically impaired chemistry of the human body, reacting upon the human mind, for of course

the two are neither equal, parallel, or extirpable by identical means.

Young men, ay, and men old enough to know better, are, as a general thing, in these days, in love affairs, altogether too *fast*. Many a girl and woman has been frightened out of marriage by the excessive animalism of their *gallants*, for *lovers* they are not worthy to be called. Such persons lose sight of the principal charms of woman in the mere idea of sex alone; they are eaten up with wild ideas and mad desire, in consequence of which they totally forget that a steady dignity of the mind and demeanor can alone counterbalance the extreme action of any of the passions, especially the one of which we at present treat. The great mass of people seem to be unaware that a pure and perfect love *cannot* exist in one who is filled with the fires of mere physical ardor, or in a heart that has lost the true and meek dignity of innocence, manliness, and truth!

The large volume preceding this one, on the same subject, "LOVE: ITS HIDDEN HISTORY! AND THE MASTER PASSION," by the same author, has had a large circulation, and as the writer allowed his address to be printed in it, a great deal of correspondence was the consequence. And now, on this very day, just as the preceding page was written, the mail brought one letter, among others, so touching in its eloquence, so fresh from an injured and suffering woman's heart, and so very apropos to the phase of love now under discussion, that—the identity of the fair writer and mailing-place being kept secret and sacred—the impulse to print it, word for word, *cannot* be resisted. It is but one of a thousand of the same import received by the author of this work, and if its publication shall put even one pure and trusting woman on her guard, or awaken the conscience of some man as he stands upon the debatable land,—honor on one side and errant, impulsive injustice on the other,—and cause him to nobly be a Man and do Right, the purpose of its insertion in these pages will have been served. The letter tells its own sad story without any additional explanations whatever:—

“B——E, July 6th, 1871.

“DEAR SIR:—I beg pardon for again intruding on your time. I have just read the concluding pages of ‘Love’ and the ‘Master Passion,’ and, with a heart thrilling with grateful emotion, offer my sincere thanks to the author of those pages for what he has written.

“I have loved and suffered deeply, and it is sweet to know that one man recognizes the truth that love is something more than refined sensuality,—that a woman’s life, hopes, happiness, her all is ever laid on the altar of her love.

“In this connection I crave a few moments’ indulgence. In the habit of closely guarding my feelings from all observation, I am forced to smile and utter light words when every nerve is quivering with agony. The touch of sympathy renders it difficult to restrain this surging tide of feeling; yet to none other than the author of those pages would I, for a moment, unveil my real feelings. While reading, an almost irresistible desire seized me, to dive, for once, deep into human sympathy. But what I could tell of the real joy and sorrow of life would fill a volume. I know, by experience, there are heights of bliss and depths of anguish in the human heart, an infinite God alone can fathom.

“The fault with me is, nature gave me intense, acute, and powerful feeling, with only the ordinary capacity of self-government. When I wrote to you first, I was half maddened by days of torture, and nights of sleepless pain, and, to have obtained any trace of my absent friend, or reached his side, I would have trampled down every barrier that pride, conventionality, or reason could oppose. I know now that he is safe; that his silent absence is voluntary, and all that is left to me now is the bitter task of crushing out the love that for a few brief weeks made life so bright and beautiful, that, as I look back, the days seem linked in golden bands.

“You tell me ‘the sweets of one successful and happy love will more than balance the account.’ That is a dream of bliss, that will never be realized. If any act of mine can make one I love happier, and I am not denied the presence dearer than all

else on earth, this is all of happiness for which I dare to hope. I do not believe I ever awakened a genuine thrill of love in my life, such as would satisfy the demands of my nature, and were I unfortunately linked to one who gave me nothing more than I have ever yet received, it would torture me to death or madness. And yet I have been happy; but it was, as Hoyt says, 'an hour of bliss, an age of pain.' Yet even this is far better than not to love at all. I must love, though I can never be beloved; for it is not only more to me than all else in life, but life itself. The tones of a loved voice send the warm blood bounding through every artery; the touch of a loved hand thrills every nerve with electric power; earth seems bathed in glory, and heaven itself so near. Give me love, and though every other earthly blessing be denied, life would be divine; deny me this, and Omnipotence can give me no equivalent. In the thought of life without love, there is a sense of utter desolation for which language has no expression. . . .

"Respectfully, _____."

Not being able to copy the above letter himself, the author handed it to a male friend, who kindly did so, at the same time requesting him to give his opinion of the writer of it, — the man who wronged her, — and the subject generally. He did so; and here is exactly what he wrote: —

"The purposes of Providence are worked out in wondrous ways. The most painful event in any life may rear the eminence from which, with a clearer vision we may look out upon beauties never dreamed of else, reveal passions, depths, and longings, that but for it would have never thrilled our souls.

"Such experiences as this woman has realized are but too frequent; and my heart trembles as I think of the intensity of the agony to one so finely strung, so sensitive. Would that there were a scarcity of the soulless monsters who pride themselves upon such victories!

"A great principle is vividly impressed upon my mind by this lady's letter; i. e., that *Love* is the natural and the sole

object and principle, the only thing in life, both present and future. It is the supreme passion; all others are secondary and auxiliary, and become morbid and perverted in proportion to its absence from the throne of the human soul. It is soul itself; it is God in us, and only a serpent that has dragged his slimy length from Eden to the gates of this true and womanly heart can wound it. It does not die, it is immortal. There are many calling themselves men, simulating what may have once entitled them to that name, so far and successfully imitating and personifying an ideal manhood, that showing themselves to women who, like this one, have hearts, become at once the objects of a homage due only to the noblest work of God, — an honest man.

“These monsters, by various transformations and processes, come gradually to be what they are. They are recruited from that large class of transient persons who move from place to place, travelling men, agents, drummers for mercantile houses. These persons have no character to maintain, as they do not stop long enough in one place to make it necessary. They take their primary lessons from older members of the fraternity, and from a certain class of *mediums* of both sexes. Beware of all persons who have long been free from the influence of a home and its restraints,—the hordes who live in furnished lodgings and dormitories of large cities and towns on the European plan! Beware of all who shirk the duties of life and society, for they gratify their perverted passions at the pain of those who unfortunately have not a vigorous protection to shield them from the advances of villains emboldened by success an hundred times!

“At last, these conscienceless libertines fester upon the hard pallet of a hospital, the charity of the civilization they have outraged. No sweet and loving accents lull the roar of the waters, no kind and loving hand smooths the hard pillow—no! they are dead long ago. Lips that would have spoken kind words of hope, hands that would have borne them up, are silent, cold, and palsied, deserted by them long ago; and they die, looking for love and tenderness into the face of a hired male

attendant. God pity and forgive them, for they know not what they do !

T. H. C."

Hafiz, the poet-king of Iran, has left some very suggestive verses behind him, and these being patent to the issue shall be now reproduced ; and here let it be said, once for all, that the specious sophistry of these lines is identical with the foul stuff foisted on the people of these current days, all championed as *Divine truth*, under various names, as for instance, "The Schematic Inorganicoid Aggregationalisms" of "Pantarch" Andrews ; whereas, in reality, each one is a fanged and deadly serpent, lying concealed therein, just exactly as one unquestionably is coiled up in every line of Hafiz. The man or woman who listens to or believes such monstrous folly is lost. For it is by just such wily devilism as the Persian's that the modern "Pantarchism," "Free Love," and "Passional Attraction" infernalisms seek to undermine public morals and private virtues in the philanthropic endeavor to *re-form* society, and establish social order, by making every man a libertine, and every woman a nameless thing ! The best thing to do with such *re-formers* is to clap them in lunatic asylums, or let them serve their age and generation by picking oakum, or cutting stone behind the bars of county jails, or better still, State Prison ; because such people when really honest are insane ; when not so they are villains of unmistakable dye and calibre. Let us quote from their Persian high priest, who thus sings : —

"What bliss is like to whispering love,
Or dalliance in the bowers of spring?
Why, then, delay my bliss to improve?
Haste, haste, my love, the goblet bring.

"Each hour that joy and mirth bestow,
Call it treasure, count it gain ;
Fool is the man who seeks to know
His pleasure will it end in pain !

"The links which our existence bind
Hang not by one weak thread alone ;

Of man's distress why tease the mind?
Sufficient 'tis we know our own.

"The double charms of love and wine
Alike from one sweet source arise,
Are we to blame, shall we repine,
When unrestrained the passions rise?

"If innocent in heart and mind,
I sin, unconscious of offence,
What use, O Casuist, shall I find
In Absolution's recompense?

"Hermits the flowing spring approve;
Poets the sparkling bowl enjoy;
And till he's judged by powers above,
Hafiz will drink and sing and toy!"

"Ay, by my faith," he might have added, "and so will everybody else as well as Hafiz," so long as mankind is as morbid as we now find it, — which undoubtedly is a great deal more so than in the far-off days of its monkey-ape ancestry, living on trees and sleeping in caves. As the species lives to-day it laughs at the laws of its own making, and in amative matters does just about as it pleases, and all despite my good lord cardinal red, green or blue, priest or penalty, judges, justice, or Boston juries, statute laws, rules, regulations, moral codes, and everything else besides. And why? Because it is human nature to do so; perverted human nature truly, but human nature still. The question, therefore, among people of common sense at all events, is, not how we shall put a forcible stop to "illicit amours," for we can't stop them, try as we may; the world has been essaying that enterprise these last ten thousand years, leaving off just where it began the work, and not one inch further. The reason is that civilized (?) man is wild, silly, crazy, suicidal, and unhealthy in respect to his affections, and just as long as the evil is uncorrected from the very foundation, just so long will the trash foisted on the people by ranting radicals, as divine science, be accepted as reformatory gospel; and until men begin the work of self-restraint and redemption

will such stuff as Hafiz wrote, and radicals and amazons proclaim and defend, be regarded as true poetry, and accepted as genuine revelation. But *the* question is, how shall we get over the difficulty in the easiest and safest way? It is of no use to send a boy to State Prison because he is caught in a brothel. You must first remove the brothel, and *you can't do that* until you change the action of a certain little phrenological organ situated at the nape of the neck of the *Body Politic*!

How shall we discipline this universal organ of amateness so that it shall not run riot in the land, first making harlots, then establishing brothels near every populous centre, and then building prisons and houses of correction for ITS OWN VICTIMS? Bah! The self-righteousness of legislators offends the nostrils not only of God and angels, but of any honest man! The question of greatest moment to us is, how shall we so discipline and train this unruly amateness, so as to offend the fewest, and benefit the many, help along the cause of the truest civilization, and conduce to the best interests of the wide, wide world? That's the question! That's the problem of the age, one, too, that has puzzled the world for centuries, and yet one that can be solved in twenty lines; ay, half the number. Thus: Prove to any one that *interest, self-interest*, has been, is, and ever will be, the policy of men and nations, — a very easy task with plenty of illustrations all around us, — then show them that virtue is, and ever was, the highest interest of every human being. Do this, and forthwith your work is done, and harlotry goes by the board. This question must be met and solved by the logic of facts and the principles of plain equity, and genuine, non-subtle common sense; which, after all, is a great deal better fruit-bearer, of the right kind, than all the grand and splendid sciento-philosophic trees that ever were planted or grew; for their apples are pretty to look at, but most accursedly crabby when partaken of.

There's a fearful deal of cant and double-distilled hypocrisy in the world to-day in regard to vice and virtue, but more concerning their *names* than their principles, — for people do a mighty number of things to please themselves, without a

thought, which they wouldn't be charged with by their *names* for the world. For instance: The law-books tell us the crime of rape is the forcible possession of an unwilling victim, the just punishment for which, in some places, is death, and in all long terms of imprisonment. Now suppose all, or even half, of those who are guilty of it, should be accused, tried, and convicted, what a sight of married women — millions — would be husbandless for many a long year! And yet with how great vigor is this amatory sin denounced, just as if actual crime were sometimes more, sometimes less, blamable, or less a violence than stealing, cheating, taking ten cents when six only are due, and a hundred others which are not denounced half so strenuously, nor taken advantage of *by* the very denouncers of this sin of concupiscence. The fact is, wrong is wrong, whatever shape it takes; and there are but two divisions to crime of any sort: One leads to murder, i. e., the injury of others; and the second leads to suicide, i. e., the injury of ourselves; and it is futile to attempt any reformation that does not begin with ourselves first. True, the work belongs to society; but then, society is but an aggregation of separate individuals. It scarcely does to fight one sin in detail, and let the rest grow; to cut down the thistles and leave the other weeds alone; to abjure one sin, and practise all the others.

Society is muddy all over, inside and out. It needs a thorough overhauling from top to bottom; that is to say, we each for ourselves must begin, prosecute, and complete the work in every personal case, and stop cursing and blaming others till we do.

It is painful to people of correct thinking to witness the social depravity of our times. They are all made sad by hearing others — thousands of them — making such an ado about marital, social, and other ills, yet practically doing nothing to stem the torrent, or alter the condition of things. We all have an abiding belief in virtue, and pay devout homage to it, when clothed in linen and fine purple, but are very often unable to see it when arrayed in linsey-woolsey, or worse gear.

There is an acceptance of the term virtue in vogue repulsive

to a true man, especially when applied to all women indiscriminately ; for a woman in these days, hemmed in by poverty, may be forced for dear life to do the wrong thing ; and others still, by conglomerate circumstance, by the dire stress of influences congenital and otherwise, over which she has no control whatever, may do things that in man's sight are sinful, but which are not wholly so in the eye of the omnipotent God ! Ay, or in that of an honest man or true woman. Go to ! Let him or her who is without sin cast the first stone ! If they do, but few will be bruised !

Doubtless the reader has, ere this, clearly defined the differences between, and noticed the interchange of, the physiological and the soul love. Both can and do exist, and act separately ; but only when they move together like a beautiful pair of milk-white coach-horses in double harness, do they amble us along the bright gleaming roads on the happy side of life. Such results, such a play of the double forces of love, can never be hoped for, reached, or experienced outside of monogamic marriage ; for howsoever content a man may be in double union, or pluralism, or with one mistress only, there is always a chronic spice of brimstone in the cup of life ; ever and always some nameless longing and discontent ; nor can his joy ever reach the height it would, had that sacred ceremony been performed ; for it enables him to look the world plump and squarely in the face, unabashed, and also in the mirror, when he shaves, behold the beauties of an honest man ! If he has children, it is a sweet morsel to roll under his tongue, — the consciousness that they will not pass through the world branded with the dreadful name, bastard ; for however keen and smart such offspring may be, and notoriously are, it sounds better to have that word unknown with respect to them ; besides which, by the very fact of their keenness, such people suffer dreadfully at the stigma, and their inability to respect the mother who bore, and the father who begat them !

No man can *respect* a mistress ! The thing's impossible ; no matter how charming, talented, or beautiful she may be, the first prime element of solid happiness is wanting ! ' A mistress'

joy is ever a fevery one, for she is conscious that her tenure of possession is a very slender one, liable to be snapped asunder by the slightest strain, or burnt in twain by the first pair of bright eyes that may chance to flash out their fire upon him as he passes by; hence the life of a *placé* is a life of constant uneasiness, incertitudes, and excitements. Not so with an honest wife; for whatever storms may blow she commands and holds the esteem of all the world; for her wifeness, if not herself, receives the undivided respect of the entire human race, of all religions and of all lands; while the known strumpet is by all and everywhere despised, no matter how high she carries her head; for in that regard the mistress of an emperor is on a common level with the outcast leman of a butcher-boy.

A nation's greatness depends upon the individual virtues and nubile strength of its separate constituents, — upon those of its people who are under forty years of age; for before that age they are parents of the next generation, or are not so at all. Now the main element of vigor and virtue in any nation is that necessarily resulting from amative purity; for just as soon as morals decay in that direction in the masses, the fall of that nation is not far off. Witness ancient Egypt, Babylon, Greece, Rome, Carthage, all of which went to irremediable ruin as a direct consequence of social disorder in matters of sex. Among modern nations the United States were shaken to their very centre by the tremendous reaction against human slavery, whose worst features were associated directly with sex matters, — rape, concubinage — forced at that! — non-marriage, and violent breakage of domestic ties, topped off with brutal usage, public sales of fair women for base purposes, and often crowned with incest, — against all of which the human heart revolted, and the thing was brought to an end in fire and blood; whereby human nature vindicated its better side!

Treating of this very subject, in this very phase of it, an article here quoted from the *Bothwell*, Canada, "*Saturday Review*," in a paper on "*Rome before the Cæsars*," says: —

"It is a dreadful picture,—the picture of Italy under the rule of the oligarchy. Morality and family life were treated as antiquated things among the ranks of society. To be poor was not merely the saddest disgrace and the worst crime, but the only disgrace and the only crime. For money the statesman sold the state and the burgess sold his freedom; the post of the officers and the vote of the jurymen were to be had for money; for money the lady of quality surrendered her person, as well as the common courtesan; perjuries and falsifying of documents had become so common that in a popular part of this age an oath is called the 'plaster for debts.' Men had forgotten what honesty was; a person who refused a bribe was regarded, not as an honest man, but as a personal foe.

"But while at the bottom of national life the slime was thus constantly accumulating more and more deleteriously and deeply, so much the more smooth and glittering was the surface overlaid with the varnish of polished manners and universal friendship. All the world interchanged visits; and in the houses of quality it was necessary to admit the persons presenting themselves every morning for the levee, in a certain order fixed by the master or the attendant in waiting, and to give audience only to the more notable, one by one, while the rest were more summarily admitted, partly in groups, partly in a body, at the close. The interchange of letters of courtesy was carried on to as great an extent as the visits of courtesy. The genuine intimacy of family ties and family friendships had so totally vanished from the Rome of that day, that the whole intercourse of business and acquaintance could be garnished with its forms and flourishes, which had lost all meaning, and thus, by degrees, real friendship became superseded by that spectral shadow of friendship which holds by no means the least place among the various evil spirits brooding over this age.

"An equally characteristic feature in the brilliant decay of this period was the emancipation of women. In the economic point of view, the women had long since made themselves independent. In the present epoch, we even meet with solicitors, acting especially for women, who officiously lend their aid to the solitary rich ladies in the management of their property and their lawsuits, make an impression upon them by their knowledge of business and law, and thereby procure for themselves ampler perquisites and legacies than other loungers on the exchange. But it was not merely from the economic guardianship of fathers or husbands that women felt themselves emancipated. Love intrigues of all sorts were constantly in progress. The ballet-dancers were a match for those of the present day in the variety of their pursuits and the skill with which they followed them out. Their *prima donnas* pollute even the pages of history. But their, as it were, licensed trade was very materially injured by the free art of the ladies of aristocratic circles. Liaisons in the first houses had become so frequent that only a scandal altogether exceptional could make them the

subject of special talk. A judicial interference seemed now almost ridiculous. The watering-place season, when political business was suspended and the world of quality congregated at Baiæ and Puteoli, derived its chief charm from the relations, licit and illicit, which along with music and songs and elegant breakfasts on board or on shore enlivened the gondola voyager. There the ladies held absolute sway; but they were by no means content with this domain which rightfully belonged to them; they also acted as politicians, appeared in party conferences, and took part with their money and their intrigues in the wild coterie proceeding of the time.

"Any one who beheld these female statesmen performing on the stage of Scipio and Cato, and saw at their side the young fop, as with smooth chin, delicate voice and mincing gait, with head-dress and neckerchiefs, frilled robes and enormous sandals, he copied the loose courtesan, might well have a horror of the unnatural worlds in which the sexes seemed as though they wished to change parts. What ideas as to divorce prevailed in the circles of aristocracy may be discerned in the conduct of their most moral hero, Marcus Cato, who did not hesitate to separate from his wife at the request of a friend desirous to marry her, and as little scrupled on the death of this friend to marry the same wife over again. Celibacy and childlessness became more and more common, especially among the upper classes. While among those marriage had long been regarded as a burden which people took upon them as the best in the public interest, we now encounter even in Cato and those who shared Cato's sentiments, the maxim to which Polybius a century before traced the decay of Hellas, that it is the duty of a citizen to keep great wealth together, and therefore not to beget too many children.

"In consequence of such a social condition the Latin stock in Italy* underwent an alarming diminution, and its fair provinces were overspread partly by parasitic immigrants, partly by sheer desolation. Large numbers of Roman natives immigrated, and, as a compensation for these, Italy obtained on the one hand the protectorate of slaves and freedmen, on the other hand the craftsmen and traders flocked there from Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt.

"There was nothing to bridge over or soften the fatal contrast between the world of the beggars and the world of the rich. The more clearly and painfully this contrast was felt on both sides, the giddier the height to which riches rose, the deeper the abyss of poverty yawned; the more frequently amidst that changeful world of speculations and playing at hazard, were individuals tossed from the top to the bottom and again from the bottom to the top. The wider the chasm by which the two worlds are externally divided, the more completely they coincide in the like annihilation of family life, which is yet the germ and core of all nationality, in the like

* Vide the same stock in modern France.

laziness and luxury, the like unsubstantial economy, and the like unmanly dependence, the like corruption differing only in its scales, the like demoralization of criminals, the like longing to begin the war with property. Riches and misery in close league drove the Italians out of Italy, and filled the peninsula partly with swarms of slaves, partly with awful silence."

CHAPTER XI.

THE world of Intellect is in labor to-day, and the sweet child now being born is to be a new power in the lands. Its father is Science, its mother is true Philosophy, its mission is Real Reform. Both parents have erewhile made a great bluster and pretension. Each has in turn asserted a great deal, promised more, and achieved less, until at last, like a very wise couple, they have abandoned talk in a great measure, and gone to work in real earnest. COMMON SENSE is its name, and is the grand result to be. People are getting weary of platitudes, and are hungry for real food.

This has been called the age of Gold, Silver, and Iron, by turns. We choose to call it the age of Brass, — for certainly the "*Philosophers*" have proved it so, — and that not a few of them have striven to prove it the age of "Tin" is demonstrated by the fact that just as soon as their exchequers have been well stocked, their "philosophy" suddenly collapsed and demised. Loudly have scores of "Reformers" talked about bettering the condition of the people, yet how much better off are these self-same people to-day? A few years ago we were told that "Free Love" was *the* thing to make people happy. But *are* these people half as happy now as they were before they accepted that doctrine, and run the chances of a tremendous experiment? We fear not, and have said so; but the ever-ready answer is: "The experiment has not yet been fairly tried. Wait till it is, and then decide. Yourself may have suffered from this thing — yea, have seen men and women apparently ruined by it; but these are exceptional cases. Wait a while and we will show

you magnificent results." Well, perhaps it is so; but this writer does not believe a word of it. Let us patiently await the "results," we shall see what we shall see! . . . At present we have strong, *rather* strong objections to seeing our daughters, or wives, or our friend's wife and daughter, members of, — well, never mind, — we'll skip the hard words just dropping from the pen.

Unquestionably, all things considered, we are now living in the very midst of the greatest social, moral, and political revolution the world has ever seen. Around us, on all sides, the signs of the times proclaim this fact, and the crumbling ruins of human folly are rapidly disappearing, one by one, but surely. The dust of the *débris* partially blinds many of us; but presently the clear breezes of rationality will spring up: we will then see clearer than we now do, and among other things that we shall behold in the new and cryptic light, with clarified vision, will be the general subject we are now discussing, namely, the love and marriage questions in all their bearings, both "legal" and "illicit," or in wedlock and out of wedlock. We shall then discuss the themes, void of prejudice, and solely on their own integral merits.

Old-fogy notions of all sorts, sizes, shapes, and kinds, that have long usurped the popular throne, are, somehow or other, growing smaller by degrees and beautifully less. Presently, they will all quietly fall to pieces and to earth, and on their former sites, in men's minds, shall be upbuilded true ideas of human life and human justice. The Temple of the true God shall yet be builded of human hearts, and therein shall the Supreme be daily worshipped, — the Temple of moral, mental, affectional, and physical health. Till this comes to pass, and at best it is slow work, we must wait, and in good deeds, and rightful thinking, ever pray.

The jewel of life is health, and there can be no health, either of body, mind, morals, or affection, if the digestive and other organs of either sex be so deranged as to vitiate their secretions.

We have been told by certain teachers, that love is in no wise

connected to, associated with, or influenced by, passional desire. These teachers are both right and wrong,—right, when they elevate the sentiment of friendship, and call it love; wrong, when they confound the amative, or friendly, feeling with the amative passion. Affection is an attribute of the soul *per se*, and is altogether independent of magnetic attraction, personal appearance, sex, or condition. Intensifications of friendship probably constitute the rapturous bliss of the souls in heaven. Love is the attractive chord, chain, substance, which connects the two universal sexes together, and of them constitutes one grand unity, Man. It is entirely different from that other thing, which binds together persons of the same gender. Illustration: A eunuch is notoriously capable of the grandest, deepest, most intense, and self-abnegating *friendship*, but is totally incapable of feeling *love*, for the reason that the surgical process of neutralization has also cut away his manhood in nearly every conceivable sense, and thereby laid an eternal interdict on all *loving*, so far as woman is concerned. The entire normal action of his soul and body is utterly lost, and in no conceivable sense can he change the food and drink he takes into these forceful and vivific elements and auras, whose presence in a real man is the sign of power. The mighty element, on whose presence in man depends much of the soul love-power of human kind, cannot be elaborated from his provender by him in any degree whatever; nor can his organic structure change the material already in it, to its higher, aeriform, and ethereal state, in which form, in whole men, it pervades the body, and gives the energy, manliness, grace, fortitude, beauty, pathos, and nobility, which characterize the full, true, healthy man, or gallant youth. In consequence of his irremediable injury, the unfortunate being, thus murdered, becomes completely emasculated in spirit as well as body; his voice changes from a manly bass or baritone to a high and sharp falsetto-squeak, or to a rough and harsh, grating sound, resembling nothing on earth, in the air or sea, but itself. His manliness, and manfulness as well, take flight never more to return; his animal or brutal nature increases; misanthropy grows apace;

generosity takes wing, except when he conceives that wonderful liking for a single person, which in a measure redeems, and keeps him within the human pale. The eunuch's bones become knobby, his flesh flabby, skin loose, puttyish, and his person exhales an almost insufferable odor, requiring daily ablutions to keep him bearable at all. The most unconscionable scoundrels in the streets of Cairo and Stamboul are the eunuchs, made so on purpose to keep them honest, in one direction at least.

Now, be it known, that your regular rake, and out-and-out libertine, — philosophic, scientific, or religious, — (a la Perfectionists of the John H. Noyes school in America, and the Agapemonites of Britain), — all those who fancy that the gratification of unbridled lust constitutes the *summum bonum* of human bliss, after a short career become first, moral, then intellectual, and, finally, by early excess, a sort of physical eunuchs as well; and all such manage, after a few years, to make themselves a hell-bed, whereon they must inevitably writhe in this life, and that which many of us feel is yet to come. Look at your fast man after ten years of "*fancy life*," and if a more loathly and forbidding human wreck can be found, where shall we look for it?

No matter what speculators may assert to the contrary, physical desire is an ingredient in the love which every man bears toward woman; nor is that love worth much that is divested thereof. Who would believe the man who should say he *loved* a female, not his own blood relative, in whom the amative element was not active? No one.

A woman instinctively knows a *man*, even in a crowd, whose love and loving nature is round and full. A man recognizes a woman, meet her where he may, who is healthy, sound, complete, and full in the love-element of human nature, and each does respectful homage to the other. Now all this is plain and simple, and results from the mutual recognition of the other's ability to impart and receive a purely human bliss (and by no means a merely animal gratification), in their social relations, and in the ways and walks of virtuous life, such as is con-

sequent upon the pure, spontaneous, harmonious, and magnetic blending of healthful souls, through the effluence of pure and healthful bodies.

The man, who can, but will not, render due respect, affection, and homage to the woman deliberately chosen as his wife, a man whose nature is so perverted that he cannot mingle with other women without losing his self-respect and desiring to debase them, and who neglects his wife for others, has discovered the express route to damnation and utter ruin! — has found out the speediest method to bury all of heaven and raise a dreadful hell beneath his roof-tree; and the wife who can, yet fails to give of will as well as word, to the lord of her choice, will not tarry long for the *pleasure* of knowing that she has half driven her husband from her fireside, to seek for solace — where the poor fool can never find it if he looks a hundred centuries — in a wanton's ready arms!

Diseased morals, brains, heads, hearts, intellects, and passions abound wherever civilization has opened its marts or erected its standards, and nowhere else. If human progress means the advancement of science, art, literature, and international traffic, then we of Christendom have progressed immensely; but if it means the advancement of human happiness, why, then — so far — the writer is unable to “see it.” We have lots of metaphysics, — which means physics in a mist, — and lots of other sorts of physic, but still suffering abunds; nor will transcendentalism — vague and flickering taper at best — at all illumine us as to the reason why happiness has not kept pace with material advancement. We are bored to death with long rigmarole platitudes about the “conflict of the ages,” in the vain endeavor to account for the wide-spread devilment of all sorts now rampant through the world; just as if Tom and Betsey cared a fig about, or were at all affected in their personal interests by all the conflicts of *all* the ages! Their own squabbles and conflicts are what interest and disturb *them*; and how to end them finally is *the* thing the aforesaid Tom and Betsey want most to find out. There are a good many Toms and Betseys in the world!

The philosophers have written, and quarrelled, and squabbled, and talked, until we are sick, about the "Origin of Evil," and the cure of it. They have explained it so very clearly that we are just in the precise spot, and degree of knowledge on the subject, that the world was forty centuries ago! The fact is, that the *explanation* of this "evil" mystery, as usual, was, and is, to be found right under the noses of those far-seeing and very sage people, who, in strict accordance with their old bent, are forever taking the longest way about for the shortest way home!

The moral, or immoral tone, or habits of a man, woman, community, or nation, depend upon physical causes almost entirely, such as climate, locality, geographical position, the form of food, houses, nature of the clothing worn, the degree of recreation, amusements, the water drank, the quantity of stimulants, tea, coffee, wine, beer, and a thousand other physical things, all of which act or react normally, or otherwise, upon the bodily organs, especially the amative; and the conditions, healthful or otherwise, of these organs *must* react upon the mental, moral, and social man. Facts are stated, facts that any one can see; and these go further towards settling the questions of free will, chance, destiny, morals, and religion, than all the hyper-physical or metaphysical stuff ever printed or hatched in the brains of lonely students in pent-up chambers, redolent with burning lamp oil—excuse us! kerosene!—just such chambers as that, wherein the untravelled philosopher evolved a camel from the depths of his own consciousness, he never having seen the animal; precisely as other philosophers evolve a system of love and other social ethics, without ever having experienced anything of the sort, or having been there, or knowing how it is themselves.

In a previous work the present author asserted, and now reaffirms, that no man can be perfectly virtuous in an unclean under-garment, for even the lowest man walking, or the most wretched troll wandering the streets in search of human flies, entertains a higher opinion of themselves when dressed up; while the biggest blackguard in the shire feels elevated to the

pitch and possibility of good and virtuous deeds, and high and noble thoughts, under the inspiration resulting from a cold bath and fresh linen. Deduction: the moral tone of a community, depends upon the health or unhealth of the digestive and *other* organs, the sanitary condition of the vital apparatus of the individuals comprising the community. Why? Because individuals make up society, societies make up the nation, and the nations give form and tone to the ages. Rome fell because her people became licentious, sensually corrupt. Modern Romes are following in the same old wake. So be cautious, noble Romans!

Once let the vital apparatus mainly concerned in love and its offices and missions be disordered, even slightly, and the whole system, mental, moral and physical, will quail and tremble beneath the spell, just as surely as that one and one do not make twelve. When they are badly deranged, torpid, or unduly active, the tower of human nobility and strength—social, domestic, moral and physical—inevitably begins to crumble and topple over towards the fast accelerating fall. We suffer often when we ought to enjoy; we languish, when we ought to thrive and be happy; we are—Americans especially—too excitable, nervous, anxious; and have as a general thing seen more of life, lived longer, in fact, at forty years, than Methusaleh did when his last year was ended. Very few people in civildom, old or young, male or female, are healthy. Most of us have a failing, a weak spot,—morally, physically, intellectually or affectionally; nor can we enjoy life unless these failings are overcome, which cannot be unless by the grace of God and practical common sense,—aided, abetted and assisted by—soap,—not the soft sort! but good, hard old Windsor, or Castile—applied with a crash towel and flesh-brush—at least three times a week. There's nothing like soap—to clean a man's body—and his morals! his epidermis—and his conscience!

The physical and moral continents of the wonderful world called Man are closely connected. A sound mind *can* dwell in an unsound body, but only for a season. Insanity and the erratic mental flights and explorations of very much of the

modern, so-called genius, is, in the majority of cases, the result of, or is associated in both sexes with, derangement of the *extra-vital* organism, and health can only be restored by bringing *that* back to a moral condition. Food swallowed is rapidly converted into chyme, chyle, blood, nervous fluid and various other lymphs, and then, by action mysterious and wonderful, into nerve-aura.

In society, not over one in seventy of either sex but in whom the system last named is, to a greater or less extent, diseased. Those persons are the most joyous, healthful, kind, Christian, affectionate and obliging, in whom nerve-aura is the most pure and abundant; while those who are diseased in those respects are never healthy in any other way, for this disordered state eventually effeminates the mind, and is productive of vagaries and positive insanity. The loss or waste of nerve-aura, beyond a certain amount, unmistakably impoverishes the blood and body; while the unwise expenditure of it directly affects unfavorably, not only the active intellect, but the deathless soul itself. When the system is healthy the soul corresponds; if it is chilled, fevered, or in any way diseased, they inevitably carry the disease along with them.

It may be—but ought not—necessary to here state that those who imagine there is but one mode, and that the passional one, of wasting life and its essences, are wofully mistaken; perpetual wakefulness, too little sleep, wastes it. Rum and wine, beer and ale drinking to an undue extent, wastes it. Too much mental labor, or physical either, wastes it. Fretfulness, inordinate and long-continued thought, grief, sorrow, — in short, any and all excess, of whatever possible variety or kind, are so many drafts on the bank of life; wherefore it is well to keep a good running account therein, for if you don't your notes will be returned dishonored, protested and endorsed, No funds.

These secretions in the body of the female become part of the body of her future child, if she conceives, and it is thus that transmissions of disease and other qualities are accomplished. Illustration: A drunken man fathers a child, and just as sure as he does so, the chances are that the alcohol will in some way

so impregnate his being and his child, that it will either be idiotic or imperfect, else will come forth to the world with a penchant for stimulants, almost irresistible !

In normal life and loving, the superabundance of nerve aura, — this most precious element, — after undergoing a change from the lymphic to an aeriform state, is sent along the telegraphic nerve-system to all parts of the body ; but in greater volume to the brain by day, and to the solar plexus when we sleep, whence it is distributed all over the body, vivifying it and increasing vigor. Thus is verified the saying, that love constitutes the life of man.

When the health is deranged, this balm of existence, this divine, human nerve-life, is frequently wasted, becomes acrid, sour, and poisonous, not only to the man himself, but to the unfortunate woman who may sustain what were otherwise the most sacred intimacy in wedlock. A man thus conditioned is no more fit for the conjugal relation than an atheist is to preach Christ's gospel to a sinful world ! His embrace is the embrace of poison and of death, and his very *presence* is as potent for disease and evil as is the drop from a cobra's fang. Contrawise ; suppose the wife to be afflicted in a similar manner, she must inevitably, slowly, it may be, but surely, poison her husband, who contracts it by absorption ; and if she be charged with virus, either fluid or ethereal, so much the worse for him. Indeed, this sort of poisoning is a common affair nowadays in these progressive times ; and is the prolific cause of four-fifths of the human ailments of the civilized globe ; people don't suspect it, but it's true, nevertheless.

Free Love ! No man is free who has not command over himself, but suffers his passions to control him. The principal excuse of the class of persons who advocate promiscuity is, that not being well mated, they are obliged to go from home to seek the supply for which there is a demand in their souls (bodies rather). This is all sheer twaddle ! Such folks, very imperfect themselves, demand perfection in their mates. They "don't see it ;" hence logic and everything else is twisted to suit their turn, in the vain hope of making themselves believe that their

erotic course is the right one. Their morbid desires and special pleadings are accepted as God's warrant, authorizing a woman to destroy any other woman's peace and break up her family, by robbing her of her husband; and for any lecherous man to do as his debased nature may suggest.

Not a few people imagine their domestic difficulties spring from natural incompatibility of soul; a mal-adaptation between them whose only relief is death or divorce. Now, in seventy-five cases of discord out of every one hundred, such a conclusion would be erroneous; for probably not one-fortieth part of all the matrimonial infelicity extant has a deeper seat than mere physical ill-health, which a very little dose of Reasonable Try speedily cures; for disease of the love-nature is sure to affect the mind, religion, morals, and philosophy of the patient, quicker, deeper, and more formidably, than ailments of any other sort under heaven.

To the jaundiced all things wear a sickly yellow hue. When the heart is full of love and affection, and the body full of vigor, all things look serene and beautiful. To the victims of false love and falser marriage-troubles the world seems clad in indigo raiment; the male victim contemplates, with a sort of wild satisfaction, the various methods of reaching the other world by express; while to the female sufferer all nature seems to be one vast graveyard, and her life-paths to be strewn with dead men's mouldering bones.

People with livers chronically torpid go in for hell-fire of the most approved grilling incandescence; not for themselves, but for all who have active livers, and a good digestion, — who for that reason devoutly believe in universal salvation! Certain sorts of revivals happen most frequently in regions where pork is most abundant, and the water comes from limestone deposits.

Bad health is unfavorable to healthy love; but then a lean love is better than none, provided it be genuine. "Why, Sarah! you've gone and married since last I saw you! But, la, what a *little* man you *have* got!" — "Yes; but then, you see, a *little* husband is a great deal better than no husband at

all!" Sensible Sarah! That's a poor specimen of humanity who don't love *somebody*.

The *life* may be injured or destroyed in various ways; it may be injured by passion, alcohol, tobacco, habitual acid or alkaline drinks; strong tea, coffee, diseased bladder, womb, kidneys, rectum, fistula, and absolute continence and idleness, or excess of any sort. Of course such a tree must be barren of the best fruit, of whatever sort it may be. When a female is thus abnormal, the realization of her dream of marriage must remain a dream only; for although she reaches maternity she really cannot tell how it happened; for to her the fact was quite incidental — as well as accidental — poor thing! reaping the penalties minus all the promised and hoped-for joys. Let's count hands! Women, attention! All you who know how this is yourselves hold up your right hands! One, two, five, — a thousand, — millions! Good God! what a forest of hands!

As with woman so also with man. He can *never* be truly GREAT, so long as *in all* respects he is not wholly, truly, fairly, a genuine man!

Women are often averse to yield, what only brutes claim as a *right*. They are not to blame. It is the voice of nature herself protesting against murder. Tenderness and attention, long-continued tenderness, only can overcome this aversion, and whosoever resorts to harsher methods to gain an unwelcome sacrifice is a wretch too mean to exist among civilized communities. Women are often wretched in spirit, and sick in body, worn down, hopeless and desponding, from the fact that one or both the belts which sustain the principal organs of their sex are loose and relaxed. This often comes of unwelcome interference at unwelcome seasons, and he who does it is not a husband, but a brute!

CHAPTER XII.

A "KEPT" woman never yet made a home for a man, for home, in the true and better sense, means happiness, and there *can* be none of that in a dwelling where everything is present save the sacred and sanctified tie, which alone redeems the union in the eyes of true men and women, because the very foundation-elements of human justice, fair play for the woman as the man; honor, truth, respect, — all are wanting, are wholly absent from any such arrangement, — in this country at least, whatever may be the case in other lands, and other places of Christian civilization. Even if the *placé* woman rolls in unbounded wealth, and has every luxury at command which heart could wish, still there is bitter in her tea, and gall in every mouthful she eats! She is the open scorn and butt of contempt of her own servants, even down to scullery maid and wash-woman, — and a scorn, too, so deep that cologne will not wash it out, for the beggar's wife thinks herself degraded by contact with her, and the wife of the lowest thief in Christendom lolls out her tongue as the glittering harlot passes by! and, what is worse still, she despises herself quite as much as they do; and at heart she feels a withering contempt for the "man" she pretends to, and may really think she loves. How can it be otherwise, if she is an intelligent woman? How can she do else, — he who disdains and refuses to make her what every woman has a heaven-born right to be — an honest and respected wife!

As for the piece of a man who thus does violence to himself, his leman and society, if he thinks at all, he knows, as he stands before his mirror, that he beholds the image of a contemptible scoundrel, unworthy of association with decent people, because self-conscious of his bad example; his violation of the first principles of manhood; his injustice to the woman he debases; the same with regard to himself, — whom he knows to be a bad man, if not a villain, desperately engaged in undermining, what it took all mankind to erect — the edifice of social order. He knows he is the promoter and encourager of prostitution and

libertinage, and a direct enemy of God, nature and Humanity.

As *she*, in the first intoxication of success, struts the streets in glaring gaud, and flaunts her fine feathers in the faces of honest women, there is often a coal of fire in her heart raging fiercely, and she would give all her feathers and flummery, and be content with work-woman's fare, could she but feel she had the innate respect that laboress commands; for all people rush to the relief, comfort and sympathy of a *wife*; but all, save her kind, and only a few of *them*, stand aloof from the courtesan, whom they may flatter, but whom they nevertheless heartily despise.

As *he* drives her about town behind a fine span, he involuntarily classes her in the same list with his horses; both to be used for the present joy they bring; for the tie between them being one wholly of nerves, pocket-books and sense, it is impossible for him to think otherwise; for notwithstanding the twain may be wildly, madly infatuated with each other, yet there's not one single spark of divine, or strictly human love about it. Let Poverty seize him, and her beauty fade away, and the difference between "This" and "That" will very quickly show itself; for neither man nor woman can be really happy when flying squarely in the face of public opinion, morals and custom; or in a union which either secretly or openly violates the supreme law of God, or those of human morals, both of which proclaim in thunder tones, that one man and one woman, in open, honorable marriage, is *the* sole condition of happiness, the true and substantial nucleus of the family, tribe, race, nation, and civilization. From the observance of these laws, inherent in humanity, alone comes wealth of soul and goodness. Around such unions the virtues gather, and religion grows apace; while from their neglect, violation, and non-observance springs every vice and crime which mars the universal weal, fills all the prisons, and engenders all the wretchedness on earth. Oh, that people would but think of these things! They will sooner or later.

In these days when society is full of fevers and chills, people

are too careless in selecting their mates, for with both sexes alike, person, good looks, and dress carry the day; while real merit seldom determines the choice of either. Too much attention is paid to mere appearance, too little to the substantialities of character and moral worth. They mistake a fever for love, and in the whirl of their delirium settle matters with or without a ring, only to be awakened presently to the awkward fact that they easily got into a difficulty very hard to get out of again. Then comes drinking, flirtation, adultery! Let the curtain fall; for the results of this universal distemper of mistakes, this madness of the mind, are too dreadful to contemplate.

A word just here on ante-nuptial familiarities: First, the man who insists on, and gains his point is — aside from his diabolic knavery — a fool, for if he marries her afterward ten chances to one but *that* special memory will be a bitter one to both. If he don't marry her, he is both a double thief, and the spoliator of some other man's happiness; beside obliging her, in that case, to tell one vast lie, and live it ever after; or tell the truth, and have it thrown up in her face a hundred times a year. In either case, and to both parties, such a false step leads to wretchedness; whereas if God and human law first sanction that familiarity, the chances of continued happiness are ten to one in their joint favor for the balance of life.

Ring in the orchestra, turn on the lights, shift the scenes, raise the curtain, and let the audience witness another portion of the grand drama — LOVE, IN ALL ITS PHASES!

People will, in these days, as a general thing, let us say, peruse a book on the "Perils of Incontinence;" go to a lecture against "Licentiousness" in the evening; will applaud the speaker whenever a rap is delivered on the devoted head of Amativeness; they will leave the hall brimful of the "deadliest" virtue, and in less than two hours thereafter will fall victims to the first temptation — *just as easy!* — merely by way of proving that human nature is a queer sort of thing, and that the whole matter is governed by a law outside of, and above, individual likings, longings, tastes, volitions or resolves; unless

and until the man within obtains full control of the man without, and by rigid self-discipline has learned to restrain and direct the passion-tide, and properly keep it within limits. But the curtain is up, look! See! A husband has just brought his tender and virgin bride from the altar to their home. They are very joyous, and think themselves happy, but as yet have no proper notion of what happiness is. True, a heavenly smile plays in mischief among the roses of Marie's cheeks, and the coral of her lips; and yet, somehow or other, there comes ever and anon a furtive look, betraying half doubt, half fear, and a deeper crimson than a maiden's modest blush rather pales this coral and these roses occasionally, and momentarily overcasts the sunshine. Why is this? Some will say, "It is the natural result of her new position; resulting from the modest maiden's *entrée* on the fuller and higher life of womanhood!" But the writer dares to say it is, in nine cases in every twelve, no such thing. It is the deep intuition of her woman's soul pre-warning her of nameless horrors yet to be! Look at the groom. A fine specimen of a physical man; full of vigor, blood and youth. What fervor and what animation! How earnestly he gazes on the treasure he has brought! how very ardently he looks down into the depths of her eyes! yet we don't like the *sort* of look; there's a something we cannot like about it. He is all aglow, — his breath is rather thick and husky — has suddenly become so, as he finds, or thinks he has, that for the first time since the ceremony they are *alone*! Not quite! for God is there, though the bridegroom knows it not. The solicitude he manifests smacks of something less noble than true affection, and the peculiar tone of his voice savors far more of physical passion, than of noble and manly love. Good-night! . . . Good-morning, sweet bride! We will call in a month to see you as we pass along this way. . . . Next month has come, but all her roses have strangely fled, alas! and fled forever! Poor girl! She fondly imagined she was about to find a MAN and a HUSBAND. She has found only a — brute! . . . How pale she is; her lithesome, tripping gait has given place to a nervous step. Evidently something is wrong. . . . Months

have fled. She is *enciente* — but not of the child of her own and her husband's vigor. Oh, no! but the immortal house within her bosom is being builded of the last dregs of two exhausted human bodies. . . . Ten years have fled, and this couple keep all the time wondering why their eldest born is such a little, measly, nerveless, scranny, morbid child. They are paying for their folly in long doctor's bills; and the heart-wrung tears they both will shed next month, as little Harry's form is forever hidden by earth heaped on his coffin by the sexton's friendly spade, are a portion of the penalty! . . . Come, let us go up the road — into the village tavern; the father of the little boy that died is there, listening to the trial before Justice Goodman, of a wretched scamp who went and bought a splendid three-year old colt, and then actually so ill-used it, by over-driving, that the poor thing died on the road, — right under the lash, — for which deed the culprit has been arraigned. He defends himself and says: —

“Let me alone, let me *alone*!

Can't a man do what he likes with his own?”

“Not always,” says Justice Goodman. “The horse had rights; all horses have rights to food, shelter, and fair treatment. The practical denial of those rights, or their purposed invasion, is a positive crime, and as such is punishable. Besides this, society has rights, nor are they to be wantonly outraged, as they are whenever a brute beast is victimized, when it ought to be protected. Society has a humanitarian interest, — an interest which altogether takes precedence of yours, which is merely pecuniary. It was your duty to deal justly by the horse; mine to see that you neglected it not. You had *no* right — no one has a right — to ride a free horse to death. I therefore fine you for your cruelty.” — “Serves him right!” cries Harry's father — *dead Harry!* “Serves him right!” echoes everybody else. Wonder if he or they can discover any parallel between that dead horse and a certain dying wife — or wives? The writer can. Reader, can you? Try!

Shift the scene again: How often, could we listen to connubial talk, would we hear things like the following:—*Tender Husband*. “Hang it! you’re always and forever grunting, — always sick, sick, *sick*, — and have been ever since I married you!” There! that’s just it to a fraction, — “ever since he *married* her!!” No, not that, either; for, after all, marriage is something more than a priestly ceremony. He did not *marry* her; no man can talk in that style to the woman he has *married* — in the full, deep sense of that prostituted word; no, not that; but she has been sick ever since he cheated her into a contract, just as London Jews cheat young spendthrifts out of reversions and post-obit bonds. A *Man* cannot treat a *WIFE* ill in any respect, albeit *husbands* may, and do thus and otherwise ill-treat the women law-entrusted to their charge. When a couple are *MARRIED*, — as God intended all should be, — the woman grows spiritually younger as years roll on, and time ploughs his furrows very slowly in her cheek, and on his brow.

How often it happens that couples come together when life is all a calm, and the first year or so is sweet and balmy to their souls; yet, alas! how soon comes, first, the low and distant social growl, speedily deepening into hoarse mutterings, soon to break out into fierce tempests, and domestic storms and strifes! This is common; this is an every-day story; this is true of ten times ten thousand families. But why is this so? we ask; and common sense responds: Because every one of these numerous thousands of couples started wrong at the outset. Because during the first six months of wedlock the *wrong kind of love* held the reins, instead of pure and calm affection. These words are as true as God is true. The mistake, the folly, the pernicious oversight, lies *right there!* Instead of planting a bed of roses, whirlwinds are sown — ruthlessly, foolishly sown; and what marvel, in truth’s name! that hurricanes, the fruitful crop of such peculiar seed, should be the harvest naturally reaped? What a pity that these ten, ay, these hundred thousand, couples, had not previously studied the deep significance of the words: “Keep cool”! What a pity the grooms of all these half-mur-

dered brides had not learned that mighty yet very simple lesson! What is the result of this marital discord? Why, simply, ay, notoriously, this: The husband soon grows extremely sensitive and susceptible to the peculiar charms and attractions of crinoline when worn by almost any other woman than his own wife. What's the upshot of it all? Why, out of this common, *very* common state of things, come bickerings, hatreds, jealousies, elopements, adulteries, and the whole frightful catalogue of social and domestic miseries, which so ineffably disgrace the age in which we — stay, — for live, we certainly do not. Why? Again: Because the love-fountains between couples are too often dried up during the first year of married life. In many cases, by far too many, the domestic hearth grows altogether too freezingly cold, or too infernally hot for the comfort of the twain. Consequence: They separate: She takes her half-gestated, and less than half-finished, little, scranny children, and ekes out a livelihood as best she can; while the husband embarks on a voyage in search of common sense, which, if he find, ere it be too late to amend his folly, will prove more valuable than forty thousand golden fleeces, such as “Mister” Jason went sailing after, just subsequent to running off from *his* wife and two children — the scamp!

The junior members of a man's family should be the perfection of the quintuple powers of God, Love, Nature, health, and parental care. These, not the cattle-raiser's “Art,” are what thoroughly does the great, good business; for Art, especially the sort alluded to, is out of its legitimate element and sphere when it interferes in this affair, except in so-far-forth as that some of her external and sanitary rules are applied to perfecting the personal or bodily health of those who would, or may become parents; for instance, a cold bath in the house; a not too hard or too soft bed, — which bed stands head to the north in the centre of the *best room in the house*, and the best-furnished one besides; with a beautiful picture or statue so placed over its foot, that it shall ever be the first object beheld on opening the eyes after God's sweet agent, balmy sleep, has fulfilled her recreative office.

There was once a married woman who had a picture of Christ in her chamber. By and by she gave a child to the world, which was the living embodiment of the artist's canvas-masterpiece.

Children are sent hither, by the Lord of infinite glory, through processes altogether too deep for our present consideration. All these mysteries must, in their essence, remain mysteries forever. We know that this and that take place, but the *how* is what none will ever fully know. Suffice it that the means are arranged, carried out, and certain ends attained by the inscrutable power and providence of ever-present and all-wise God. All human aids are therefore secondary, and none but idiots or fools will either claim all knowledge concerning the processes, or usurp the prerogatives of God and nature, by attempting to achieve impossibilities. If we people act well our parts, mentally, socially, morally, affectionally and conjugally, our Infinite Father will take good care of His, and so will the good old mamma, Nature.

Now, the greatest obstacle to the ushering in upon the world's stage of the right sort of children, such as never make us mourn their birth, and who never bring gray hairs in sorrow to the grave, is nothing more nor less than the absurd follies, quick tempers, and uneven lives, capped with excesses of all sorts, which by far too many of us at present lead.

Amativeness is — especially under our life-condensing modern regime — run wild, — is almost untamable; brings more people to grief, causes more heart-aches, body-aches, sighs, groans, tears; builds more poor-houses, jails, mad-houses, and condemns more people to them; erects more gibbets, and twists more human necks upon them; encourages more vice of all sorts, and populates more graveyards, than any other one thing beneath heaven's expanded dome.

Licentious freedom — mere amative liberty — inevitably breeds three very bad things, — bad health, base morals, and worse business habits! Why? Because that which in itself is a good thing is suffered to take a leading position in the human economy, instead of being restricted to its legitimate and sub-

ordinate place. Let *love* be brought into a healthful normal case, and the obverse of the above sad catalogue will obtain.

The governing principles of the civilized world are rapidly changing for the better. We are now emerging from the old-established order, at least so far as the subjects of the present treatise are concerned; and we are slowly but surely moving toward an improved condition of things. At present, civilized Christendom frowns upon the open practice of marital promiscuity. Doubtless this is "all right;" but what strikes us as rather curious, is this: The frown isn't honest; it is Policy, rather than Principle. We love the latter; we try to respect the former, but it is hard work. What troubles us most is this: Why don't civilized Christendom stick to its true text, and quit breaking all the rules of the decalogue, — the seventh especially? What a holy horror "society" has of the female who gives a loose rein to her love and loving instincts! And yet how luxuriously that self-same "society" supports *that very identical woman!* Curious, isn't it? Very! *Is it all right?* We reckon not!

Reader, your humble servant devotedly adores the Christ of Nazareth. That was a Godlike saying, "Neither do I condemn thee; go thou thy way, and sin no more!" These divine words forever ring glorious charity-changes through his soul. What's the consequence? Why, simply that he finds it utterly and totally impossible to regard an erring woman with *more* than ten times the disfavor that he would an erring man; simply because *she* has done once what *he* may do an hundred times without losing caste!

If men desire that women shall be faultless angels, let them *all* insist that they themselves shall set the example. Then, and not till then, will a brothel become a *rare*, instead of a very common, blotch upon the face of society — whose cellars are very unclean!

The queerest excuses are made by Passion's victims, to quiet their own and society's conscience. For instance, the Mormons practise wholesale concubinage, *a la* his Black Majesty the

King of Dahomey, who has the moderate number of 3,333 wives! rather overreaching another

“Mighty king, who’d in one hut
Seventy wives, as black as soot,
And thirty more of a double smut, —
The king of the Cannibal Islands.”

They — the Mormons — practise the vice on the ground that a sanctified sainthood requires a superior race of mortals. The Oneida Perfectionists practise it “for and by the grace of God;” truly a grace which passeth *all* understanding! They remind one of the boys whom the teacher caught using pipes and cigars. One excused himself by the plea that his “stomach ached;” the second urged “Biles;” the third one said “I, — *I* smoke for corns!” So with all natural and unnatural Passionalists, — they “smoke for corns.” Others of the same ilk urge various excuses to cover up from themselves their own contempt, but cannot succeed after all.

As for the writer, he hates these subterfuges, and heartily despises the persons who attain their ends by resorting to such puerile excuses as the above. He found it not impossible to respect Turks, Arabs, and Hindoos, with polygamous tendencies, when he was among them. It may be possible for some people to respect even an honest, out-spoken Free Lover, — respect him, even when they may forever demur with him on that vital question. Why? Because such a one hides not behind a pseudo-scientific, philosophic, or religious excuse; but openly professing to be what he is, gives society a chance to put caution on guard, and play a Roland for his Oliver, — which Roland ought to be an insane retreat. Not so with your sneak-thief Free Lover on Spiritualistic grounds, who at best is but a sensual scoundrel in disguise. A stop should speedily be put to his “fun;” and some of us would hang by the heels the infamous moral coward who practises it on the plea of “social expediency.” Just think of it!

Still we all know that amativeness is the lion of this Yankee tribe, and that the age is vastly troubled with its morbid ten-

dencies, and most decided proclivities towards so-called affectional freedom; nor does it matter in the least whether these be accredited to the insane or decidedly vicious side of human nature; for in either case the fact is patent; and this fact, these facts, are not by any means to be treated as unaccountable irregularities; for they are but the expression of a law of human nature — human *development*, possibly; but in either case some people do not like the manifestations, because in ultimate results they are frightened by them, and rightly too.

So far in human history Amativeness has triumphantly laughed at all the penal efforts at limitation — all legal enactments for the suppression of its activities; for the more *laws* you make to put it down, the more it won't stay put down. What then? Why, instead of spending time in the fruitless endeavor to restrict and restrain this passion, *vi et armis*, we had much better turn our attention to the laws which govern it, and do our best not only to understand *them*, but make a judicious application of our knowledge toward properly disciplining and civilizing *it*; which can only be done by teaching every human being that each violation of the Passion-law of nature is a direct sin against the *sinner*, and must inevitably result in his or her positive distress and misery in the end.

Legislative experimentalists in all ages have fully demonstrated that it is utterly impossible to prevent practical licentiousness. What, then, shall we do? is the question; to which the reply is: Throw all possible light upon the general subject, *at home*, and leave the event with Omnipotent God, who is sure to correct every error in the end.

You cannot make a man love his wife, nor a woman love her husband, if neither chooses to resort to the only means that can engender true affection, namely, mutual and long-continued endeavor to please. If they don't choose to, or if, after repeated trials, they have been forced to conclude that mutual love cannot be accomplished, wherein is the justice of attempting to compel such persons to endure their constantly accreting misery and discontent? (except always the mutual protection and care of the children.) If there be justice in thus compelling

them, the writer, for one, is unable to discern it. Evidently, in cases of such *desperate* aversion, soul, not body, founded, it seems reasonable to conclude that such people should be apart, for to make them stay together, under the ban of disgrace if they shall separate, is to set a premium upon harlotry, libertinism, misery, violence, and murder, and all other crimes misguided man is capable of enacting. And yet the bond itself should be indissoluble, to prevent future mistakes, unless a mixed jury of men and women see good reasons for annulling it, after a fair and open trial of the issue!

Mere physical love is not, never was, and perhaps never will be restricted to pairs. We are sorry for this; but it is a fact, nevertheless; and if it be true that whosoever looketh upon another with amorous eyes is guilty of adultery, the writer is afraid there will be a very long string of one sort of sinners at the judgment-seat! For his part he wishes it were not so, and that it were possible to make John love Sarah; but it cannot be accomplished, for people *will* love who, when, how, and where attraction may compel, despite all the statutes in creation. All we can do is to teach them the divine art of self-control; and that is all we want to do. In the good time coming, we devoutly hope that people will marry according to the canons of common sense, as well as those of law and gospel; and then there will be no domestic storms, no chance for the pranks of philosophic libertines, or radical amazonian harlots, ingrain, and disguise; nor will the new-fangled doctrine find advocates — or victims — which teaches that somewhere or other, in this life or the other worlds, every man and woman will be sure to find, some time or other, his or her “eternal affinity” or conjugal better-half. Now eternal affinity is *infernal* nonsense, because — *it is!* and is too stupid an idea to merit respectable notice, or engage the pen now writing.

Unions between individuals hereafter may last for ages, and it may be that eternity, to us, may consist in a perfect blending of individual “A” with all and every of the rest of the infinite human alphabet; and thus the cycle of human destiny and happiness be rendered full and complete. One thing is

certain, and that is : Every one is capable of giving and receiving joy of some kind from every other within the limits of time and space.

Herein before was used the phrase "perfect blending ;" now by this expression is not meant a mere passing union of one person with every other, but *is* meant a cycle — be it long or short — of thorough experimental, disciplinary friendliness and sympathy, with every other. This may not be probable, yet is far from impossible. If it be true, what joys await us all in the great Hereafter ! What an awful lengthening out of eternity at once presents ! — indeed it is only by such speculations as this that we are enabled to form even a proximate notion of the tremendous year of Infinity. At this point it is very hard to restrain the brain and pen — so tempting is the lure before both. Notoriously the institution of society, as it exists, brings unmatched couples together, keeps them so, and sunders and keeps asunder those which are in accordance with the dicta of a superior law. Out of this state of things, when it unmistakably proceeds from the natural antagonism of the general make-up of the married parties, and is not the result of mere whim, or physical disease, — spring the vices of avarice, soul-poverty, corruption of taste, affection and judgment, jealousy and secret crime. The laws of heaven and men must be blended together ; if they are not truly blended, let us try to make them so. Monogamy is the *theory* of civilized life, but, owing to ignorance and abuse, polygamous habits are most notoriously the practice. What a pity that Christendom is not more consistent !

Society has no right to *force* a woman to live with a man whose presence and embrace bring perpetual illness to her body and grief to her heart ; or a man with a woman who does the same ; for the atmosphere arising from such a household is rank poison to every community, and the social disease there festering is sure to attack others, just as does that from the cholera or small-pox ; only that these last destroy bodies, but the former injures human souls ; nor is there any good reason why one should be tolerated, and the other not.

It may be necessary that such a couple part, yet neither should be free to render others wretched; for the legal bond should remain intact until six women and six men, all twelve just and honest, shall patiently hear both parties, decide the case, and, if necessary, adjudicate a divorce, which the signature of a judge shall render final and complete.

It is a very old theory, originating before the days of Christ, and now in vogue all over the world to a greater or less extent, that the state of the saints in heaven is one of complex marriage; by which latter term, as applied to heaven, is implied all that the word conveys on earth. The writer does not take any stock in that notion whatever; but he knows that a great many people in Yankeedom and all over the land practically carry out on earth the oriental doctrine referred to; for a wife at home, and a "Miss" or two somewhere else, is as common a practice in Christendom as is dual-marriage under Islamic law. Theoretically, of course, the thing is both denied and denounced, but is notoriously true and common for all that, deny or denounce, who may; for both wives and husbands often carry out the habit *in extenso*.

There's a very strong tendency toward marital complexity, running around loose in these days, judging from the papers, divorces and murders now so common; and daily hundreds of women desert their lords, and husbands abandon their wives. Nor are these declarers of personal independence all from the lower or poorer strata of society, or from the savage sections of civilization, or from the huge paws or the ungainly mudsills; for it is notorious that the yoke of wedlock often rests quite as heavily on the "higher orders" as upon the lower; in consequence of which we are often treated to the type-recitals of escapades of many a right reverend father in God, proving that, after all, human nature *will* be human nature still, whether beneath a surplice, cassock, or tire of linsey-woolsey; and proving, again, that there is something rotten at the bottom of society which needs the application of a moral antiseptic, the best possible sort of one being simple human justice, reason

and common honesty, in equal proportions, constantly applied, by each to his or her own case.

How very curious it is that, as a general thing, the stronger a man is intellectually, the weaker he is in his sensational or amative nature! The man who can stir a nation to its profoundest depths by the magic of his mind, pen, or speech, can easily be reduced to the pliancy of a sick kitten by a pair of sparkling eyes, or the wanton play of a couple of death-dealing ringlets. Compensation! That's the operation of the Law of Heaven's justice, and is one of the ways by which Dame Nature squares her books and balances her accounts.

If a husband sins against his wife, he is apt to put on a long face for a day or two; half-repentantly asks for, and quite confidently expects, pardon. Nor in vain; for it is woman's nature to forgive, or at least put on the semblance thereof; but really, it is a doubtful question if ever yet a woman *really* forgave this sin. But, on the other hand, if *she* sins even once, he, ah! he regards it as a high crime, not only against his own particular peace or comfort, but against the entire moral code, unless he devotedly *loves* her; *then* he forgives all.

Some one said: Many a true heart, that would have come back like a dove to the ark after its first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the savage character of an unforgiving spirit; and that some one spoke God's truth.

What a splendid lesson, that of Charity — no; but Justice — will be when man shall learn the golden rule, and practically act upon it!

Fairness, if nothing deeper, requires that as much lenity should be shown to erring woman as to erring man. Woman will forgive man nine and ninety times over, when he sins against her general peace. Let but the recreant whine a little, and say he's "sorry," and forthwith she cleans the slate, to her eternal renown be it said. Why, then, should not man be quite as noble?

Most men rather like Daniel E. Sickles, not because he took such a terrible means to wipe out a sorrowful blot, but because he did, once in his life, what many a woman, to all intents and

purposes, at least, does fifty times a year, — forgave the truant and took her to his heart again. May the God of Heaven forever bless him for that one noble, manly act! In the day of days that one grand deed will, in God's balance, outweigh a million sins of his.

Many a woman will bury her sorrow in her own heart, and say never a word about it to her husband or any one else, rankle though the memory may, and fret her very heart-strings out. She will live with him, do for him, keep his home and rear his children, even though she cannot forgive or forget that he has forsaken her side to revel in a harlot's arms! Talk of self-denying martyrs after that! Why, there are millions of just such moral-heroine martyrs in the land, thousands in every State, hundreds in every country, scores in every town, and specimens in every village over our entire broad domain!



CHAPTER XIII.

A CERTAIN sea-captain once upon a time encountered an old peddler-woman as he was going on ship-board.

"Buy something," she cried, "buy something, will ye not, my bonny laird o' the seas?" Said he, "Good dame, I have no money with me, — only a single penny, — and you have nothing to sell at that price." — "Indeed, then, captain, but I have." — "What?" — "Wit, d'ye ken?" — "Let's have a pennyworth." — "So ye shall, — take that;" and she handed him a bit of paper. He took it; went on board, put the scrap of paper away, and forgot it for two years. In the mean time he had been to India — grown rich — was on his last return voyage, — had nearly reached home, when he accidentally came across the old woman's scrap of paper. "Ah!" said he, "here's the penny's-worth of wit I bought on the day we sailed for the Indies. Let's see what it amounts to. Ah! here it is: —

“ ‘Your mistress loves for lust and gold;
Your wife — she loves ye for your soul.
Believe me not, but try and see
Which of the twain will truest be.

“ ‘When sorrow comes and woes descend,
See which will prove the truest friend —
Which heart is round thee truest knit, —
This is your penny’s-worth of wit.”

“By the great Hook-block! well said,” remarked the captain.

In due time the ship arrived. He dressed himself in a splendid suit, over which he threw a sailor’s coarse and tarry garb. Then he went to the police, told of his intention, had officers properly posted, and then went and knocked at the door of one of *his own* sumptuously-furnished houses in which resided, — maintained by the seaman’s gold, — the seaman’s mistress. She came to the door, — he entered. “What in heaven’s name have you come in that dress for? Bah! you smell badly! — Tar and *such* filth, oh! Are you mad?” — “No, my dear! not mad, but unfortunate — wrecked at sea. Not a dollar left; besides, I care not for dollars; this is *my* house; this my furniture, — you are my best beloved! Come, *save me!* — *hide me;* in a quarrel *I have killed a man*, and!” — “O you bloody-minded villain — that will do! Who are you? Where did you come from? — Oh, dear, I shall faint. Police! Police!” The officers were close at hand; they entered the house, and — “Arrest that ragged sailor man. He’s a murderer! Oh! oh! I shall *die* with fright. I don’t know him, except that he has killed a man!” The officers smiled. The captain tore off his disguise and stood revealed in his fine attire. He laughed ha! ha! threw down bundle after bundle of crisp and heavy bank-notes upon the table, at sight of which *she* laughed too. “Dear me, what a joke! I knew all the while you was *funning*,” said she. “I loved, and ever will love you, dearly! I knew you had not killed anybody, and” — “Vile strumpet, leave this house. Officers, put her out!” An hour

later he knocked at the door of another house ; told the same story, and — “ For God’s sake, my poor husband, let me hide you in the cellar ! ” — then she admitted the officers of the law. “ Yes, such a sailor-man *had* been there ; but had run through the house, escaped by the back door, and if they’d hurry after him they might find him.” Why continue the tale ? The captain was satisfied with his purchase, — the best penny investment ever made. The old woman, in after years, felt glad she had sold her wares so well, and perhaps, reader, we too shall be wiser hereafter than before ; at least, we will not be likely soon to forget the lesson conveyed by this story of the captain, his mistress, the faithful wife, or

THE PENNY’S-WORTH OF WIT.

What constitutes the charm of not merely the modern belle, but of nine women in every ten, judged by what we see alone ? It is rather a puzzling matter to decide whether the charms lay in their divinity or their dimity. But when the two are well and fairly weighed, and the woman is once seen *en dishabille*, the dimity carries in it a gallop, and divinity goes up in a balloon. Now when a man is humbugged by dimity, mistakes it for divinity, marries it, and finds his cloth is all illusion, and his angel a very poor specimen of very poor clay, he’s to be pitied ; but what of her ? Is she not guilty of a positive crime ? and if she reaps the reward of it, who’s to blame ? for, undoubtedly, more men are taken in and done for through the *sensual* fascinations of dress than are fairly won by womanhood and genuine worth.

Women, in these days, when millinery is the finest art on the globe, — perverted art it is, — dress so well that themselves are lost in a maze of sense-compelling witchery. More dress ! mere dress ! What with laces and jewels and transcendent curls, and heart-destroying wavy lines, and frills and panniers and boots ! — oh, the boots, the boots, the magic boots, with silvery buckle — ers ! and the gloves, and the scents, and the *sense*, and the illusion ! — O Lord ! it’s all illusion — especially when afterward a man beholds an unearthly-looking being, standing like

a single mast inside a hoop-skirt in the morning! — the morning! as he looks at the trappings on the chair and then at — her? — no, IT — standing there before the glass putting lily-white on her neck, rouge on her cheeks, pencilling her eyebrows, and smiling as she thinks of *him* — “Oh, how *is this* for high?” and he — he quotes Shakespeare and says, referring to the make-up and the made-up maiden, too: —

“*Can* such things be, and overcome us
Like a summer cloud?”

Then he cuts short the quotation and adds: “She did overcome me — you *bet!*” and then he groans a groan, while she smiles a smile and calls him “Ducky,” when he knows he was a goose, whose experience paralleled the sailor’s,

“Who went on board, — the truth he’d tell,
Because the boatswain had rigged her well
With her tacks and sheets and her bowlines too,
And the colors flying, red, white and blue.”

And both were privateered!

The flummery disease is almost universal, and all women have it — old, young, rich, poor, high, low; virtuous, vicious, black, white and off-color — they have got it large, and badly, and all of them, in their several spheres, are most beautifully calculated not only to inflame her own, but to fire the passions of the opposite sex. The writer does not think that beauty unadorned is adorned the most, but *does* think that most of it is altogether over-adorned and over-done, and consequently a great many women are *un-done*. A little better judgment in regard to dress would greatly tend toward the elevation of public morals, and the depression of public scandal. Eight dresses in every twelve worn by ladies *en promenade*, are directly calculated to make the heart of any susceptible man beat strangely-wild tattoos, and to suggest thoughts not healthful to his soul by any manner of means. A female should so dress as to excite a man’s admiration for her more solid characteristics; but instead of that, passion rules the hour, and

she so arranges her toilet that the man who beholds her speedily loses sight of the *woman* in the *sex* alone, and, though he express it not, indulges in insane dreams of passional emotion, and feels that he would readily dare all things to obtain what, if possessed, would prove a dearly bought whistle, inasmuch as the reaction upon himself, when he came to look the matter over, would make him despise his mother's only son, and consider himself in anything but a favorable light.

A rightly wedded couple derive quite as much happiness from the oftentimes unrecognized and mutual play of physical spheres, as from the play and action of elements and qualities of the morals, the heart and the intellect. Indeed, more frequently is marriage a physical union, yet comparatively a happy one, than it is a blending of minds or a fusion of moral spheres.

When a couple respond to each other in all departments of our great nature, as a matter of course, perfect reciprocity and unanimity exist. It is doubtful if many such unions there are. What then? Why, as nothing earthly is perfect, and as most of us are unable to find our exact "affinities" or counter-parts, and probably could not get them if we should, is it not decidedly better for us to endeavor to adapt our spheres to each other, than to spend our time in grumbling at our respective lots? for it is possible to kindle a lasting union, and a happy one, by studying ourselves and each other; by bearing, forbearing, and in systematic adaptation and conciliation we can mend matters if we will but try.

Home-work, drudgery and wretchedness fall not to Lot's wife, but lots of wives, while home-joys — such as they are — fall to the husband's share, and his wife has no share in them whatever. Exhibitions and demonstrations of home love are like meat dinners to a bonny braw John Hieland man — a devilish rare commodity or event, always unexpected, paroxysmal, spasmodic, fitful, — a lady looking over the pen now as it is gliding over the paper says, "It is exceedingly *damnnical*!" because it is of impulse and blood, not of principle and soul, wherefore it is always one-sided and leaves a dreadful sting

behind, — Nature's great protest against the desecration of her holiest altar, MARRIAGE, in its true intent and meaning!

What the mental agony of the female must be, who has to act the part of an unwilling priestess in such a dreadful *orgy*, — for sacrament it is not, — only a woman and a wife *can* know; and its terrors not even she can verbally express! Could we read the scroll of many a woman's mind, we would find lines expressive of unutterable loathing; while in others we would discover not a few secret resolves to bear the burden with assumed patience, and to pay it off with interest upon the very first suitable occasion. "Don't believe it, ha?" Well, sirs, tell us the source of the numberless *liasons*, *cloplements* and suicides; explain this thing on any other ground than that of conjugal barbarity, *affectional* thirst, and love-starvation, and we will admit that the view here taken is a wrong one. But until you do this every third woman will tell you we are right.

Physiological love in men is selfish as a general thing, because it is unhealthy. Woman's love-nature is not so. She is never or very seldom selfish, but from Eve down to the last woman is anxious, in every possible and conceivable way, to *give* a thousand-fold more than she receives, — vampires excepted. A wife yields points, even those which wreck her health and endanger her life, ten thousand times to every single sacrificial concession her husband makes to her.

Men very seldom consult their wives, and notoriously do not just when, if ever, they should do so. Yet the wives put up with it all from the bridal to the burial of their hopes, if not their mortal frames, for a great many men never fairly develop up to manness, but flourish in immortal piggitude to the last.

It may be safely laid down as an axiom for the benefit of everybody, that none but a human brute would constantly, as too many do, *force* the inclinations of a wife, or even offer, by implication, an odious circumstance upon any woman — even a professional courtesan, much less upon the very being whom he has deliberately sworn to cherish and *protect* — (she needs most protection from himself!) — and whom he calls by that most sacred title, wife. None but a suicidal fool, we repeat.

will be guilty of an act so supremely, so detestably, infamously, unreasonably, dastardly, *mean*! The true connubial life is a feast fit for the immortal Gods, but is, alas! too often partaken of by immortal goats who are unwilling to appreciate this truth, else we should see the evidence of their reformation in the bright eyes and rosy cheeks of their wives, where we now behold sunken orbs, sullen visage, uncertain step, and hectic cheeks.

The rule of Right is never wrong: Love should ever remain holy, both parties inspired with health, and healthful love, for self and each other. Otherwise, the draught will, in the finale, prove to have been a bitter one.

No being under God's heaven has a right to promote his own joy at the cost of his own conscience, or the agony, mental or otherwise, of another, no matter what his *legal* right may be in the premises; they are all superseded by human rights, the first of which is self-preservation, and the right to resist inhuman rites.

A man's wife is, or ought to be, his other and his better part. Such is the human and the divine intent of the mystic tie between them, nor may he even in thought, wrong her of any single prerogative accorded by all laws human and divine. Being part of himself she ought to partake of *all* his joys; but she don't! — while he takes good care that she bears *all* her own sorrows and his pains and cares besides. When a man falls short of his duty in these respects, that very man desecrates her and himself. Selfishness, however, produces its own punishment; first, in a deprivation of happiness, and second, by positively injuring his own constitution and nature, — mental, physical, moral, nervous. If people would think more of marital rights and less of marital rites, the world would be much better for it.

As a general thing, men are too impatient to reach the sought-for goal — are too fast altogether — too wrapped up in self; too inconsiderate. Reader, there is, a whole volume in these last lines. Please read and ponder them well, for there's wisdom therein.

“Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat;” and whoso would be happy must attain that end by making others so!

Says Fowler, or some other not over-sage writer on Love: "By all the happiness, O woman! which you are capable of bestowing and receiving in married life, I beg you to note well every invitation to Love's banquet, and to cordially respond," [provided they don't come *too often*, and when prompted by mere blood-fever, — adds the author of this work.] Fowler: — "Coldness and squeamishness on your part will dampen his pleasure, and therefore his love." [A word just here. If a man's love to his wife depends upon her readiness to yield to his caprices, then we beg leave to dissent, and to quote the remark of a daughter of New England, who said to the author: "Casca, most men are, on the subject of love and women, utterly crazy — or worse. If a female gives them an inch, they will claim, not an ell, but five hundred *million* yards! They will draw out our affections, repay us in flatteries and compliments, and then demonstrate their honor and manhood by the most disgusting advances and direct proposals, teeming with infamy up to the brim. They call this hateful thing Love! O heavens! It may be love, but if it is, then excuse me, sir, but I say, *damn* such love! — forever and for aye!" Casca Llanna agreed with the lady, and resumes the quotation:] "Your cold repulse or petulant refusal, persisted in, will prove the death-blow of conjugal felicity to you both — a blighting wind to his fondest hopes; for it will force upon him the dregs and lees of the marriage-cup, in lieu of the delicious nectar, the joyous wine of life, which every man has a right to drink from the hymeneal fountain."

There's considerable sound sense in that. Let us continue the strain a little longer, and add: "But if you watch the rising tide of love and dalliance, and meet it as it only should be met, with the true, heartfelt and welcome response, you at once rekindle Love's pure flame, and crown your blessed union with the green garlands of human happiness, full, complete, and unsullied." Fowler: — "But remember, O wife, that nothing will strain the cords of his respect for you as unwomanly treatment — which will bring a shock of disappointment that will soon ripen into hatred." Why? Because the reciprocated and

pure love is the natural expression of marriage, and it is the very fountain of all human attraction, beauty, energy, and true might. It underlies every manifestation of human power; and if you wantonly, wilfully, choke off, strangle, or poison *that*, you inaugurate disease, contention, and living death upon the very throne of Life itself. If, on the other hand, you purely, lovingly, healthfully, *can* and *will* respond to his unworded wish, and gracefully permit that noble homage which true affection ever seeks to pay the object of its adoration, you will speedily cure his love of the chills and fevers to which it is sometimes subject, and bring back to health both the man and his passions. This rejuvenescence of marital love will go on intensifying, deepening and spreading, until both his nature and your own will become divested of all irregularities, and life prove a garden of perennial joys. Properly controlled, the instincts of nature can produce none but good results. If people will only make a persistent effort toward self-subjugation, the amative instinct will become disciplined, orderly, and developed. But it, like everything else that is at loose ends and unruly, needs a taut rein and steady effort. Under this training it will soon shape itself, and all fierceness, disorder, brutality and grossness which now, alas! so often mark its operations, will cease one by one, and finally disappear forever and forever. God speed their last day!

It would be well for all wives to remember that *constant* and fretful denial on their part, without an effort towards adaptation, when that is possible, directly tends to exaggerate and intensify all the abominable conditions attendant upon the married state of some people. On some men these refusals have a terrible effect; marital infidelity becomes a prominent subject, first of thought, finally of act. These views commend themselves to the consideration of every thoughtful man and woman. May the seed here sown fall on good soil, and bear a golden fruitage, is the writer's humble but soul-felt prayer.

"What do you propose in cases where one party overflows with love, and the other is totally without it?" asks the reader. We reply: "The superabundance of love, instead of being

eternally suggestive of but one mode of action, and that its very lowest and least important of its hundreds of others, should manifest itself in the ten thousand little trifles of everyday life, until at last a spark from one will, nay, *must*, kindle the flame in the other. The kind word, the silent praise, the tender, loving glance, the honeyed kiss, the affectionate embrace,—in short, the “cuddlings” of admiring affection will speedily balance accounts and equalize the circulation of the divine principle. Fire in one and ice in the other will produce warmth in both; for although reciprocity does not exist at first, yet it *can* be achieved. “Where there’s a will there’s a way.” It only needs a little “try” to work wonders in that regard. It is not difficult to so conduct one’s self as to inspire love, respect, and even veneration. The effort is well worth making. Well pursued it never fails!

All women, wives especially, demand homage, and whoever refuses to grant it is not wise. There are no ugly women. All, vampires excepted, are good, beautiful and true, only that some wear life-long marks, as said before. If a man appreciates his wife, and lets her find it out, the man don’t live who can by arts, fair or foul, seduce her from her dignity to herself, or allegiance to her lord! There’s no mistake about that matter. If there is, then the writer’s life-long study of the sex has been of no avail. No woman likes the man who is insensible to her mental worth, moral and domestic excellence, or to her charms of person. “Hell has no fury like a woman scorned,” says the adage. Potiphar’s wife is an illustration. We read that that lady hated Joseph tremendously after that circumspect individual refused allegiance and homage to her charms. Why? Because the reaction on her part was in strict accordance with a fundamental law of human nature,—that of self-esteem and love of admiration.

We seldom forgive those who, wantonly or otherwise, offend our *amour propre*. Perhaps this common human trait is the result of wrong education and surroundings,—but it is a positive trait nevertheless. We know that this thing will change with time, and be better in the good future now winging its way

hither. But, "human nature is at present a very crooked stick," and probably was no straighter in Joseph's day.

To make mutual concession, is to gain many a point, otherwise unattainable. Cheerful conciliation on the part of a wife to her husband ought to, and in the majority of cases will, soften him, even though his nature be coarse and semi-brutal. To fairly state the case, and gracefully submit our own private judgment to that of another, is often the very best possible method of gaining an end; and when a husband realizes that his wife for his sake endures what is to her disagreeable, his pity is aroused, his gratitude excited, and all the higher faculties of his soul plead trumpet-tongued in the wife's behalf. This is another trait of human nature. In such a case passion becomes subdued, and Love asserts supremacy. He cannot, and still be a Man, take advantage of his power,—pleasure in a wife's pain; nor can he gloat in a sacrifice at the expense of one whose love he feels to be his own!

Scolding, blaming, stamping, threatening, on either side, can do no possible good whatever. Unripe apples are poor eating!

Negroes, Indians, coarse men of all nations can stand all sorts of nervous drain ten times more than a delicate-nerved, brainful, high-toned, fine boned-man. And it is also a fact that the man of coarse body, habits, and tastes, can resist temptation fifty times easier than the man of finer body and intenser nature. And for this reason we find less peccadilloes among the coarse, than among the finer nerved, for in the latter case the person is beset with an appetite ground on lightning and tipped with ethereal fire, against which only the loftiest human will can successfully stand; and as elsewhere said, the only hope of such, when attacked, is flight, instant flight from the tempter and temptation.

When a man is not exhausted he is far more able to resist the lascivious demon, than he ever can be while occasionally giving way to a loose rein.

Old bachelors are a nuisance, and a certain sort of old maids a worse one. Only when a man has lived as husband and father,

and a woman as wife and mother, can the truest human development be achieved, and human joys be tasted : for the joys of parentage are infinitely dearer to man and woman in some respects, than any other pertaining to earthly existence ; and soul people regard the man who hates babies, as a cannibal, and a woman who does so, as a soulless monstrosity, and so they are.

The nervous system of both husband and wife are so many manufactories wherein is made the varied fluid lightnings which course with wonderful speed over the entire, mighty human being, in all its parts, external, internal and inmost. The one fluid is intensely male, the other intensely female. There are *occasions* when these two fluids meet, and when they *do*, they instantly change from fluid to aura-form, and with the speed of light, traverse the entire nervous ocean of either and both, penetrating body, spirit and soul, binding both wife and husband in chains lighter than air, yet stronger than tempered steel, creating joys too vast for tongue to tell or pen to write. This is Love !

Sappho knew this great truth, for she says : —

“ In all I pleased, but most in what is best ;
And the last joy was dearer than the rest ;
Then with each word, each glance, each motion fired,
You still enjoyed, and yet you still desired,
Till all the soul in holy transport lay,
And mind itself in rapture died away. ”

The time will come when man shall learn the art of self-preservation quite as well as he now understands the methods of its destruction ; but first he must know the difference between love and lust, and understand that only virtuous joys, in holy, happy, heaven-sanctioned wedlock, are those that can build up his manhood, and render life a path of roses instead of a lane of thorns. He has yet to learn that, in order to reach a blissful human pleasure, he must turn from the road of excess, and find out how to

— Moderate his joy,
Nor in his pleasure all his might employ.

Then never suspect, without good grounds, the fidelity of your mate, nor fancy her or his conduct to be bad till the facts are known, and not then till well proven, for hatreds, fancies and jealousies are, like false love, often but a reflex of the selfhood. This chapter cannot better be ended than with the following, because it is precisely what the writer himself thinks! The editor in chief of the "New York Tribune," writing to Theodore Tilton, says: —

"I do not assume that my views on the woman question are of much consequence to others; but, in so far as they may possess interest, it is well that they be clearly understood. Let me, then, indicate your misapprehensions, without further preface.

"1. You say I 'hold that there ought to be no divorce at all — not for any crime, even the worst.' So far as I can recollect, your only authority for this statement is a remark that, had not the Master spoken otherwise, I would not have deemed adultery a sufficient reason for dissolving a marriage. As you seem to have given these words undue weight, allow me to explain my view more fully.

"That persistent, flagitious adultery in husband or wife affords good cause for divorce, I have not meant to deny. But there have been cases of transient infidelity to marriage vows, under the influence of passions inflamed by wine and other unnatural excitements, which, being followed by prompt and profound contrition, I would not judge an adequate reason for divorce. You and I both know that wives have often pardoned such lapses in husbands; you and I agree that husbands have no rightful immunity in such matters which ought not also to be accorded to wives. And I profoundly honor and reverence the husband who can say to his erring wife, 'Though I know that you have been false to God and to me, yet, because of the love I have borne you, of the vow which pledged me to love and cherish you till death, and for the sake of the dear children which God has given us, I, believing you truly penitent, will forgive and try almost to forget your crime, and thus shield our little ones from undeserved shame.' I regard the

husband who thus speaks and acts as a better Christian, a truer man, than is he who exposes, discards and outlaws the wife of his youth for a flagrant transgression, now sincerely and bitterly repented. I suggest, therefore, that you henceforth represent me as holding that adultery may, but does not always, justify an application for divorce.

“II. You say I hold that ‘if a man marries and his wife dies, there should be no second marriage.’ This, also, is too sweeping. Some of my best and most esteemed friends are remarried — happily, I am sure; wisely and nobly, I judge. Nay; I can imagine a case in which the poor, hard-working, widowed father of young children, whom he cannot take with him to his daily labor, should feel constrained for their sake to replace his lost wife by another in whose perfect acceptance and discharge of a mother’s duties toward those children he could implicitly trust. Pardon me, but I am quite confident that the casual remark on which you based your broad assertion referred to a remarriage following separation by divorce, not death.

“III. Let me state my own conception of remarriages as complicating marital relations in the other world.

“I do not dispute the doctrine of Jesus that ‘in heaven there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage,’ if you have quoted His words exactly. And yet I feel that there are couples so completely and happily united in this world that they will be nearer and dearer to each other, in the next, than they would or could have been had they failed to meet in this life; and I think these are happier in either world than though one or both of them had remarried. I do not hold that either would have been culpable in remarrying if widowed on this planet; I only insist that they will both rejoice — and with reason — in their higher life, that neither in this life was married a second time.

“IV. You are entirely, eminently right, Mr. Editor, in asserting that my conviction of the proper indissolubility of marriage is the mainspring of my hostility to woman suffrage and to the social philosophy from which many vainly seek to separate the woman movement. Though I have written or dictated very little of what has during the last ten years been printed as

editorial in the 'Tribune' on this subject, it is nevertheless true that my conception of the nature and scope of the marriage relation renders my conversion to woman suffrage a moral impossibility.

"I have but two left of seven children, and these are both daughters. I would gladly fit them for lives of usefulness and honor, as beloved and loving wives of virtuous, upright, noble men, and mothers, if it shall please God, of good, healthy, happy children. If it be decreed that they are to be, not such women as those I have most admired and revered, but men with a female physique — powerful in ward caucuses and nominating conventions, vehement in senate and on the stump, and effective before juries in the trial of actions for crim. con. — I pray that my career on this globe shall close before theirs is fairly begun. When and where they shall thus shine, it will not be pleasant for me to stay.

"Mr. Editor, I believe our own countrymen are indebted to you for having discovered (perhaps I should say invented) me as a possible (though most improbable) candidate for the Presidency. Allow me, then, to thank you for your early and frank demonstration that I can in no contingency be counted on or hoped for as a woman suffrage candidate. As you forcibly and justly say, there is not even a remote possibility of my ultimately adapting myself to this end. My difference with your crowd is too vital, too radical, to permit the most sanguine dreamer to hope for my conversion. I am growing old; my opinions are tolerably firm; and the advanced female of the Laura Fair type, who kills the paramour of whom she claims to be the rightful affinity, and gives the lie in open court to the wife she has doubly widowed, is my pet aversion.

"But why should any *man* be the candidate for President of the woman suffragists? Logically and consistently, I feel that their candidate should be a woman. She ought, moreover, to be one thoroughly emancipated from the "absurdity and folly," the "narrowness," and the "baleful conservatism," which I am now too old to outgrow. Could you not find one who illustrates in her own person and history what you so felicitously term 'the

liberal thought of an enlightened age"? Let her be one who has two husbands after a sort, and lives in the same house with them both, sharing the couch of one, but bearing the name of the other (to indicate her impartiality perhaps), and cause and candidate will be so fitly mated that there will be no occasion, even under the most liberal, progressive, enlightened regime, to sue for their divorce. Could not one of this class be persuaded to overbear her shrinking modesty and nominate herself?

"In a spirit of hearty hatred for free love and all its infernal delusions,

"I remain yours,

HORACE GREELEY.

"Tribune Office, Aug. 7, 1871."



CHAPTER XIV.

IN consequence of the almost universally diseased state of human love-nature in this civilized world, but especially in these United States, and particularly in New England, people, the majority of whom are females, have gone daft, and given birth and currency to a vast deal of unhealthy thought, all bearing more or less directly upon love, marriage, and divorce; and scores of long-haired, lantern-jawed philosophers yelp, howl, and whine out, year after year, from the public rostra of the land, long and insane demands for social revolutions; and deliver themselves of absurd propositions and wild, delirious dreams of social reorganization, which, by their very greenness, are wholly unachievable.

These male ladies are backed, flanked, and encouraged by an equally wild and loony regiment of strong-minded sisters, of vinegar aspect, blue-stockings dominance, and free-love proclivities and tendency, and when they catch a fool — practice; each wing of which, all the year round, from public platforms, shamelessly advocate the annihilation of marriage, and the substitution of do-as-you-please notions, — all of which are rotten, hideous, and so utterly revolutionary, that were they to become

the world's creed for a single year, would land the race into a chaotic state compared to which the barbarisms of the Goths and Vandals, with Attila and Genseric at their head, flanked by Vitellus and Nero of Rome, were the highest, noblest civilization. The public authorities wink — and wickedly too — at all these awful and blasphemous perversions of truth, and suffer the maniacs to howl out their abominations undisturbed, to the edification of other maniacs, and the delectation of sickly-minded fools and mal-contents of either gender, and to the annual utter ruin of countless thousands of the young, unread, inexperienced greenies of both sexes, who are led by morbid curiosity — the same which urges people to witness a lynching, cock-fight, execution, or boxing bout — to listen, and be lost. Both these sections of long, lean, lank and lantern-jawed fanatics and mad people are desperately intent upon disrupting social life from its very foundations, and making outrageous and foolhardy experiments in social polity, calculated, in their blind opinion, to restore the golden age — if ever such existed — on principles embracing the two extremes of fanaticisms, from the abominable and outrageous systems of Noyes, Andrews, Boyd, Brigham Young, et als., to the ridiculous and absurd ones of the celibate and dried-up Shakerism of the age, which, in an opposite direction, is even more injurious in one or two of its effects upon the individual and society at large, than the indecent Pantogamy, or complex marriage, or modern *changee for changeism*.

All these people forget, or ignore, the fact that all things, earthly and heavenly too, hang upon and hinge on the Me as supreme centre of all ; that all human effort is toward the happiness of this grand multiple Me ; and that no joy can come to it save through the mutual play of the forces of the multiple unit upon the single unit, and *vice versa* ; that individualism, while maintaining itself, must devote its energies to justly and fairly promoting the interests of all the other units, not a part or fraction ; hence that schemes of reform which antagonize the interests of *all* other units save the few in accord with the partialism must fail, because opposed by the grand law of human

unity and democracy of interests underlying the entire social fabric. Hence any system looking to other than general reconstruction of the habits, morals, and so on, of the single Me's of the universal ME, is worthless, and the breath spent in proclaiming them worse than wasted. The world can never be rebuilt until it becomes impossible for Mr. Boarland to swindle Miss Green into wedlock under the impression that he's a *man*, and that what he offers is love; when in fact he's no such thing, and his wares are counterfeit.

When the graves give up their dead and the murdered are all duly classified, there will be a frightful host of Misses Green clamoring for justice at the bar of God; and not a few will point their pale, thin, wasted fingers at the crouching philosophers, exclaiming, "Thou didst it! thy teachings ruined us. Thy unholy schemes of social reform, based on selfishness and fired by lust, laid waste our hearts, blighted our hopes, and brought millions of us to untimely graves!"

Think of a coarse-minded man being entrusted alone for life, with a delicate, finestrung woman. A man so selfishly blinded that he fails to comprehend the meaning of the phrases marriage-union, — oneness in allness! — and that it requires, on the part of *any* husband, anxious to promote domestic felicity, a *great deal* of genuine care, effort, and tenderness, on his part, to evoke physiological reciprocity of feeling in a wife of almost any class of the middle and higher orders of our day; for many of their natures are too delicate, lofty and refined, and their metaphysical value too great, to permit a very ready or quick descent into the more contracted domain of the purely sensuous. And yet these are the very beings, of all others, who become inexpressibly dear on those planes, when they *are* by love lured from their heights; for there are mysteries of joy in their sacred keeping unknown to coarser mortals, and climaxes and acmes, heights, depths and intensities of domestic happifiedness are reached, which are forever unattainable under any other conditions!

Such wives — ay, nearly *all* wives — are, or can be, easily moulded into, and of, the heavens heavenly; but never by any

member of the extensive Boarland family, until such effect radical changes in their habitudes and characters; for otherwise the inner, higher, profounder mysteries of woman and her heart and senses remain sealed books forever!

Such lords insist upon remaining as created to their ladies, the consequence of which is that churchyards and cemeteries abound with the bodies of the latter; and rum-holes with those of the former; while the emancipated souls of the wives wing back their flight through the Æth, to the constellar Paradises of Restful Space, where, thank God! the Boarland family is wholly unknown. As for the soul of the head of such a house, — he has one, but put it in the eye of a cambric needle, and it would have more room to exercise in than would a grasshopper in a forty-acre lot, — what little there is of it, incites him to come the killing smile again, don gay attire, and assume his most fascinating airs, wherewith to delude some other fay into what he calls marriage; and in a year or two more half regretfully pays another doctor's and undertaker's bill for services rendered in *her* behalf.

The question is: Why is this so? Is it not a natural law that the weaker should lean upon, and draw strength and vitality from, the confessedly stronger? The reply is: Sometimes — where true Love reigns; not always even then, and *never* under the most common state of things in modern marriage-land. For it so happens that a person who is both strong and coarse in texture invariably draws out, — insensibly absorbs from, and lives, to a great extent, upon the finer nervo-vital fluids — the auraform *vif* or life — the nervous quintessence of one constructed of less gross and coarse materials, and whose organization, physical and mental, is of a more sensitive and delicate grade. Where two such badly adapted opposites live together — for it is hardly possible that a couple like that can ever love together, or that the higher laws of marriage can rule and reign, — the finer one, which is generally, but not always, the woman, is sure, sooner or later, to go to the wall. Such an one may linger a comparatively long time, but the bitter end must come at last, and the frail one perish from the earth, unless the

weaker one is wise enough to comprehend the situation, and takes measures to cut off the drain, and nullify the fatal leechment.

All of us, to a greater extent than we wot of, are dependent upon electric and magnetic conditions. Who is there not familiar with the exhilarating effects and the depressive influences of different winds, — East, South, and North especially, — and equally effected also by the physical and mental atmospheres of certain individuals? One person will excite another in every way, while that other is, toward a third one, cold as Nova Zembla's ice. Well, this is the result of organization; but both classes of effects are preventible by the steady will.

The coarse always tends toward the fine, and the fine to pervade the coarse. The coarse person wants naturally to be finer; the fine does *not* want to be coarse; hence gives its life to the coarse, but gets back nothing save exhaustion in return; while the coarse drinks up and consumes the fine, therefore increases in power at the expense of the delicate graded being. Such mismatches are common the wide world over; and the organizations of each class are determined by conditions precedent to birth; for three-tenths of mankind are the results of make-ups after family tempests; three other tenths are the offspring of mutual or one-sided physical passion; three-tenths from mixed conditions; and one-tenth only are the result of mutually genuine love! but then that tenth rules the world of mind, morals, religion, letters, art, and is the sole fountain of all human culture; because it contains and embraces all the absolutely human beings, strictly speaking, on the planet; for no one is veritably human unless he or she is a gentleman or lady in grain and in very truth, — and such, mind you, — are very scarce! such persons are born civilized in the true sense, and are masters and mistresses of every situation of life, from the cradle to the grave, and especially those involving love and the master passions of the human being.

Owing to conditions over which we have no control, some of us are born with a chronic lust in our very bones; and, if we

fall by reason thereof, having done our best to stand firm, we will find pity in God's heart if not in that of fellow-man.

Others of us are born with an overplus of genuine love, and the chances are that we are natural polygamists and polyandrists, desperately in love with all the world, and the rest of man or woman kind. That's a fault on the right side if we don't carry it too far and — that's all. For our danger lies in the fact that everybody spontaneously falls in love with us in such cases, and for our lives we can't help returning it to some degree at least.

Still others of us come to the world perfectly neutral, loving one about as well as another, like a horse who goes in for oats, whether first, second, or fiftieth grade or quality; he means oats, that's all!

Again, there are those who are born on mental ridges, and who can't love any one not on the same elevation, or out of their peculiar groove.

Then there are people, men especially, born without any love at all, or any desire for it, nor can they form the slightest idea what love really means; men who are perfectly ignorant of all things of soul, and who go about love-making as market-men their business, not realizing that a woman requires politeness in a lover, respect, complaisance, gallantry, tenderness, non-boldness, yet non-timidity; and, above all, straight up and down manliness of character and demeanor. Women, too, are faulty; for most of them, in these days, are altogether too self-conscious, and, by their actions, give a man to understand that they place a far greater value on their charms of person than upon their qualities of heart, soul, mind, and affection.

Woman is quick to observe effects even though unqualified to recognize and measure causes; and she quite readily detects and admires the elements of a true manhood, and that wholly outside of the prospect of availability so far as her individual self is concerned; and just as instinctively and readily, even though silence seals her lips, does she despise a male weakling, — childhood, disease, and charity aside, — a creature in the faint semblance of, but who, in reality, is not half, not even a

good-sized piece of a Man ; an animal *sui generis*, but abounding, especially in the large centres of so-called civilization ; a thing of whose presence a real woman is scarcely aware till apprised of the shadowy fact ! On the other hand that self-same woman, and all like unto herself, inwardly adore the free-hearted, generous, full-souled man of energy, with refinement, the being of her heart's ideal, — a gentleman ! — the ripe manhood, capable of worthily winning, and manfully, regally, wearing the love of a woman like herself ! She doats in her soul, on the being who, always tender, never rude, harsh, exacting, grovelling, or inconsiderate ; who, in the hour of Love, is full of gentle tenderness, nobility, self-restraint, empurpled and ermined royal manhood ; one who, in the day of trial and trouble, will be found wearable, steadfast, unflinching, resolute and courageous to bear the brunt of life's battle and win it, if possible, against all odds, — and who, if beaten, falls with his face to the foe, and if he dies, dies game. Such a man is worth more to the world than forty quintillions of the social lobsters of the age in which we exist ; for but very few of us really live, but only stay, and, for want of homes, are forced to “ board,” and take an overplus of hash, compounded of human fish, flesh, fowl, and bad red herring, in lieu of the solids we've a right to.

SUGAR.

“ My Rosa, from the latticed grove,
 Brought me a sweet bouquet of posies,
 And asked, as round my neck she clung,
 If tulips I preferred to roses.
 ‘ I cannot tell, sweet wife,’ I sighed,
 ‘ But kiss me ere I see the posies.’
 She did. ‘ Oh, I prefer,’ I cried,
 ‘ Thy *two lips* to a dozen roses.’ ”

MUSTARD.

“ I heard a judge his tipstaff call,
 And say, ‘ Sir, I desire
 You go forthwith and search the hall,
 And send me in my crier.’ ”

“ ‘And search, my lord, in vain I may,’
 The tipstaff gravely said;
 ‘The crier cannot cry to-day,
Because his wife is dead.’ ”

And there's more of the latter than the former to be found in the world; and, indeed, the first is but the general honeymoon-ness of which the latter is the settling-downity.

Said one who had become sick of life because love had not fulfilled its mission, and who therefore was a wretched ennuyée:—

“ The longer life, the more offence;
 The more offence, the greater pain;
 The greater pain, the less defence;
 The less defence, the lesser gain —
 The loss of gain long ill doth try,
 Wherefore, come death, and let me die!

“ The shorter life, less count I find;
 The less account, the sooner made;
 The count soon made, the merrier mind;
 The merrier mind doth thought invade —
 Short life, in truth, this thing doth try,
 Wherefore, come death, and let me die!

“ Come, gentle death, the ebb of care;
 The ebb of care, the flood of life;
 The flood of life, the joyful fare;
 The joyful fare, the end of strife —
 The end of strife, that thing wish I,
 Wherefore, come death, and let me die!”

Five hundred to one, ay, the Rocky Mountains to a bad potato, that the mother of that man hated her husband with forty-thousand horse-power! She dressed in azure, was indigo inside and out, and gave her son the chronic blues a *year* before he was born, and nursed him on blue milk till he was weaned, then fed him on moral mulligrubs till puberty, after which he made an ass of himself without half trying! else he never could have written in such a lugubrious, church-yardical strain. Such a

man — and there's many a woman like him — would require Sam Weller's forty million double magnifying microscope to be able to see anything lovely, glorious or beautiful in this footstool of the Eternal. Such a being is nine-tenths blind both to the world's realities, and the myriad loves within the reach of every earnest soul who will but try to win them. When death does come to such, we miss them but little.

It cannot be too often repeated, impressed or cited, that unless a human life is builded on the divine passion, it is of very little worth to its owner or anybody else. But we often make mistakes and confound force with power, power with energy, friendship with esteem, esteem with affection, magnetic effluence with love, and passion for either. Now a few definitions will help the reader to distinguish. Force is external. Power is the silent, inner sense of might. Energy is the consciousness of ability to *be* and *do* — a knowledge of the possession of the elements of victory, a conviction of personal resources, and ability to move them into action at will. Passion is the desire of mingling, and exists wholly independent of love, affection, friendship, or any other amiable quality — for men have passion without love, women very seldom do. There is one very remarkable fact in reference to women, which is, that love affects her entire being for the better, while a man may truly love, and yet be a perfect villain for a long time, to every one on earth but the object of his affection. In time, of course, love will modify his character.

If a woman's affections are strongly engaged, all nature is a play-ground for her soul, and under its inspiration she at once improves in every way, and rapidly too; while a man in love moves toward the good, the true, and the right, but he moves a great deal more slowly in that direction than a female, under precisely similar circumstances.

Almost any man will grow better if made to feel that his wife really loves and cares for him in other matters than mere board and so forth.

And so, too, with almost any woman. But it is dreadful poor encouragement for her to realize that she is a wife for fif-

teen minutes, and a slave and drudge for all the balance of the livelong week! Rather poor feed, that, for love to thrive on! The man's a fool, and the woman not much better, who takes delight in morbidly scrutinizing the imperfections of their partner, instead of the exact opposite. If we could see what takes place in the kitchen, we would not so highly relish the food set before us; but as we banish and ignore kitchen thoughts when sitting at the feast, it were not a bad idea to copy when we sit at the banquet of life and love; for, depend upon it, the feast itself is a wide departure from the feast's base or origin, in whatever light you choose to take it. It is sheer folly and madness to pick what little happiness we have to pieces; or to spend our time in hunting for flaws in another's character when we've forty-thousand in our own.

Those lugubrious whiners who imagine that God has forgotten his purpose in creation, because licentiousness runs riot in the world, are but short-cake philosophers, and are oblivious to the fact of the ceaseless operation of corrective agencies right in the midst of every hell existent; and that every infraction and perversion of a love-law carries its death along with it; for God and Nature have decreed that the true shall live and the false shall perish. Wherefore we see that no solace of even passion, other than in the arms of love, never did, and never can satisfy a truly human longing; for everything else is a fearful profanation of the holiest sanctity, and is a crime against nature and God Himself, who instituted the passions for the wisest of ends, and who punishes terribly, sooner or later, every infraction or perversion of the sacred thing,—and there are quite as many of them within, as without, wedlock,—quite as many diabolic outrages against justice, right, human nature and woman nature, within the pale of marriage as anywhere outside of it.

It may be true that *all* rejections are well-founded or warrantable; but where they are—and there is but one sole judge and umpire, with God and nature for referees—then whoever persists in an odious pursuit is a—wretch!

He is not much of a man who cannot wait till he is wanted

and sent for, and then go at the first call, — to *any* truly human duty, whatever be its nature ; whether it fall within the lines of labor, effort, charity, mercy, justice, affection, friendship or — Love !

It is said, and truly, too, “That a certain degree of solitude seems necessary to the full growth and development of the highest mind ; and therefore must a very extensive intercourse with men stifle many a holy germ and scare away the gods, who shun the restless tumult of noisy companions and the discussion of petty interests.”

If this be so of genius, how much more is it of woman, whose mental states create conditions of mind, and establish genius on its throne in the world ? Now there are moments in every woman’s life wherein she is too holy to be spoken to, much less handled or jarred. When she is so jarred, the waves roll out and the world is sure to hear and feel them ; even if it waits a hundred years for it — come it will. Many a war has been waged which took its rise fifty years before in the mind of some woman, who, being disturbed, felt fight, bred fight, gave fight to the world in the shape of a man — the incarnation of FIGHT, and who could never be happy except when fight ruled his life.

Such things, if attended to, will not fail to work out better results for the world than the world dreams of yet ; for the earth *cannot* be peopled with either devils or angels except by woman’s aid. She is the head-centre above all. And all that is needed is perfect reciprocity, in affectional as in other matters between husbands and wives. Then will the well of life yield its sweetest waters, to slake the immortal thirst within us.

The impetuous precipitance so common in affectional matters in these days is hardly the thing suited to the delicate nature of any woman, much less a refined one. People in these days can scarcely understand what is meant by the words, the sweet demise of Love.

A word now to women ! The mode or method of surrendering is a spell by which the good graces and enduring tenderness of a genuine husband are secured ! and even a false one, — and

heaven knows their multitude bids defiance to arithmetic,—really surpassing that of imitation wives,—may be reconstructed into something akin to what the word really means. Nor let it be forgotten that the very ardor of true love acquires new strength in the plenitude of a genuine, but not *abused*, voluptuousness.

When married people continue lovers, there is no end to their joy; and over the lintels of their doors may in very truth be posted the celebrated inscription found over the entrance of a *maison de joie* in ruined Pompeii, “HIC HABET FELICITAS!” (Here happiness dwells!) But then, right opposite the door of that ancient bawdy-house was the entrance to the temple of the Vestal Virgins. The street was narrow and paved with heavy blocks of lava,—something quite as hard as glass,—and over that pavement went alike, those who did homage at Virtue and Chastity’s shrine, and those who worshipped at one the direct opposite. The pavement reaching to the Vestal shrine was scarcely worn; while that just over the way was *worn out!* showing that human nature then—over two thousand years ago—was pretty much the same crooked stick we find it to-day, especially as regards the young of the male sex, ay, and the female too, for that matter. But then there are twenty male debauchees to one female, the wide world over; hence, in that respect, there is at least twenty times more virtue among women than men! Now the ladies reading that will be apt to clap their hands and crow over this statement with “There! I told you so. I knew it all along!” Stop a moment. One male libertine, if successful, may carry his point in a life-time with, say forty virtuous women. But one female libertine will inveigle and ruin from threescore to five hundred decent men, young and old, in a career of twenty years, if she be magnetic and beautiful, along with her *abandoné* and artfulness; and so far as the numerical ruin is concerned the women surpass the men, case for case. True it is that the victims of the men often go crazy and kill themselves; but, *per contra*, the female libertine spreads desolation far and wide and on all hands, for she not only contaminates the minds of young men, but breaks

up families, and scatters despair at the firesides of millions, in a moral point of view ; nor does her infernal mission stop even at that point ; for she spreads an awful plague of sickness over the land, and poisons not only erring husbands, but their innocent wives, and sends down the damnation of disease to future generations in the flesh and bone of millions of innocent unborn babes ! For rank devilment commend us to one bad woman ! for she can give odds, yet hold her own, and win the hell-prize against any ten men ever yet born of woman ; for of all conceivable demons, a she-one is immeasurably the worst, because her capacity for evil, for murder and villany, is tenfold that of any man that breathes God's fresh air, or treads the soil of this green earth !



CHAPTER XV.

CONCERNING genuine Man or Womanhood, nothing is more certain than that they find their truest, best and loftiest development through antagonism. Says some one : —

“ A certain amount of opposition is of great help to a man. Kites rise against the wind, and not with the wind ; even a bad wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm. Let no man wax pale, therefore, because of opposition ; opposition is what he wants, and must have to be good for anything. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance.”

Just so it is in affairs of the heart. A love without storms, one with clear skies and flowery paths *all* the time, does not amount to much ! An affection that has never been put to the test needs that testing to consolidate its bones, and make its tendons strong and lasting. True love and heartache go together ; and a love in which physical passion enters as a prime element — and any *sensible* woman can tell *that* by the huskiness of voice and cotton-spitting of her “ lover,” any night when they are walking out together ! — is a base counterfeit, and its

professor should be shown the door the carpenter made, in double-quick time; for although ardent attraction must accompany love between couples, yet ever as a subsidiary element; *never* as a prime one!

If a man really *loves* a woman, there is no degree of self-restraint but he will endure for her sweet sake. We read that Adam was successfully tempted to eat the forbidden fruit long *after* he had conquered his own appetite for apples, and successfully resisted the blandishments and *high priori* inducements of Mr. Devil — the no-legged vagabond, who wormed himself into Eve's confidence, and influenced her to ruin the man she loved, — just as forty millions of Eves are doing to-day — quite as successfully, only that the Devil has grown wiser of late, and calls himself “Fashion;” “Society;” “Dress,” etc., etc., — the old wretch!

People — on Sundays — berate the devil, and rave at Adam because he ate, and was snaked out of Eden in consequence; but then Adam did perfectly right, if he *loved* his bride! for any man who wouldn't bite an apple — or a file either — at the behest of the handsomest woman ever completed, and that woman his wife, and right in the fore part of the honeymoon at that, is a fool! — which Adam was *not*.

Says SEYTON MAY: —

“When Eve, beguiled, did taste the fruit
That wrecked her, what did Adam do?
Awhile he stood, in horror mute,
Then — tasted too!

“‘I love thee!’ so he spoke at last,
‘And what thy future fate may be,
I know not, care not — for the past,
I go with thee!’

“Man's love! Was ever love like this?
Still Paradise remained his own,
But all, he turned from all its bliss,
For her alone!

“And angels bent, amazed to know,
While broken thus the Sovereign plan,
How Love, *their* crown, is, even in woe,
The crown of Man!”

But by eating that unfortunate fruit the whole human race fell, did it not? Yes, — fell *up*-hill! and has been falling that self-same way ever since, supposing the legend to be literally true, which, considering the vestiges of Pre-Adamite man now found all over the globe, not every well-read person is willing to maintain, looked at in the light of modern science. If he fell he fell by love, and love put him on his feet again — and set him up in business besides.

Suppose we accept the story, and reason it out a little. It can be shown — in the light of science, of course — quite clearly, that the forbidden apple did more for Adam and the race, than that other, equally mythical one did for Newton and science. And here is the logic of it, — high priori, of course, albeit for Adam was all a posteriori — with a vengeance. If the idea of “progress” is true, then the protoplast or antochthone, was a barbarian; lived in a garden; shelterless, save by trees; nude, etc.; grew curious, inquisitive; went for that apple; rather liked it; had a family as the result of curiosity; had to go to work to support it; left Eden — the garden behind, to travel toward Paradise, the garden ahead! The Adamses turned tillers of the soil — albeit they’re in the express business now! Thus one grand science — Agriculture — had its birth, and the field was open for Horace Greeley to tell the world “What I know about Farming.” The eyes of the Adam Family — who were not A-dam family, even if circumstances did go against them apparently — were opened; Shame was born, and Tailoring and Millinery begun. Being driven from the garden, Adam had to prepare a shelter for his wife and family, and did so by twisting treelet-tops together, forming a bower, and developing the first ideas of the Arch — Architecture; hut, house, hamlet, village, town, city, palace, civilization; necessitating labor, art, science, invention, trade, commerce, and means to carry on the latter, rafts, canoes, dug-

outs, row-boats, sail-boats, sloops, schooners, brigs, barks, ships, frigates, steamboats, Great Easterns, and of course æsthetics, law, politics, morals, poetry, religion, philosophy! Great heaven! what wonderful things did *not* come of eating that apple — Eve's curiosity — the snake — the devil — and the world as it is to-day! What's the key to the mystery? Why, Love, to be sure — the mighty love that naked, hairy, uncouth, barbarian Adam had for the slender, wilful, pettish, offish, but dear and delightful creature who stood by his side, and made him even forget his God for her! just as three-fifths of his sons have ever since and will, till time shall be no more; the only trouble about the matter being to have all the Eves right, and then the Adams are sure to be so likewise.

When Love was born, — when Cupid and Psyche fused and blended, — hell began to tremble, the wilderness to blossom, heaven to expand its area, souls to grow and the good time get ready to come — right straight along!

We are told by "philosophers" that man and all other created things are on a common footing; that no law but choice and chance ought to govern the relations of the sexes from man downward; that man is really at liberty to do as he pleases — so long as he don't get caught at it — or run his train against a brick wall. Such stuff they teach; but you just let one of the same creed play that game with Mr. Philosopher's wife and daughters, — and will he smile? You bet he won't! But he will go whining, raving about the land, button-holing everybody who will listen to him with: —

"Oh, it is — an horrible t-a-l-e,

'Twill make your faces — all turn p-a-l-e" —

proving he is a lying scamp inside and out — now that he has found out how the bad thing works himself; no matter by what sort of velvet and satin names the vices he expounds as virtues are called. He knows, we know, that his Pandora's box is full to the brim of woe-seeds, every one of which is heavily fecund of evil in an hundred shapes. May the day speedily come

when of such philosophers it may be said and sung, and chorus it again : —

“ Their bones are dust, their pens are rust,
Their ethics gone to pot — we trust.”

When a wise man plays the fool, a woman is generally at the bottom of it.

The greatest mistake ever made by any human being, man or woman, is the one of supposing that any amount of mere passional luxury, any amount of revelry in lust, can ever, ever satisfy the heart and make a person content. All the wealth, luxury, trappings, fame — revelry in lust, with millions to back, and thousands to assist therein — will prove a mock-feast, and never be satisfactory. One love, one mate, one grand safety only can do this, and fill the true cup of human joy to its full.

“ I have loved — not wisely — but too muchly ! ” is what many a man, and not a few women, silently say to themselves. The author hereof can feel with and for them, for he *knows* how it is himself !

There is an awful deal of hypocrisy afloat in the world, in heart matters, as well as in politics and religion. Yet we blindly, stupidly, wilfully, perpetuate the evil. While the writer was in Jerusalem, Syria, in 1862, the various consuls there caused the stones to be cleared from the road ending at the Damascus gate. Useless task ! for at night the very Arabs — the fellaheen — who were employed to cast away the stones by day, took pains to cast them back by night. “ The roads were good enough for our fathers. They are good enough for us, and therefore are too good for these Christian dogs ! ” was the logic — and back went the stones. Of a piece with that is the miserable policy of the Won't-do-betters in the house of Marriage. If forsooth they have lived a helter-skelter, home nor shelter, storm and pelter sort of life up till to-day, why they must keep it up, because — they are fools ! We want no more stony roads to Damascus ; but we *do* want a thorough revolu-

tionizing of connubial habitudes, a greater amount of open honesty in all our dealings with the species, whereupon the loves current in the world will bear our life-barks on to the shining city of Felicity, now beheld so very far off, yet glittering so brightly in the sunshine of Hope.

The age of manhood is not yet, but is nestling somewhere in the fruitful womb of coming time!

How very often we reach erroneous conclusions concerning the skeletons in every body's closet, — our own included, — and how we rack our brains, wondering who's to blame. We decide one way or another, against him or her, and, ten to one, decide wrongly. We affirm that he or she placed the skeleton there, but how do we know which did, if either? May it not be that that identical death's head and cross-bones is an heir-loom, handed down, regularly, having been securely packed away somewhere in his or her bones, brains, soul, — no — not soul, — for soul is *always* good and pure! — but in nerves and general make-up? How do *we* know, but that the unpacking of said skeleton may be the result of other's influence, — seeming accident? Anyhow there it is! and there it ghastly grins desolation to you or me, him or her. How, in God's name, shall either of us get rid of the accursed presence? is *the* question. Neither of us all seem to have courage enough to take the accursed thing by neck and heels, and tumble it headlong out upon the waste, and know it no more forever! We won't do it, more's the pity!

Some children rather like to have splinters in their flesh, for the "fun" of picking them out; and so, too, some married people appear to take delight in cultivating some dear, delicious grievance, just for the sake of having a delightful agony to suffer from and growl over. But in the end Wolf, wolf! turns out not to be a false alarm!

Examples! Bah! their odor is — pestiferous! How very often we are stunned with an overplus of eulogistic flummery, anent some great public functionary; a bedizened count this, lord that, Baron Kacky-Acky, popular preacher, author, or some flunkyistic jigadier brindle, home from the wars, whose

every act is clamorously cited as just the thing for every one else to copy after and follow ; just as if any one but a natural-born fool would, or ought to, be content with the sort of respect resultant from successful copyism. No fame, esteem, or anything else is worth having, unless struck out with original fire, from the flint and steel within us, tapped right straight from the wells of power, deep down below the hard-pan of our own souls !

These public people whose examples we are taught to cherish, who and what are they, behind the scenes, half the time? What do we know of their hidden life — even of a man like Washington? or anybody else, for that matter? — for it is quite as likely that these men whom circumstances bring to the surface have quite as many dark spots hidden, as have any of the less fortunate small potatoes at the bottom of the social basket. One, ay, all, of these so-called exemplars, — for there are but few real ones, at the head of whom stands Him of Nazareth, flanked on either side by the Man of the Bo-tree, and Him who sleeps in Philæ; these aside, and what do most of the rest amount to? Take one as a sample: to those he meets in the great busy world, he is all smiles, urbanity, good feeling, and the world rates him as a man of the “A number one” class, and heralds his name as being great, both far and wide; and yet, nine times in ten, the real and true story of that man’s actual worth is not told; because generally it is not known; for, say what you will, the true sphere of the man, and the sphere of the *true man*, lies not only as much within doors as without, but a great deal more; because all disguises are dropped at the threshold of his home as he enters, and the cloak of policy is put on the instant he recrosses it again. Hence it happens that many a popular idol is an infernal scoundrel and tyrant at his own fireside; and that his greatness dare not be spoken to by wife, child, or dependent, save with bated breath, and hearts trembling all the while. He is all honey to outsiders, and gall and wormwood in his own house. He may be a splendid Democrat or Republican out in the street; and overbearing, autocratic littleness in his own domi-

cile! In society his lips may drop nothing but sugared phrase and honeyed words, and he be the pet of the ladies; while in his own private dwelling, guilty of prolonged and attenuated murder, his weak, sickly, exhausted wife the victim, lingering, broken hearted, long-dying victim to his greatness' unholy passions. Not even ministers of Christ's blessed Gospel are free from either the crime against wifehood, or the double-faced, hypocritical meanness following it. He lacks, but apes the essentials of true manhood, to others; laws take no heed of certain sorts of murder, of which wives are the victims, and a man may kill half-a-dozen of them in succession, and still be counted respectable.

While such a man has a calm and serene smile for all other people, to her who is his legal prey he wears brute armor, though never a loud word be spoken, and never a blow be struck, and yet he wears it, to her untold, inexpressible cost. In nothing but shape does such a one resemble the true man—he who in the private domains of life exercises those spontaneous courtesies and kindnesses and self-restraints and tenderesses, so befitting the real gentleman,—for money and place do not make the gentleman; but manhood does, even without a dollar to back it,—courtesies so highly appreciated, but so very seldom enjoyed by—modern wives. Look at the sons of preachers! Do they appear to be the refined resultant of heavenly marriage and mutual love? or of something quite opposite in character thereto? Watch the careers of preachers' sons, and it will be found that they far oftener sink below mediocrity than rise above it—except in social vice. Faugh! such ministerialness stinks in the nostrils of every honest man—or woman either!

Among all the really great men who have flourished in our day,—and by great is meant, not merely famous, but who had character and man-ness back of it,—there are a few marked ones, whose careers seemed round and full. First of these was Lincoln, who merited eternal salvation and beatitude—from the fact of his—*marriage*!

Says the legend: Rap, rap, went a pair of knuckles at the

gate of Heaven. Who's there? asked St. Peter of the keys. It's meself, plaze yer riverance — one Paudeen O'Rafferty, from the village of Clogher in the county Tyrone. What have yez done that ye should enther into *gloory*? says St. Pether. Divil a wan o' me knows — widout it's I've been *married*? Oh, beggorra, says St. Pether, yez have said enough! barrin did yez have a mother-in-law? Faith, an' I did have that same, bad luck to her sowl! d'ye mind that? Be the hill o' Howth, but she *was* a tarer! Howly mother o' Moses, d'yez twig the back o' me head? Sure divil a bit o' hair's been on it these twinty years, by raizin o' the throuble! I say, says St. Pether, sthrike up the music there, here's a new *marthyr* come to gloory! And Paudeen passed through in a blaze of triumph. Seeing which, a long-haired, long-eared "Reformer" went up and rapped. What do *you* want? To come in. Can't see it! said St. Peter. Why, *I've* been married too! Indeed! YES; you *bet* I have — *muchly*! How's that? Why, you see I got a divorce, because I found what I thought was my eternal affinity — another man's wife — as the first one was! and — You're twitting on facts! said St. Peter, rather angrily; and that aint fair, you know. Well, go on. So when I got number two, O Lordy! It was out of the frying-pan into the hottest fire you ever saw! My second was a strong-minded woman; and one day she went into a trance, — over the left, — and lectured the top of her head clean off; and I suppose she's somewhere hereabouts, you know; but you needn't trouble yourself looking her up, you know; for I don't want to find her — or either of my mothers-in-law — you *bet*! All I want is to get in and kinder mix in promiscuously among the Reformers, you know. The *which*? said St. Peter. Why, bless your slab-sided Yankee soul, my dear greeney, there isn't a single one here! None? Why, you astonish me! There's no hell, you know, and millions of them are dead, so they *must* be here! You're mistaken. There *was* a lot a long time ago, but they slandered each other so that the rest of the saints got tired of it, and then they placarded the walls of heaven, announcing a series of reform and woman's rights conventions to be held outside, admission *free*, and no

collection taken. And they all went except four thousand affinity-hunters, and next day they, too, went outside, and you know it is a law that whoever *goes out, stays out*; and so the four thousand and the other host have joined your last wife — which you'll have to do also, and go — Where? Why —

“Up in a *bal-loon*, sir, up in a *bal-loon* !

All among the ‘ists’ and ‘ites’ on the dark side of the moon.”

Lincoln, the martyr, in the sense alluded to, being in that view the first great man of the age, because he stood it without wincing, stands alone. Next to him, in spite of his fall, stands Napoleon III., a man who lost a throne and empire by reason of a woman's whim; for if Eugenie had let the priests go to — Jerusalem, instead of bowing down to them, and driving the poor sick emperor half-crazy, he never would have accepted the Prussian slate, and been wiped out with a German sponge. It has already been said herein that never yet was there a really great man but he was soft on the female world; nor a genius so grand but that a woman could wind him round her little finger without half-trying; hence we need not wonder that the American Hercules — a man embodying more solid energy, enterprise, and daring push than either of those mentioned, or both combined, — a man, who in spite of his detractors, is really greater than them all, even with his acknowledged weak points, — a man who shines by his own light like a sun amid the minor planets; the personified, individualized United States of America, consolidated and crystallized into something over two hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois of solid flesh, bone, muscle, nerve and brain; yet even he — this giant, this man of vast abilities, and all his strength — has fallen before the power of, and been made to bite the dust as it were, by the enemy — woman! — but in all cases he has been beaten with his own weapons, for of all men living, during the last third of this century, the one who had most love, hence most of womanly intuition and financial prescience, James Fisk, Jr., had the greatest share.

It has been customary with a great many people, editors in-

cluded, to affect contempt for, and to strenuously under-rate the celebrated subject of this sketch, just as if he could have filled the large frame in the world, which he unquestionably does, had he not possessed absolute genius of a very remarkable order. It is said he is vain. Well, what of it? And well he might be when contrasting himself with the fractional men around him. James Fisk never yet abused a woman; and the writer of this personally knows at least twelve very prominent public men, and editors too, all of whom denounce the Erie King in unmeasured terms, who amuse their leisure by direct wife abuse, and, what is worse, wife imprisonment and wife starvation. Let the galled jades wince, Fisk's withers are un-
wring!

This book will be read by many in distant lands who are not familiar with current history on the Atlantic seaboard; for such the following statement is made by way of explanation:—

This work is written in 1871, at which time flourished in our land a man of most wonderful magnetic presence and power, combined with social and business qualities of a very high order,—James Fisk, Jr.; but what made him the undisputed king in a very broad realm was the immense amount of stamina bequeathed him by his parents, who *must* have loved each other dearly, else such a being as the son alluded to never could have been born; nor could he have been endowed with the enormous measures of love, both physically and otherwise, which enabled him, in the time of the author hereof, to rise from semi-menialism, a mere clerkship, and comparative obscurity, to the front rank of financiers of the nation, and that, too, without the slightest niggardliness, or mean littleism of any sort; for during his entire career, so far as it had been run when this was written, many a one could have pointed to frequent love-adventures of his, but never to a case of seduction of any *pure*, innocent girl or woman, tyranny, or anything of the sort; for the man's life was constantly adorned with acts of princely generosity and open-handed benevolence, neither of which were ever measured by policy to the slightest extent; all of which was owing to the

magnificent fact above referred to, and one worthy of being copied by every parent on the footstool.

During the last third of this century he filled a larger sphere in America, outside of mere spasmodic politics, than any other person, for he had more practical matter-of-factness, direct energy, nerve, boldness, courage, bravery, skill, daring, self-reliance, and executive ability, than any half-dozen of his contemporaries and detractors put together,—not literary skill, albeit no mean poet, but a skilful one, and an excellent amateur of music, besides full to the lips of straightforward, practical, useful brain-power and individualism,—far-reaching mental ability, the sort which makes its mark, and never knows defeat—the kind of native force which never either ebbs or whines—[for it was said of him, that nothing but love and music could even for an instant throw him off his balance,—which when it happened made fools laugh, because of their own non-heartness, which rendered them incapable of appreciating a soul of the undoubted calibre of Fisk's]—a native force of character which was the touchstone of success; an exhaustless fund of resources, a fulness of that species of personalism which indelibly stamps with its royal signature everything it touches, and never fails to make its own clear mark, and which tells every time. It may be said that other men have been even more successful than Fisk, and amassed far greater sums of money. Admitted; but his value to the world did not spring from his ability merely to pile up dollars; for he has proved himself to be, in some respects, THE GREATEST CIVILIZER that ever drew breath on this soil. He made himself the benefactor of the masses,—the steady and unchanging friend of labor and genius alike, and the encourager of talent! He was the munificent patron of the drama, the opera, the ballet, of art, of letters, of *practical* reform where reform was most needed. The whole life of the man has, to this writing, been one single devotion to civilization.

Who on the Atlantic seaboard has not gained immensely from the grand upward flight which Music took, consequent upon his splendid and successful efforts to popularize the divine

art through its most gifted interpreters,—Irma, Persini, Au-jac, Lea Silly, Montaland, and hosts of others, who at the waving of Fisk's omnipotent hand filled the land with melody, and, by popularizing Offenbach, made millions whistle and sing their cares away! Who shall tell us what crime Fisk's play called the TWELVE TEMPTATIONS, did not prevent? Who shall reveal the thousands of hearts he has made glad by his bounty, his employment, his counsel and example? As for the writer hereof, the happiest hours he ever knew were those he spent in unalloyed enjoyment while listening to the divinely exhilarating strains of Fisk's artists as they warbled *Barbe Bleu*; *Le Petite Faust*, *Orphée aux Enfer*, *La Grande Duchess*; *Perichole! Ah, Perichole!* and, by the way, the writer of this knew of one man wholly diverted from intended suicide, by the ridiculous *fiasco* in the same line made by Pequillo in the *Opera Bouffe* just named; so *there's* one life to Fisk's credit, about which he never knew a syllable.

Another friend of the author's,—a lady,—whom he took for seven successive nights to listen to the same troupe in Boston, subsequently told him that for three weeks she had carried a vial of deadly poison with her, intending it for a bridge to the "Summer land" as soon as her bottom dollar was gone; but from which the music of Offenbach had saved her, thanks to the Admiral of the Sound Fleet—in a double sense—ay, triple!

While discussing this man, the author takes the liberty of quoting from another work of his—in manuscript—called "LA FERONÉE, OR, THE LIGHT BEHIND THE NIGHT," a brief section relating to this very man. The reader will understand that his characters in the work, not himself, are talking. Says one of these characters:—

"One day there was present in the society-rooms, or *sanctum*, several literary people, and among them the rather extraordinary young lady seeress or *clairvoyant*, known in this city as LA FERONÉE, whom the coterie had induced to give us a séance, for the gratification of the curiosity of such of us who had chronic doubts and scepticism concerning the alleged possibility of seeing without eyes, and reasoning with preternatural

acuteness while in the so-called mesmeric state. At first the general conversation turned upon Love, and 'Casca Llanna' (the author of *this* work) had expressed his belief that there could be no great love without a corresponding great passion; and fortified it with numerous examples taken at random from ancient mediæval and current history; when a learned pundit declared that James Fisk was a great passionist and in some sense a great man, too; but by no means great in either the amount, quality, or texture of his love, which, he affirmed, was of a coarse grade; to which opinion the 'Casca' dissented, and maintained that the man was not only full of love, but that he had far more love than passion; and was capable of grander and finer expressions of it than nine men in ten on a general average; and that to the vast love in him was the world indebted for oceans of music, pageants of operatic and dramatic display, and refined methods of public travel, never equalled since the world began! — an argument of a *very* silencing power in itself against the adverse view. The conversation waxed warm, until *La Feronée* became so deeply interested and absorbed in it, that she very quietly dropped off into a perfectly independent mesmeric sleep; seeing which, the learned pundit rubbed his hands with glee, and proposed to settle the question — in his own favor, and against Fisk of course — by referring the whole matter to the fair seeress while in her unearthly state of mental exaltation; to which some of us readily agreed; albeit others of the party complained; for we had met to try a few experiments of an entirely different character, but nevertheless we all finally agreed to allow Fisk to be analyzed, *en passant* — as it were."

Soon the slumbering lady opened her peerless lips, and resumed her talk where she had left off at a prior séance. In order to give the reader a clear preface to what followed, it is necessary here to quote a portion of what she said; and these were her exact words — the general subject being the incarnations and re-incarnations of the human soul, and the general nature of the affections: —

“By repeated incarnations — for I have already proved that the soul does *not* originate on earth, but pre-existed myriads of ages before the worlds were made, and that it will exist myriads of ages after the last material globe shall have ceased to be! — I repeat, after repeated incarnations, has the final life-point, the primal intelligentia, the crystalline mystery, called Soul, gone on and upward from the informing spark of a jelly-speck in the mud of rivers, to the analid or worm, tadpole, fish-frog, frog-fish, bird, quadruped, to the binana in varied form and phase, simia, cynocephalus, monkey, baboon, gibbon, ape, troglodyte, gorilla, nschiego, bushman, Hottentot, and so on, up to, and through, the fifteenth amendment, and away beyond to the highest, loftiest, noblest specimen of the creature called Man! — most of whom, I am sorry to say, are in only a half-finished state yet, — rather underdone! — and will be for a long time to come, as a general thing; for the ideal Manhood and genuine civilization will be *au fait accompli* — together, but both are an exceedingly long way off. In that day, — when it arrives! — justice — all that is required to inaugurate the good time longed for — will have a meaning among men consonant to and with its derivation, and will be the rule, instead of the exception, as now!” “What,” asked the learned pundit, “will be the state of things then, as you view the future from your mesmeric stand-point?” She smiled, and replied, “Marriage will be quite a different affair from what it is at present. The true, and not the ordinary false and sham sort will obtain; and sensual bondage being unknown, unexperienced, plenty of the right sort of children will be born!” “Not of the James Fisk sort!” exclaimed the pundit. She smiled again, and said: “If this globe were peopled with a race of humans, the worst of whom took rank beside the Erie King, this would be — excuse me! — a *bully* world to live in, and there would be but little occasion for repressive laws, and small space for human wrong!”

“In such a state of human affairs, as a natural consequence, adulteries — the myriad *legal*, as well as the thousands of illegal ones — shall have come to a sudden and eternal stop; and

as smart children be born *within* the pale of wedlock as most notoriously come into the world outside thereof, in these mal-generate days, because love will be real and not a sham. At present the seventh capital sin, like most all others, is known by its fruit; as times go, generally quite the ablest-minded and finest physical stamina in the world, — by reason of the love and fire preceding the illegitimate's entrée upon the world's great stage; and the sin itself is much more decried than disused! Is it not a little singular that talent, rare and valuable, and genius, instant, bold and fiery, — angular certainly, yet talent and genius after all, — should spring so often from disobedience of a social law, and such a vast amount of mediocrity, not to say stupidity, should issue from within the lines of marriage?

“When millions of married couples shall produce and rear such offspring as Mr. Fisk, take the word of *La Feronée* for it, that our world will be the better for it! Everything a man is, is born in and with him; springs from, and grows out of, the love bequeathed him by regal father and queenly mother, which love, in Fisk's case, teemed with beauty, united with brains, vigor, health and utility, which in subsequent years took outward form in gorgeous steam palaces, imperial opera houses, and Divine Music inside of them, and in a thousand other glories for mankind at large, proving him one of the most effective preachers of good, truth, beauty, the world has ever seen, or will see for many a long year to come!” “But,” said the pundit, “Fisk is an egotist!” Said she, “Was there ever either a great or good man, or an effective one, who was *not*?” Doubtful! But when that egotism constantly displays itself in efforts to gladden the world, as in his case, it is a virtue second to none pertaining to intelligent beings! Truth is essentially dogmatic; and individuality to be anything must be *prononcé*; and the more pronounced it is, the greater the man, hence, judged by that standard, the railway monarch ranks also as king among men, and one, too, whose greatest happiness consists in making others happy, directly and indirectly. For instance, Fisk often gives *petites soupers* to his singers and

artistes, who are rendered so happy thereby, that at their next performance they play their roles with such spirit, *verve* and *élan*, that the audiences are thrilled, and three thousand people enjoy new and exquisite sensations, obliquely from the suppers, but no less positively, all of which spring from the brain and heart of this wonderful man.

“ In the days wherein the worst man shall be as good as the grand Speculator-general is now, husbands will have learned that: If *her* life is not *his* life, she is not yet his wife; and that it is his immediate task to, in every way, make her so, even though the verbal and ritual contract may have been made twenty years before! In that coming time, if a woman thinks she marries a *man*, and finds herself tied to a *beast* instead, she will find protection without being forced to run off, or disgrace herself for purposes of escape from the thrall! If she thinks she marries mind, and finds it all matter, and coarse at that!—soul, and it turns out to be all muscle, and bone, and piggitudity, — there will, in that civilized epoch, be means provided for her speedy deliverance, not only by statute law, but by the universal recognition by society of the eternal laws of natural adaptability, compatibility and civilized fitness, to be decided and adjudged by persons of clear brain, and honest hearts adapted to the regenerative work, before which final tribunal both parties shall be patiently and fairly heard; consequently the necessity of bogus divorce concerns will cease to be, and the premium on perjury forever fall! And *then*, good-by, domestic hells, and thrice welcome, new-made heavens!”

Thus spake the charming slumberer, who then continued her remarks, saying: “ By and by, people will distinguish between force and power, and realize, as I do, in this sleep of Feronee, that the former demonstrates, therefore *wastes* always; while the latter restrains and *conserves*, therefore *preserves*, the individual and the qualities pertaining thereunto. In another sense, men already know this, and are aware that there is more real energy and genuine power in the single brain of an average civilizee than in an hundred average savages; and that there is a thousand times more *power* in one of these last than

in fifty cumbrous whales, or floundering rhinoceri. We all know, without stopping to reason about the matter at all, that there is more life, *vif*, dynamic power and chemical richness in the broiled flesh of one fat ox, than in ten tons of grass and roots, if their relative fight and think-producing energy is considered; and just so is there more real and abiding power in one good, though slender man or woman, in whom love has the dominance, than in forty great giants, whose boast is merely bullness, by which is meant physical beastitude only!"

Question: "Will *La Feronée* now please, if it be not asking too much, tell us something about real womanhood,—its conditions, essentials, elements, and—" "Yes," said she, "I understand your question. Womanhood's fulness depends upon, and consists in, first, physical health, the total absence of unhealthy secretions, a perfect balance between brain, body, and inner soul, with a fair degree of excitableness, impressionability and passional strength, emotive force, and self-command, with due mental equipoise, all dependent to a great extent upon fresh air, the bath, exercise of mind and body, and regular habits of reading, thinking, talking, upon subjects aside from the eternal humdrum gossip and empty nothings which now usually engage their attention when awake, and of which they dream when asleep. Not one woman in a thousand realizes what she has a right to and ought to, in order to actually know for what purpose different organizations were given mankind. Women are unnatural, and can never be right till they live right."

At this point the learned pundit became impatient, and was about to express himself to that effect when the beauty there sleeping said, addressing that individual, "I see that you are aching to know about certain men, whether they are truly immortal or not, and whether after death they will ascend among the solar gods, or entering lower realms gradually waste away and finally become wholly extinct, as some do; or whether they go to the middle spaces, dwindle back to the monadal state, and finally go out upon the ether as unconscious points or atoms

preparatory to being rebreathed, replanted, reincarnated, and finally reborn on this or some other globe in space !

“ I perceive that you have in your mind a desire that, leaping over the arguments or referring to the substance of what I have heretofore said on the subject in this series of *Feronée Séances*, I shall come at once to the point and illustrate my truths with selections from the characters at this time most prominent in American society or before the great public. You wish to know of their immortality, their actual soul calibre and mental weight ; and above all you desire to know of their love-power, hence their actual personal importance and value in the world — for a great many men in this world are altogether over-rated and overweighed, and pass current for a great deal more than their just value ; while a great many others pass current for immeasurably less than they are really and truly worth, because all these men have the dominant of love very strongly, hence are real, and not sham powers in the world.

“ You silently ask me, What is the weight and value of Train, Tweed, Brownlow, Sumner, A. T. Stewart, Vanderbilt, Grant, Forney, Butler, Fisk and others ? With pleasure I reply : It is always best to begin at the head, — with the fullest man of all these just mentioned ; indeed there are *but* two in the list who take very high rank, and these are the Lowell statesman and the opera king. Tweed is peculiar, and requires a special analysis, Brownlow is out of the combat, and so are Stewart, Grant, and Train, for reasons not necessary to be now specified, while as for Sumner he is, judging by his bust — a great senator, but a very *small man* ; his egotism is so immense that he has no time to think of any one but himself, hence has no love ; nor is he capable of inspiring it ; wherefore as a husband he is a dead failure ; therefore also as a man ; for although as a debater he has acquired some renown, and in some respects has won ephemeral notice, yet his very best attempts have proved abortive of lasting products, and although no crying evils can justly be laid to his charge, yet, on the whole, great as some may deem him, and as he undoubtedly imagines himself to be, he has proved very unsatisfactory ; and when he dies and has

a fine funeral, with a couple of hundred lamentable editorials, and a score or two of eulogies, that will be the last of Charles Sumner, and thus will he pay the dreadful penalty of being a non-loving, non-affectionate, half-man.

To rise from the foot of the subject to the head, you need not marvel when I affirm that — religion aside — all things, accident, destiny, fate, nature and grace included, conspired, with universal accord, to the great glorification of immortal James Fisk! — the grandest epitome of universal Yankeedom and American institutions that ever yet drew the breath of life, or that now has an existence upon the planet on which we live! The reasons for that opinion have already been outlined, if not fully given. The man stands solitary and alone, unique, *sui generis*, and without a rival on the globe!

At this declaration all but the writer stared at her in utter astonishment. *He* said, "That's been *my* opinion a long time, albeit I never saw the man save once in my life, — when on the 17th of June, 1871, he rode at the head of his soldiers past my window, at 89 Court St., Boston!" As for the learned pundit, to portray his varied emotions is an impossibility. Said he, "Why does *Fisk* outrank Grant? Does *he* overtop stupendous Ben Butler in that respect?" She answered, "Most unquestionably; for living he has no equal, and dying I can imagine" — "What?" — "Why that but very few men will be missed as will he." More was said in a jocular vein, in the two first editions of this work, both of which were issued between December 28th, 1871, and January 7th, 1872 — on which day poor Fisk was struck down in his prime by the assassin's hand. But no sooner had the great man fallen, than the American people, and the American press, nearly all of whom had underrated the Brattleboro giant, suddenly changed their tune with regard to him, and to a man accepted the just estimate of the geni made in these pages while they were abusing him, and while the joyous current of royal life was bounding through his veins! Thank God, Casca Llanna found out his calibre, weight and worth to the world before any human being ever dreamed that James Fisk, Jr., was walking on the narrow bridge of death.

“ And thus the world goes round and round,
And men their courses run,
But ever the true comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.”

Green be the turf above thy dust, and greener be thy memory,
James Fisk, Jr.

Would to the great God of Heaven that civilized mankind would heed the lessons laid down in this book, and cultivate Love, — ever-blessed, sweet, ennobling love, — instead of giving a loose rein to passion. Elsewhere in this volume an incident is related concerning “ A penny’s worth of wit ;” and with what awful and amazing force does the mighty lesson come home in view of the dreadful tragedy of poor Fisk’s end, and the deep damnation of his taking off! Here a man of most splendid parts is cut off in the midst of one of the most brilliant and extraordinary careers ever run, not only by any man of our times and nation, but of all time, and in the great wide world, because under the infernal spell of magnetic passion, — for the man never *loved* the siren who brought death to him, nor did the siren love him, — she only loved his money. But he loved his wife — and she loved him, thank God again! — and the one proved it in his last earthly act, and the other demonstrated the deathlessness of true affection, when, at the last dreadful moment, when all earthly hope had fled forever, she clasped his neck in her wifely arms, and with streaming eyes and broken voice asked the good God to pardon his sins and take his soul unto Himself. May Heaven forever bless thee, Lucy Fisk, thou true woman and noble wife! Bless thee and thine forever and forevermore, because thy conduct in that sad hour demonstrated the everlasting regality of thy womanhood, thy wifehood and thy loving trust and truth.

And the fawning cyprian, — she who wound herself about the husband of this regal wife, — what of her? Did she shed a bitter tear when the man fell who had raised her from beggary to opulence? -- fell by the hand of the maniacal dolt, whom in turn she had also lured from the arms of a loving and true-hearted wife? — No! — Yes! No tear shed she because foul murder had been done, and a great soul hurled from time to eternity in

the twinkling of an eye ! No tears from her breast welled up in sorrow and bitter agony, like those tapped from out the heart of her whom the siren's wiles had widowed ! — but plenty of tears that the murdered victim could no longer be leeches ; and more tears that his slayer could no longer assist her in her dreadful war against two honest wives. Would that the eyes of men were opened, that they might see, and, seeing, realize, that one ounce of a true and honest love is worth more to a man than the wreathed smiles of all the harlots who have trod the earth, down the ages, from Aspasia and before her, to the last brazen-toned advocate of free love, now ranting from the rostra of the land. True these last say they mean free *love*, not free lust, — totally forgetful that love carries sex along with it, and between man and woman, outside of kinship, ever, always, means POSSESSION !



CHAPTER XVI.

THE woman who complained that the working between meals would be the death of her, in spite of the known strength of her constitution, which could stand any amount of — rest, must have had a very curious eye, and one well worth studying. In common with everybody else, the author once thought that he perfectly understood a woman by a single glance of her eye, but the very one whom he thought he knew best, proved to him that he really knew very little ; paralleling the experience of the “ Hard Shell ” Baptist itinerant, who relates his adventures, saying among other things that during a visit to New Orleans, “ Whar they have cream-colored horses, gilded carriages and marble saloons, with brandy and sugar in them ! — where honest men are scarcer than hen's teeth, and a strange woman once took in your beloved preacher, and bamboozled him outen two hundred and fifty-seven dollars in the twinkling of a sheep's tail ; but she *can't do it again*, Hallelujah ! ‘ for they shall gnaw a file and flee into the mountings of Hepsidam, whar the lion roareth and the whangdoodle mourneth for her first-born ! ’ ”

The conviction that that particular, and therefore every other

woman, was not so easily read as vanity declared they could be, came in a single glance she one day darted at him. It lasted less than a second of time, but it told a story not rehearsable in an entire century of time, which, all things considered, was rather a discouraging conviction in itself, yet was the direct means of recalling to his memory certain conversations held with some of his Arab friends on the banks of old Nilus, and under the gray shadows of the pyramids of Sakhara, in the far-off Egyptian lands. Information laid by and forgotten among heaps of other notes, but which, exhumed from their long graves, shall here be condensed for the benefit of those who read this book.

It would be hard to name anything in the world we live in more or even as expressive as a woman's eye. In *the* woman's eye elsewhere indicated the writer found one day an entire heaven, and on another occasion a well-thronged inferno, with as large a variety of devils as would suffice for fifty Miltons and ten thousand Dantes. Almost always really unreadable by man is a woman's orbs, save when lit up with passion, and then he can read *it* easy enough, while everything else therein — and their name is legion — is a sealed book, as a common thing, save when she flashes forth unutterable sentences, and sends them, shafts of burning fire, through his very soul, whereupon Mr. Man speedily concludes that he didn't know quite as much about her as he thought he did. There is nothing more atrociously common than for a man to totally and wholly misinterpret a woman's glance, — its expression — its meaning — its mysterious echo-ness, to coin a word fraught with an ocean of deep and marvellous significance. There are legions of fools who pass for wise men, wholly unable, by reason of detestable vanity and absurd egotism, to see in a lady's brightly flashing eye, in her pleasant, glorious coyness, or in her sweet, soul-charged smile, or gayety or freedom of demeanor, anything more than passion or impulse that-ward, and an invitation for themselves to make advances, when in fact both the mood and the thought are as far off as Boston is from China, or the North Star from Japan, or themselves from genuine manhood! These men take

things for granted without ever asking the reason why, or considering what the result may likely be. They are ignorant of human nature, and woman's especially. They are chronically sick and, to a sensible lady, sickening. They never see anything but sensualism in the world. They behold nothing great or glorious in woman, — nothing nobler in her than the capacity of ministering to one side, and that a perverted one, of their natures. The flashing eye of the petite brunette, and the snowy expanse of billowy bosom of the stately blonde, are alike suggestive of wicked thoughts to them; and the idea that a woman is a rational, thinking, responsible power in the world, and an immortal soul besides, created for loftier purposes than they dream of, never once crosses their minds — what little of such they may chance to possess.

While woman's eye, when she chooses to hide herself behind it, is a deep riddle, yet when her soul is really engaged and moved, he who runs may read; and driven be he from among honorable men who shall then seek to take advantage of what that glancing story tells. If he does so, and to her ruin, it is equally certain that it is likewise to his own; for time and nature, if not herself and society, are sure to make reprisals sooner or later, and in one form or another.

If a woman's affections are in motion, it is a very difficult thing for her to conceal herself if she lets her eye be seen by an expert. It matters not how strenuously she may strive to disguise her real feelings so far as her eyes are concerned, for he who truly knows her nature can read her soul at will through the magic iris-play.

A curious fact: If a man does not win a woman in the very first hour of his company with her, no other being by, his victory does not amount to much. Another: If a woman is able to resist a man's importunity for the same time, under the same conditions, she is safe from that man forever afterward; and, if she subsequently loses sight of prudence, the fault is on her own part, and *that* is quite as great as his rascality. And here is the reason why: Human magnetism is the vehicle of love and ardor, friendship and attachment. Fluid: it mutually flows

from each to each, and the man's magnetism fills her every fibre within that time, which it can *never* wholly do thereafter. When thus charged she will be weaker in herself and more strongly drawn to him; and if her strength is not great enough to *mean* as well as *say* "No," she is lost. When the tides are highest they begin to ebb. Therefore, hereafter, let no woman who reads this book complain of seduction, for by her will she can drive back the flow magnetic in spite of Mr. WOULD BE, and if the return tide begins before the hour ends, she is safe from *him*, if not from herself.

Many men have seen marvellous wonders, but no man ever yet saw a woman who was willing to admit herself to be in the wrong. Some one else is always to blame, never herself. This is queer, but true. Now, why is this thus? The writer don't know; reader, do you?

One very strange bit of absolute and wholly unpardonable ignorance prevails almost universally among people of the Christian faith, by which is meant those of Caucasian lineage. They do *not* know how to preserve wedded love, and fail to comprehend that the very means whereby it is ruthlessly killed can also be made the instrumentality of its purification, growth, intensification, and perpetuity. This truth is, or ought to be, clearly self-apparent to every reasoning, thinking person. For instance, if he, she, or they, *will* to engage the other's *soul*, and blend therewith, and cleave thereto, there comes into play a permeating potency, and power, and energy, which, growing stronger all the while, finally and permanently, fairly seizes upon, and joins in one, both souls; and when that fusion takes place aberrations from fascination by others become a simple impossibility.

We are all reachable through the avenues of sense, and of all others most readily through that of sight. Thousands of wives and husbands there are who have never once looked each other fairly in the eyes, and, therefore, have wholly neglected to use the most direct road to their partners' souls. General knowledge of us all, and of woman especially, must be had mainly through the eye. Properly pursued the study leads to grand

knowledges and results. In a little while a man becomes an expert of the eye, interpreting its sneer, contempt, hope, voluptu, *passioné*, hatred, envy; its glare, denial, invitation, repulse, defiance; its beams of love; its tenderness of affection; its filiatude, anger, rage, suspicion; its lust of power or of joy; its hardness, invulnerability or yieldingness, and jealousy. Nor is this all; for even a spotless virgin's eye reveals the *fact*, and more, and a young girl's eye will tell the story whether her virtue has been tampered with successfully or not. And yet more; if a married woman is false and "illegally" favors another than her lord, — which is mighty apt to be the case in these rapid days, — if she fails to have true love at home, the favor granted to another is photographed in her eye so completely that it can plainly be read; and, by a good *Feronée*, even the *features* of the favored one, the time, place, the circumstance, can be traced unerringly, simply because past events, like future ones, invariably cast their shadows; so that by virtue of the magnetic laws of space, time, matter, and the human frame, nothing whatever can be hidden.

Whosoever loves not, exists not. There are various loves in existence; as beauty love, which don't amount to much; free love, which amounts to less; that which has, perhaps, vulgarly been stigmatized as "puppy love," — nothing to it. Only womanly, manly, conjugal love counts for anything in the game of life, and not that till well tried.

That is, indeed, a very poor marriage and worse love which fears to trust its object out of sight. For perfect love casteth out fear, and begets a confidence which volcanoes and earthquakes of passion shall be powerless to shake. How much of such is there in our world to-day! The principle of perfect confidence is almost entirely lost sight of in these modern times, and general distrust on both sides is the rule, and absolute trust the rare exception; and that distrust, and its sad effects, result from a variety of causes, the most prominent of which shall here be briefly set forth. In the first place both men and women, while acknowledging sex and the majority of

its exterior reasonings, are almost universally ignorant of its deeper meanings. They practically use life as if it were to end at the door of the tomb, and notoriously in effect ignore the stupendous truth that we are but in the very early morning of a ceaseless day, a life of activities infinitely stretched out and prolonged. People reason that sex is for love, passion, utility, change, and little dream that it means fathomless things, energies, creations, whole eternities of unimagined beatitudes and glories.

On a less exalted plane it means magnetic ebb and flow, equilibrium, *chemical peace*, electric and nerval fusion, soul-mingling, and the dual unification. They realize the human and external reasons of sex, but do not cognize its internal and divine ones. They fail to realize that among all the other countless triplicities of being, life and nature, there is one also to love, and to its expression, passionately, or amorously. How few people there are who realize soul, spirit, body, these three, as constituting themselves personally! and that nothing they do is *well done* unless these three do it! How few realize that a child parented of body merely, must *be* body mainly, from the cradle to the grave! or that one who is the result of a psychical or mental attachment without the rare fire kindled of energetic physique, which should accompany it, must ever be pale, thin, slender, ethereal, lack nerve, bone, muscle, but at the same time have an overplus of brain! Now there *might* be a mingling of soul, spirit, body, to the construction of a true marriage and its living fruits, to say nothing about its moral, mental, metaphysical and domestic results. All departures from the triplicate union is descensive love; its products will be descensive also, and the children be angular, one-sided halfnesses in every conceivable respect.

It is a heavy crime against Nature, God, and the human race to in any sense be a party, active or passive in any wrong, especially of the sort here alluded to, because all mere passionism alone is an infernalism pure and simple, and invariably, sadly, demoralizes both the woman and the man; and its results are

of a merely negative, transient character, inevitably followed with smothered disgust and quasi hate on both sides.

The true and divine marriage, on the other hand, is mutually *ascensive*, celestial, normal, healthful, non-exhaustive, undepletive. It is a holy, pure, *mutual* joy, — fit for immortal gods! It is the lamp that lights the road of life. It satisfies soul, the hope, the spirit, and the natural demise of such a blending leaves husband and wife in the arms of God, lapped in the dear delight of Heaven itself! For all of which reasons it is clear that wrong and vice do *not* pay, never did, will, and never *can* be fruitful of other than the most atrocious, debasing, unmanning, unwomaning results; and the less one mingles therein the better for the world and man!

Were these truths well-grounded in the common mind, there would be fewer Medeas and Ariadnes in the world; for men would cling to their wives and homes, instead of searching for lame excuses for deserting both. If love at home prevailed, the itch of gab which so alarmingly prevails among the strong-minded would cease; and mothers-in-law would find their present occupation gone, — for it mainly consists now in sowing distrust and dissensions in families where concord otherwise would and ought to reign, and peace and love have supreme sway.

Husbands should be loving, not merely intellectual, to their wives; for a woman seldom cares a snap about theories, logic, and reasonings, for she wants and demands practical love, affection, fondling, *loveness*! Give any woman this, and her whole personality will be one rapt smile; and for it, in any way, she will pray without ceasing and in everything give thanks. When she has that, even though the father of the child she is bearing be in everything below par, yet will she so perform her maternal work as to give a comparative giant of mind to the world and mankind; as an illustrative proof of which let the case of the mother of the man known as Napoleon III. be adduced: Verhuel, the Dutch admiral, was famous for nothing except his love intrigue with Napoleon's mother, who bore that very famous child to the Dutchman, after the absence of her

husband had been prolonged something *over a year*; yet so full was she of the glory-sphere exhaled from the name Bonaparte — that she so filled her unborn child with it as to make his body a Dutch Verhuiei, and his soul as true and grand a Bonaparte as ever drew the breath of life; and yet not one single tiny drop of the Corsican's blood ran in his veins!

“Ah, me! ah, me! how bitterly we regret that we failed to know each other better!” comes in mournful strains to many a parted man and woman's soul, across the bitter waste of strangled years. How many of us have taken false steps, and in anger said cruel things, and acted foolishly, hastily, childishly. My God, my God, what would we not now give could we recall the past, and undo the silly deed we did, under the frenzied impulse of a moment's madness! How many a man clasps the dear memory of her he left, and tearfully, in the lone silence of his soul exclaims, “O woman, woman, I did not know your value; and now you are gone, gone, and I — I am so desolate!” and as the thought rises, the salt tears flow apace. But alas! it is *too late*! Great heaven, too late!

How many thousands of women are there in the world to-day upon whose sky of peace and love and hope the sun has forever set in this world! Women who in a weak moment have made experiments — fatal ones — and lost their all. Women who have listened to the oily tongues of bad advisers, and in a fit of anger, jealousy, or whim, have left husband, honor, home, and hope behind! What would they not give to be once more queen of the household they have abandoned for — a shadow — perhaps — full of promise, but empty as a hollow sound?

There was none of this sort of thing before the birth of Radicalism and Pseudo Reform. There will be none of it when they are dead and in their graves, — graves which every honest man and woman will help to dig both wide and deep, and therein bury them from mortal sight, forever and forever more!

The writer of this series of books has been, by circumstances of birth mainly, compelled to fight a most fearful and long-enduring duel with the world and the age, from the moment, when, at five years of age, he was thoughtlessly deserted, and

left alone in the streets of New York — his natal place — by the man who called his mother wife, and although not beaten — because truth and her champions are never wholly defeated — is, nevertheless, exceedingly weary. And even so is it, in other lines of life, with countless thousands of others, — they are weary, weary, weary, and the burden of their life-song is rest — rest ; — oh, for but a little rest ! for we are aweary, aweary ; would that we were — dead ! — husbands — some of them — but wives mainly, all of whom have had all defeats and no triumphs at all. It was to champion the cause of such, that CASCA LLANNA turned his pen, and raised his voice — without a solitary friend to encourage him by word, or look, or a single dollar — alone ! against that which desolated his hearth and home, as it has thousands of those upon whom it breathed its feter — American Ultraism. Hopeless task ? Never a bit of it. Those who think so are little aware of what an earnest soul may do ; and Casca Llanna will fight it out so long as life lasts. Villains ! what have you done with his wife ? So long as the grass springs upon that little grave on the hillside ; so long as the memory of *her* tearful face, uplifted for mercy from the carpet of wrong ; just so long will he thrust back the lie in the throats of the liars ! — those who dare claim that marriage is a thing to be abolished — that satanalias of unbridled license may take its holy place.

Let the good fight go on ! Help ye, who have felt the snake's fangs in your quivering hearts ; help strike this atheistic monster down ! Strike hard and strike home ! For victory must come, and the religion of Christ take its rightful place in human hearts and human practice, to the utter destruction of all the "reformatory" abominations on the planet.

Not a few of the love-mischances of people are referable to their own faults. Thus many a man wrecks himself on the alluring rocks of beauty, heedless of its meretriciousness, and neglectful of what ought to underlie it, — integral character and moral worth. Just so insane are thousands of the other sex, who, vainly imagining their fair and market will last forever,

put on airs and rush into blind flirtation and coquetry, keeping it up with a fervor, until some fine day they awaken to the startling fact that their power is vanished, and they must either put up with a *marriage de convenance*, utterly repugnant and distasteful, *in extremis*, or enter the desolate domains of old maidhood.

Well does the writer remember a case in point. Close by where he once dwelt, in the far-off sunny south, hard by one of the bayous which carry off the surplus waters of old Mississippi, and empty them in the Mexican Gulf, through the Louisiana lowlands low, there dwelt a regal woman, of peerless beauty, and imperious and imperial spirit. Her father's plantation was full seven good miles long; and was cultivated by fifteen hundred black bondmen and women, in the days before the whole South ran crazy with the idea of Empire based on human slavery. The cotton crop and sugar gave eight hundred thousand dollars annual income; and if by chance money was scarce, and the spirited beauty wanted something, she never hesitated to pack off a black man or two for sale in the shambles of New Orleans or Baton Rouge.

None so gay, brilliant, and *conceited*, as the belle of the parish; and of course her hand, heart, and her heirship to broad acres, brought many a sighing suitor to her feet; and when she had woven the meshes and web of her spells about them, and they were inextricably entangled, she sat down to her Paris grand piano, and gave them their rejection and dismissal, while aloud and sweetly she played and warbled,—

“On the Banks of Allan Water.”

Everybody knows that slavery was in some sense a patriarchal institution; and that some favored servitors made themselves both free in speech and familiar in act, with their masters and their ladies, to a degree quite surprising to those northerners, who, while professing great love for the negro and his cause, nevertheless hate and despise him with an unction and fervor never yet known in the South. Philanthropy toward the black man has in nine cases in every ten been a mere profession in the North! — a convenient hobby to ride toward political pre-

ferment, or stump oratorical notoriety. The love for the black was and *is* a hollow pretence; for the negro was always nearer to the white man's heart in the South than to the pale Yankee of the East; and a black has a fairer chance to-day in the South than in the East. Indeed, may God help the man of even a drop of colored blood in the North, for he is the pariah of pariahs; and though he has the talent and genius of a Raphael or Le Sage, yet whatever thief or harlot with a white skin meets him in the North, feels warranted, by the fact of hue, in grossly insulting him at any time, and anywhere, and is practically backed in so doing by society at large,—except at voting time! Bosh! Northern philanthropy is a sham and utter cheat, as well as much of northern morals.

But to resume the story:—

Well, on that plantation was an old negro who made quite as free in the family affairs as if his color and relationship were both of the proper stamp; and Uncle Ben, surprised at his young mistress discarding so many suitors, one after another, made bold, one day, to “ax de reason why?” “Because, Uncle Ben, it suits me to do so—that’s all!” she replied, and forthwith broke out with:

“ON THE BANKS OF ALLAN WATER.”

By and by the war came; victory gave her crown to northern brows; slaves became freedmen, freedmen became fifteenth amendments, and these last were transformed into legislators, members of congress, senators, and foreign ministers. Confiscation followed the war, and great families were broken up, and great estates divided into small cotton and sugar farms, tilled by those who were once peons of the soil.

Our aristocratic family shared the common fate, and its members killed or were scattered abroad in the land. Then, ah, *then*, how bitterly the belle mourned her folly! for now she had no protector; while time and trouble dashed with sallow lines her once brilliant cheeks, and—she fell—for she sold what was left of her beauty, and for a time maintained a wild sort of independence and—defiance. But by and by even that failed her, and pride caused her to change her mode of life, and

to seek consolation in another line of conduct, and in a higher grade of life, in one of our northern cities, where whom should she meet one day, but jolly old Uncle Ben, and "Why, bress de Lord, dis chile reckon dat am de young missus! hi, yah, *yah!*" "Yes, Uncle Ben, it *is* me; I am poor now,—these eight years past, and"—"Dat am enuff, Missus, Old Ben hab got plenty land, and some money, an you'se welcome to bofe,—bress de Lamb! But den I gone done tole you so, long ago!"—"Told what, Uncle Ben?"—"Why, I done tole you ef you didn't stop broken de gemman's hearts, and didn't take one ob dem for a husband, dat one day, fo' de Lord, you'd be jis whar you is."—"Where's that, Uncle Ben?"—"Why, jis zackly whar you is now—

"On de banks ob ALUM water!"

There are two distinct worlds in which we live on earth; but then only here and there a person can be found who fully realizes this fact. These worlds are the female and the male. In California and the West, generally, there is a great preponderance of the male element; while in Massachusetts and New England the female one predominates largely, and the magnetic sphere of woman abounds everywhere with an almost overpowering force. This is generally true, also, of all large cities, especially London, Paris, Hamburg, New York, Berlin, Vienna, and, above all others, Lowell, Lawrence, Fall River, Newport, and Lewiston, in Maine, and Boston, which excels them all; hence these places, and all others like them, are full of one-sided, angular people, and a chronic, amative fever prevails; in consequence of which, as a general thing, women are at a discount, and not half so well cared for or appreciated as elsewhere, in localities where the male element prevails. Now in a household where either one element and influence—husband's or wife's—so far predominates as to hold the other in entire abeyance and subjection, there can be no real love or assimilation. There *must* be mutual yielding or there can be no mutual happiness.

The *inside* of marriage, that which no one outside can see,

or know anything whatever about, the inner and very often bitter life of it, needs reconstructing and reforming on a vast scale, else we will never get rid of the myriad skeletons in the closets of Christendom, especially the Yankee part thereof, where such things abound much more than anywhere else, — even wife-beating England; for your average British wife is not near so finely strung or sensitive nerved as is her average American sister, and the English and Canadian wife is notoriously ten times happier than are those this side the border or the sea; consequently, the marriage ship hereaway is so rotten that its bottom has nearly fallen out; indeed, it *has*, in many instances, dropped down altogether, and let its freight plump and square into the surging seas of discontent, whence a few — precious few, too, compared to the masses — manage to get their heads above water by climbing up the rough and jagged rocks of divorce. Divorce! nine-tenths of them the fruit of rank perjury, or gum-elastic truth stretched to its utmost tension! But fair or foul, it is far too easily attainable. Of course, in extreme cases, such a step is justifiable; but *never* ought to be allowed until the parties *prove* that, in spite of long and persistent trying to mend matters, all efforts have proved futile. In such cases let divorce come, and the quicker the better for all concerned.

It is rather ominous that divorces have increased at least five hundred per cent. since the advent of woman's rightism; and not a dozen people have really been rendered happier thereby; on the contrary, regrets deep and bitter have rankled many a heart.

Objecting to quote others, yet it is impossible to resist the insertion here of a floating scrap cut from some ephemeral newspaper, in the subjoined words: "The most determined and dangerous foe of the marital relation is found in a perverted and exaggerated individualism; a doctrine which gives vitality to most of the arguments advanced in favor of woman suffrage by many of its leading advocates." There, that's just it; for the irrational gabble of the woman's rights advocates, as a general thing, has a deleterious effect upon whatever woman listens to

it. It tends directly to unfit her for the place and position God himself assigned her in the economies of the world. Understand: the right to vote if she wants to is not here denied her. Let her do so, and stuff ballots till she gets sick of it. But will *that* make her any happier at home? Will she retain her delicacy? Will she *preserve* and *conserve*, nay, will she *deserve* that tender and chivalrous gallantry and respect accorded her now? Can she then command a tithe of the homage which every well-bred man accords her at present? Doubtful. Will not the sphere of party and politics unsex woman? Are not its chief advocates now either grannies in pantaloons, or *what-is-its* in crinoline? By no means, would the writer advocate the subjection of women; but, rather, would grant them perfect equality on the middle grounds of life, but would insist that neither man nor woman should trench upon the spheres naturally existing as sex distinctions. To both, he would and does say, Live out your full life, each for him and herself; but let there be a still larger field, wherein the individualities shall meet and fuse, and wherein the dual oneness, the double unit shall abolish sex distinctions as such; and let that rule and reign, for that field is THE HOME.

“Gentlemen, I have the misfortune to be married to this woman,” was actually said apologetically. But what a state of society is the present, where the like is thought, if not said, by thousands in every section of the country, every day in the week, and every week in the year! An author said, “Who so short-sighted as a married man, except it be a married woman!” That is true — and false at the same time — for of all the short-sighted people, a married man *is* the most so, but if a married woman is short-sighted, she is long-headed enough to make amends for it, for her head and his ears are very often of exactly the same longitude. Ten men in a thousand may possibly be able to outwit women; but every woman in fifty millions, if she makes up her mind to it, will triumphantly circumvent all the men you could pack between Sandy Hook light-house and the star Aleyone, and not think it a difficult task either! If women in Turkish harems, where the jealousy of ages guards them, are

equal to the task of deceiving their masters,— and they are !— how easy for their superior white-skinned sisters to do the same ! Husbands who imagine that threats, ill-treatment, or espionage, will keep their discontented wives true to them, had better lead blind apes to water, for their efforts are worse than thrown away ; for a woman thus watched and treated takes the most exquisite delight in showing her smartness, and if she likes, putting horns on her benedict's head, just for pure deviltry alone, when not a fibre of her entire being otherwise prompts the act.

Love only can keep a woman true ! There's no mistake about that matter. It were an easy task to write out here hundreds of proofs of this statement, but as all women know the fact, and all men ought to, and may learn it from experience, if they do not, we will simply let the statement stand exactly as it is.

Appearances are proverbially deceitful, and none more so than those assumed by a wife who has reason to think herself injured, and is determined to play an ace to the deceiver's king, or a " this " for his " that." There is one particular power which every woman has, which men are generally unpossessed of, and that is she can and will laugh and make merry, apparently, at the very moment her heart-strings are strained, cracking, snapping, breaking, and her soul is full of bitter woe, and sweltering in a bath of anguish,— acute, exquisite anguish ; and if she wills to do so, will go off into hysterics of mirth to all appearance, over what actually pierces her very soul. All men who really know women at all, know this. Where is the man who will not merely put himself to inconvenience to oblige and happify another, but actually and voluntarily submit to repeated mental and physical torture for that other's sake ? Such men may exist, but they are very scarce ; — while there is not a married woman in the whole wide world, who has not done that very thing as many times almost as she has hairs on her head ! — facts which most men are wholly blind to ; but which it were for their own happiness to carefully and continually bear in mind, if they would have marriage to be what it ought,— a feast of fatness, lasting for life ; instead of what, painfully and generally it is — the direct opposite.

If a man or woman, in the loftier sense, is true to him or herself, it is impossible to be false to others, for self-respect is the first integer in a genuine man or womanhood.

But rampant empiricism prevails in all things — at least it did so in this writer's time. "I'm your friend and well-wisher!" Quack! quack! "I adore you!" Quack! "You're my idol, my life, my love, my all in all!" Quack! *quack!* QUACK!

The man who makes fun of love is an ass, and a wretch in the bargain; and a woman who does the same is weak in the upper story. How gleefully people read of the elopement of a wife and the breaking up of a family! yet let the same disaster happen to themselves, and who so hungry for commiseration and sympathy as they? — these very people who gayly grin at the misery of any wrecked heart and shattered home. Most of us remember the story current during the slavery-abolishing war. Those who have not heard, will here find the story just as cut from the columns of a newspaper. Says the scrap: —

"Those who are fond of a little life history are requested to read the following by 'Brick' Pomeroy. We rather imagine that Mr. Snicksnacker is not the only gentleman who might sing that song: —

" 'Who's pin here since Ish pin gone?'

"Hillflicker Snicksnacker, a Teutonic vender of sour krout, wooden combs, crude cabbage, striped mittens, cotton suspenders, and such 'little dings,' with true patriotic zeal, left his home in La Crosse at the commencement of the war, and enlisted as a slop grocery-keeper behind a sutler's tent on the Potomac. When he went away it was with the intention to make some monish if it took all summer, and nobly did he fight it out on his line. How he did it is best told as he related it to us on his return last week: —

"You see, Mr. Bumroy, der trum peets, und der call coomes to go to war mit arms. Ise de batriot so much as Sheneral Washburn or Sheneral Curtis, or Sheneral Butler or Sheneral Bangs, or any of dem men. So I puy some little dings, and

gets some bapers from de war committee, and goes mit ter poys ter pe batriots, and sell my little dings, und makes some monish. I kiss mine vrow five, nineteen dimes, und goes mit der war. I goes to Shambersburg, und makes much monish. Un day I poke mine window out mine head to hear der serenade und dink of some dings, when I see dat Shtonewall Shackson mit his troops und der pig prass pand coming down der street playing like ter tyfil on ter prass pand : —

“ ‘ Who’s pin here since Ish pin gone ? ’ ”

“ Dat Shtonewall Shackson is ter tyfil mit fightins, and I puts mine monish in mine bockets un mine little babers in mine pag, and I goes as quick as never vash to Gettysburg. Und dere I opens some more little shtore and sells some little dings. And von day I hears men ridin down ter street like dunder, und den I pokes ter winder under mine head and looks myself up ter shtreet, and der comes dat tyfil, Shtonewall Shackson, playing dat same odder tune as I heard before : —

“ ‘ Who’s pin here since Ish pin gone ? ’ ”

“ Den I makes mine monish gomes inter mine bockets, and makes mine pag gome inter mine babers, und puts mine sign on ter big shtore on de corner, so I lose more goods as I had not got, und dinks I go to Wisconsin to see mine vrow as I haint seen in dese two years, so long time as never vash.

“ Den I gomes home, and knoks un ter door, and mine vrow she makes talk and tells me, ‘ Who’s dar ? ’ ”

“ Den I say, ‘ Hillflicker Snicksnacker,’ und she knows dat is mine names, und she makes herself gome out of ter house, und give me nine, seven times kiss on my face so good as never vash.

“ Den, Mr. Bumroy, I looks mit mine eyes, und I sees some dings ! And so I ask mine vrow if she’s bin married since I go off to be batriot, und, if she no get married, why she makes so much grow when I be gone mit ter wars ? und I gets mad as

de tyfil, und den I tinks of dat tam Sheneral Sthonewall Shackson, and his pig prass pand, and I sings : —

“ ‘ Who’s pin here since Ish pin gone ? ’ ”

“ Und now, Mr. Bumroy, sompody makes trouble mit me, for Ise bin gone two years, und I knows some dings, und I goes back mit ter war, und I sings tat tam Sthonewall Shackson all ter way : —

“ ‘ Who’s pin here since Ish pin gone ? ’ ”

Well, that’s a “ very funny ” story — looked at by unfeeling eyes ; but no one with an ounce of genuine manhood can find it in his heart to laugh at any such infernal “ fun ” as that unquestionably is. And in reply to the poor man’s question : Some infamous scoundrel’s been there since you’ve been gone ! for none other but a lecherous wretch, an unmitigated and diabolic villain, would do an act so bestial and so mean as that ! and whoever is base enough to relish that sort of thing, and not feel like twisting the neck of such a sneaking rascal as destroyed the peace of an honest man, stole his wife’s honor, degraded his family, and sowed the prolific seeds of hell and murder on his hearth-stone, is not a genuine man, and deserves to be treated even worse than the poor Teuton was. All such “ fun ” as that, carries murder at its back, and he who thinks it witty and smart, either to laugh at or do such damnable things, is not a safe member of society, and ought to be proscribed from all circles in which decent people move !

It is astonishing how lax public morality is on the subject under discussion. Such things are unknown in oriental and even savage lands ; for there is an acknowledged sacredness of married life which is universally respected, because the known and accepted penalty of its invasion is — death — on the spot, or wherever the spoliator of a man’s home-side can be found. If society here recognized the same law, there would be a

sudden scarcity of villains such as ruined the peace of the unfortunate Tenton.

One terrible soul and hope-killing bane of woman's wedded life in these gormandizing, sensualizing days is to be compelled to respond, or appear to, without inclination, and to have inclination without response. This last ground is a source of great complaint by husbands — so-called ! — really it makes one laugh to hear that name applied to them ! — and yet these very grumblers seem unaware that it is their own fault fifteen hundred and fifty-nine times in every fifteen hundred and sixty cases. These very unwise *males* forget the sage adage, "Where there's a will there's a way" — and not *via* the doctor's shop or apothecary's either ! The way is plain, only that in the general pigness it is lost sight of nearly, if not quite, altogether.

This little rhythmical gem tells the true way after its own quaint fashion. Study it. It is the CHEMIST'S LOVE SONG : —

"Oh, come where the cyanides silently flow,
And the carburets droop o'er the oxides below ;
Where the rays of potassium lie white on the hill,
And the song of the silicate never is still.

Come, oh, come !

Tumti, tum, tum !

Peroxide of soda and urani-um !

"While alcohol is liquid at thirty degrees,
And no chemical change can effect manganese ;
While alkalies flourish and acids are free,
My heart shall be constant, sweet Polly, to thee !

Yes, to thee !

Fiddledum dee !

Zinc, boraz, and bismuth, and $\text{HO} + \text{C}$."

A husband's love, considerateness, delicacy, patience and restraint should exactly equal each other, and be pitched in the same lofty key ; nor, in his treatment of his wife should he ever lose sight of prudence, possibility, or the chain of second causes. A good chess-player never makes a move without a motive, and

very frequently sacrifices a present pleasure in view of future gain. Well, life — wedded life, especially — is a game of chess on the most tremendously imaginable scale ; for some of its moves are clear into eternity ; therefore it should be carefully played.

Gallant, chivalrous conduct on the part of most men comes to an untimely death three months after marriage, in far too many cases ; and the love exhibited is fitful, spasmodic, and comes oftener from oyster suppers than the sacred soul. Now no sensible woman likes that sort of thing. It isn't what she bargained for, and had a right to expect. She wants love right from the very core of his heart, right to the core of her own, and whatever it may fall short of that never fills the bill. Every woman wants, and to be herself, must have, not periodic, paroxysmally, wordy gab and boast, of how much he thinks of her, and all that sort of stereotyped stuff, but steady kindness, attention, caresses, love ; and when she's kissed by him does not half so well appreciate a sudden touch, and whiskered wipe, as she does that electric, *My God-ical!* sort, which leaps from his lips to the throne of her soul and wakens a marvellous music there! — something that thrills and tingles her very soul, and bathes her spirit in a dear delight, — a foretaste of the bliss ineffable, only to be realized in the far-off kingdoms of the starry worlds. Give her *that*, and she's every inch a queen.

Some husbands — so-called — ruin their own homes by their mean, low, and contemptible stinginess ; never give her a dollar except with a grunt and a groan, and then want to know just how it is, was, or may be, spent ; and yet that same man will treat his comrades, who don't care a snap for him, to ten times the amount she wants every week, without a solitary grumble. And yet he can't buy her love with any amount of money he may give her ; for, as expressions of affection, little presents tell a great deal better story than forty bank-notes. And yet the writer thinks the husband who plays bank-notes will seldom lose.

What woman needs most in these days is protection from the

secret and hidden, as well as the open, brutalities of husbandage. *That* she can only have from the man himself, who is only *man* when he protects her from himself; and he won't do that unless he really loves her.

Without a woman has love she is extremely liable to become morbid and restive, in which state she is exceedingly apt to *profess* attachment to her domestic lord; *manifest* it to some one else, — for money, — or other advantages; and *feel* it for a third one in reality, and for love!

As said already, a perfect marriage is a perfect fusion and interblending of two distinct individualities into one, neither of whom can ever be what they were previous thereto; because in this third state they so intermingle and become incorporated in every sense, as to even take each other's features; and they are, for all scientific purposes, emphatically a unit, a oneness conjugate, indissoluble in the flesh, and *more so* in the spirit, — exactly as was meant to be the case in the beginning.

Very few people there be who realize marriage in this celestial sense and degree; and when you find a pair who do, make a mark of it, for it is good for the eyesight; and yet there ought to be myriads of just such, ay, and can be — for the trying. Few realize that it actually takes two to make a complete one, and that the whole world is full to repletion of married pieces, rather less than halfnesses on the average.

Another chemist understood himself — and the subject — when he wrote to his sweetheart, saying: —

“ I love thee, Mary, and thou lovest me.

Our mutual flame is like the affinity
That doth exist between two simple bodies.

I am potassium to thy oxygen;

'Tis little that the holy marriage vow
Shall shortly make us one. That unity

Is, after all, but metaphysical.

Oh! would that I, my Mary, were an acid —
A living acid; thou an alkali

Endowed with human sense; that, brought together,

We might both coalesce into one salt,

One homogeneous crystal. Oh, that thou

Wert carbon, and myself hydrogen!
 We would unite to form olefiant gas,
 Or common coal or naphtha. Would to heaven
 That I were phosphorus and thou wert lime,
 And we of lime composed a phosphuret!
 I'd be content to be sulphuric acid,
 So that thou mightst be soda. In that case
 We should be Glauber's salt. Wert thou magnesia
 Instead, we'd form the salt that's named from Epsom.
 Couldst thou potassa be, I aquafortis,
 Our happy union should that compound form;
 Nitrate of potash — otherwise saltpetre,
 And thus, our several natures sweetly blent,
 We'd live and love together, until death
 Should decompose this fleshly Tertium Quid,
 Leaving our souls to all eternity
 Amalgamated! Sweet, thy name is Briggs,
 And mine is Johnson. Wherefore should not we
 Agree to form a Johnsonate of Briggs?"

Nothing whatever can happen without adequate producing causes; and, as said before, chemistry, in both its material and mental or metaphysical departments, is that universal cause; for it obtains of the social, domestic, mental, moral, affectional, amatory, as distinguished therefrom; and of the emotional and devotional worlds, quite as much as of the purely physical; for the affinities, sympathies, attractions, repulsions, and direct or oblique antipathies, are even more clearly drawn and marked in the hyper-material realm than they are in the more circumscribed domain of pure physics. A demonstrative case in point: If a woman marries a man, strong, forceful, full of varied energies, who afterward sinks or loses his *verve* and manness, a chemical change, and dynamic as well, takes place, of course, in him, and a corresponding one is wrought in her feelings toward the emasculant, the result and upshot of which is, that he can no more retain her *respect*, hence womanly affection, than a humpback whale can play *Belle Helene* on a jews-harp!

A newspaper scrap lying on the desk where this is written, says: "Woe to him who lacks energy in this age of push. He

is a pigmy among Samsons. The little life he has in him is sure to be trampled out. Onward is the word, and the vigorous marchers are pitiless. They time their steps to the quick beating of their own hearts, and keep moving while the pulse-throb lasts." Few will deny so plain a thing, because its truth is printed in its very face. It is doubly true of all that relates to marriage, so far as the abstract Woman is concerned; for beneath the individuality of every female there is a vein of what is common to the universal sex, — Womanity, to coin a phrase, — an *esprit du gendre*, nameless, but positive. A natural-born, or society-manufactured male imbecile, whether mental, moral, affectional, or physical, is the utter abomination of every true, or even half-woman on God's broad footstool; and she just as instinctively despises him, or rather *it*, as a robin-red-breast despises a snow-bird, or a San Francisco Gavroche does a heathen Chineese. It never was, and never will be, in any woman to love or respect anything that calls itself a man, but is so in appearance only. Men sometimes do, but a woman never did, and never will, take the will for the deed in any respect whatever. She hates a phantom man thoroughly and completely.

There's a great deal of difference between the prose and poetry of life; which fact is finely hit off in the subjoined morsels of genuine bosh and wit: —

"Our friend, David Barker, Esq.," says an Eastern paper, "who has produced some of the best poetry ever written by a Maine bard, pleased at a little incident that happened to his family (the first occurrence of the kind), gives vent to his feelings in the following imaginative piece: " —

"MY CHILD'S ORIGIN.

" One night, as old St. Peter slept,
He left the door of heaven ajar,
When through a little angel crept,
And came down with a falling star.

“ One summer, as the blessed beams
Of morn approached, my blushing bride
Awakened from some pleasing dreams,
And found that angel by her side.

“ God grant but this — I ask no more —
That when he leaves this world of pain,
He'll wing his way to that bright shore,
And find the door of heaven again.”

Whereupon some fellow of the practical sort, and without any imagination, and not possessing the “divine afflatus,” attempts to destroy the little illusion of David, as follows:—

“ST. PETER'S REPLY.

“ Full eighteen hundred years or more
I've kept my gate securely tyled,
There was no 'little angel' strayed,
Nor one been missing all the while.

“ I did not sleep, as you supposed,
Nor left the door of heaven ajar,
Nor has a 'little angel' left
And gone down with a falling star.

“ Go ask that 'blushing bride,' and see
If she don't frankly own and say
That when she found that angel babe,
She found it by the good old way.

“ God grant but this — I ask no more —
That should your number still enlarge,
That you will not do as before,
And lay it to old PETER's charge.”

CHAPTER XVII.

A FRIEND hands the following squib, in reference to the members of the strong-minded sisterhood:—

“When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
She has a remedy that’s jolly,
And she must take it in this way:

“Just let her purchase a revolver,
And load it with the greatest care
And the strong-minded will absolve her,
If she goes shooting then and there!”

And so would the writer—provided said revolver was not pointed at some male victim, but toward her mother’s only daughter—provided that mother’s daughter was sane, and not possessed of the devil, horns, hoofs and all, as well as of some disease.

They make a great mistake who imagine that when backs are clothed, shelter afforded, and stomachs supplied, the whole duty of man toward woman is accomplished; for it happens that souls, hearts, affections, need care and feeding as well; and that there are mental, social, moral, religious and esthetic appetites to be appeased, even more than those of mere physique.

For a sober man to get angry at a woman shows a weakness forthwith to be corrected. It is seldom, if ever justifiable, and causes a great deal of chronic grief and trouble. Woman’s temper, on the contrary, is something over which, by reason of her very sex, she has not always full control; hence husbands who do not want their firesides a continual war-camp should never allow temper to get the upper hand; if they do, there will be a perpetual wreck of saucers and a crash of plates, instead of peace and quietude. He should always keep cool when her

blood is up — that is, when the mysteries of her being craze her, and make her say and do things strange and wilful. She is to be pitied then, not blamed and foolishly quarrelled with. Forbear! It will pay! and above all never bother a woman when she is working, — and especially when *knitting feet for little stockings!* She will thank him for it — some day.

Those who love should not forget, as they do, wives as well as husbands, that there are times when absolute solitude and let-alone-ness is a great blessing, and when either his, or hers, or even an angel's presence is irksome, annoying, and we would give half the world to be unmolested even for one single hour. Kisses, fondlings, caresses, embraces, are dear and exquisite delights — in their proper time and place; but even these may be inopportune, — especially when a man is bowed down by some overwhelming trouble, some sudden and terrible up-burst of misfortune; and when a woman is passing along some of the dark crypts and corridors of mystery, while her soul is searching for something rare and hard to find, to incarnate in her baby's soul.

People should heed this, else both parties are liable to get the matrimonial ague, — a disease very prevalent in these days, and wherewith many shake off the marriage tie!

If a husband would but once consider what a woman has to go through, — the unutterable, racking, tearing, fearful agonies of childbirth, — he would never do aught to render her unhappy; while as for the unmarried villain who brings an innocent girl to that pass, and then refuses to right her, or who deserts her then, when she has proved her love and devotion to him, hell, if there be one, has no place too hot for him to be consigned to — for quite a spell — in summer time too — down below, and — well, enough on that point, except to say that no greater wretch lives, save only such as thrive by child-murder, and no punishment can be too great for such a wretch, or any one else who dares to thwart God's purposes by putting out the eyes of an immortal being, and keeping a human soul out of the world. Murder of an adult is awful, but the passionless slaying of an unborn child is a deed blacker than ever yet was forged by

devil brains in the deepest pit of Pandemonium. Just think of a puny wretch shaking his fist in God's face, by strangling a new-born baby, and saying to Deity, "Thus do I spoil thy labor and hurl eternal defiance in thy face!"

But there are those in the world who persuade themselves that the sin of child-murder, before birth, is a venial one. But these people must stand before the Infinite—ay! before their own consciences,—over there—beyond the darkly-rolling river, and will meet the pale, phantom train of victims of those "harmless murders,"—for every one of them, even if slain eight months and twenty-nine days before the due season of its birth, IS A HUMAN BEING,—its destruction Murder!—will just as surely be there to fling back the foul deed upon its slayer, as that Eternal Justice rules and reigns! This is God's Eternal Law!

Some while ago the present author, in a previous work, quoted the essence of Madame George Sands' (in "Consuelo") phillipic against,—not marriage, but the method of its celebration; to the effect that hearts that love need no rite or ring to bind. That opinion will *not* appear in the next edition of the book containing it, for although it is in some sense true, yet society has rights, as well as individuals, which, taking precedence of these latter, are, for the good of the consolidarity, bound to be respected; and no marriage is really such if these saving rules are not fairly, squarely, and openly complied with.

If a man or woman takes advantage of a lapse or legal quibble, it shows them to be dishonest at heart, and that they have no intention to be bound by the mock ceremonial they have gone through; nor any respect for the divine relation they so outrageously burlesque. "Mediumistic" marriages; "passional-attraction" marriages; or any other performance of the rite aside from such as general society has, of its own free choice, established and ordained. As to the numerous spiritualistic marriages,—which ignore all license and publicity,—they are immoral, and therefore void, and to be held in even deeper abhorrence and contempt than the shameless liaisons

which disgrace our cities, and dot the entire land with plague spots and leprosy.

Marriage was not made for man so much as man was made for marriage, because in it only can he be very man ; but outside of it he is but an apprentice thereto, just as a woman falls short of fulfilling her lot until inside of marriage she has known the deathless love of young, and felt the milk pains tugging at the gate of her soul to let in new floods of glory from God in the eternal heavens.

The holy desire for it you may not repress, you must not stifle, you shall not impede, restrict, or hinder under heavy penalties exactable hereafter in other worlds than this. No matter how, in view of special interests, such judgment may oppose it in a given case ; to do it is wrong, and all the deeper, if the hearts concerned are loving ones, and their happiness demands it. It is the voice of God from the deeps of human nature, and ought always to be listened to and obeyed ; while he or she who pass willingly into celibate graves disobey the highest command of the Eternal One.

As to who shall, or who shall not, perform the rite, there is a wide difference of opinion. Such persons as merely take each other without a legal or religious form are faulty, and look on marriage as a limited partnership. They are but "respectable" social brigands ; for if they refuse to be governed by, and comply with, the laws and courtesies society has established in behalf of its own life and order, they are dishonest at heart, and have no right to the respect of civilized people.

The following letter has been kindly furnished us by a friend, who, having had deep experiences himself, has watched the growth of these pages from day to day. It is one of a series of letters which resulted in one of the happiest marital unions that ever blessed two honest souls who dared to win each other by open avowals of a sin-stained past, instead of the senseless and fatal deceptions which lead so often to marriages, which, built as they are, upon the sands, have so sudden and such fearful tumblings. See! arise, like a Phoenix from the ashes, A SOUL, as the baptismal of confession slowly but

surely washes away the grime of error and sin—word by word, torn from the dark but not forgotten past, out it comes, and a soul that dared be true stands saved before you.

“DEAR SIR: If I failed to make myself understood in my former answer, this shall be more explicit. And, first, let me drop all cold formalities, for a letter like yours, from a heart to a heart, must be answered by a heart.

“You offer me sympathy, what I prize more than all the world beside,—now that I am desolé,—for which I have searched in vain all my life; and, by my own soul, I know yours is as true as love and God can make it. I have felt the clasping of the arms of one whom I loved. Yet how my heart quivers as I kiss your pictured face; but I do not love you, or, at least, as I must before I am anything more to you than I am now, unseen, as we both are, to each other. Before I could give my heart to you entirely, you must become so dear that no pain can touch your soul or being that would not rack my own, that your life, your happiness can at any moment command the sacrifice of mine; no joy in life in which you do not share, and fire-walled hell better with your presence, than golden-gated paradise without.

“You say you do not care about my past. I could not conceal it from you and be myself; and, when you know all, should you then say ‘It cannot be,’ I will say, God bless you, for you must be right.

“I shudder when I look into the past, for a love, that seemed almost divine, lies there dead and buried so deep that it cannot be resurrected; yet, between me and every hope of the future its hideous ghost forever rises; in life and death ’twill be graven on the tablets of my heart in characters that I fear can never be effaced. Let me tell you in the briefest possible space: at an early age I became acquainted with a man who *claimed* to believe, in regard to marriage, what you and I and society do not believe. We pledged ourselves in secret; and, for more than two years, I sustained the relation of a wife without the name. *It did not satisfy me*; but it was his wish, and I yielded

trustingly yet timidly. At the end of that time came *desertion*, as I might have expected. But for years I could not, would not see his baseness, clung fondly to his memory until I received positive proof of his moral bankruptcy. Then love died a sudden but violent death, for I could not love where I could not esteem. Self-reproach drove me almost to the verge of madness. If there had been left anything worthy of regard, I could have borne it far better. You know the world does not deal lightly with such, and my case certainly has not been an exception. Fifteen years have passed by, and no word of explanation have I ever before uttered. If the sin was mine, so was the suffering, and I allowed no one to question me. But this has forever barred me from that love which alone can make me happy. Knowing all, as you now do, I am thine, or still the child of fate, unloved, yet patient with God's help."

Now, what should be done with the thing that dares to call itself a man, yet does a deed like that? Lure an *innocent girl* to ruin! — thank God, he failed! — but tried to, under the plea of heavenly marriage, without a ceremonial, being just as good as the open, legal rite, and then claims kindred with honest and honorable men! Bah! the chain-gang and State-prisons hold scores of far more worthy beings; and yet this very system of moral ruin is, in these days, held up as *the* one to reform society. Were all the unthinking victims of such sophistry as strong and self-helpful as was the writer of that letter, not so much harm would come; but alas! where one like her is saved, five hundred sink to irremediable ruin!

What wedded people, and especially wedded talent or genius, on the male part, and *every* woman, having the least refinement, needs, is patience and forbearance. A woman cannot expect her talented husband to be at all times in the honeyed mood; for, if he have a strong, original brain, to be always on a dead level, like a machine, is utterly out of the question. God never gives! He always sells, and the price of mental power, genius, is periodical wretchedness too vast and acute to be understood easily by other than the sufferer, who, at such times,

just like a woman at peculiar epochs, is as full of quirks, turns, caprices and unevennesses of conduct and character as an egg is full of meat. God pity all such! for the price *they* have to pay for what of power is vouchsafed them is fearful indeed! Wives should try to allow something on that score; and husbands try to be as little offish, angular and disagreeable as possible. Reverse the cases, and the same laws obtain, with this addition, that the gifted wife has the same terrible ordeal to go through, and the same dreadful price to pay, besides the earthquakes and periodical upheavals incident to her sex. However much may be done on both sides or either, to mitigate the evils of organization, by rules of art, — determined and persistent effort to overcome and subdue these idiosyncrasies, with mental and moral exercise persisted in, will, in time, produce chemico-vital and dynamic constitutional changes quite favorable to something like self-equipoise, if not to radical out and out sainthood, — which no reasonable person can expect; or if they do, will speedily undergo the process of disenchantment in that regard.

Such couples, — and they abound, — where one party is all brains, and the other innocent of too great weight thereof, are apt to lead zigzag lives, and run to seasons of continence and its exhaustive opposites, on the principle of orbital periodicity; the consequence of which is, some one is unmanned, unwomaned, exhausted, demoralized, physically, mentally, morally; and, by and by chronic cursedness of temper sets in, the moral and intellectual backbone is broken, or permanently shaken, at the least, self-reliant personality and mental stamina, genuine fixedness of mind and purpose wax regularly, almost systematically less, to say nothing on the score of morals, secret or open.

The woman suffers additionally in such cases, and shows it unmistakably in person, gait, manner, impatience, the sulks, blues, querulousness and the fidgets; besides a whole catalogue of head, back, breast and heart aches, pains, qualms — *except of conscience!* — caprices, whims, longings, palpitations, and a numerous list of ills beside. If there were perfect mutuality and response, even in these morbidities, it would not be so bad,

but there is not; for when one party is all right and straight, the other is sure to be all wrong and crooked. When she is agreeable, he is not; and when he is a lamb, she is apt to be tigress like; the consequence of which is a continual odor of sulphur, and sulphur engenders dislike, and *that* is cousin-german to the pit itself: —

There is no hate like love to hatred turned;
Hell hath no gorgon like a love when spurned!

and chemical exhaustion is the cause of a great deal of spurning, refusals, entreatings, “I wont’s,” and “*damn you’s*,” by reason of the chronic passional inflammation begotten of too great devotion at the shrine of the priapic god, solely and alone.

But suppose patience to be a virtue already cultivated, still it is certain that even that of an arch-seraph will wear out and become *non est* under incessant friction, and none so bad as passion; and one of the parties is sure to fly off at a tangent, and unless love calls the wanderer back, is very likely to stay flown. Here we may remark, *en passant*, that a great many men, and some women, are utterly senseless and stupid, judging with what nonchalant ease they go to work to destroy a husband’s or a wife’s true love, — to kill it outright and stone dead, by some insensate caprice, whim, or folly, of which they are fully aware at the time, yet insist upon doing till affection is strangled, love leaves forever, and two lives are utterly blasted and ruined; and the prime cause, nine times in ten, is nothing else than senseless conduct on the husband’s part — generally — but not always.

A singular thing may be mentioned here, which is, that persons wholly free from abuses of the love-nature, in *all* respects, are proof against malaria to a wonderful degree; and if attacked, recover in nine cases out of ten, whether the decimating scourge be cholera, yellow fever, ague or the pustular diseases! They will rise above them victoriously with constitutions not at all impaired; whereas those of contrary habits of life are swept away

by thousands, and the few who do recover, ever afterward plod through life with shattered health and disordered stomachs, lungs, kidneys, liver or nerves; and frequently the entire system remains but a wreck of what it once was, and might have been still, but for their neglect of that wise old saw which declares that "wilful waste makes woful want!" More than that,—the debauchee develops or engenders a condition of body which renders that body the natural breeding ground and habitat, not only of the known four and twenty entozoic parasites which infest and feed upon human vitals while the victims still live, but of numerous others also, peculiar only to such as are drained of vital force through excess or perversion; besides some others still, which ordinarily do not come to active life till after death and burial.

Lowenbeck tells of an insect seen with the microscope, of which twenty-seven would only equal a mite. Insects of various kinds may be seen in the cavities of a common grain of sand. Mould is a forest of beautiful trees, with the branches, leaves, flowers and fruit. Butterflies are fully-feathered. Hairs are hollow tubes. The surface of our bodies is covered with scales like fish; a single grain of sand would cover one hundred and fifty of these scales, and yet a single scale covers five hundred pores. Through these narrow openings the sweat forces itself like water through a sieve. The mites make five hundred steps a second. Each drop of stagnant water contains a world of animated beings, swimming with as much liberty as whales in the sea. Each leaf has a colony of insects grazing on it, like oxen on a meadow.

The life of man overtops that of all else living when normal and true; and all things yield life that man may continue king of the world; but for this very reason, when other forms of life have a chance to prey on him, they rush to the feast with terrible earnestness and avidity. Bedbugs, mosquitoes, flies,—all leave other prey to fasten on man; and the alligators in the bayous, and tigers in the jungle, alike forsake all other prey to fasten upon the royal king, man, when chance or accident throws their common enemy within their reach; because he lives

on higher food, and develops finer juices ; wherefore he is a great deal better eating, and his flesh—to them—a great deal sweeter. Fancy an old tiger or crocodile sending out their cards of invitation to their respective friends, with “A fine old philosopher, *raw*. Sun-broiled young lady. Fresh baby. A nice young wife, etc., etc.” Are there any human alligators?

Still another dreadful fact. The debauchee, having become exhausted and demagnetic, affords the electric and other conditions exactly adapted, in the case of the male, to engender within the reinal system of glands, uncountable billions of an infinitely minute microscopical animalculæ, — the *acari spermatici*, — which, originating in ganglionic centres, finally swarm in dreadful multitudes throughout the body ; living upon the nervous life of the victim, inducing a chronic coldness of the cuticular surface, and a quenchless inflammation in the *special organic structures mainly involved*, and including every department and tissue thereof. The same type, but a variation from that self-same *acarus*, finds life and baleful action in the body of the female debauchee, — but, strange to say, much more frequently in wives than in open courtesans! — by reason of a more frequent and liberal use of the bath — in every respect whatever.

In both cases they occasion by their presence an almost unbearable paroxysmal *furor*, occurring with remarkable precision in regular periods.

It is needless to state that, even as mosquitoes will drive the holiest saint to absolute madness and blasphemous expressions, — for the writer once actually heard a very reverend minister of the gospel distinctly say “God damn,” under the impelling influence of a mosquito cloud in a Louisiana swamp, — even so these *acari*, and not the fall of Adam, are responsible for a great many breakages of the seventh commandment, albeit proof of the same is not yet valid in our courts. This form of unsuspected disease is not uncommon ; and is transmissible through contact, just as is the itch, which is also an animalcular disease.

Thousands, not to say millions, have wondered why Napoleon

III. — one of the ablest men on earth — so suddenly sunk to almost civil and military imbecility combined, shortly after the last *plebiscitum*, firmly establishing him and his dynasty on the throne of France; and immediately preceding the awful Franco-Prussian, and subsequent Communal wars. But the true reasons are clear and plain to the eye of science. He had been in nearly every sense a *bon vivant* and unscrupulous debauchee; and, despite his immense brain and knowledge, a very foolish one at that; because from his fifteenth year he had been accustomed to give a loose rein to every appetite and passion, except solitary vice, whose demoralizing power is worse and greater than all the rest combined. Of that he was free. His constitution was strong as chilled iron, just like Verhuier's, his father's, before him; else his excesses had been utterly ruinous long before his final fall. As it was, he withstood the six ravages of wine, women, absynthe, the pope, the flesh and the devil, till the very last moment. The truth is, that Napoleon's body was a swarming mass, first of semi-latent, semi-active feculence, whereof syphilis was an element; and secondly, of myriad hosts of minute animalculæ, — nervous parasites, abounding in bones, joints, muscles, skin, liver, spleen, heart, lungs, brain, — all over, and everywhere, — creatures so small that Lowenbeck's mites are elephants in comparison! yet so very voracious and ravenous that, give them time, and they will destroy the strongest, proudest, largest man that ever breathed on earth, provided that man is magnetically and electrically demoralized, as Napoleon was; for it is only in such bodies they can live or thrive at all. Vultures are only attracted by carrion. Let it not be forgotten that children inherit the evils of their parents; nor that Bonaparte III. came into this world doubly-cursed in his tendencies, longings, and insatiable thirsts and appetites; and then the reader will see good causes for the to him disastrous, to man beneficial results that followed on the path of these tiny little worms.

During the Franco-Prussian war, a correspondent of the *New York Tribune* wrote to the effect that Napoleon's previous ill-health clung to him still, and then gave the following account

of one form of the malady that afflicted him, — all of which were caused, primarily, by his excesses, and secondarily, by the parasites alluded to. Said the correspondent, speaking of an examination of the case, by the ablest physicians on the globe : —

“ This analysis is the work of a distinguished Parisian physician, who has skilfully grouped the scattered details, and by scientific deduction has succeeded in producing a diagnosis, the truth of which has startled the profoundly affected Imperialists : —

“ The mother of Napoleon III., Hortense de Beauharnais, died of an internal cancer, and from her the Emperor received this sad heritage. She was of a lymphatico-nervous temperament, and it is well known that this temperament becomes the source of serious maladies, especially when excesses of various kinds have in the course of life enfeebled the constitution. The physical sufferings of the Emperor date from an early period. Before the *coup d'état* of '51 they had assumed an alarming character, and had taken the form of fits, more or less violent, of sciatic neuralgia, whose origin was attributed, not without cause, to irritation of the spine. Rumors circulated among the more intimate personal attendants and friends of Prince Louis, that these attacks manifested themselves sometimes in a manner to cause the greatest uneasiness, leaving a general prostration of the nervous system as the result. After the *coup d'état* these indications became still more painful, and in 1852, on the occasion of the visit of Napoleon to the Grand-Duchess of Baden, during the night which preceded a review, he was seized with a neuralgic attack, which rendered impossible the least movement of his limbs, and would necessarily have prevented his appearance at the review. Not wishing to disturb any one in the palace, nor to miss the review, and not even desiring to inform his attendants of his sufferings, he determined to remove them without extraneous help. Against these attacks he had often employed with success a blister and a running cauterization along the line of the affected nerve. He now prepared a blister in the following fashion : He lighted a wax candle, and applied the burning flame all along the suffering nerve, sparing himself so little that at several places the flesh was painfully burned. The remedy had the desired result, and the next day, notwithstanding the pain from the burns, he mounted his horse and took part in the review.

“ But a time arrived when blisters, cauterizations, and other remedies united, produced no longer any effect. Their action failed before the force and progress of the malady. Then hydropathy was tried. The new treatment succeeded for some time, and delivered the patient from a dyspepsia which had come to complicate affairs. This relative good health continued up to 1860. Until then no appreciable trace of disease revealed itself in

the genito-urinary organs, beyond the fact that they were torpid and required sometimes to be artificially excited. But in 1860 new symptoms appeared, and concentrated themselves principally on this point. Some physicians feared the development of diabetes; others, the stone or the gravel. At this stage the illustrious sufferer was sent to drink the waters of Vichy.

"A serious retention of urine here seized him, but succumbed to numerous operations. Violent hemorrhages nearly always followed these operations, and manifested themselves often even without apparent cause. These attacks greatly enfeebled the Emperor's constitution; the operations were sometimes followed by syncope, and urethral fever declared itself and gave way only under arsenical treatment. At this moment the retention appears to be fixed; the catheter is frequently necessary, and an obstinate sleeplessness often troubles the patient, with occasional painful attacks of hiccuping.

"After a serious examination of the diverse manifestations of the Emperor's disease, men of science have rejected the idea of any rheumatic affection, and have agreed that the malady is a distention of the prostate gland and a varicose swelling or fungus of the bladder. This disorder only shows itself at intervals, increases with age, and is aggravated by moral and atmospheric causes.' The consequences of the disease are very grave, thus: all diseases of the genito-urinary organs—the stone perhaps excepted—attack the brain, that is to say, they affect the moral and intellectual faculties.

"The temper of the patient becomes sombre, suspicious, peevish, pusillanimous; men and things appear under a sinister aspect; the will becomes weak, and is subject to the most contradictory changes; a project formed is immediately abandoned for another not any more durable; a decision is hardly ever finally and frankly made; there are always mental reservations, cunning replaces boldness, a feverish irritation takes the place of calmness, the real proportion of objects and events are exaggerated, and one is always ready to employ against a reed the force necessary to uproot an oak. When a man has been afflicted eight years by a fungus of the bladder, whose progress his physicians have been unable to arrest, his days are numbered. After eight years of treatment the disease, aggravated by age, is nothing more than a series of relapses, each one more serious than the last, and of intermissions of convalescence each one less and less reassuring. His hour will come, not perhaps to-morrow, but in a day not far distant."

There's not the slightest doubt that the war between France and Prussia; the war of Parties in Spain; the war between Spain and Cuba, and all the rest growing out of them, originated

in identical causes. Napoleon, we know, was put in a warlike mood by the state of his organic viscera; while all the world is aware that there would have been no war had there been no vacancy of the Spanish throne; there would have been no vacancy of that throne had not Isabella been turned out for amatory and passionai indecency, which the Grandees of Spain could not and would not endure; she would not have been thus indiscreet in her amours, had she not been diseased, — probably with the parasites mentioned, which parasites rendered her in certain respects completely insane; and she took *Marfori*, a soldier, raised him to the highest rank, as said before, — and lo! the consequences, — almost a world in arms, and hundreds of thousands of men ruthlessly slaughtered! Verily there is a concupiscent devil abroad in the world!

One of the greatest preservatives of conjugal love and its accompanying happiness, and one which men in the under and middle layers of modern society are altogether too prone to either neglect or lose sight of as a general thing, is a careful foresight and providence for the future, and without which a great many couples are on the high road to disagreements, which gradually unravel the chords of sympathy, and are very likely to end in a permanent fracture and disseverance of the real tie between them; for no woman with common sense but will shudder at the dismal prospect of an unprovided widowhood, which may be hers any day in the year, from a myriad of seemingly fortuitous circumstances, wherewith all human life is environed. However much couples may cling to each other in an external observance of their union, they will cling still closer if the probability of future penury is wholly removed; for, say what you will, one of the prime sources of very great trouble of wedded life is the untamable fear and dread of the threatened visit of the gorgon *WANT*, — an invisible character, but one whose lash is felt alike on soul, spirit and body, — for he is the universal horror of the whole race of man, and is guilty of more crimes, and has tampered successfully with the honor, integrity, peace, welfare and virtue of more human souls, than any other

one thing beneath the smiling heaven. By him alone, and single-handed, more men have become thieves, liars, robbers, swindlers, drunkards, cheats, gamblers, forgers, and murderers, and more girls have bartered off their purity, more wives fallen, than under the influence of any other power on the globe. Let but his presence be keenly felt in a family, and there's a chronic trouble in every nook and corner of the otherwise happy and contented household. It is a drop of bitter gall in life's sweetest cup; a veiled horror at every meal, poisoning each mouthful taken, and mantling every brow with a leaden pall. Its presence is a perpetual unrest; a fever which unstrings every muscle of mind and body; or a freezing breath congealing every spring of life; and all the more if, besides the parents, there are children exposed to its relentless scourgings. It suggests robbery to the impoverished father, and whispers dishonor to mother and daughter alike; while under its lash sons forget themselves, and jails and poor-houses flourish apace. It delights in thinning churches and replenishing brothels. It is the father of crime, the instigator of all sorts of wrong; the patron of wretchedness, builder of state-prisons; and it strewns the floors of hell itself with the haggard forms of myriad victims, and stabs love dead with daggers of ice! Husbands, husbands, provide for the future! Wives, wives, learn the good lesson—economy!

This gorgon can be banished by the trying, — by firm reliance on the better selfhood, and on God, the far-off yet near-at-hand Supreme, some of whose ways are *not* past finding out, — for one of them is to help him who tries to help himself, as well in financial as in any and every other sort of matter.

If God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, you may depend that the lamb himself is by no means idle, and takes most excellent care not to leave the whole business to the Protector, for his lambship has an abiding faith in the efficacy of good grass and well-cured hay; and as for clear water, why, he is a perfect connoisseur, fully comprehending one branch of chemistry, and who occupies most of his time between bucking, running, frisking and jumping bouts, in converting the grass and hay aforesaid

into excellent mutton cutlets, layers of beautiful white fat and sundry pounds of good white fine wool for winter wear.

If we earnestly try to make life what it ought to be, if our hearts are truly human, we can nestle closer and farther in the heart of God, whom bigot fools and free-love knaves search for in vain, and deny! and we can realize a deeper and strangely mystic, but gratifying Providence, altogether above and beyond any that cold and icy "philosophy" recognizes or material science can account for. And when the soul is tensioned up and awake, we can sense the play of the divine fingers, feel the Hand upholding us, and our ears, if we but listen well, can catch the echoing music of the far-off Heaven; but then it is only when fierce and terrible storms have swept the soul with hurricanes of fire, that we are prepared to listen, and to expect, therefore receive the aid of that lofty MIGHT, which, in such tribulation hours, even the most heady and sceptical of us all are compelled to reverence, acknowledge and adore.

He alone, and no power beneath Him, can supply our greatest needs, give us courage to bear up against the heavy pressure, and to face the cold and bitter blasts which chill and freeze the very marrow of our souls.

The writer of this has proved God, and found him ever true! He cannot say the same of any human being, save his mother. All others, when weighed in the scales which alone adversity furnishes, have been found wanting, save only in the case of two men! — God bless and prosper them! — Isaac B. Rich, of Boston, and John F. Kapp, of Sunbury, Pennsylvania, the only two on the broad earth who ever did the writer of this a disinterested favor in his hour of need. Despair and death had long since been his had not his hopes been fast anchored in the Eternal Heart, and ruin had come had not He averted it. He *never* distrusted God! and at night, throwing himself in his mother — Nature's — sweet arms, and reclining his head on God's bosom, says: "Parents, protect and take care of thy wayward son, for lo! are not all the philosophers, critics, editors, and *other simulacra*, together with the world, the flesh, and the devil, against him, spilling his drink, and soiling his food? Protect thou him

from all evil, the liars and the lies ; the hatred, malice, and slander of the weak ones, who perhaps know no better !” And his Father and Mother hear and answer, and he relies on THEM !

Well, what is the result? Why, as a general thing the HIDDEN HAND has sustained him in the battle against fearful odds and deadly foes — mainly in the guise of love and friendliness ! and the road of life has not been altogether scoriac or unpleasant ; for beautiful spots of rare, rich greenery, spangled with many a daisy eye, have gladdened him here and there all the way along, even though every step of the way was straight up-hill and against the wind and tide, and all the storms blowing squarely and fairly at his head ! God, after all, *is* a great power, and faith in him *is* a perfectly safe and sure investment !

But, to resume the thread of thought. Generally accompanying poverty, or attendant upon the fear of it, and which, so far as the perpetuity of domestic love is concerned, and which is an equally great curse, is the periodical fits of right-down anger, and which is the rule rather than the exception in most families, but especially in those where one of the parties to the marital compact monopolizes all the brains, or sets out to do so, justly or not. No man likes to be constantly reminded that his brains are poorer in quantity or quality than those of his wife, even if she be his “better half ;” and but few women, on the other hand, can brook being given to understand that all she’s worth is to dress, cook, drudge, and replenish the earth, by stress of unwilling maternity perhaps ; for really her mission, however poor a wife she may be, is immensely more than either or all these combined ; and if one of those perpetually growling husbands could but pass a year or two away from woman’s charming society, or dwell among females of the genuine barbaric type and order, where mere sex and nursing is all in all, so far as she is concerned he would, undoubtedly, very soon learn how to appreciate, value, and, consequently, how to treat the woman who, whatever may be her minor faults, does not hesitate, for his sake, to constantly sacrifice herself in a hundred ways, and who runs scores of risks of her life, and health, and

happiness, to be a wife to him, and gratify the man of her choice. Think of this, my gay man; study that, O woman!

Fits of temper, anger, moodiness, waywardness, and the glums, are all foes of love and loving, when met in the same spirit for which and the fear of want there is a perfect cure; and that cure lies in following this bit of advice to every married man, and also to every lover: KEEP YOUR TEMPER, AND GET YOUR LIFE INSURED! for a paid-up life-and-accident policy in a family is a perpetual peace-maker, joy-bringer, pleasure-spreader, hope-cultivator!—a bank of more than “national” security! It is an ever-current, never-protested note; a non-discounted cheque on the bank of affection; a buyer of the right kind of well-seasoned kisses, and the tenderest and most *meaning* embraces, right straight from the heart; and, lover and husband, pray *don't* forget that there's a mighty sight of difference between the kiss or embrace of a woman who, when she gives either, does so because she can't help it, and because it does her good to lavish her love upon you; and that of another one who, when *she* condescends, merely does so for form's sake, and because it's the custom of marriage land. With a life-insurance document safe in the bureau drawer, a married man has Christmas, St. Patrick's day in the morning, and the Fourth of July all the year round; besides having an ever-present, never-lying remembrancer that it is not all of life to live for self alone, nor all of death to die on his own account; and that bit of paper, with two or three great red splotches of wax, and half-a-dozen spidery looking signatures, is much more than it seems to be; for not only is it an assurance against want in the times to come, but besides is an unmistakable demonstration, alike patent to men, angels, and God, of a love grand, pure, sweet, deep, sincere and holy; conjugal, paternal, *so* good, *so* true, making all *so* glad; a proof so great that it actually—in importance, and the momentous consequences hinging upon it—outweighs any other single thing or act a man can possibly do by way of proving to his wife and children that he really means, as well as says, “*I LOVE you!*” May Heaven eternally bless the man who first invented life

insurance! It is the bounden duty of any man, old or young, rich or poor, dark or fair, to attend to this first prime duty of every one who has others leaning on him for comfort and support, because there's no telling how soon death may come, or present wealth take unto itself wings and fly away.

A true man, if single, should do it for the sake of those he may thereafter join his life with; and a thoughtful married man would as soon think of exposing those he loves to the pitiless storms of wintry days, naked, barefoot, and ahungred for bread, as to risk, in these days of financial cataclyms, and monetary earthquakes, their chances of poverty, and gaunt, grim want, when he should be gathered to his fathers, and gone away on the breast of the ether to his last and far-off home, by neglecting, even for a single day, if, in his power, by hook or by crook to do it, this one great paramount duty of duties, supreme above all others, the procurement, first of a life, and then of an accident policy of insurance. Again we say, because deeply felt, God bless him, whoever he was, who first invented LIFE insurance!



CHAPTER XVIII.

A LAWYER once fell in love,—during an honest fit,—and, in the exuberance of his new sensations — both of them — indited an ODE to Spring,—instead of indicting some poor devil with an exhausted exchequer, who owed him, or some one else. Said he:—

“Whereas, on certain boughs and sprays,
Now divers birds are heard to sing,
And sundry flowers their heads upraise.
Hail to the coming on of Spring!

“The songs of those said birds arouse
The memory of our youthful hours,
As green as those said sprays and boughs,
As fresh and sweet as those said flowers.

“ The birds aforesaid — happy pairs! —
Love 'mid the aforesaid bowers enshrines
In freehold nests : themselves, their heirs,
Administrators and assigns.

“ Oh, busiest term of Cupid's court!
Where tender plaintiffs actions bring —
Season of frolic and of sport!
Hail, as aforesaid, coming Spring!”

But, alas for the poetry of love, even in bird-life, for they quarrel and fight as regularly as the days come round ; and only on the highlands of the human kingdom can love really be what it ought. At present the Spring of love and married life too often turns into the roughest kind of a Winter of chronic discontent. All, all for want of a little practical self-culture, and yieldingness of disposition from each to other.

The poet who wrote the following lines was close upon the right : —

- “ Great truths are dearly bought. The common truth
Such as men give and take from day to day,
Comes in the common walks of daily life,
Blown by the careless wind across our way.
- “ Bought in the market at the current price,
Bred of the smile, the jest, perchance the bowl,
It tells no tales of daring or of worth,
Nor peers beneath the surface of the soul.
- “ Great truths are dearly won — not formed by chance,
Nor wafted on the breath of summer dream ;
But grasped in the great struggle of the soul,
Hard buffeting with adverse wind and stream.
- “ Not in the general mart, 'mid corn and wine ;
Not in the merchandise of gold and gems ;
Not in the world's gay hall of midnight mirth ;
Nor mid the blaze of regal diadems ;
- “ But in the day of conflict, fear and grief,
When the strong hand of God, put forth in might,
Ploughs up the subsoil of the stagnant heart,
And brings the imprisoned truth-seeds to the light ;

“ Wrung from the troubled spirit in hard hours
Of weakness, solitude, perchance of pain —
Truth springs like harvest from the well-ploughed field,
And the soul feels it has not wept in vain.”

Of all the hard truths to discover and go by steadily when found, the hardest is: THAT NO self-seeking person can possibly be happy! Joy, to be real, must be reflected back upon us from some one in whom we have first kindled the fire that love feeds on; or to whom we have freely given that better manna whose office is to fatten souls, and clarify the conscience.

Love, in the higher, deeper, broader sense, is most undoubtedly an essence of the soul *per se*; but as times go, and men and women are, as at present, so very imperfectly organized, faultily made up, semi-refined, — for but few men are really civilized below their chins, and only a few women in the masses are rounded out, full and complete in the really womanly character, — a very common mesmeric infatuation takes its place, and passes current as the genuine quality. How can it well be otherwise in these days, wherein the finest student at his desk, or the leading belle in the circles of the *haut ton*, are both compounded of bad food and worse air, built up day by day, and year by year, with and by the blood and flesh of abused and murdered beasts, — for not one animal in a thousand but meets its death in agonies of *mental* horror! Penned up for weeks together in sight and smell of the gory shambles, until its very horror is crystallized in every ounce of its flesh, — intended for, and consumed as, human food! There is not a legislature in this country, but whose first and supreme duty is to see that no beast shall ever know, till the blow falls, that death awaits it; and then our meat will not at the same time nourish our bodies, half poison our blood, and wholly demoralize our natures. For as an ox dies, so will be the effect of its flesh on all who eat it. France understands this thing perfectly.

It will pay any one to be careful of their diet — as to the quality of bird, fowl, beast or fish; and to avoid all lowly-organized food, as well as in the matter of cookery; for whoever handles our food should be our well-wisher and friend; else, if

they hate us, their malificent magnetism poisons every mouthful we partake of, — which is just why Solomon said, “Better is a dinner of potherbs where love is, than a feast of stalled oxen where hatred reigns,” — or to that direct effect; for whatever affects our bodies acts straight upon our souls.

Whatever may be love's foundation and root, certain it is that its play is at least half sensuous. Now, by this term is *not* meant that its manifestation and action is wholly, or even in great part, *always* toward the sex instinct; but that that element is very seldom entirely absent therefrom; and that it is *generally* sensuous, nervous, electric, magnetic, and, lastly ethereal. Perhaps this latter had better be defined and illustrated. It shall be done.

A person sees another, imperfectly, yet that glimpse proves very disquieting, even though no word was spoken. The effect was ethereal, — purely, — that is to say, the smitten one has suddenly, instantaneously, been pervaded, and filled up with the ethereal aura or nerve-sphere emanating or radiating from the combined soul, mind and body of the other, which halo, to a greater or less extent, surrounds us all. Now whoever *wills* to do so can prevent the nervous impressionability to said spheres, and if girls and wives would but exercise that repellant force of will, the seducing gentry would speedily find their occupation gone; for, as said already, a woman is perfectly safe so long as she resists the subtle action of this pervasive sphere or aura; and no woman on earth is safe who allows it to pervade her body; for it is a part of him whoever he may be, and if he gets *that* advantage, she is lost, unless his honor or an accident rescues her from the peril!

But, on the other hand, whoever exhausts this ether of their own act commits slow but certain suicide; for when *that* is gone life and power too are on swift pinions fleeing far away; hence to preserve and re-establish it when wasted, is the true end and aim of a manly, womanly life. While we have it, people love us; when it is gone, they drop off from us like summer hail from slaten roofs. Health, as a general thing, will preserve this ether, and the power it implies, as well as that of its generation

and evolution, to a very late period of life. And those who do so are young at ninety years; like Aspasia, or Ninon de L'Enclos, — or thousands of young-old people whom we all know; whereas a young man in years is old in fact, from the moment his body refuses to manufacture this potent *vif*, this essential life of human kind.

Just as long as a man or woman are true to each other their respective ethereal spheres commingle and blend, and both are supremely blest and happy; but let either of them, no matter how secretly, — and *some* married people have very shady ways, — even *once* step aside, and allow the corresponding sphere of another to mingle with their own, then their own is sure to absorb some of that other's, and then when the husband or wife brings it home, there is no longer a perfect fusion between the twain, for the foreign ingredient is there to tell God's truth, and prove some one false and a liar, in spite of all wordy protestations of innocence! God never lies! — and in an instant wife and husband ethereally antagonize each other, heaven ceases its beneficent rule, and red-hot hell begins to fan its fires! And this is what was meant by the hint thrown out in the earlier pages of this volume.

So long as a wife can maintain that fresh, ethereal envelope — and she *cannot* do that if she is sour-tempered, fretful, vinegarish, or if she is hectored to death — *in more ways than one* * — just so long, and no longer, can she hold her husband to

* Early in 1871, during the run of the fifth edition of the work on Love, preceding this volume, "The Master Passion," the author of both received the following letter, and returned the subjoined reply: —

"CHICAGO, Feb. 7th, 1871.

"DR. P. B. RANDOLPH, — DEAR SIR: — *Is* there *any* method on earth whereby I can regain the love of my wife? Once she was all my soul desired; now she is cold, and *meets me* with a shudder. If you reprint the 'Master Passion,' or write another work on Love, — which I understand you intend to, under the name of 'Casca Llanna,' — will you not give wives and husbands the precious knowledge of *how to make home happy*, in directions where wretchedness now reigns in millions of families? If you will, the blessings of mankind cannot fail to be showered upon your head.

"T. B. W."

her side and to his duty toward her, even though there be precious little of the deep and upper love between them. And when a husband allows his own sphere of power to die out, as it often does, from various causes, among which are too much attention in some respects, too great neglect in others; and by an excess of fire to-day, and an overplus of ice the next; or by ill-usage of himself or her, he is death-sure to aim a very powerful and surprisingly successful blow at his own happiness and peace of mind. To keep this thing fresh and powerful requires but very little effort. Neglect it, laugh at, or snap the sneering fingers at a truth like this, if you will, but rest assured there will come a day of most bitter and poignant regrets if you do; for although this is a new discovery here given for the first time to the world, yet it is as true as everlasting Truth herself.

In a great many more cases than people might suspect the magnetic and ethereal body and polar powers of love, so to speak, have been destroyed altogether, or reversed to such a degree, that the one who once held the other in complete affec-

REPLY.

"FRIEND W.:—It would be impossible to publish in a *book* the information you seek, and which every wife and husband on earth *ought* to have, because the subject is exceedingly delicate, while of enormous value. However, in your case I will write it out, and herewith will enclose it to you. Abide by the counsel laid down in this *GOLDEN LETTER*; treasure the knowledge of this golden secret, apply its rules, and happiness which has fled, will assuredly return to you—and to the wife whom Heaven designed to be happy, and not wretched with you. Of course the information is of a strictly private character, and strictly holy too. My charge for the trouble taken is not less than ten dollars in any case; and you will no doubt say that a better investment never yet was made.

"Yours, etc.,

"P. B. R."

The favor thus granted to T. B. W. will also be to others, who suffer from similar causes. The address of the author will be found elsewhere, but he takes occasion to say that in *no* case will the letter be sent to persons prompted by mere curiosity or morbid minds. It is intended *solely* for unhappy wedded people, and knowingly will *not* be sent to any other at any price, and then only on strict honorable confidence.

tional bondage, has entirely and forever lost all power over that one in that direction.

Comparatively happy homes have been rendered desolate by the personal neglect of tidiness in a wife. Such things have resulted from the habitual non-use of the bath; and hundreds of cases exist where the ethereal life of love has been utterly destroyed, and snuffed out, as it were, by the foul breath and other noisome exhalations of a rum-sozzled apology for a husband. *Per contra*: many a dying love has been rekindled, or resurrected from an untimely grave, and a man's heart made happy by a thorough and radical change of conduct on the part of a theretofore sloven wife, to tidiness, neatness, and welcome smiles. It hurts a man in his tenderest part to see a woman who, all neatness, tenderness, and love, before marriage, after that loses sight of her duty, and thinks, practically, that a tame surrender, in some respects, is all that's needed on her part to render his love and allegiance prompt and sure. A man may not openly complain, but he feels these things nevertheless; and a wife who fails in neatness, in all respects, in these days of cheap water and good soap, lays the axe direct at the root of her own tree of happiness and comfort. Neither does a husband very often like to put up with an overplus of strong-minded airs, so rife in these days of agitation; for whatever he may abstractly think of the suffrage and ballot business, he'd rather not have *his* wife or daughter make public shows of themselves on election days; for the private opinion of the majority of sensible men is, whatever gallantry or policy may induce them to say to the contrary, that ballot-stuffing and highflown hustings speechifying is *not* the highest or most radiantly glorious sphere for female action; nor can he help realizing the great truth that it was, is, and ever will be, utterly impossible for a "strong-minded woman" and wife at the same time, to be a loving one, or a true and gentle one, or a careful mother at home either.

The writer of this never yet saw one of that sort, who was not at least three-fourths man and one-fourth What Is It? — and this is said without disparagement of woman's right to be taxed

and represented, if she wants the latter. Equality before the law, but no public voting. If the ballot was open to all the women in the world, the decent wives, sisters, and mothers, as classes, would refrain and stay at home. The Irish servant girls would ponder on the adage : —

“Thim that’s rich can ride in chaises;
But thim that’s poor must walk, by Jazus!”

and go to “vote themselves a farm!” They would, like their brethren, vote early and vote often, while toward evening the harlots would get up, and, after depositing their ballots, join their male friends in such innocent *espieglerie*, as bonneting passers by, smashing windows, and imbibing smashes, winding up the voting farce with roaring staves to a full chorus of

“We won’t go (hic) home till (hic) morn-ing;
Till (hic) daylight (hic) does ap-pear!”

A genuine demonstration of human love, except for herself, on the part of any one of the vast host of female agitators, the whole tribe of professional “mediums” and long-winded virtue-preaching, free-love practising, universal concubines who parade the land and demolish homes, as Genseric did the fanes, would be a miracle surpassing the loaves and fishes; or a swindle as empty of truth as the Tricksters Home and the Davenport brothers, and all the rest of the swindling pack’s alleged wonders are of solid truth and human honesty.

Such a woman’s affectional demonstrations, if not wholly vampiral, would be a wide departure from the truth; would not be really human, but snakish, fangful, Judas-like, because utterly and wholly empty of all genuine heartness, that ineffable delight man sighs for and expects. Instead of this such a woman would freeze a man’s soul, and deck his being with icicles. He may *admire* her, but to *love* her were simply impossible. Talented and even beautiful, she might be; yet off the stage she would be ice-cream, and *I scream* when on it — only that and nothing more!

“The rights of woman who demand,
Those women are but few ;
The greater part had rather stand
Exactly as they do.

“Beauty has claims for which she fights
At ease, with winning arms ;
The women who want Woman’s rights
Want, mostly, Woman’s charms.”

It is time too, that women began to prove themselves exactly what they desire to be considered. The writer does not think woman so utterly weak, puny and feeble, as to be wholly dependent upon man’s charities and championship ; but believes she ought to prove herself equal to the task of working out her own destiny with more courage and less whine. “It is,” said the “Springfield Republican,” “high time that a woman’s virtue should be considered at her own risk, and that no man should be liable to be shot by her or anybody else, because she loses it.” In these latter days, when a sharp woman tries to play a game at a man’s expense and gets euchred, as some of them do, especially the lecturing lasses, she’s very apt to declare she’s been “fascinated,” “psychologized,” “magnetically captivated,” and a lot of other stuff to the same import ; and it is the “Reformatory” class who urge such lame excuses, for no decent woman ever descended to such paltryisms, for the chances against any man playing that game is at least five hundred to one against him, and in her favor. The writer knew three or four “Reformatory beats” in Boston, who were regularly ruined by “Psychology” about six times a year. It is safe to say that whenever a woman offers such a plea, she has tried to black-mail some man and been tripped up, after the manner of the “Cody, Cody” vestal of stump oratorical notoriety ; or the “Flora, the sharp blonde,” who tried it on and failed once upon a time, and was forced to retreat to her black paramour’s arms ; or — pshaw ! what’s the use ? the names and games of innumerable specimens of the same ilk are ready to fall from the pen. Mankind, beware of them, for they are gentle as sucking doves, but bite like the devil ; but then, all the writer ever saw

were ultra-radical lecturing lunatics, or strong-minded reformers of some sort, not one of whom he believed to be honest, but did believe either insane or fogues ingrain, and believes so still.

If a woman has her wits about her, no man can catch her tripping; for all the absurd twaddle, spiritualistic and foolistic also, about "psychologising" is mere bosh; and no woman of an ounce of brains will ever plead such an excuse — that is, none except such as are periodically "seduced" and regularly ruined thrice a year; nor as a general thing will such an absurd excuse be made save by guilty vampires, or old boarding-house harridans of the lowest stamp — some quasi reformatory, vinegar-visaged virago and termagant of whom at least one fine specimen holds court in the "hub."

Let us turn from that sickening mass of moral and social corruption, having punctured it sufficient to let the world know its odor, and once more get ourselves into decent society, — and the author admits that before he knew aught of radicalism he moved in decent society; and also after he left them, but knew not what the terms meant while associating with them, on the principle that to know what a movement is, you must be outside, and not a part of it. No doubt radicals think themselves all right and sweet; and no doubt, too, that buzzards feasting on a dead alligator declare the thing is bunkum, but other creatures think it all buncombe.

After this book was entirely written, the author while waiting to stereotype it, employed himself in retouching it here and there; and on this 14th day of August, 1871, while writing this identical page, he cut the following from the "Boston Herald," and if any further display of the beauties of free love and Pantarchism is needed, why, plenty more — of the same sort and worse — can readily be furnished: —

"THE HOME OF FREE LOVERS — ONE OF THEM CHARGED WITH RAPE. — 'The New York Sunday papers state that one of the editors of W. & Co's weekly has been charged with committing an outrage on a respectable girl in that city, whose mother is one of the strong-minded clique. The story of crime as told by the 'News,' is as follows: —

"In November last, Mrs. Miles, a sister of Mrs. Woodhull and Miss Ten-

nie Claflin, left Brooklyn, where she was doing a good business at 54 Wyck-off Street, and came to this city to keep house for her banker and broker sisters. The Woodhull mansion in Thirty-eighth Street had not yet been fully furnished, and Mrs. Miles and her daughter, Ellie, were necessitated to sleep on a bed on the floor. Ellie was then eleven years old, and was in delicate health from a severe cold. S. P. A. while sitting in the parlor one evening, observed to Mrs. Miles that Ellie had not sufficient mercury in her system, and also that sleeping on the floor would not only retard her cure, but aggravate the disease. He suggested that she should sleep in the bed with himself and his own child. In his constitution he said he had a great quantity of mercury, and by Ellie sleeping in the same bed with him, she would absorb some of it into her constitution. Mrs. Miles consented to allow her child to sleep with A. and his own child. After going to bed, A. was in the habit of rubbing Ellie all over the body, to put the blood in circulation, and 'excite the mercury in her system,' as he said. One night he told her she should not wear any under-clothing whatever while in bed, or he could not cure her. Next night the child went by his advice, and that night A., it is alleged, perpetrated the foul crime, according to her own sworn affidavit and those of her mother and aunt. Next morning Ellie told her grandmother, and that aged lady warned her not to speak of it, or there would be murder in the house. However, the matter became known and A. was ejected from the Woodhull mansion in consequence. He is, however, back living there again. Mrs. Miles has taken legal steps to punish A., and has employed Mr. John D. Townsend as her lawyer. Affidavits have been made containing the above facts, and are in Mr. Townsend's possession, and will be laid before the grand jury at an early date."

That is just what radicalism comes to. Isn't it a sweet thing? Indeed, as a reformatory agency one may ask, how high is that? and wait for an answer. Just eleven years old! and he sixty! And such is the manhood that radicalism develops!!! Wonder if the other infant escaped? And yet the man charged with that awful crime claimed to stand at the head of Humanity, and to be the mouthpiece of the infinite God!

To resume. An honest marriage is the only possible field for true human advancement, as in it and the joyous parenthood which results therefrom can only be had that true and real education which fits mankind for the immortal career opening before it. Whatever lowers the standard of general morals should be handled with ungloved hands; whatever uplifts it be hailed with gladness, and one of the best agencies will be the growth of self-reliance,

and the moral courage resultant therefrom. Now there are two classes, one with self-reliance, and "brass" enough for a dozen Gambettas or Victor Hugos; and an immensely larger one, with no self-reliance at all, — women who perpetually lean, and are ciphers in the world. No home-joys can be expected from the strong-minded order; the latter class go in leading-strings forever, and between them both genuine old-fashioned wives and mothers are very scarce indeed, and a man's life is shorn of its happiness as a result.

The woman who persists in old maidhood, when she might, if she would, make some man happy, stands in her own light both for this life and that which is to come after it. Here she spontaneously gravitates to cats, puppy dogs, poodle pugs, gruel and gab; while the woman who marries and lives wholly in and for what is called "society" as naturally runs to fashion, gossip, scandal, "*crim. con.*" — if she gets a chance; and if she don't, is very apt to make one, — and the end is a divorce court, — a tune played by twenty-two thousand annually, in these United States alone, to say nothing of the far greater host who free themselves without the trouble of a suit at law.

The woman who lives *at* home and *for* home is on the straight road to a life of high, if unsounded, glory; while all onlooking angels of earth and heaven cry *Salut!* and point admiringly as she passes by! And when men behold such a woman they do not think of mere possession, but wish *their* lives were blessed with such companionship; for she inspires esteem and respect, not morbid desires and base thoughts, as she winds her life-path along, armed with her husband's *trust* and love; flanked by her young darlings! Those who see her feel lighter and purer for the seeing; and with a joyous, hilarious "*Look ye there now! Isn't that charming!*" wish her a God-speed to the end of the earthly journey! It is a pleasant path to walk in, but sooth to say, the grass grows long and rank in that road, because, in these dismal days, it is so very seldom travelled through. It won't be so always, for, in these matters there's a good time coming, only wait a little longer!

Men can stand great troubles in the world, and can recover

from them, even when repeatedly stricken down ; but just transfer the scene of even petty vexations from the workshop, office, or street, to the home-side, and his moral strength begins to wane forthwith ; for, if the man is constantly assailed with volleys of petty domestic hail, rain, and sleet, the end of that man's happiness and usefulness is exceedingly close at hand ; for the perpetual snarlings and recurrence of petty broils and stabs, such as thousands of able and good men experience from their "better halves," will soon wear out the strongest man, and plunge him, neck and heels, into sheer despair and madness ; for it lies within the power of almost every wife to render her husband's life either a constant drama of love-joy in thousand phases, or turn it into a dismal tragedy, whose shifting scenes are but variations of the essence of trouble, and the marriage, in very truth, the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity. But a great many more modern wives travel the former road, and a great deal too few the latter. Presently, they'll right about face, and move in straighter paths ; for when good examples multiply, the fever will be catching, and millions more will, seeing such good results, try it themselves to find out how the new thing works.

The soundness and perpetuity of domestic affection very often depends upon causes apparently quite trivial in their nature, but which, judging from effects, are unquestionably not so. People often say that such and such a circumstance touched them, — this bar of music, that sad story, or the other account, — and they speak nearer the truth than they imagine ; for it is only once in a while that our inner selves *are* touched at all, either by reason of our own callousness, or for lack of power on the part of the circumstance whatever it may be or have been. Now, most married people live wholly outside of each other's hearts, deeper feelings, and inner nature, and that is just where the trouble comes from in marrieddom. We skim over each other's surfaces, and never impact souls, or contact each other's fuller, deeper, higher, better selfhoods ; and where we do not thus touch each other, there you will find the perfected elements of a first-class, even if a smothered purga-

torium. And the intensity thereof is exactly in the ratio of the degree of non-impact, or contact, of our several magnetic, nervous, electric, ethereal, and sympathetic natures. If these do not fuse, we never actually meet; and, in that case, man and wife are really and essentially as far apart as if they were separated by the vast waters of the Pacific sea. People fail to realize that marriage means absolute union of the entire mental, social, physical, moral, esthetic, religious, magnetic, and all other departments of their nature; and they who fail to realize all this and more, in so far forth, fall short of actualizing, in their lives, the sublime divinity of true marriage.

TOUCH! there's a world of unimagined meanings in the holy word, each one of which is as far beyond, and removed from, the low sensualist's ideal, as calm and peaceful heaven is from storm-tossed, fiery, malice-belching hell! No lust-ruled thing in human shape can think the sacred thing here meant; can never even reach an idea of its fading shadow, much less its exquisite death, but a death preceding a whole heaven of glorious and ineffable life,—life wherein every nerve is tuned to such celestial tension that the very soul cries quit! for a time, that it may pass into its soft dream, and drink its fill of echoed and rebounding bliss,—bliss which a bad man never can realize, never can comprehend, never even halfly know; bliss which never descends to a bad woman, but only comes from God, out of heaven to the pure in heart, and those who truly love!

The external man, he who is bound up in sense alone, whose nature is passion, and whose God is the dollar, can never pass over that bridge. Thank God, there *are* some things money cannot buy; and that deep, delicious love is one of them. So be it for aye! And mental power, and lofty vision, and companionship of mighty thought, are other items unpurchasable by the combined millions of golden ducats; thank God, again! And, above all, the sweet consciousness that, lonely and forsaken though the toiler may be, in the battle for the right, yet victory stands ever close at hand, to crown him or her, at the right moment, after the terrible ordeal is over, after the fearful tribulation, fervent, fiery assation has refined the gold within.

The mere voluptuary can, at best, only skim the surface of the boundless, fathomless ocean of joy, wherein the truly good and loving plunge in a God-bath, and disport themselves in its deeps, and grottos and sunlit caves, where profane and wicked souls may not enter or intrude! Oh, the life of perfect love! Oh, the rapt ideal of purity, innocence, trust, and truth! For this holy thing means an absolute fusion of immortal natures; a perfect blending of love-crowned human souls; the supreme acme of all possible joy! the dying away in the arms of God! — His fingers evoking grandest strains and divinest melodies of varied and celestial music from the double-human harmonium!

This sacred thing means even more than all that; for as it unrolls before the soul of Casca Llanna, words are found all too cold and impure to express the inexpressible, unutterable marrow of the thing intended, — the superlative lavement in the divine stream of love, — the perfect abandonment to joy in the waters which flow from under the Infinite throne! It means a satisfactory meal from the fruit, rich and ripe, growing on the sunniest boughs of the Tree of Immortal Life! It means a losing of all outer sense, and a full awaking to the inner! It means being filled, being thrilled, with the exquisite rapture of the upper skies, and bathing freely in the seas of Elysium!

He is a poor substitute for a man who can only realize passion in any of its lower phases, in this supreme idea of perfect blending of the entirety of two natures. He is low, mean, utterly contemptible, if he fails to see that in this blending, souls and spirits, not mere senses, meet and mingle, and such a man must die, and live again beyond the darkly-surgings river, before he can appreciate the heavenly joys of celestial marriage, in which two become entirely one, and this and nothing lower is what is meant by Touch!

Just as certain as that laws are positive in the domain of physics or gross or refined matter, even more so are they true and operative in the realms of mind and emotion. We all love some people more than others, and those better at some times than different ones. We are very often a great deal nearer of kin to utter strangers than to individuals of our own blood,

even our own brothers and sisters; for it does not follow that two bullets are related to each other simply because they may have been cast in the same mould; for one may be of lead and the other of refined gold,—exactly as really happens in the case of children born to the same parents; for we frequently have genius and stupidity, fineness and sensuality, weakness and its opposite in the same family. No, it requires something more than mere consanguinity to make us truly related; and in the case of wedded couples there must be something more than mere consent and physical union to constitute them one; for if there be no electrical, ethereal, magnetic, emotional, mental, moral and duo-chemical affinity, attraction, *vraisemblance*,—there's not much marriage in that union; and it forthwith behoves the parties concerned to bring about the desired conditions, instead of, as is common, racking their wits to make matters worse, rather than better; for if the denizens of marriage-dom do not fuse, mix, mingle, interblend, they are twain, not one, as they should be. If they *do* thus intermingle there is joy abroad in the land. If they do not, there are barriers in their paths of life, which must be surmounted or cast down, before the crooked can be made straight, or they twain truly have an enduring kinship, friendship, marriage.

You cannot mix oil and water: No! yes!—if we put a little lime with them we can, but not without. Henry and Sarah call themselves married. But *are* they really so, seeing *she* frets under the YOKE; and *he* sighs for liberty—to make another mistake! They do not fuse! they are oil and water. Let them add a little mental and moral lime, in the shape of forbearance, change of habits, conduct, manner and demonstrative affection,—TRY,—and they may soon become a Kalsomate of wedlock; or a Henriade of Sarah! But to do so successfully, both must take good care to avoid vampirism, and to be physically, morally, and above all *thoughtfully*, true to each other and themselves, no matter how great the provocation to be otherwise, or how strong the temptation to go astray; for if either mingles with a third, they but add a new element of bitterness to the cream of existence, out of which the butter of happiness

will *not* come, for the simple reason that it takes two to make one in genuine marriage.

At present things are badly mixed up in this conglomerate of savagery, barbarism, civilization, and the compound social hash resulting from the combination of them all, not as separate and distinct grades only, but, nine times in ten, mixed up in the same individual ; — for how very often do we see men and women too, whose intellects and conduct are perfectly civilized ; whose religious nature is spasmodically intense and devotional ; whose temper is savage, and, when fully up, extremely diabolical ; and whose untrained sensual passions are barbarous, judging from what their private conduct is, and the sad story their faces tell, — stories sadly, mournfully echoed by the appearance of their wives and children. It is an old saw that if you want to know what a carpenter is, look at his chips. Well, if you want to know what a man is, look at his wife, and if you want to know what both combined are, just observe their children ; for God writes the whole story of their private lives on and in the bodies, and minds, and habits, and morals of the offspring He hath given them. Such a book never, never, tells a lie !

In accordance with the general mixedness, the most infernal scamps get the best and noblest women as wives — only to gradually kill them and send their sweet souls to heaven across lots, and long before their time ! while the very best men living, somehow or other, manage to get yoked to a mighty long-lived, vinegar-visaged, growling, grumbling, most provokingest, gad-aboutest, east-windiest, careless grade of women, every one of whom are meaner than *git*, and wear their victims — four or five of them — to shreds and early graves. Yet so it is.

Few men, or women either, are aware of the weight of immortality resting on them ; nor realize that this life is but the A B C of an immensely broadened existence beyond this fleeting scum of years, floating on the breast of the bottomless, sideless ocean of eternity. If they did, they would think twice before making marital choices, — a thing which, if well made, allies both souls to the immortal Gods, anchors their hopes in the

heart of Deity ; brings joy to their spirits, health and long life to their bodies, and exalts their destinies after death ; but which, if illy made, lands them in the dismal swamps of long-spun misery ; darkens their prospects ; ruins their health ; peoples the world with ruffians ; elevates the bad ; depresses the good ; scatters madness broadcast on every side ; eclipses the sun of human happiness ; shuts out the glowing splendors of religion ; belittles, ruins their natures ; dwarfs their souls ; poisons their lives, and renders life a perpetual torment, immortality a doubtful thing ; and utter annihilation as a means of escape, a thing to be most ardently desired ; for, as marriage now is, the appropriate inscription above the altars might well be

“Abandon Hope, all ye who enter here.”

Nature evidently intended that every wedded pair should be a unit ; but, in these days, one would conclude they were at least half-a-dozen, with a tomcat snare-drum and cymbals thrown in, judging from the almost incessant wrangles, tangles, jangles, mutual fangles, and not infrequent bodily mangles, too, which illustrate the sublime relation.

All this comes from the get-married-in-a-hurry custom of the country, and when each really knows as much about the other, as they do of the man in the moon, or of the hero who extended his hand till it contacted the occiput of Mr. William Patterson. Said a late writer : —

“The love of a boy differs from that of a man in this : it is the wanton enjoyment of a present imperious feeling, from which all serious consideration of the future is excluded. It is mere blind activity of newly awakened emotions. Hence the rashness of early loves. The boy wants to love ; almost any woman will suffice. Hence he is violent, capricious, inconstant, because he only seeks an excitement ; he tries his young wings. The tender feeling of protection, which enters so largely into the love of the man ; the serious thoughts of the duties he owes to the girl who gives up her life to him, and to the children she may bear him, — these, and the thousand minute, but powerful influences which affect the man, are unknown to the boy.”

Another, playing in the same strain, remarks : —

“A young man meets a pretty face in a ball-room, falls in love with it, courts it, marries it, goes to house-keeping with it, and boasts of having a home and a wife to grace it. The chances are, nine to ten, that he has neither. He has been ‘taken in and done for!’ Her pretty face gets to be an old story, or becomes faded, or freckled, or fretted; and as the face was all he wanted, all he paid attention to, all he sat up with, all he bargained for, all he swore to love, honor, and protect, he gets sick of his trade, knows of a dozen faces he likes better, gives up staying at home evenings, consoles himself with cigars, oysters, and politics, and looks upon his home as a very indifferent boarding-house.

“A family of children grows up about him; but neither he nor his ‘face’ knows anything about training them, so they come up helter-skelter; made toys of when babies, dolls when boys and girls, drudges when men and women; and so passes year after year, and not one quiet, happy, homely hour known throughout the whole household.

“Another young man becomes enamored of a ‘fortune.’ He waits upon it to parties, dances the polka with it, exchanges *billet-doux* with it, pops the question to it, gets accepted by it, takes it to the parson, weds it, calls it ‘wife,’ carries it home, sets up an establishment with it, introduces it to his friends, and says he, too, is married and has got a home. It is false. He is not married; he has no home. And he soon finds it out. He is in the wrong box; but it is too late to get out of it; he might as well hope to get out of his coffin. His friends congratulate him, and he has to grin and bear it. They praise the house, the furniture, the cradle, the new Bible, and bid the ‘fortune,’ and he who husbands it, good-morning. As if he had known a good-morning since he and that gilded fortune were declared to be one.

“Take another case. A young woman is smitten with a pair of whiskers. Curled hair never before had such charms. She sets her cap for them; they take. The delighted whiskers make an offer, proffering themselves both in exchange for one heart. My dear miss is overcome with magnanimity, closes the bargain, carries home the prize, shows it to pa and ma, calls herself engaged to it, thinks there never was such a pair of whiskers before, and in a few weeks they are married. Married! Yes, the world calls it so, and so we will. What is the result? A short honeymoon, and then the discovery that they are as unlike as chalk and cheese, and not to be made one, though all the priests in Christendom pronounced them so.”

And still another, singing to the same tune : —

“The banes of domestic life are littleness, falsity, vulgarity, harshness, scolding, vociferation, an incessant issuing of superfluous prohibitions

and orders, which are regarded as impertinent interferences with the general liberty and repose, and are provocative of rankling or exploding resentments. The blessed antidotes that sweeten and enrich domestic life are refinement, high aims, great interests, soft voices, quiet and gentle manners, magnanimous tempers, forbearance from all unnecessary commands or dictation, and generous allowances of mutual freedom. Love makes obedience lighter than liberty. Man wears a noble allegiance — not as a collar, but as a garland. The Graces are never so lovely as when seen waiting on the Virtues; and where they thus dwell together they make a heavenly home."

And Curtis, with what an ocean of truth : —

"I think of many and many a sad-eyed woman I have known in solitary country homes who seemed never to have smiled, who struggled with hard hands through the melting heat and pinching cold, to hold back poverty and want that hovered like wolves about an ever-increasing flock of children. How it was scour in the morning, and scrub at night and scold all day long! How care blurred the window like a cloud, hiding the lovely landscape! How anxiety snarled at her heels, dogging her like a cur! How little she knew or cared that bobolinks, drunk with blind idleness, tumbled and sang in the meadows below, that the earth was telling the time of year with flowers, in the woods above! As I think of these things, of the solitary, incessant drudgery, of the taciturn husband coming in heavy with sleep, — too weary to read, to talk, to think, — I do not wonder that the mad-houses are so richly recruited from the farm-houses, as the statistics show — that the farmer's daughters hang enchanted over stories in the weekly paper of the handsome Edward Augustus, with white hands and black eyes — nor that the farmer's son hears the city bells that long ago rang to Whittington, 'Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London,' ringing to him as he pauses in the furrow, 'Turn again, ploughboy, millionaire, and merchant!'"

CHAPTER XIX.

“Thus sang a lover by the blue wave,
While the deep surges symphony gave;
Woman’s truth trusting I yielded all,
Giving up senses into her thrall!

“Glass not so brittle, fleeting as mist,
False were the red lips mine fondly kissed;
Cold as the marble over a grave,
Fickle as sunlight gilding the wave.

“Wandering ever, searching in vain,
Seeks betrayed lover ease for his pain.”

THE love of the modern girl of the period, trained and badly educated as she is, as well as by the frightful examples set before her by her elders, — who ought to know better, — is a very dangerous and uncertain thing to deal with, because so very superficial, cranky, backboneless, mincing, unthinking, quasi-sentimental, and rose-waterish. It amounts to but very little at the best, won’t do for a permanent investment, or to tie to, particularly if there’s rough seas, financially, to be sailed over, or a difficult road to travel. When such a girl marries, very often her beautiful dream is broken, and her lily-like hopes crushed to flinders and forever, within four-and-twenty hours after her thoughtless “I will,” at the altar. This comes from two causes, one mental, the other wholly material, for that which such a girl inspires is seldom profound or tender affection, but rather a wild, imperious, passionnal ardor, falling before the storms of which she is lost forever. Because there’s no element of *pity* in the love she gets, but rather the element of ferocity; for ten to one that the groom turns out to be not a man, but a “ruminant quadruped of the genus *capra*,” only that it goes on two legs instead of four, chews tobacco instead of the cud, and swallows his horns instead of wearing them. “Did you say *goat*?” No; what made you guess so correctly?

Such “marriages” and such results are fifty thousand-fold

every week in the whole blessed year. Heavens! It makes one angry and the blood to boil to think of the brutalisms perpetrated in the name of sanctified wedlock. Sanctified? Not much, in these days, wherein a forthcoming consummation of that sort is heralded weeks beforehand, just as a butcher announces that on such or such a day, he intends to kill a fat pig, or prize ox! And when the day arrives the pair are duly paraded, and the groom shows off his bride's best points, as he would his fast horse's, and he gives and receives sundry sly pokes in the ribs, and looks knowing, and winks gravely at his men, who wink back at him, and smile and smirk wisely, — as the sacrifice — if it be such! — is being led to the "altar;" after which they hold a reception for an hour or two, make another parade, enter a coach, the driver of which well knows "what's up," and makes his horses go slowly so as to lengthen out *his* delicious misery. Previous to this the best man has engaged the "bridal chamber" on the steamboat; and of course all the officers, down to the scullion, and all the passengers too, quickly learn "what's up." And by and by the twain go to supper, — the tables near which they sit being crowded with feasters on the viands — and the pair; and the bland gentlemen from Africa vie with each other in handing nice things to the couple, for they, too, take exquisite delight in knowing 'what's up' also. And then, after they have retired to the "bridal chamber," scores of curious people, arm in arm, wander up and down the stately saloon, or linger near the charmed door, still asking each other as before, what's up? Next day, and for two weeks longer at the hotel, where there's another "bridal chamber," the same morbid air prevails; and then they go back home to continue a life, which, beginning badly, may, and probably will, end worse. All this sort of thing needs changing, for it don't look well to see a man act in that style toward the woman whom he claims to "love," and whom he certainly ought, but, infamously, does *not* respect!

Flavel, the philosophic, says: —

"The soul and body are as springs of two musical instruments, set exactly at one height; if one be touched the other

trembles. They laugh and cry, are sick and well together. Yet how few men think of that as they listen to the words which consigns God's masterpiece to their keeping!" — All that Flavel says is triply true of the mystical thing called marriage, — that strange dual unity through whose agency the overarching heavens are peopled with deathless souls. And yet how many myriads rush foolishly into it, without a single sober thought, as if it were but an evanescent dream, or a temporary stay at the fountains of paradise!

The institution is used for lowly ends, and only a small minority strive to make it a haven of rest and peace and ever-springing happiness, ever rising skyward under the divine impulsion of purity and reason, those tidal waves of blessedness!

Married people generally are, after the first three months, very slow in developing either the capacity of being pleased with each other, or what each other does or says, or the determination to, come what may, look at the bright side, and make the most of circumstances, whatever they may be. Were this the common habit of life, there would be fewer rough knolls to stumble over in the journey; when years whitened their heads both would hold fast and cherish what gladdened them in youth, and the kindly feeling would grow stronger and more solid; for we all love with greater purity and steadier power, after the gusts of passion have swept by us, than it was possible to before. We are all born with a void in the heart, aching to be filled; and it never can be if our mates only notice our dark and weak sides, find fault continually, and, noting all our failings, with almost scientific precision and regularity, never give a word of encouragement, hope or goodly cheer.

Habitual thoughtless carelessness of our conduct towards our life-mates — wives especially — blunts every moral sense in both. People have enough to contend with in the world, and the natural worry incident to existence, without being compelled to put up with wholly unreasonable whims, oddities and foolish airs from those who ought to know better than to put them on, and which ought to be laid aside forever. In the case

of wives it is doubly hard, because, in addition to their natural weakness, the majority are extremely sensitive to climatic changes, varying their health and moods just as the electrical and other atmospheric mutations occur. If the east wind blows, they are pale, shivery, querulous and oppressed. If the north wind blows, they pick up muscular and nervous strength; but are less poetical and beautiful, complaisant and affectionate, than when the west wind breathes upon the earth; and even when it does, it is in a less degree than when the sunny south wafts its breath across the land.

A woman is a sensitive creature by reason of the mission given her to fulfil; and that mission itself exerts a tremendous influence upon her both during and after its grand accomplishment.

Men ought to know that gestation and childbirth very often generate mighty changes, both in a woman's nature and her moods, — sometimes even a species of madness, insanity, unreasonableness of conduct and demeanor; and it is very often the ending of one mode of life, and the beginning of a new one; for it often happens that the reaction from a prior state brings on a forgetfulness of past modes, moods, and phases of life, and lays the broad foundations of an entirely new set of experiences.

In these days of lightning life things are hastily done, and bitterly regretted; and many marriages are simply a contest between a feminine soul and brute force, and brute force wins the day in most cases, if we are to judge by the myriad green grassy graves of wives prematurely dead and buried. But, when wedlock comes to be what it ought to, and will, in time, — a *long* time, — we shall see, let us hope and believe, a far better state of things; and such true and pure, healthful, well-appointed, therefore happy marriages as shall make longing hearts to shout for joy, and all the heavenly arches ring. Therefore, let us hurry up the good time, and abolish forever that bad state of things wherein husbands are lords paramount and tyrants, and women bounden slaves. Already the good is

making inroads on the ill ; and, while the skies grow gently brighter, lo ! the hopeful bells are ringing !

All hail that glad time wherein men will seek for wives, not mere shows and beautiful dolls ; and wherein people shall marry for love, not for weal or woe, as now ; for a great many now wed for weal with a V and some crusts of bread, — the whole proving rather hard feed to most who partake thereof ; for there's a heavy lot of woe, but very small rations of weal.

We are all here in the very early spring-time of existence, although but comparatively few of us realize the fact, or that pretty soon we shall reach a point whence exceedingly strange and long journeys by immortal and disbodied express are before us ; and, hence, that it won't do to clog the wheels in this early stage of the infinite travel, which we all do, more or less, by not taking care of ourselves and each other, and by wasting the oil of life too soon. Why travel in the dark, when the sun shines brightly to light us on our deathless way ?

A man *must* be appreciated by the woman he husbands, else life's a bitter failure to him, because nothing on earth is dearer to a man, worn by the toil, and disheartened by the hypocrisy of the world, than the deep and storm-proof friendship of a dear, pure, good woman, and especially if that woman is his wife. Such a friendship is a heaven upon earth, and one which every man ought to strive to build up, and every wife extend.

Particularly is such a friendship needed by literary men, who, to the world, are simply a sort of lions on exhibition. They have many protestations of friendship, especially when sailing on a smooth sea, with the wind abaft the beam ; but, when storms begin to blow, Mister Friend very generally comes up missing ; at the very critical moment when friendship counts most, if it counts at all, as a general thing, protesting, urgent friends are always friendly, excepting and nearly always, when friends are mostly needed.

Only when we truly love can we be truly great.

Although the world denounces those who are strongly amorous, yet to those very men and women is that identical world indebted for the best thoughts ever current on its tides in pol-

ished lines or flowing verse. And may Heaven help him or her who has not that appetite and power keenly set and strong !

The trouble lies, not in its use, but in its perversion and abuse. Correct these two, and this will be a glorious world to live in, filled with glorious men and women, whose splendor will be natural, not, as now, mainly dependent upon the dress-maker's art, the druggist's wares, or the meretricious accomplishments at present in vogue ; but we shall see the sex in all the superlative glories natural to her, but now buried too deep for a general resurrection in these days. Man will vie with her, too, in that better and more hopeful time ; for then, even in New England, we should see full-browed, generous, portly men, instead of the semi-opaque, slab-sided, lean, lank, long, and hungry-looking, lucre-grasping set of apologies for men we now encounter everywhere within her borders, — men who look as if their parents had been casting up ledgers and day-books during their generation and gestation ; and as if themselves were desperately intent upon following in their footsteps forever and forever more. God save us all from a heaven filled with such saints as such sinners will undoubtedly make ! Spasmodic, jerky, slab-sided saints, in a money-grasping, speculating paradise, from which may we all be safely delivered !

There is not a spot on the broad, green earth where so many infractions of the love laws, to the acre, or square yard, occur as in New England ; while as for Boston it can, in that respect, give Sodom and Gomorrah, ay, even Nero's Rome itself, or Chicago either, large odds, go a great deal better, and call and see the best of them, or the worst. The causes are elsewhere stated.

He or she who is full of love is master of hearts, or mistress of souls ; and their power over people is a proof direct that love and it alone is the fountain of power, and the bread of true life.

There is something awfully prophetic, and sublime beyond degree, in real, pure, genuine love. It is the key which unlocks all mystery. It is the golden hinge upon which swing the massive gates of the vast eternity ! It is the *verbum myrificum*,

— the word of power, at sound of which all Heaven is wrapt in silence, while myriad seraphs gather round to listen to the transcendent story ! It is the king-motive in the breast of God, and the prime motor of his vast universe ! Time, to love, is a fleeting phantorama, a fleeting second, for the soul which really, truly loves, dons wings wherewith it is enabled to sweep the plains of immensity at a single stroke of its magic pinions, and at a bound, as it were, dares take its rightful stand hard by the throne of omnipotent, eternal God !

The use of love consists in increasing the sum total of human happiness, through its several sacred rituals, when all things indicate a fitness. Its abuse consists in over-tasking nature, and forcing her generous energies.

Where amative love exists not, is very feeble or lost altogether, discord and distraction enter the mansion, pitch affection, peace, quiet, trust, genialty, out of the window, and introduce in their places envy, malice, distrust, jealousy, deceit, bicker, and contention, a hell-brood of seven as infernal spirits as ever left the pit for a gala-day on earth.

When common sense, amatively, restores the function, the way these harpies disperse is quite surprising. Love, like music has many degrees, notes, and octaves. Illustration : There lies the violin, whereon the writer sometimes wakes the symphonies after his dull fashion. See, here come three of his friends. “ Good-morning, doctor ! ” “ Good morning, gentlemen ! ” “ Ah ! a fiddle, I see ! ” says the first — the stupid ! — to call the darling Katarina a *fiddle* — the sweet Cremona, worth more golden ounces than he is worth farthings — the wretch ! But he sticks to it that she *is* a fiddle. He takes her up ; plays what might, at a pinch, pass for a tune — such airs ! fatal to all bovine females ! “ Stop ! stop ! for God’s sake ! ” her owner cries. He looks astonished and obeys. And now the next man tries her quality. What a difference ! He plays, and his music has collected a great throng under the office window, every one of whom feels the notes go into their ears and come out at their heels, a dance-compelling whirl of good feeling. He ceases to

play — on Katarina — and the crowd ; whereupon the third man takes her up,— the darling with a pine belly ! This one plays no stated tune, but just expresses his soul in random phrases ; but somehow or other his tones enter the *souls* of his auditors. His every note is a shaft of feeling ; under its spell each hearer becomes tame, holy, patriotic, religious and subdued. Full many a tear rolls down furrowed cheeks ; many a heart palpitates beneath the emotional tide ; and every one feels that he is born to a high and magnificent destiny !

Said an acquaintance, in connection with this thought, “ The human soul, everywhere, in the humblest walks of life, as well as in the highest society of the wealthy, has the longing for the emotional,— what will inspire it ; raise it above its common self. Some find it in the divine tones of the orator, the electricity powerfully surging from the pages of a good book ; the spell that flows in the undulating harmony of lyre and voice. Others seek and find it in various phases and forms of holy religion ; but alas ! too many seek it from that attractive but damning source, the intoxicating cup ; — under the power of which the mind soars at the expense and destruction of the body. Hence the man whose circumstances prevent his enjoying the intoxications of taste and art, if impelled by that longing common to true manhood, rushes into excesses to satisfy this craving, does but assert his natural equality to the purest man that a common Father ever created. The duty of society ‘ in the good time coming,’ is to place within the reach of all the means of ennobling and strengthening emotion or æsthetic intoxication, by free music, free libraries, free art galleries, free fountains and free baths,” and everything except free love, adds Casca Llanna. Every one of us is like that violin, but many of us are treated like *fiddles* by those who ought to know better. No tongue can tell, no pen describe, but souls and hearts only, can *feel*, the intense music latent in us, and awaiting to be evoked and called out by the right handling of the strings and bow !

As times go, but few experience as deep joy thrills *after*, as *before*, the first three months of wedded life ; except after one party returns from a long journey. *Then*, love for a time is

tempestuous, but soon subsides into a dreadful calm, — till the next return from another journey! — a calm of the exceedingly dead sort too. Now there is no good reason why married love should not increase from its morning until death seals it. Love generally, like a good fish-pole, grows small by degrees, and horribly less. This follows because married people wear themselves out too soon, and fret their very lives away, and for this reason saloons and brothels flourish like green bay-trees. Far too many of us —

“Give every appetite too loose a rein,
Push every pleasure to the verge of pain,”

and suffer the inevitable consequences.

Pleasure owes its greatest zest to anticipation. The promise of a shilling fiddle will keep a school-boy in happiness for months. The fun connected with its enjoyment will expire in an hour. What is true of school-boys is equally true of men. All they differ in is the price of their fiddles. But married life is not a fiddle; it is a magnificent Cremona violin. By the musical love-principles the world is moved to good or ill. All virtuous people may not be good; but all good people are virtuous.

The good man or woman may be weak — tempted till they lose self-command. When tempted it is the best policy to run, *run* as if the devil was after you — *for he is!* Many a well-meaner has played with the amative fiend till they have got badly scorched, and then, “Who’d a’ thought it?”

A man may do everything but steal, and yet the world will say he is virtuous. A woman does as she pleases *once*, and the world calls her desperately depraved. She is bad, doubtless, but then she is judged by a world quite discriminating, not at all pharisaical, hypocritical, unjust, dodging, — of course not! O world! O monstrous world! We thank thee for the use of thy spectacles, by means of which we are enabled to discover that virtue is *physical*, that it dwells not in the *soul*, but consists wholly in a *cartilage*, which, when destroyed, the soul is past redemption, and all the virtues are *non est!*

Love is the *primum mobile* of human life. Blot it out from human hopes, and but little is left to struggle for. Not one man in ten thousand but would rather die than lose his manhood — woman the same. What will a man not dare, inspired by love? What will not a woman go through, — childbirth for instance, — for the man she loves? but the worst of it is, that many go through it for the men they hate — most confoundedly too!

Love is the king passion — over-riding all others — wealth, fame, position — all else. It rules alike Cuffee or Carlyle. Most people live for, struggle and fight for, and untold millions have died for it; while festering hecatombs of human bodies proclaim its resistless might. In face of this fact, what is the use of whining because we cannot prevent infractions of our laws wherewith we seek to hedge in the morals of the people? It were far better to appoint competent persons in our schools, whose office should be to enlighten children on the subject, so that they shall grow up masters of their passions, instead of being mastered by them. Nor would it be a bad idea to have fewer vindictive punishments for sins whereof fathers and mothers are quite as responsible as the sons and daughters who err and are punished therefor.

Amativeness wields a greater power as a motor than anything else on earth. Friendship, hatred, wealth, fame, place, position and ambition, have been sacrificed for its sake, more times than there are stars in the sky. Many a one has fallen before its gigantic strength, even in the knowledge that to do so was to risk imprisonment, and even death itself. In view of this resistless fact, the question before the world to-day is, not how to stop this forceful engine, or cripple its energies, but how best to render it orderly, to place it on the right track, and cause it to move along unperturbedly; for there can be no question that it, when thus reined, is the source and spring of the most exquisite joy earth can bestow; and if we still be human after death, it, in a regenerated form and sense, will doubtless constitute one of our sources of bliss on the other side of time.

How any sane man can endure, much less procure, the services

of a professional wanton, is inexplicable. Such desecrations of the human being is the evil of evils of the world to-day; and that the consequences are to be reaped on both shores of eternity is as true as that God guides the suns in their course through space. Man will fearlessly brave death in any form, reap garlands of fame on gory fields, and shrink never an inch before the storm of lead and iron hail, the clash of murder-forged steel, the thundering of martial squadrons; he may face all this unmoved, and yet put that man before a pretty woman, and were he forty thousand Cæsars condensed into one, she will storm his strongholds, dismantle his batteries, route his garrisons, and make him strike his colors before he can fairly say "Jack Robinson."

All men do *not* believe in a God, but *do* believe strongly in woman. All men are not interested in politics or religion, but all are interested in woman. Earthquakes, the roar of battle, the tempest's howl, have not terrors equal to unmanning him; he may flinch and tremble, but only to stand firmer afterwards; but a woman will in ten minutes reduce him to the consistency of cup-custard! Ambition and glory may beckon him, and he may prove invulnerable, but let one of those women, with a devil in her eye, once get fairly alongside of him, and lo! she twists our gentleman around her finger, "just as easy!" for before the blandishments of a shrewd woman, or one who has tapped the fountains of his love, the strong man becomes as clay in the potter's hand; as many a Delilah or Millwood has proven to the cost of many a Samson or Barnwell ere now. Quite as many men, married and single, are bilked, deceived, ruined by the women, as the reverse of the case; only the world hears of the latter, but no newspaper tells of breaking hearts under male breast-bones. While nearly every one listens to and believes the story of a woman, even the most perjured harlot, no one pities the male victim of a female victor; and this arises from the self-same morbid amativeness now desolating the world in so many other respects.

Some one spoke of woman being the "weaker" vessel. "Call a woman weak," said another; "By the Eternal! she is stronger

than man any day! She moves the world, pulls the wires, and makes everything dance and wriggle as she pleases! She has done it from the first day, for Adam successfully resisted apples, hunger and the devil; but no sooner did Eve join the enemy than he knocked under." And there is a great deal of homely truth in the observation.

Once there was a pilgrim who wrote a letter to the sage Benred-din Eli, a philosopher of the rare school of *Nommoc Esnes*, desiring certain information. In reply, the sage wrote back the following letter, dated from the *Valley of Content: Season of Flowers*: —

Pilgrim: — Thy letter is before me. I salute thee. It is difficult to convey in thy cold language of the West the flowing maxims of the Orient; yet, as our motto is "Try," I shall essay the task.

First. The wife. She ought to be sacred in thine eyes while she giveth suck. This caution neglected once is bad; if often, then thou, thy babe, and its mother will not smack the lips of health or gladness; for if the flame of her love for *thee* burneth fiercely even once, the love, — physical love, for it waxeth dull and dieth out; and thou and she will, for thy folly, train up a weakly, but precocious babe, and thou wilt hug the phantom of remorse and ride the nightmare of heavy sorrow.

Second. But be thou true and just, and together thou mayest ascend the hills of excellent health, and drink the sherbet of wonderful joy.

Third. The true khanum (wife) despiseth perfumes, save those which water giveth, or those slight odors wherewith she sprinkleth her garments; and then she useth the waters of Gul (roses). It is the khanum herself, and not the chemist's product, that smelleth grateful to the lord of the household! Art perfumes destroy the far sweeter airs breathed out from every pore of the woman whose soul is full of love, and none but a Jaffaf (cyprian) needeth perfumes; and only an *Abu Jakel* (father of asses) can endure either!

Fourth. Allah be praised! fresh air beautifieth the woman, and whiteneth the face of her virtues: it adorneth the neck of

accomplishment, and causeth the garden of her mind to bring forth the fruitage of delight ; and if she and her husband shall daily and freely beat the air (gymnastics — calisthenics) by the light of the sun's first rays, they shall find that Nature hath spread for them the table-cloth of hospitality, and so whetted the edge of chaste desire, that it shall never more be dulled upon the sides of disappointment ; for the fresh air imparteth more than the wealth of Hatam Tai ; it maketh the household bask beneath the rosy canopy of Contentment, situated in the vale of Domestic Bliss, overshadowed by the vine of Satisfaction, where their shadows will ever increase, and lips of honeyed love distil forever the drops of purple music, the ravishing melody of tinkling hearts ! Therefore let the Fresh Air bring thee all his blessings ; let him enter thy chamber by night ; and admit his brother, Sunshine, by day ; for these two carry healing on their wings ; and health bringeth Beauty, and she beareth to thee flowers from her gardens, showeth Affection the way to thy house, and *she* will lead thee into the arena of Goodness, and Goodness is the father of Wisdom, who bringeth *Long Life*, and long life beareth the keys of Paradise ! All these blessed wonders dwell upon the sunbeam, and dance upon the atoms of the air !

Fifth. A goose is the mother of fools ; alive, she carrieth great loads of feathers and down, whereof other fools rob her and fashion thereof strange cushions of luxury and DEATH ! The wise men love to husband strength, but fools delight to waste it. The former sleepeth on the hair of the stalwart ox, or on the bed of chips or straw ; but fools who listen to the counsels of feathers — “Ease ! ease !” instead of Health ! Health !— will presently chew the cud of shame and weakness beneath the veil of their own folly ; and such shall drink patience from a bowl ; and it shall be sweetened with grief before they learn to wash in the waters of Wisdom, to cleanse themselves from the mire contracted in their wanderings through the swamps of Pollution, ONE OF WHICH EXISTS IN EVERY COUCH OF FEATHERS !

6th. If the legs of thy couch resteth upon lumps of wax, or squares of glass (insulated), thou wilt be protected from the

Skeevem Pahl (nightly flows of malarious electricity), nor can the shivering genii (ague) ever reach thee, especially if thy couch standeth, while thou sleepest, away from the wall or in the centre of thy chamber.

7th. O husband! In all thy wooing, *never forget that thy mother was a woman!* See to it well, therefore, that thou ever respectest the womanly feelings and modesty of thy wife; and that *no act, word, or look* of thine has the least tendency towards breaking down that delicate barrier of coyness, propriety, and reserve, which is the brightest charm of woman, — without which she may be *liked*, but can never be *loved, honored, or respected*, and which, like an eggshell, is very brittle, and, when once broken, can never be repaired.

8th. The wise husband delighteth in self-control, for his wife's sweet sake; he forbeareth often, nor presseth his suit in seasons of rejection, for he loveth to prove himself as kind, as manly.

9th. No true son of Allah will perform any solemn business, or that may result in serious consequences, when weary, or drunken, or when he does not fully realize the situation in all its multitudinous bearings; or when angry with himself or another; nor when he mistakes whim for power. He hath *no right* to do anything which may unfavorably affect the health or fate of others; nor to take any action which may, except the sea of his nature be steadfast and calm, and his affections and love are at high tide. If he remembereth this he putteth out the fires of Jehanum, kindleth the torch of paradise, and never sitteth in the shadow of shame, or in the darkling valley of humiliation.

10th. No wise gardener shaketh his pomegranate or apple tree while the fruit is forming. Who can eat green grapes and not suffer for his folly?

11th. The flower of thy garden, O husband, may not be so fair as that of thy neighbor, but to thee it is, or, at least, should be, infinitely more dear and precious; therefore, watch over it, tend it, nurture, cherish, cling to, guard, protect, love, and respect it; and when it sees all thy care, and feels thy

tenderness, truth, and goodness, it will upraise its head in praise, thankfulness, and love to thee; and the exhalations of its sweet soul will be grateful perfume to the nostrils of thy spirit. *That flower is thy wife!*

——— A wife! whoever hath a wife
Is doubly armed 'gainst all the ills of life.

The sky hath but one sun, the earth but one great glory, and that is — woman! Life, light and prosperity, joy, mirth and gladness attend them both. The one warmeth man's heart by day; the other enricheth his soul at eventide, and each exaleth perfumes sweeter than all the roses of Gulistan! The Hakim may say "My physic is good," but what herb, O man, is equal to the touch of woman's hand? What tonic equal to a single glance, sent love-beaming from her eye, to dance the dance of renovation in the parlors of man's soul? What is spikenard? What is manna? What is irakwek even, or all the drugs of Ind, compared to the twinkle of a woman's eyelash, when her soul is ripe with love?

Whoso hath a loving wife under his roof-tree is richer than a king! What are the smiles of courtesans? what the embraces and pressure of a wanton's arms compared to the noble loving of an honest wife? The husband of such an one hath a specific for every ill. Shut up your Galen, burn your Hippocrates, put all physicians in a corner, for the queen of them all is there, and lurks in every loving woman's smile. Who will take cassia, when an eye is to be had? or writhe under a blister when a loving wife's smile can heal him? Every true man cherishes, respects and adores thee, O woman of the loving soul, and the prayer of every honest heart is that Allah will forgive thee all thy faults, and take thee to himself at last, when all thy labor and thy cares are done. Heaven bless thee, O woman, increase all thy joys, strengthen thee in all thy perils, and may thy shadow never be less!

CHAPTER XX.

A CUNNING woman who has a man's affections, holds the long arm of the most powerful lever in existence ; for through his love — a love not of the Miss Nancy, platonic, rosewater sort, but one based on the solid realities of physical form, beauty, and adaptedness, — the strong man falls as powerless as an infant, and she can, if she wills it, triumphantly lead him whithersoever she pleases — elevate him to the highest heaven, or plunge him headlong into the deepest hell ! Such has been the history of life since man fell in love with the first woman, and tumbled out of Eden in consequence ; and the likelihood is, that such will be the case some time longer. 'Tis said that : —

“ Man's love is of man's life a part,
'Tis woman's whole existence.”

And just as long as her physical and other charms are capable of raising a tumult beneath his vest, will he be at once her victim, dupe, and master, be she good or evil. No matter how vast his genius, or great his talent, no matter how little in soul, ambition or mental ability she may be, commencing at the lowest or saloonatic grade, or the *Flora la Blonde* — the intensest vampire species, she will, if she once gets hold of his affections, toss him about as hurricanes toss trusses of hay and forest leaves ; and, unless God Almighty himself intervenes to save him, will ruin and demolish, blast and demoralize him with an ease and devilish facility absolutely astounding, except to those who realize and know the fact that the greater a man is in brain and heart, the weaker he is on affectional points ; for the most colossal mind on earth is sure to have a very soft spot in his heart, and a far softer one just under the crown of his hat, so far as the wearers of *jupons* are concerned. So génius, genius, look out for the Beats !

But that class and the designing one aside, the writer, basing his opinion upon large observation, thinks — and begs pardon for daring to disagree with some people — that almost any wo-

man will do well if well done by; and men the same. There are exceptions — but rare ones. Love, physical and sentimental alike, has, as hath everything else, its regular tides, — tides high, low, spring, and neap, just like the air, sea and rivers. Those couples whose feelings toward each other are always on a dead level, like a prairie, or a still lake, are never the happiest. In fact, their love is stagnant; they don't realize what the word really means.

The man who is all sympathy, who feels no antipathies or repulsions; never gets angry or "obstrepulous," to use an inelegant Americanism, who never feels indignant, passionate, excited, — don't amount to much, and never makes a mark on the people or the times. The woman who either feels too much or too little, seldom makes an *enduring wife*. Unless love, like a landscape, has its rises and falls; like the sea its ebbs and flows; unless it has its petty estrangements, coolnesses, and delicious makings-up, it, like the pond behind the barn, is apt to grow stagnant, and produce unsightly and unsavory things; and at best it is but a milk-and-water affair, having little of the honey of life to flavor it.

But whoever takes pains to nourish and cherish a tiff, or spat, and lays their memory by, to be recalled as opportunity offers, and to be, like a bitter cud, chewed at leisure and perpetually digested, yet never gotten rid of, has not yet learned the necessary lesson of forget and forgive; and is, to say the least, not quite up to the Solomonic standard of wisdom.

How suicidal is the general habit of having a pet grievance all the time at hand! Not until it falls into desuetude will pristine Eden be restored, or summer last the year around.

Some one writing on the general subject of this branch of our topic has said, and well said too, that: —

"The first duty of husbands is to sympathize with their wives in all their cares and labors. Men are apt to forget, in the perplexities and annoyances of business, that home cares are also annoying and try the patience and the strength of their wives. They come home expecting sympathy and attention, but are too apt to have none to give. A single kindly word or look, that tells his thought of her and her troubles, would lift half the weight of

care from her heart. Secondly, husbands should make confidants of their wives, consulting them on their plans and prospects, and especially on their troubles and embarrassments. A woman's intuition is often better than all his wisdom and shrewdness, and her ready sympathy and interest is a powerful aid for his efforts, for their mutual welfare. Thirdly, men should show their love for their wives in constant attentions, in their manner of treating them, and in the thousand and one trifling offices of affection which may be hardly noticeable, but which make all the difference between a life of sad and undefined longing, and cheery, happy existence. Above all, men should beware of treating their wives with rudeness and incivility, as if they were the only persons not entitled to their consideration and respect. They should think of their sensitive feelings and their need of sympathy, and never let the fire of love go out or cease to show that the flame is burning with unabated fervor."

And another one, in the "*Mother's Journal*," understood this point perfectly : —

"Only let a woman be sure that she is precious to her husband — not useful, not valuable, not convenient simply, but lovely and beloved; let her be the recipient of his polite and hearty attention; let her feel that her care and love are noticed, appreciated and returned; let her opinion be asked, her approval sought, and her judgment respected in matters of which she is cognizant; in short, let her only be loved, honored, cherished, in fulfilment of the marriage vow — and she will be to her husband, her children, and society, a well-spring of pleasure. She will bear pain and toil and anxiety — for her husband's love is to her a tower and fortress. Shielded and sheltered therein, adversity will have lost its sting. She may suffer, but sympathy will dull the edge of sorrow. A house with love in it — and by love I mean love expressed in words and looks and deeds (for I have not one spark of faith in love that never crops out) — is to a house without love as a person to a machine; one is life, the other is a mechanism. The unloved woman may have bread just as light, a house just as tidy as the other; but the latter has a spring of beauty about her, a joyousness, an aggressive, penetrating, and pervading brightness, to which the former is a stranger. The deep happiness in her heart shines out in her face. It gleams over it. It is fair and graceful, and warm and welcoming with her presence; she is full of devices and plots and sweet surprises for her husband and family. She has never done with the romance and poetry of life. She, herself, is a lyric poem, setting herself to all pure and gracious melodies. Humble household ways and duties have for her a golden significance. The prize makes her calling high, and the end sanctifies the means. Love is Heaven, and Heaven is love."

While the author of this book has said much against the abuse of passion, he finds it is necessary to caution against the opposite extreme; for a wedded celibate is a disgrace to the human species. Even Dante, the poet, realized this truth in his early day, for he says in Canto XI. of "Paradise," if mistake be not made:—

"Incontinence the least offends God, and least guilt incurs."

Few men, as said before, and here repeated, are capable of *really* loving, even though they may *admire*, a strong-minded woman,— a *she* man;— nor are such capable of inspiring the divine passion. A sensible man couldn't rest well beside a "scientific nomenclature" or "technichological proposition." One prefers a romance or a song; nor are men over-fond of physical, mental or moral angularities. Such highly "gifted" are altogether too sharp for comfort, and their mental qualifications are too great to be compatible with either husband or baby culture, or anything like connubial felicity; and while their "a prioris" and "fortioris" all do very well on the platform, real men, when off it and at home, prefer to dispense therewith, and vote most decidedly for peace and union, so far as home comforts are concerned.

The poet Rosenberg, in "The Ark," has finely expressed some thoughts which it were well each of us learned and profited by:—

"Saltly surging round my soul,
Swart and deep the waters roll;
No horizon can I see
Where a place of rest may be.
Out, young passion, out and try
The pathless wave and boundless sky;
Passion's wing is loosed in vain—
Passion finds nor pause nor rest—
With ruffled wing and rumpled breast,
Passion cometh home again.

"Out, ambition! stronger still;
Great of heart, and large of will;

Vulture wing and eagle eye —
 Sweep the wave and search the sky,
 Spite of storm and battling wind,
 Place and spot of rest to find.
 But in vain, ambition's flight
 Sweeps the wave for place of rest;
 Home it comes, with bleeding breast,
 Shattered wing and failing might.

“ Dear home-dweller ! gentle love !
 Timid plume and eye of dove !
 Thine at length the task to try ;
 Out, and search the wave and sky.
 Nor flies the trembling one in vain,
 Back it comes in joy again.
 Love brings home the olive-leaf ;
 Love has found the place of rest ;
 Woman's true and tender breast,
Only home in every grief.”

Wonder how it is in the majority of New England homes !

Heaven save us all from the tender mercies of The Friend of the Family, who eats our bread beneath our roof-tree, and mangles our characters when digesting it elsewhere !

How dreadfully scandal-mongers squirm when their own tables are turned upon them, and themselves are made to feel how sharper than a serpent's tooth is the viper-fang and lying tongue of one who peddles slander !

Reader, never go back on any one, just because they are scandalized and talked against ; for the gabblers are ignorant of the real character of those they traduce ; and it often turns out that those who bear the worst name are white-robed angels compared to their vituperators. Who so great as Him of Nazareth ? yet they hung him ! Who so meek and lovely as His best friend John ? yet they martyred him ! Indeed, to come down to our own days, who so virtuous as R——s, the famous Boston printer ? yet they said his virtue was of a very leaky character, — that meek and gentle lambkin of men ! No, no, it won't do to measure a man by what They Say.

Let us now turn our attention for a brief space to the consideration of blonde women and their opposites, the vivacious brunettes; and to the compatibilities and temperaments best suited to the general production of the greatest comparative amount and degree of happiness in the married life of human kind, so far, at least, as the offshoots of the Caucasian, Latin, and Teutonic races, now forming the human conglomerate inhabiting the soil of these United States and adjacent lands, are concerned.

Under the head of the blonde is here intended to be included all who are light, and some who are ruddy; while under the class brunette is included all those, without too much Negro and Indian blood, who are dark or olive in complexion, and whose hair and eyes correspond generally thereto.

And here the author makes the astounding assertion, and defies contradiction, that there is not a brunette on earth, never was, and never will be, but in whose veins BLACK MAN'S BLOOD FLOWS! Not a brunette living, dead, or to be, but at the head of whose line stands one of the three dark races, ARAB, MOOR, NEGRO; more ARAB than MOOR, more NEGRO than either or both the others combined. There, you brunettes, who hate the black races, put that in your pipes and smoke it! for it is true, no matter how sick at the thought, or stomach, it may make you, you are cousins to Pompey, not the emperor, but that genial gentleman who, erewhile, hailed from

“Way down upon de Swanee riber,
Far, far away.”

Read the extracts from Darwin, in this book, again, if you want to see how the thing came to pass; remember, too, that genealogical lines elude us by their multitude and ramifications after a few centuries; and rest assured that somewhere in the past, a black man grins triumphantly at every brunette, as he says, “I’s yer granfader, befo’ de Lord!” — “Look here,” said a gentleman, who heard the above read, “if that’s a lie, it’s the king-pin of the species! If it is a fact, why, it’s a *damned un-*

palatable one ! that's all !"— " Well," was the response, " it is a fact, and cannot be disproved." Your remark calls to mind an illustrative little story. Listen :—

SCENE I. — Planter's dining-room. *Present*: a table full of guests, and an impudent, old, and stuttering negro to wait upon them. *Subject of conversation*: Darwinism, and mother-marking. Aristocratic lady, with beautiful brunette daughter upstairs, remarks that, " Mental states, at certain sacred seasons, indubitably affect the unborn. Why, some months before the first birthday of Georia Augusta Minerva, I was in the woods, culling those delicious wild flowers which there lift up their modest heads, when, suddenly, a quadroon man, not ugly-looking, but very impudent and lascivious in expression, suddenly emerged,—and the fright determined her complexion; and the villain actually chased me, and—"

" *Yeth, and by Gum, he cotch yer, too; 'case I knows de very nigger!*" broke in the impudent, stuttering son of Ham.

SCENE II. — Sensation; lady faints; exit impudence, amid a shower of plates, and " Well, I swears !"

" My father sold charcoal, and that was the cause of it !"

There are three general classes of women: the light-eyed, light-haired, and fair-complexioned; the dark-haired, dark-eyed, and dark-complexioned. The first are blondes, the second brunettes. Intermediate is a class partaking of the characteristics of both: women with light hair and eyes, but dark-skinned; others the exact reverse of these; and another, the ruddy class. The two first, however, predominate largely over the third in this country; and it is those only here proposed to be briefly analyzed.

Now, the eyes are the mirrors of the soul; at least when said eyes are caught unawares, and do not see you looking too closely at them, in the endeavor to penetrate to the informing soul behind them.

Some writer has affirmed that the devil himself is black-eyed; and that woe betides the unlucky wight who weds a black-eyed

woman! — which latter assertion the present writer takes issue with decidedly; for although there may be fewer *gentle* black-eyed women than of blue or gray, yet it is certain that quite as much amiability is developed by, and characterizes black-eyed ladies, as in the case of others of any hue or shade whatever; while on the score of virtue, they are all three, perhaps, even as a general rule. Yet as blondes predominate in numbers, there will be found among women of easy virtue, ten cold, light-eyed blondes, to every single brunette, or black-eyed woman, not alone in America, but the whole wide world over, if we except the swarming hordes of Tartary, China, the Ocean Isles, and populous Japan; and even then we have all light-eyed Europe, with the teeming millions of Russia, to back up this assertion.

A black-eyed woman is more easily overcome from *within* than her light-eyed sister, but she resists outward pressure a great deal more, and laughs at the, to her, ridiculous idea of yielding unless she chooses to do so from whim, caprice, or her own especial will. A light-eyed woman makes all sorts of lame excuses for a fall, and is apt to urge “psychologic” fascination as “the cause of it,” not seeing how utterly absurd is such a plea, — one which no brunette on earth would descend to make, because she knows its general contemptible silliness!

A light-eyed woman is most easily overcome from without, and such will sell themselves far more readily than their brown-skinned opposites. If one of these latter *loves*, she loves all over; nor can all earth, or any other power, sway or swerve her deep integrity and devotion to the object she gives her heart to. She would die first! Not so the light-eyed woman, for *she* can love more than once, and more than one too, at the same time, — and in the same direction; and, strange to say, apparently without deeming herself unjust to either, — or herself! On the other hand the love of the brunette is more liable to an upsettal than a blonde's, and *if* she changes, if her jealousy is once fairly kindled, hell never yet blazed with more vehement fury than will her fire-packed soul! If she deems him false to whom she has given her heart, she does not mope, get the hysterics, go off into fainting-fits, or to bed with a quick consumption, like your

fair Cynthias or fickle blondettes ; but she blazes her wrath right straight out, and no mistake ; and no tigress robbed of her cubs is so fierce, revengeful, vindictive, cruel and remorseless as she ! She laughs at anything short of perfect vengeance ; life itself is not too sacred a sacrifice to her injured honor and blighted love ; and, unlike the reasoning blonde, she would not hesitate to wreak her spite on the head of her rival, even to the bitter death, and although she *knew* that rival to be innocent, and the man alone in fault. “Get out of *my* sunshine !” is her motto, “or I’ll kill you if you don’t ! In fact, I guess I’ll kill you *any way* — to make sure !” Take him back to her arms again, she certainly will, ten times over. Nay, she will even restore him to her heart ; but to her *soul*, and perfect confidence ? NEVER ! As well might you throw sand in the sea, and expect it to return to your hand again ! For she will nurse the memory as a bitter morsel forever and for aye ; in which respect she differs both from the blonde and the ruddy woman, and is more vehement than both combined.

As well tell yesterday to come back and change places with the morrow, as expect her to look on the recreant lover or husband with the *same* affectionate eyes again. It is an utter impossibility ; for when once the storm has been raised in her soul, it never wholly calms again ; nor can, or will she, even to another, ever again be wholly what she was before. Her nature is sharp, sudden, quick as the lightning’s flash, and burning as its fire. There is no sacrifice she will not freely, gladly, make for him she loves. There is no revenge too terrible for her to wreak upon him, and the innocent object, perhaps, of his attentions, — the unthinking arouser of her jealousy. A brunette’s love is of the ardent, fiery, passionate kind ; and she forever lacks the delicate tenderness and spirituality which characterize the blonde. She is more passionate, less emotional in the higher sense, — less devotional ; quicker tempered ; more imperious, exacting, demanding, selfish, one-sided ; less intuitive ; less domestic, and never makes as good a nurse as a blonde. She is more vain, but less proud than a blonde ; is far less delicate, scrupulous, far-seeing, provident ; cares little for religion ; is care-

less of her soul ; thinks its chances good, that it will be taken care of *anyhow* ; and she seldom troubles herself about laying up treasures in heaven — or anywhere else. But with all these disadvantages, she has one grand sweeping virtue. She is *honest*, speaks her mind ; is trustable ; not deceitful ; cannot easily put on and demonstrate what she does not feel ; chafes under restraint ; and when she goes to the bad — which she may do for love ; but *never*, unlike the blonde — for money ! — she is never one-tenth as dangerous, nor one-fiftieth as bad ; for the *worst* women who ever trod this globe of ours were *all* blondes ; and the *best* the world ever saw, from the Virgin Mary downward, have been brunettes, or brunettesque.

All the three temperaments of women have advantages over each other. But the middle or ruddy woman never experiences either the intensities of the brunette, or the intellectual raptures of the blonde.

A blonde woman is incapable of even one-half the intense passionateness or passioné of her dark-skinned rival, save in very rare instances — when she loves ! — but *is* competent to an immeasurably finer, more delicate, discerning, calm, gentle, tender, sweet, lofty *soul*-subduing love, which, if it be fairly settled, will last to the door of the tomb and beyond it ; while any brunette that ever lived will forget her grief, survive her fiery, volcanic, tempestuous love, and marry again, and that too impulsively, and sometimes far too hastily. To offset these disadvantages, the brunette loves her child with more devotion than a blonde. She is sometimes a vampire, but *very* seldom, because she possesses the power of winning men naturally, which all blondes do not ; and besides all this, ten blondes commit fœticide to one brunette.

Brunettes are quicker tempered, but less quarrelsome, and are never half so envious as the fair-locked damsel. She resists temptation better ; nor can she be lured at all by what draws her light sister ; and the dark lady bears up when fate, fortune, earth and heaven are against her, far better than the fairer dame ; and when she sinks never falls so low ! — but then again, when she rises, never soars so high ! Her crimes are seldom of the

Borgia stamp, but are more frequently the impulsions of the moment; and when she sins, she is far more easily reclaimed, because her heart never becomes wholly tough or callous. True, there have been some brunette fiends in the world, but their numbers are not large.

The same diseases that attack and destroy fair women are not the same dark ones fall beneath. Twenty blondes are diseased in the nerves, have complaints usually called "Female," and are afflicted with wasting disorders, to every brunette, whose troubles are of a precisely opposite character. Among men, on the contrary, the above ratios are exactly reversed, with reference to the different complexions.

In regard to other departments of human nature, it is certain that the light man is most domestic; loves home better, on a steady strain; but parts from it easier, and with fewer keen pangs; becomes less intensely homesick when away; and returns to it with far less of a sunburst of enthusiasm, than the dark man; but his joy lasts far longer; hence, as a general thing, he is far safer to tie to; for among others, the reason that he is a slower coach in every way, and being less impulsive, is steadier in the long run than a brunette.

In the race for wives, widowers have the inside track against men, old or young, who have never been married, all other things and advantages being equal, except wealth; for if two men, of equal age, station and wealth, one blonde, the other brunette, are rivals for the same woman, whether she be blonde, ruddy, or brunette, the light-haired, light-eyed man will win. But if both are poor, the dark man gives odds to and beats the other out of sight, because the light man understands the law of money-making and display a great deal better than any dark man possibly can, for but few such ever reach financial greatness, and in the race for woman, as a general rule, diamonds is a trump card, and when well played, as a light man always knows how to do, it will clean the board and take the trick nine times in ten. But, if the contest between two such rivals turns on and depends upon the personæ of either, the dark man leaves his contestant hull down in short order.

The light man is electrical, and dazzles a woman. The dark man is magnetic, and attracts her. That's the difference.

A widow's chances for re-marriage, up to her forty-fourth year, are equal to a girl's over twenty, but less than that of girls below that age; but are ten times better after she passes forty than that of a single woman turned of twenty-five.

All things being equal, a blonde widow over thirty-five will give odds to any brunette, and get a husband quicker; but under that age she stands a very slim chance beside her dark rival.

Both blondes and brunettes — single — are apt to forget that it is not faces and figures that a man wants, but solid qualities in a woman; and both play the external physical card,—intoxicate his senses; flatter his vanity; obfuscate his intellect; inflame his passions, and infatuate his soul, and win him with that sort of bait up to their thirty-fifth year. But after that is passed, or they are in widowhood, they play altogether better cards, and hence get better husbands than they possibly could while younger, because a loftier class of men are attracted by them than the giddy fools who flutter round younger and more externally attractive women. Both classes have at that age learned what girls ought to but will not understand, that faces should be the index of lofty qualities of mind and feeling, not a mere advertisement of apartments to let, with modern improvements — among which is a frightful capacity of running up milliners' and doctors' bills. It is soul and mind a man wants in a woman, and not mere figure, or any sort of paint or cotton aids; but it is thought and soul, not flesh and fol-loll, which allures sensible lovers; hence a girl who seeks to win a genuine man must play a judicious hand of mental, social, moral and commonsensical affectionate cards, not the physical mainly, as it is the fashion to do in these modern times; for that bait catches either worthless scamps or empty-headed fools, both of which are rather poor investments as husbands.

Sometimes such a girl, playing such a card, will very likely succeed in fastening some atheistic, bragging fool, vain of his clothes, who travels around with a pocket full of love letters, written *to himself by himself*, and lots of photographs which he

takes every opportunity to show off and boast his conquests over the originals,—proving himself, thereby, a doubly-dyed scoundrel; for if they are pictures of living women, outside the brothels, he probably slanders them, in which case he is of course a scoundrel! If his stories of conquest and favors are true, and the women be other than light-love ladies, *i. e.*, common strumpets,—then he is an infamous wretch and fool to boot. He may boast to his full of brothelite favors; but is a low dog for betraying a *decent* woman's trust and confidence,—if decent women ever grant such favors. *Can* they? If the pictures have no originals, but were purchased for the use he puts them to, then he is a fine tripartite combination of scoundrel, fool and liar!—a regular “*case*,” whose only probable female associates are such as low-lived pieces of men pick up in the noisome slums of Boston, Hartford, New York and other great centres; besides which the probability is that such a thing in man's shape is a practical *solitaire*, unfit for woman's society, and a foul disgrace to the form he wears! A “*case*,” indeed!

The origin of the terms, “*case*,” “*hard case*,” was, that once there was a low fellow bearing that name, who was perpetually boasting of his amours, without any more solid basis of truth than a diseased vanity, ridiculous egotism, and a matchless capacity of lying. One such boasting-braggart fool the author of this fell in with; and that Heaven may protect all women from the foul presence of all such is his fervent prayer! for if a woman is weak enough to trust her honor to such a burlesque on manhood she's a ruined being! If she marries him her fate is sealed; for the likelihood is that within fifteen years he will wear crape on his hat three or four times, as sad memorials of the “*dear departed*,” numbers one, two, three or four. In previous pages the female vampire was described; such fellows, such unmitigated, heaven-abandoned profligates as the sort just limned, are their natural congeners—male specimens of the same order. Let us turn from the contemplation of such wretches and unprincipled monstrosities to our more congenial theme.

As a general thing brunette ladies, all other things being

equal, and the opportunities the same, will give odds to the blonde and fairly outshine her. Men find it extremely difficult to resist their fascinations; and there is an old legend extant to the effect that all Olympus was at peace until a brunette made her appearance there; for no sooner did the gods lay eyes on her than every one of them went wild; and even Cupid forgot his vocation by reason of his captivity to her wilful, beautiful, devilishly delightful ladyship. And earthly men are no better off if her brunetteship understands herself, and "*she do!*" They yield to the magic of her presence simply because they cannot help it; and that's the long and short of it! She is more spritely, and sprightly, too; vivacious, audacious, wilfully gracious; full to the lips of richness, ripeness, *verve*, *élan*; and can reach a man's heart, and turn his head a great deal quicker, easier, and with infinitely more exquisite tact than the rarest blonde of them all.

Brunettes are very generally smaller in stature, and finer formed than blondes; and all small women dress better, and make a far more effective display of their charms, natural and artistic, than do large ones; while a dark-eyed, dark-haired beauty will play a ribbon against a man's senses, brains, heart and fortune, and will win the triple game nine times in ten, before your slower blonde gets her batteries in position. But, when the latter *does* get ready, the dark lady must open up her sharpest, quickest, *killingest* fire, for if she don't, she's done for, sure! because when a smart blonde attacks a man in right-down earnest, she generally makes him forget everything but her, — including brunettes, common-sense, sanity, judgment; she makes a marionette of him, petrifies him, turns his brain upside down, and his wits inside out; and she settles him in short order, for her heavier artillery does far more effective work in a short time than all the light firing from brunettedom can possibly.

But in the general game the brunette has the best of her rival, who usually shoots too high, — among the stars, — while the dark lady fires low and kills, because her guns are charged with passion, and attacking the foe between wind and — well, she wins him, that's all!

Without being compelled to copy from another work from the same pen as this an article on "The Seven Magnetic Laws of Love," the author cannot here tell several profound truths relative to lost or dead loves, and the methods of their restoration, but, nevertheless, will here lay down certain principles which have been tested in the crucibles of time and trial, and have never yet failed. These are: the blonde woman is more apt to turn her husband's love from her than is the brunette; nor can she get him back by the same methods that the dark woman can under similar circumstances. When the light woman seeks to recover a recreant husband, she generally fails in her effort, because she plays the role of love and tears, neither of which are half as effective in *her* hands as in the dark woman's; for *her* nature is all love, all tears, hence she plays them with a natural power, which the fairer one can never hope to wield. Her plan is to fix her soul on will, purpose, justice, and to play the role of hopeful wife, and wisely duty; to storm the citadel of his manhood, her wifehood; attack his reason, and carry him back by storm.

Now, the brunette cannot do this, because she belongs to the emotional side,—the tender, passionate *feeling* region; one attacks a man's head, the other storms his heart. Those who have read the article referred to will comprehend the entire rationale of this part of the subject; those who have not will be able to do so by reading the book, a notice of which is appended hereto.

Scene: a vast temple, occupied by five thousand husbandless women, all of whom have gathered there in attendance upon an auction, for three husbands are to be sold to-day—not that three millions are not *sold* every day!—but not in the present sense, for the women there have come to bid for husbands. See, there comes the auctioneer; he speaks; listen: "Ladies all, to-day we have only three specimens for sale; the first of which I will now put up. Ladies, this is an unpolished lump of gold—although he has none of it, being poor; but he is honest, industrious, rather sunburnt, but a *Man*, and a better mechanic

never walked! Who bids? What! five thousand of you and ne'er a bid! Ah! yes, one! — going — going — gone. Taken by Miss Sensible. Now the next one for sale is a polished gentleman in education and manners, and he dresses in the height of fashion; sings well and plays better — *three card monte* and *faro*! Who bids for this soft-skinned Adonis — a perfect lady-killer? What! five hundred bids? Surprising — please settle it among yourselves who takes him. The next lot is sixty-five years old; is rather cross, not handsome at all, is tyrannical, thinks wife and horses belong to the same category; but, to make amends for his gout, rheumy eyes and other trifles — is worth a million! Who bids? Heavens! four thousand four hundred and ninety-five bids! What an astonishing power is money!" Scene closes: five thousand less one have gone to deep sorrow. One only went to happiness!

That man or woman, in whom love has died out, and in whose emotional nature there are no tides, no ebbs, no flows, but only a lake-like evenness; or Mediterranean tidelessness, needs a rejuvenescence of the dead or torpid Will; will to think and do; will to kill the eternal placidity of things; will to reconstruct the shattered love; will to realize the purposes of life, and the divine uses of affection; will to break the dreadful monotony, and to actualize existence as it ought to be. How can this be done? is *the* question of questions in the minds of millions of sufferers, now wrecked and stranded, almost hopelessly, on the banks of the rushing ocean of life. It is a mixed question, and a vast one, not wholly to be answered in this volume, save by a general reply: Increase the blood force by eating the *best* of food; by the cold bath (never by drugs), and try to bring the mind to bear upon the matter, and in six weeks *that* error will be corrected. Again: suppose all the tide is one side and none whatever on the other; what then? Reply: Then it is the business of both to apply themselves to the only obvious means of ending such a state of things. Time allowed, ten days.

But in either of the above cases reasons should be given: —

Well, here they are : everything in nature evolves from itself an atmosphere, as flowers do perfume. So also do we. Every one knows that laughing is catching ; and any one who has ever seen a mob knows that the fiercer passions of human nature are transmissible from one to another, until thousands become infected and infuriate also ; and for no other reason than their nervous and magnetic susceptibility to impressions from the external world. In the presence of a devil we are almost death sure to absorb the prevailing devilment, no matter what form it may chance to take. If we are close to those in whom anger, pity, jollity, pain, ambition, love, prevails, to that tune will our own organs be pitched in the exact ratio of our impressionability. All the world knows this, yet practically ignores or forgets the knowledge in, and at the very time and place it is most needed, and can be put to the highest and best uses.

Our wisdom very often comes too late. We bend to circumstances, which, had we thought of the means at the right time, we could have risen above ; and we pall and blanch and tremble at obstacles in our paths, which we afterward well knew we could, had we been so minded, have swept away, or leaped over with the utmost ease.

The fundamental axioms of this book, those from the same pen, and of the soul which gives them to mankind, are these : Love lieth at the foundation : Will reigneth omnipotent : Goodness is Godness, and that is Power : Silence is strength. The books : their object was and is to do somewhat toward laying the firm foundations of a better state of things in the broad lands, and above all, in the world of love, for until love is rejuvenated the blessed Gospel of the dear Christ — dear and true, and grand beyond compare, whether God incarnate or human man ! — will never be comprehended in its spirit and its truth, therefore never be obeyed and followed. Hence the books teach these lessons : Purify the Loves : Strengthen the Will : Increase the Personal Power : Cultivate Goodness : Prolong your youth and life by so doing : Trust ever in God and do right. Then will Shiloh come to every human soul, and then will every eye discern the sheen of heaven's golden glory, illu-

mining the wild and dreary waste of waters, which we call human life below ! Undoubtedly the author's life has not been as perfect as he could wish, yet he has done the best he could ; leaves no deadly foes behind him, feels no hatred or ill-will toward even one of God's creatures, and can truly say, as one did before him, and from the bottom of his heart : —

“ Yet every friend partakes my store,
And want goes smiling from my door.
Will forty shillings sooth the breast
Of worth or industry distressed,
This sum I cheerfully impart :
'Tis fourscore pleasures to my heart.
And you may make by means like these
Five talents ten whene'er you please.
'Tis true my little purse grows light ;
But then I sleep so good at night.
This grand specific will prevail
When all the doctor's opiates fail.”

Whatever emotion agitates us, impels from us an atmosphere charged with what we feel, and whoever comes within that atmosphere must, to a greater or less extent, feel just as we do. Now, of all other things, passion generates the strongest and most extensive and pervasive atmosphere, and one which, above all others, most readily affects all persons who come within its influence, except such persons be so radically dead in passional respects as to be wholly insulated or impervious to its action. Without enlarging on this point, let us here say that mutuality results only when *one* sphere blends two beings. Then, and then only, will the acme of marriage be fully realized in all its holy and pure intensities — its entirely indescribable soul and spirit happiness and joy. Surely no one can be so dull as not to see the enormous freight of wisdom concealed within these last ten lines ! For in them is the grand truth that the male soul must, to be happy, inhale the magnetic and ethereal aroma flowing from the divine nature of woman when the fires of her soul are kindled by the torch of love ; and that the woman cannot really know herself for the celestial being she is, until

she drinks in the dear delight flashed forth from the eyes and exhaled from the spirit of the man she loves, and who adores her in return. Then, ah! then! Slow music!—lights half down!—let the blessed curtain fall! for two souls have joined natures, and basking in the golden sunshine of reciprocal affection, are crowned with God's radiance, realizing that love alone can give the soul more fulness of the eternal world, than all the beggarly materialisms and lusts a myriad earths could afford in the march of a double file of eternities!—because LOVE is the infinite, exhaustless, limitless sea whereon they float, while all nature sings their epithalamium. This is true love, which only, at present, the few can know and understand, but it is an unknown, undreamed-of thing to the masses—*them asses*—and will be so as long as bodies fetch premiums and souls are heavily discounted, as they are in these rapid days!

The light-skinned men of America are better educated than the darker ones. They rule the world of mind and move in the sphere of intellect. They have infinitely more talent but less original genius than the dark man, who has in addition a great deal more feeling, soul, emotion, charity, generosity, love! He can never soar amid the cursed ethics of cent per cent, nor reap millions where he only sowed hundreds, as the light man can and does; but then he feels intensely, immensely more, and enjoys life with greater zest and gusto. The light man is slower, cooler, less heartful; generally smaller when he is small, and a great deal larger and grander when he is grand. At all times he is more close and a deal more arbitrary. Being less excitable and passionate, he is less susceptible to the personal charms of other ladies. He is less demonstrative in his love than his opposite, but cannot hold a woman of soul with half the power the darker man can.

In New England there are plenty of women capable of strongly loving, but the proportion of men who are so is very small indeed, taking the entire population, by and large; for most of them are too cold, selfish, grasping, hard,—and have precious little of that rare outburst spontaneity and expressive manliness to be found either north, south or west of the New

England States ; and this is quite as attributable to their mode of life as to their sterile soil and unfavorable climate. A full, free, *open*, generous-hearted man, native of and resident on the soil of New England, may be found, but such has not fallen to the lot of the writer of this, who has seen many, but none who entirely filled the bill of even a half-ideal manliness. There's something radically wrong, and unnecessarily small, in the New England character. True, here and there you find exceptional men, and several are before the writer's mind's eye at this moment ; but such are quite aside from the nearly or almost universal rule. As a consequence of the scarcity of large-souled men, whenever the New Englanders find one taller than the average — and it is their habit to belittle every one but themselves — they forthwith idolize him or her, and so a fanatic, like WENDELL PHILLIPS, — a frothy agitator — only that, and nothing more ! — becomes to them a demigod. It is only *out* of New England that the New Englander shows the stuff at bottom. It is only in the great West, the sunny South, New York, or in far-off lands that the real material underlying his every-day self hood has a chance to develop itself. But under such conditions the New England man looms up into colossal proportions, and shows his kingship finely. There's not room enough for him upon his native soil. He requires the whole world for a workshop, and the universe itself is none too large a field for him. Insatiably grasping both for knowledge and money, he would bore a hole through the walls of heaven to get the first, and open an ice-creamery in hell to gain the latter — and unquestionably succeed in the first case, and, when satisfied with his pile, whittle his way out of the latter while his hooped majesty was taking his noon siesta on the griddles of the lower deep !

The New Englander's mental constitution, like his birth-place, is founded upon solid granite rock, unshakable by any sort of earthquake ; firmly knit, close-grained, tight-fisted, a dozen common men rolled into one, but closely packed — for emigration — for it requires other suns and soil than his own to loosen him up, shake him apart, and let his unsleeping soul put

forth its slow but vehement powers, and let the world see the true grit and splendid stuff of the bottom man — the sturdy courage and enduring pluck of the Pilgrim's blood! *Then* the Yankee becomes a giant in very truth!

To resume the broken thread: As the natural offset against the advantages the fairer man has over the darker one, the latter has a better chance for a lengthened period, not merely of life, but what is of far more value, prolonged youthfulness, for he is less quickly exhausted by excess of any kind; and when depleted, recuperates, even to increased energy, when, under precisely similar conditions, the fair-skinned man sickens, withers and dies; else becomes chronically powerless mentally, materially and emotionally, too. The rule applies to both genders. Light people are infinitely more leech-like and vampiral than dark ones, mentally and physically; for they are mainly electric; but the dark are magnetic, and naturally abound in love, excitability, nerval-sensitiveness, fire, spirit; but, on the other hand, are incapable of such *sustained* intellectual flights and mental continuity as is the fairer man. When a dark man *is* original, he is most wonderfully and strangely so; but more *first thoughts* of weight and world-ruling power and value flow from the brain of the light man in the ratio of four to one; and hence the worlds of mathematics, invention, science, utility, logic, the drama, war, science, philosophy, architecture, navigation and music, is mostly the fair man's private and exclusive domain, wherein he reigns supreme lord and king paramount, solely, undisputed and alone. But then he lives in the future; the dark man lives to-day. To the latter belong religious fervor, present ecstacy, physical joys, delirious pleasures and rich dreamery, which the other pines for, and pines vainly.

The dark-complexioned impart magnetism, hence vitality, energy, strength, and — *when under peculiar circumstances they know how* — absolute power, even to the extent of life-prolongation. *How* this is accomplished,— by natural means and mental processes, together with an infinite deal more, within the measures of the esoteric love-laws of the homos,— cannot,

of course, be given in this work; and whether it will be hereafter, or not, depends upon conditions not yet in existence.

Dark people do not drain or sap their mates of life once in a million cases; which is proved by the fact that fifty-six light men bury their wives to every two dark men who do the same.

Wives of light men die of consumption and similar diseases, and become morbid mentally and physically, a great deal more frequently than those of the opposite cast; and the majority of women's chances for a long life is incomparably better with a dark than any light man under heaven! At least in America. Why? Because light men (and women) are electric, and dark men (and women) magnetic. Light people have more front brain and less back brain than dark ones, hence run more to mentality than their opposites. Light men have more love than passion; dark ones more passion than love. Light ones therefore have less stamina than dark ones. Great talent marks the light complexion; great genius marks the dark one. And because the brain, heart and nerves mark the light man; and great passion, stamina and physique the dark one, the child fathered — always in a storm of passion — by the brunette is better knit, made-up, physically, than the child of the light man. But the latter has more children, and loses them by death a great deal faster than the dark man; for the latter has more stomach, lungs, heart, a broader chest, back, limbs, and ten times the fire of the light man. The dark person draws sustenance readily from the air, light, food and drink; and converts it into flesh, lungs, bone, muscle, magnetism; while the light man converts *his* into thought; hence the blonde person is hard put to it to keep up a specific quantum of vital force; while the dark man has an overplus of it. *His* life is joyous, hilarious, gloomy, suicidal, by fits and starts; he is elastic; suffers more keenly, and gets over it quicker than the light person; he blusters and threatens more; brags much; is loud-tongued; open, generous, forgiving; seldom grows rich, because he is not mean; is never hypocritical, and when angry spits it all out. He is very seldom, or never, a sneak, back-biter or snob; but *can* lie — for glory's sake — quite easily!

He is never a secret foe, but always an open one. He don't keep grudges, and lives for the present Now.

Thus it will be seen that each class has its advantages and its faults. But if you want to see a domestic pandemonium, why, marry two brunettes together. On the other hand, if you want to see a quiet, interior, dreadful, but smothered hell, let two genuine blondes come together, and you'll have it — nicely.

But change the parties, and let brunette unite with blonde, and you have the elements of a first-class domestic paradise; for they offset each the other, and there is a natural fitness between them, that, with prudence and care, will make their path one of roses from the altar to the grave!



CHAPTER XXI.

How heartfully we long and in lonely hours how deeply we yearn, for him or her whom we once loved, and who loved us, but from whom sad misunderstandings, not real wrongs, intended as such, have separated us! Oh, how bitterly we regret the unkind look or hasty word which broke, in a thoughtless moment, the silver links that bound us; for somehow or other, even though intellect tells us it was all right and for the best, the heart — pulsing, throbbing, hungry, yearning heart — steadily refuses to believe it, and still sighs for the old discarded love; still recalls the sweet memories of days gone by, and will not erase the cherished images from its graven tablets!

The old love *will* come up, — will surge its memories upon us in spite of the whirl of events, and the swirl of current life, — while ever and anon it will strangely phantom itself in the new faces that now claim our homage, and will sadly, dreamily, smile upon us with ghostly yet benignant eyes, from behind the windows of a new passion, builded on the ruins of the old! No wonder the “Prodigal Son” went home. Would that all the prodigal wives and husbands would snap their fingers at Mrs. Grundy, take heart and courage, and bravely do the same! — for there's

no love like the old love, and none but those who have been unjust, or sinned themselves, can form anything like an adequate idea of the prodigious edge of joy once known and felt, in the long foretime, when love crowned the drama, and the feast of life was glad.

Pride, false pride, keeps many really fond hearts apart ; prevents a man from owning up his error, and a woman from being truly herself ; and yet, did they but recall the fact that Pride is a servitor, and Love a born king, the latter would speedily march in, and the false principle step out, for Love is the conqueror by right of descent.

This false pride is often fostered by pretended friends and meddlers, who, on pretence of righting wrongs, make things ten times worse than they were before. Such people flatter the vanity of the side they take, and add obstacles to those already existing ; hence, it is well to be on one's guard, and to remember that they who too warmly espouse your cause, and overrate *you*, and traduce your recreant, or recusant, or recalcitrant one, generally have some designs upon you. Do not forget this.

What people who have love troubles mainly lack is courage to do the right thing in spite of what the people say ; for the "people" never make us happy, but often quite miserable indeed.

When a love is unreturned, some one is in gehenna ; and if some one suffers, and God's laws are just, some one else must be also made unhappy, and thus the circle spreads. When love is unreciprocated, it is thenceforth dangerous, exceedingly, both to the unloved one and the unloving ; because such a state of things jars the emotional world, and darkens the eyes of an immortal soul ; yet nevertheless, too often what men call, and women fancy to be, true love, dies dead as a door-nail when one of its points are gained ; and this *must* react upon both persons, and tell its bad story sooner or later, in this life or the next.

Too frequently love's young, or even mature dream vanishes into thin air, because based on the sliding sands of unsubstantial ardor, and not on solid, deep-based regard and attachment.

When such a union reaches the possessive climax, the thermometer falls, and the barometer indicates stormy weather just ahead ; and each comes down even more rapidly than they rose within the glass of hope and life. While the turbulent fever reigns and riots in the blood, tingling the nerves with exquisite rapture, each to the other becomes transformed into an idol, and dons the garb of seraphhood. This continues until each knows the other's secret, and has nothing else to do or give. Then comes the death of rapture, and, could we read them an hour after each has made the sad discovery, we would behold the beginning of many a fearful and terrible ending. *He* finds her to be "only a woman, after all! — a mere human female — and no great shakes at that!" *She* finds him to be "only a sensuous brute or half-fool ; coarse, mean, exacting ; deficient in *secret* nobility, and, taken all in all, a first-class sham and tremendous fraud!"

Had their love been actual, her very presence would be infinitely dearer *after* than *before* ; while she to him would be a tower of energy, power and strength, — a sure and mighty refuge to lean upon when wintry tempests raged around, and stormy winds in bitter fury blew. Would that it were always so, but alas ! such are exceptions to a general rule !

Marriage, instead of being as it ought, a perpetual feast of perfect fellowship, is, in far too many instances, a state of *penal* servitude to the man, and a *similar* slavery to the woman ; as the legitimate fruitage of which, brothels and social evils abound ; the woman plays a bad game, else sickens and dies outright ; and the man becomes a frequenter of doubtful places, or some other sort of madman. Eugene Sue truly said : " Nothing can be more rational than love ; nothing wiser than to wed." Both being one in essence.

Sad are the times when wedded wives decay,
And brothels flourish, and harlots bear the sway.
These *are* the times ! The scarlet banner waves,
And wives, neglected, fill untimely graves.

Much of it, doubtless, springs from lack of patience on both sides, and strenuous endeavor to mutually do better.

When a man is in a bad chemical condition, or a woman either, — and her nervous structure renders her much more irritable, at times, and more sensitive always, beside her superior impressionability to that of man; and then her patience, as a general thing, goes begging; cool reason and sober judgment take wing. and the elements of varied and compound discord are in prime working order, — if at that time each would but stop and consider themselves, and postpone all disagreements till healthful states of mind and body permit them to see things as they ought to, many a family would remain concordant and unbroken; for most disagreements are merely verbal, chemical in origin, superficial, and easily gotten over.

Keep your private affairs to yourself; for no one but yourself is really interested in hearing either the story of your loves or losses; except perhaps to make your confidence a vantage ground from whence to play upon you in some way, at some time, when themselves may chance to have an axe to grind, or a point to make — at your expense! The domestic affairs of people should never be paraded to outsiders.

There are some people so constituted that they always tell all they know and all they feel, hope, long for, or desire. There are others who seem wholly incapable of refraining from taking unfair advantage of what they thus become apprised of, and it singularly chances that, in both business and love matters, these two classes come together, — that is, the fools and the sharpers; — the lovers, or the wife and husband lose confidence in each other, and one is ruined and the other becomes a wretch. In love affairs, likewise, it is safe to never tell the *whole* story of it before marriage, or even after it — for in the latter case action will tell it far better than words possibly can; and it is well in all cases to leave something to be said, and more to be done. Confidence *carried to extremes* does not always beget similar returns; especially in heart concerns, for in these days husbands and lovers, and sometimes wives and sweethearts, are not wholly true, but only so much as the current weather permits.

Above all it is excessively dangerous to one's peace of mind to allow one's self to be either baited or badgered into telling

one's own strictly secret and private affairs; for to do so is to that extent and degree to put one's self in another's power; nor will that other, no matter who it may be, be capable of resisting the strong and delicious temptation to use the advantage such knowledge gives to your detriment and their advantage. If the matter told is a great secret, they are sure to ensure their better keeping of it by taking A, B, C, D, E, F and G, and, finally, the whole infernal alphabet of gossips and scandal-mongers into their "strictly private and secret and wholly sacred confidence," and before a week rolls by, every one who knows you is rolling the exquisite tit-bits under their tongues. It won't do to unload your heart to any one save wife or husband; even sisters and brothers, fathers and mothers,—to say nothing about mothers-in-law! may God — *bless* them — as the South Carolina prisoner blessed that Commonwealth when they branded his hand!

It never pays to have confidants between wife and husband; nor to confide in an outsider all one's business, or all one thinks, feels, hopes, expects, or even dreads;—and more especially to people who exhibit a taste and haste to unfreight themselves of their private personal matters; for a dog who will fetch a bone will always carry one,—with a great deal more dirt attached thereto than when he found it; while no story ever yet told lost anything in being retold, rehashed, and embellished!

While it is bad, very bad, to put too much confidence in others, it is equally so to withhold it from each other; for espionage, watching, distrust, suspicion, are dreadful things in any household; and, what is more, are perfectly useless, because no amount of watching will make a wife faithful or keep a husband straight; for if either makes up their mind to wrong the other, nothing on earth but close imprisonment will avail; and even *that* has not always proved effectual, especially if a woman is the subject. Mr. Connor suspected *his* wife, and shut her up closely in her chamber, and then bought a big bull-dog and turned him loose in the hall to keep the lovers away. Late that night he heard voices;—the lady and her lover *had made*

friends with the dog! Mr. Connor went upstairs to listen. He didn't listen long. Next day his tailor declared it impossible ever to mend the pantaloons Mr. Connor wore when he went upstairs—to listen! Mr. Connor sold that dog—very cheap, and Mr. Connor's physician assured his patient that if Mr. Connor was careful, he might be able to *sit down* in the course of six weeks! Mr. Connor retired from the dog-buying line and from watching his wife!

Trust a woman, and let her know it, and she cannot be either coaxed, bribed or bullied into being false to you. But you just be suspicious,—let her know that your opinion is that above all sure things in this world she needs watching; and of all sure things in this world she will put a pair of horns on your head *just as easy!*—and before you have any idea that such an idea ever yet entered her innocent mind!

She who receives money or presents from a man from whom she has no right to take it, will repay it—but not in the same sort of currency!

Hearts dead to love leap to life when money jingles!

The devil, the blues, and the whole infantry of hell, says the Cyngalese proverb, visit the house where singing is unknown; but all tremble and stay out where music dwells.

To rely wholly upon, and confide entirely in, even the ordinarily tried associates and friends who surround you is not overly wise. It does not, never did, will not, and can never, pay to do so, even for charity's sake; for charity and pity, like confidence, trust and love, may be, and often is, misapplied; for those to whom we give our dole are in these days often rank impostors, who riot and revel at the giver's cost, in every way, shape and manner possible.

It is frequently by too much non-reserve that an honest woman gives a false man chances to deceive and ruin her. A woman may be, and often is, defeated by surprise; but then she has no right, and ought never to allow herself to be surprised. If she suffers herself to be, and takes any wrong step in consequence, or allows herself to be "ruined" while in the indecisive

frame of mind, as many are, she has herself to blame, not only for her own carelessness and its consequences, but for foolishly making herself a temptation, too strong, perhaps, to be successfully resisted by him whom thus she tempts, and by whom she falls.

The author has repeatedly, in this and other of his works, urged the tremendous truth that woman is the real power of the earth, and silently exerts more of it on human destiny than all the men alive, or who ever lived,—a power evenly balanced for good and evil; and the sooner men learn this fact, and educate and treat her accordingly, the sooner will the world be rid of all that now bars its onwardness and upward growth.

There is not much doubt that the great majority of fallen women come to be what they are, from a neglect of the caution just given. Who can read the masterly description of "Night Scenes in the Metropolis," by G. D. Brown, and not feel that the victims of trust, love and want, whom he describes so pathetically, are good and worthy women *at heart*; and most of whom, more sinned against than sinning, have been *surprised* into taking the first false step; and then, believing themselves—but mistakenly—irretrievably ruined, and beyond the pale of hope or mercy, have rushed blindly and headlong down the steep grades of social ruin! Not many can help so believing. Says Mr. Brown:—

"To one whose daily occupation renders him an observer of every phase of poverty, wretchedness and crime, the miseries of humanity assume new and distinct forms; earlier views are found to have been distorted; cause as well as effect is recognized, and the relationship of crime is changed. He learns, from time to time, that one convicted of murder may be innocent, the supposed thief an honest man, and that the beggar is not always needy. Then, also, he learns that there is a great class, ostracised, it is true, by society, below the level of the poor, below the level of the criminal, shut out from the pale of the church, almost shut out from hope and God! who are never innocent, who are always wretched, to whom morality and religion are but hollow masks, and life a horrid mockery. These poor creatures, who dress gayly, laugh bitterly, suffer immeasurably, and die gladly, are courted and shunned; they receive adulation and scorn, flowers and curses. They are young and beautiful, and accept the homage of senators, judges, and doctors; they reign supremely. After a while dissipation produces illness, illness destroys the beauty; youth, health and

beauty gone, their little wealth soon follows; then comes the slow sinking through all those depths of degradation which society has prepared for those it condemns. Hence it follows that each city has a sort of quarantine, and beyond it, an abyss for the living, and a potter's field for the dead.

"New York has built at her prison, called the Tombs, a sort of causeway over which the condemned pass. On the one side is inscribed, 'The way of the transgressor is hard;' and on the other, the 'Bridge of Sighs!' New York might go farther, and a few yards from her great thoroughfare, Broadway, in the immediate vicinity of her largest hotel palaces, place a placard, and write, 'Abandon all hope, ye who enter here!'

"We are writing of night scenes in the city, of what one meets in the streets and about the streets, at an hour when the rich and the prosperous, the good and the honest, are supposed to be slumbering; when the phantoms of gaunt famine haunt the shadows, and sin and crime hold revelry. Society, which creates many of its victims, should be made acquainted with the condition of its sad handiwork; and first of all, let us present to that proud parent its fairest daughters, earliest ruined, most bitterly blasted, who wander in every street and avenue of the city,—frail ones, whom it is indeed a bitter sarcasm to designate as the *demi-monde*.

"You who each sunny afternoon traverse the most fashionable promenades of the city, up Broadway, on Fifth Avenue, are continually passing groups of beautiful girls, richly dressed, fresh from the hands of the *coiffure*, many of them having a *distingué* appearance, and faultlessly elegant carriage. They are the 'observed of all observers;' they present a charming appearance of modesty and *naïvete*. Their rich dresses rustle against others worn by young ladies of the *haut ton*, sometimes more fashionable, seldom more fair. Their bright eyes drop softly before the stare of the daughter of wealth, and then, perhaps, beam with a strange light of recognition for her brother, walking at her side. Those eyes betray their owner. If they are blue or gray, they have a cold, hard glitter; if they are brown or black, they assume a look of intensity, fading into a soft, dreamy haze. These are the reigning beauties of the *demi-monde*.

"As evening draws on, and the shop windows are lighted, you may see them more and more frequently, till, as the hours pass by, in every part of the immense city, presenting every grade of comeliness, every variety of costume, they appear, pass by, and reappear, till they seem legion. Many of these, in their admirable *physique* and their fresh, brilliant complexion, would compare favorably with the vaunted beauties of many lands. Artists affirm that among them are found higher types of physical beauty than exist in almost any other class, and that examples are abundant.

"The number of these beautiful ones changes from time to time: it passes from its maximum to its minimum in three years. At the same time, this does not prevent some from lingering after their turn has come to go away. Some, still considered as among the fairest, were met here six, and even nine years ago. While they remain, hundreds whom they knew in the first flush of youth and beauty have gone to their long home, perhaps to be forgiven! Who knows!

"Though these poor creatures find some place they call home in nearly every locality, as they pace every street, still the greater number are gathered together in a place we have briefly referred to before, and which may not inaptly be termed the 'Place of Sighs.'

"In this neighborhood, which includes the larger portion of the Eighth and Fourteenth Wards, they occupy a large share of the houses, which are interspersed with drinking-saloons, coffee-houses, oyster-cellars and supper-rooms. On each corner, like a gloomy sentinel, stands the sample-

room or 'gin-mill.' On each side of the streets are the rows of houses once the dwelling-places of well-to-do or opulent shop keepers. They present a deserted and funereal appearance, with blinds all closed and a stillness that death produces when he enters — a sort of shadow from the grave. In these houses they occupy rooms, usually furnished and let at prices varying from three to twenty-five dollars per week, and of which they are not always the only occupants. Sometimes, alas! they contain an aged woman, a mother! oftener a little child; but much more often there hangs about a being — a sort of horrible excrescence thrown off from suffering and diseased humanity, an object so loathsome and vile that we have neither language to describe nor name to call him.

"And here is what sometimes occurs in this nineteenth century, that is infamous:

"The city of New York, which is a great city, sometimes chooses to be hospitable and generous; it determines to entertain by a great ball and banquet the princes, nobles, and civic or military dignitaries of some respectable foreign power. 'No expense is spared;' the *fete* is gorgeous! magnificent! killing! Every one is delighted — at least every one one cares for, and the guests feel deeply gratified and highly honored. By and by a strange thing comes to light. These affairs are usually gotten up by some ring, and must be promptly paid for. They cost generally from one hundred thousand to a quarter of a million of dollars. Now, suppose money is at a low ebb in the city coffers, what is done? A consultation is held, and in the evening an arrangement is made. The next morning the police courts and station-houses are filled with 'nymphs du pave;' they are fined ten, twenty, thirty dollars each, and the debt is paid!!

"In some cities these fines are made, on special occasions, a hundred dollars each, or one year in the work-house, but then they have few girls. There are men in some cities whose fortunes are made in this way.

"On such occasions as these, this thing, which we cannot describe, becomes for the moment useful to the one who feeds and clothes him. He pawns her clothes and pays her fine with the proceeds, or else, as this sometimes happens, he gives the rich hats, dresses and laces to another, and allows the owner to be sent to 'the Island,'—fearful words to these poor wretches.

"There are police officers in this place who are sometimes very good men, but are generally ignorant and cruel. They are, after all, much like other mortals, with likes and dislikes; they have favorites and victims. Sometimes this favoritism leads to crime, and this victimizing to murder.

"There are other houses here, called boarding-places, whose inmates sometimes live entirely within their walls, or are allowed to go out for a walk of one or two hours, or perhaps half a day, once each week. In the majority of cases they do not suffer so many restrictions, and on Saturday or Sunday night have a certain liberty. On entering these places, they are first burthened with debt for clothes at exorbitant prices, or board; and from this indebtedness it is hard to escape; it clings to them and binds them to the place. The girl is usually forced to pay the 'Madame' five to twelve dollars per week for her board, in addition to the half of her earnings. In these houses they soon learn—if they have not already acquired it—the habit of constant and deep drinking. Intoxication spreads among all. Immersed in guilt and misery, too wicked to pray, and not daring to think, they drown the 'still, small voice within' in liquor and wine. There are exceptions to this,—those who drink very sparingly; perhaps a few who do not drink at all.

"Among all these there are many who are generous,—few who, in their

utter wretchedness, do not find time to pity others perhaps less unfortunate. The thoroughly delicate and womanly deeds of charity performed by some of these girls, would put to shame the boasted benevolence of women in high places. Beggars know this.

"Sometimes these poor beings, in the ashes of their soul, keep alive sparks which scintillate with the divine flame; here is one incident from hundreds:—

"One winter, on a cold bitter morning, while the prisoners were waiting for examination in the hall of Jefferson Market Police Court, a party of young inebriates, overflowing with meanness inspired by bad whiskey, gathered about an old decrepit man, much drunker than themselves, and, for amusement, were dashing water upon him. For some time they kept up the sport, when a woman, richly dressed, rushed between them and their victim, regardless of the water showered upon her, and covering him with her person, launched upon the loafers a rebuke so scathing and full of intense scorn, that they fell back, awed and silent, to their benches. Her noble indignation made even these hardened and debased beings utterly ashamed.

"A few moments after this occurred, a flashily-dressed young wretch came towards her, and, taking her hand, unconsciously touched a plain gold ring she wore. She drew her hand away with a look of horror; he endeavored to regain it, and examine the ring, when, turning upon him, she said, 'My mother, a saint in heaven, wore that ring, and gave it to me dying; should you again defile it by your touch, I would kill you.'

"That woman, who was thirty years old, had been on the street ten years.

"All nationalities and all classes of society are represented here. You may see the Italian ballet girl hand in hand with the Parisian artiste, German girls from the bier-gartens and Irish girls from hotels and boarding-houses, Biscayan girls from Spain, and Creole girls from Cuba; English girls from the manufacturing and University cities, and from that great modern Babylon, London. There are a few Indian girls, of late from the Western Reservations, and great numbers of African descent, of every shade of complexion. There are Jewesses of many countries, who always preserve their own type, and Scotch girls who always wear the plaid.

"We have said they are from all classes. Some are daughters of men who are or have been merchant princes. One came here a few months ago whose brother is the Mayor of a Western city. The first week she lost her trunk, her clothes, and five hundred and fifty dollars, all her money, and with it her watch. Robbed, turned out into the street, the second week found her on the Island, and the fourth week she died.

"A wealthy planter brought his daughter here the first year of the war. Leaving her at school, he paid for her studies, board, and allowance for clothes, for two years, depositing, in addition, five thousand dollars for contingencies. He became a distinguished field officer of the Confederate army, was killed early in the war, and his daughter turned into the street, now lives in this 'place of sighs.'

"New England factory towns send many here, city manufactories add many more, and few towns are so small, throughout the North and West, that they have not sent one or more to represent them here.

"What light do statistics throw upon this subject?

"Superintendent Kennedy, of the Metropolitan Police, reported, in 1866, three thousand three hundred prostitutes (including girls in concert saloons, some of whom were virtuous). They increase at the rate of about

seven hundred per annum, which would give us, at the beginning of the present year, about six thousand one hundred.

"Bishop Simpson's estimate in 1866 was twenty thousand.

"Yet people find time to cry over the misfortunes of the heroine in each new novel, and to send red flannel waistcoats to the little Hottentots!

"In addition to this, what can we say of this place of sighs, and those it contains?

"Of the mass we can say this:—

"They are afflicted with a species of insanity which loses the power of thought. Calculations slip away from them, and elude them. The past is terrible and bitter. In it they see a grim, fiendish face, laughing at and mocking them. They resolutely close their eyes to shut out the possible monster lurking in the future. They endeavor to be frivolous; to chase one thought rapidly away by another; to imitate the forgetfulness and violent transitions of madness—and they succeed.

"Society creates them, and is ashamed of them; meets them, and ignores them—the daylight scorns them. Night only—the abyss which received them—is proud of them, opens its arms, and protects. In the night they reign. Entering the gloom, it enfolds them lovingly, and gradually there grows up in their soul trust and hope, a confiding in, almost a yearning for, the gloom of the grave.

"And this frail one, alone; perhaps as much sinned against as sinning—what of her?

"After the passion, gayety, and splendor of a ball-room night, she is dashed to the earth, into the mire. Blinded, in agony, half crazed, she gropes about till she finds the grave. She has not found this world a pleasant place, nor a beautiful one to live in; and perhaps, in the depths of her heart, she clings to a vague hope, a sunbeam which has strayed there from her childhood's soul, and which she has cherished—God only knows how—that perhaps, when she is dead, people will forgive, and—

"Think of her kindly.
Gently, and humanly."

"Rough hands will place the once beautiful and dainty form in a coarse deal coffin, that is, if she has been spared the experiments of medical students at the hospital while living, and the dissecting knife when dead. They will convey her to an obscure corner of the potter's field, and place her in an unmarked grave. By and by, the grass will grow green above it—green as it does above other graves. In summer the rain will patter down upon it, the birds will sing over it; in winter the snow will cover it with a pure white mantle. In a little while all traces of it will be lost. People will have forgotten her, not forgiven.

"Perhaps God is less pitiless than mortals. It is said He notes the fall of a sparrow.

"Will He forget?"

The writer of this book thinks not! nor will He fail to remember him who does such wicked deeds, as people our streets with lost souls!—shall he say? No! for believing God to be most merciful, most compassionate, all these wandering ones will one day be gathered into His blessed fold, who doeth all things well!

Poor harlot! may God pity and compassionate her, for men seldom do, and women *never*, unless she turns out, in her despair, to be a first-class sensational murderess, and *then*, both classes pity and lionize her. But not if she be poor, ill-clad, rather rough in speech, and so trodden down that she dies a daily death; she is so crushed, so low, so fallen, so despised, so trampled on by saints and sinners alike, from the surpliced priest to the midnight-burglar and assassin, with hands wet with human blood, and soul stained with human murder. Despised, hated, shunned, *and patronized!* How we hate and slander, vilify and abuse, all fallen women! and yet how suddenly we change our tune, and pipe a different music when one of our own kith and kin is whirled and swirled along the dreadful tide! *Then! ah, then!* we begin to realize forbearance and charity.

Within these latter years there has gone forth, on its destructive mission, a most mischievous doctrine, to the effect that "whatever is is right;" a sort of "philosophical" *carte blanche* for deeds that are not, and never can be right. To help crush out this withering falsity; to assert the supremacy of conscience, divine order and law; to help explode this revived fallacy, and to call back the wandering souls who, allured by its glare, may have strayed away from the true path,—is the reason that the author here reproduces a few pages from a lecture of his, once published in pamphlet form, and afterwards reprinted in his work called "Disembodied Man." In this quotation the pronoun "I" appears for the first time direct from the author in this book; for which he craves pardon, remarking that, as it is a lecture, the apparent impropriety could not well be avoided. And, as but few who will read this book have seen the others, it is here given as an excusable repetition:—

Education has much to do in man and woman's final making up. There is a deal of good in every soul—whole mountains and rivers thereof; but there is also much that may be perverted—many a little brooklet of very bitter water. In human education many of these have been unduly increased, till now they threaten to overflow the whole estate. Let us dam them up, cut off the supply, and see to it that these brooklets—the pas-

sions and bad tendencies — be not caused to flourish by such culture as the oft-quoted maxims would encourage.

The age of extremes of one sort — now, happily, sliding away — bids fair to be succeeded by another kind, unless good men and earnest women seek to check it ere too strongly grown and mind-entrenched.

We stand in the door of the dawn, fully persuaded that the sun now rising will, ere long, gladden the hearts and homes of men. We have had a surfeit of Philosophy, and we need a little COMMON SENSE. The fact that the race *can* see the first gleams of a better day, constitutes no just reason why any man or woman should assume an attitude of self-complacency, and proclaim alike to those who *can*, and those who cannot think clearly, that all the sin and sorrow, vice and misery, now causing the very land to groan beneath the heavy load, is all right. Because to do so is to proclaim — a lie! — and never was, nor can be, otherwise. It will not do to shift the responsibility of all existing evils from ourselves to the Creator. Why? Because man's actions are mainly volitional results, and spring from his great prerogative — limited — liberty of choice! Hence God is no more responsible for your deeds or mine, than we are for those of our descendants forty centuries hence. Were it otherwise, then creation is a stupendous farce, and God becomes our inveterate enemy, instead of being what I believe Him — our best and most benignant friend. The Infinite One created, made, fashioned and decreed the progression and procession of all things. But His work is not yet done — the mighty task is not yet completed; for He is at this day still working up the worlds toward the standard Himself can only know. He is still present with, and over us, in all His divine Fatherhood and Providence; He still smiles when we do His will — still grieves, as of yore, at all that is bad or brutal, unseemly, unmanly, unwomanly and wrong!

No, no; it will not do to charge God with our shortcomings, and none but an arrant coward would seek to crawl away from the presence of the music himself has evoked! Every true philanthropist — and these, be it known, are not such as talk Temperance, and fatten on the Worm of the Still — are not such as publicly mourn over barlotry, and let houses for its prosecution — are not such as say, "It is all right," and by their daily actions give themselves the lie direct; are not such as commiserated poor Pompey and voted him back to the gyves; are not such as went into holy hysterics once a year, and from gayly-thronged platforms proclaimed the negro a man and a brother, and next day "damned his *black* picture" because he offered love to their daughters, or attempted to sit down at the same table — merely by way of testing their honesty, and perpetrating a "black joke" at the same time; not the strong-minded ones who are so rampant for woman's rights, public applause, oratory and fanaticism, that they must needs enlist for life in a warfare against all men — not one of whom they ever made happy for a single hour; not your lady of harsh voice and vinegar soul, who, in the business of world-saving, "goes it with a rush," to the utter neglect of the fireside, the husband, the baby, and the dear, sweet home; not the Spiritualist, who *talks* exceedingly spiritual — and acts as if the body and its gratifications were the only things worth while attending to; not the Harmonialist, whose harmony of life, deed and influence partakes of the nature of filing saws and discordant penny trumpets; not of this sort is the true philanthropist; but rather he (or she) who in a quiet way does all the good possible — and sticks to it. Every such an one, I repeat, realizes that the world needs bettering; and for that reason feels called upon to encourage much less "talkee, talkee," and much more action, ACTION, with strong arm, steady purpose, and in the

right direction. Evils — tremendous, soul-dwarfing, spirit-subjugating evils — such as now afflict the world, can never be talked down; they must be written, worked, lived, and fought down; and the true business of every man and woman who wishes well to the world, is to be up and doing, and keep doing all the while. Will the evils whereof we so justly complain — prostitution, for instance — disappear if we merely stand idly looking on, proclaiming that it is all right, and voting ourselves philosophers, when we approach much nearer being fools? He or she who thinks so is neither man nor woman, but only a sort of “What is it?” very interesting to look at and listen to, but a “What is it?” nevertheless.

See! yonder goes a woman; she is fallen, degraded, lost to every sense of decency or shame. Her present mission is to sell herself for so much ready coin to the first human brute who will purchase her. Does she do this fearful sin from the pure love of sinning? No! she does it that she may hand over the jingling deity to the baker in exchange for — bread! bread sir, to keep her soul within her body yet a little while, and to keep that body above the ground for just a little longer. She is coarse and untidy, uses bad language, and is low; but still, she is — a woman — like your mother and like mine — and like them too, she was once pure, and sweet, and beautiful, and good; but ah, Christ! how fallen, oh, how fallen! Yes, she was once like them; God grant that they never be like her. Is she fulfilling her proper destiny? Virtue is natural; vice is acquired. Bias towards either is hereditary. Circumstance governs the fate of many unfortunates like that woman: she, nor you, nor I, can control circumstance *alone*, but we can join the army of Goodness, before which bad circumstance must fly, and better take its place. Come, let's do it. Let us see how many of such fallen ones we can save in a year — this very identical current year. Try! Won't you?

The woman, that wretched sister! Is she and her actions all right? Nonsense! Blasphemy to assert it! She is sliding down the hill of ruin, and will reach the fatal bottom, unless those who can, shall, and will, put forth the effort to redeem and save her. She, poor thing; and there are millions of such, — more's the pity, and the shame, to those who have made her and them what we see, — she is marring the beauty of her deathless soul; is killing by inches the body she wears; is defacing the priceless tablets of her immortal being; and whoever says all this is right, is a fit subject for the lunatic hospital. And yet there are those who *do* make this preposterous assertion. Now hundreds, aye, thousands, there be, who do not scruple to brand that woman, — the unhappy representative of an entire class, — with all sorts of infamous and opprobrious epithets, instead of, as they ought, saying and doing all they can to reclaim and save her. They rack the language for harsh names to apply to her, until the poor creature, feeling, most bitterly feeling, that no kind heart throbs for her, no tenderness is, or ever will be, vouchsafed; that she must remain a victim to the spirit of human cruelty, or what is, if possible, still worse — mock charity; feeling all this, and that she must continue to grope her way all alone through the world, and then drop prematurely and uncared for into the cold damp grave from a still colder world, and all unprepared, crawl up to the judgment seat; feeling all this and more, it is no great marvel that her heart grows hard, and her once pure soul now totters on the very brink of desperation, while she eats, drinks and sleeps, the food and drink and slumber of vice and infamy, day by day, and week after week. Look! there she has accosted a man upon the side-walk, but scarce has a single word passed ere one of the patent guardians or costodians of the Public Morals, — an individual in blue coat, brass buttons and large authority, who has just tossed

off a glass of the "good Rhein wein,"—the generous proffer of a burly ruffian who can afford to *pay* for the protection of his magnificent looking-glasses and marble counters, behind which he stands to deal out liquid ruin at so much the glass,—catches sight of the cyprian plying her dreadful trade. *She*, he *knows*, cannot pay, and so he grows indignantly scrupulous, gruffly tells her to move on, and accelerates her movements with a round oath or two, and a not very gentle push. *She* mutely obeys, because resistance is out of the question, besides which she knows that he carries a legally authorized bludgeon in his pocket, and that he would not hesitate to use it on the slightest pretext, upon either herself or any one who should expostulate or counsel gentler measures,—a very dirty bludgeon it is too,—still he tries to keep it clean, and once in a while washes it of the blood-spots and cleans it of the matted hair,—human hair,—from the heads of the last half-dozen drunken sots whom he found asleep upon the side-walks, and took *such Christian* means to arouse from their airy slumbers. But why should we find fault? Isn't he a Regular Policeman? Well, be quiet then, and don't complain. What better can you expect? Is it at all reasonable to demand that an officer should have plenty of muscle, and a heart at the same time? Nonsense. Now I ask if all the parts, or any of this true picture are right? and I answer *No!* and the utterance is both deep and full; so deep, so loud, so full that the very vaults of Heaven echo back, and ring out *No!*

No human being exists but in whom the germs of the generous and good, the beautiful and the true lie, ready to shoot forth into excellent glory. We know this, and know it well. These germs may be in fallow ground, still they *are* there, and it is your business, and that of every one else, to so plough this fallow land that it shall cause seeds to spring up and thriftily grow. What though the soil be hard and stony, dry and parched; the fruit of the culture will be rich and succulent, for the warming beams of God's sunlight and grace will perfect and ripen the produce, and it shall be immortally sweet, eternally beautiful and fragrant, forever and for aye!

Reader, have you never observed the fact that even the very bad and vicious occasionally flash forth somewhat of the Divine,—sometimes gleam out the hidden glory? Well, there's a mine of diamonds in every soul, and God and nature, and all human love calls on you and to bring these diamonds forth to the sunlight, that they may catch the radiance of Heaven, and flash out their glories on the air and to the world, kindling up the emulation of virtue and excellent doing in all human souls.

There goes that abandoned woman. Let us follow her—this prostitute—this lost and ruined sister—this creature, fashioned after the likeness of our God, but now, alas, so supremely foul and wretched. She is *hiesing homeward!* Homeward? what a mockery that word conveys! yet she has what she calls a home, and beneath that shelter, such as it is, lies at this moment, upon its pallet of straw, a babe—*her* child—bone of her bone, and flesh of her flesh. Poor infant! truly begotten in sin and brought forth in iniquity; but none the less a precious, priceless, immortal soul for all that—A SOUL just as dear as any for which God's Son, as we are taught, forsook the courts of glory and came to earth to suffer and to die on the stony heights of Cavalry—a soul just as precious to the Infinite heart as the best born of earth—because it *is* a human soul, and His life pulses through it as well as through you or I, or the holiest ones of earth or heaven; and, albeit, we may, and as virtuous citizens of the great world, can but frown upon the guilt and folly that opened the gate by the which it entered into outer being—yet nevertheless *it is a soul*, and as such has crying claims upon our love, and care, and kindliness; for being here is not that

blessed baby's fault, and in the coming judgment, God's prosecuting angel will hold it accountable for its own sins, not for its mother's sorrows and misfortunes. And even for its own shortcomings, Sandalphon, the Prayer-angel, will eloquently plead at the feet of the crucified Redeemer, nor will he plead in vain!

Well, she has left the highway and turned down a narrow, dark, and dreadful alley, one of these horrible sinks of moral poison, pestilence and perdition—the awful and disgusting vice-cancers, sin-blotches, and festering pest-lanes, which are the eternal disgrace of all the great cities of the world: infamous purlieus of misery, wherein gaunt Robbery moodily sits plotting his villany, and pale Murder lies nursing red-handed Butchery, who ere long will fright the world with very horror!

How strangely people change! A little while ago, and that woman's crest was held aloft, and erect, in brazen impudence and defiance, as she paced up and down the streets, a human spider, intent upon drawing silly human flies into her horrible web—a web which they can never quit as pure, and good, and innocent in body and in mind, as when they entered; for it is poison—every thread and fibre of it, except the baby in the bed—and the deadly odor of the Upas fills all the region round about.

Why turns she so quickly down that lane? Well, I will tell you. Because the itching and the tingling of her breasts told her that the babe of her agony and her shame was a-hungred for the thin blue milk of her bosom. And so she quits the street, for maternal love is much stronger than the love of guilt or money. Soon the glare of the street-lamp no longer shines upon her form, for it is lost amid the labyrinths and devious windings of that dark and noisome alley-way, this horrid tomb of all the human virtues. But her aspect has changed; and the flaunting courtesan hangs her head, as she carefully and lightly threads her way along. The harlot's sun has set, and the star of the Woman and the Mother reigns triumphant for—an hour.

Up, up, up, the dark and filthy stairs she flies, for the milk pains urge her on; anon the attic is reached; a little brass key turns in the lock; a ready match is ignited; the little lamp illumines the seven-by-nine—den, for chamber it cannot be called; she runs to the bedside, falls lovingly upon it, snatches up the prattler, presses it to her bosom, and “*My babe, my precious babe!*” she cries, as the great round tears gush up from her heart—her *woman's* heart, after all! The little one answers with a gleeful chuckle, and in another moment is busily engaged in drawing vitality from the body of Weakness—virtuous life from the paps of Guilt! Love, pure, dear, sweet and precious love reigns then and there; just such love as your mother felt for you, my reader, my sister or my brother; just such love, in kind, but not degree, as prompted the dear God to send his only begotten, because most perfectly begotten Son, to earth for purposes of salvation and redemption; just such love as made the meek and lowly Nazarene toilsomely bear his cross up the stony steeps of Calvary, and afterward groan and die thereon! Surely that woman is not wholly lost, who feels even a little love like this.

And so we see this woman in all her sin and misery. Is it All Right? By the God of Heaven, *no*; a pealing, thundering, heaven-rending NO! It can never be right for a true woman or a true man to rest contented while such things be! Society—you, sir or madam, and I, as integers thereof, must *work*, work, to bring about a better state of things. It can never be right to foster or in any way encourage the growth of such monstrous evils, as I, who champion all women, I who love the human race much better than a party or a philanthropic clique, herein so feebly attempt to

outline and depict. The modern declaimers for the doctrine "Whatever is Right," could not have foreseen the fearful consequences likely to arise from the enunciation of the infernal sophism. I am charitable enough to believe they did not so foresee them.

Nevertheless the infectious malaria *has* gone out upon its soul-destroying mission; and doubtless there are scores of thousands who, failing to perceive the utter rottenness of the fallacy, felicitate themselves that, being God's creatures, they can do no wrong, because he is at the head of all human founts and springs of action, therefore everything is as it ought to be. It is quite time the calumny was refuted, and the people set right on this question, and if this endeavor in the right direction shall have the effect of depriving this new viper of its fangs, this detestable serpent of its sting, this asp of its poison, I shall not fail to thank God with an overflowing heart.



CHAPTER XXII.

WHAT good can be expected to result from a marriage ignorantly offered, and haughtily received; and, in the end, accepted in doubt, and consummated in blue fire on one side, ineffable horror and disgust upon the other, — the man like as not blasé, the woman heartless? — and yet such are the secret records of many unions now existing. There is a chance for some one to make a large fortune by the exhibition of a happy married pair! — a woman who is really contented; a man who regards his wife as the best of women, and who sees in her all he possibly wants or desires.

Things will not work well so long as the present system of mutual deception between lovers prevails. Instead of clearly being seen and known for what each really is, both parties, after marriage, find their mates entirely, utterly, and in all respects different from what was confidently anticipated: the philosopher turns out a fool, the belle, a brainless doll; and both are taken in and completely done for. Very likely the young husband has been a hard "case," profligate and libertine; and it not seldom happens that a girl proves to have had experiences which had better been postponed; and both parties are dead sure to be exposed; and then come criminations, retorts, misery, and the delicate train usually following domestic explosions.

If a man has been a licensee, his bride will not be long in making that discovery, but will overlook the bad fact if he stops right there; and if he don't, she is just as certain to sense the fact, and despise him for it, as that ducks will swim, whether hatched by a hen or not. On the other hand, if a girl has had improper experiences before she goes to the altar, that fact, no matter how skilfully concealed, is sure to be discovered by the party most interested, howsoever ignorant he may appear, or really be. It is hard to hide a house on a hill, but no harder than to impose upon any save a natural-born idiot, in the matter of personal probity of the nature here regarded, for the story is as sure to be told, sooner or later, as that the sun appears to rise and set day after day. A girl should go to her husband's arms as innocent as when she left her mother's; but in these days there's a *few* who don't! and there are reasons for this, aside from the surface one; and among others — violence aside — this: A girl naturally, and always clings — even though on the surface she believes she hates — intensely — to the memory of him who first learned her secret, — him to whose prayer she listened, him upon whose shoulder she hid her face, and then — forgot her right, her dignity, and her better, nobler sense of justice, honor, self-respect. That man's image is burned into her memory with fire on ground glass, and there will it stay, even to the marking of her husband's children in body and in mind; for they will be sure to resemble her lover even more than they do their own father; nor can the ingrained force be gotten rid of this side of the grave; for even widow's children, by a third husband, look more like number one than number three; just as the red cow, whose first calf was by a brindle sire, will never have others by others who are not more brindle than any other color. Now Solomon, or some one else, said that every secret should be proclaimed from the house-tops, and this is one of them. It is a resemblance not relished by husbands, in general, these likenesses and similitudes. And no woman has a right to inflict any such deep humiliations on any man that breathes. And here is a man's right, that rather

supersedes the principal woman's right contended for in these days!

One day, in Constantinople, the writer sat enjoying a nargileh with a Turkish friend, a man of high rank, profound knowledge, and courtesy not to be surpassed. He was a Ulema, or professor of Mahomedan law, and we had been conversing on the eternal theme of love. Said he, "Cold water creates power; stops all leakage; sharpens man; intensifies woman; dispenses with drugs and surgery; prolongs the human joys; restores the youth! This, and great care *not to use the left hand too often*, is the secret of peace, youth, power, energy, long life!" Truer words were never uttered. [Of course the methods of the cold water's application — one yet totally undreamed of in America — cannot be here inserted; but will be furnished by the author hereof to physicians, and all others who want it enough to send and pay for the trouble involved in preparing the information.]

All possessors of great brain-power, as is proved by history, past and current, are simple and childlike, and rather easily taken in and imposed upon, by people of contemptible smallness; while pretenders to cerebral power are exactly the reverse, and let slip no good chance of putting on airs, which the really great man never does — and notoriously in the matter of dress. Just so is it with a good wife or husband. They glide along smoothly, with scarce a jar or break, save an occasional cloud, resulting from ill health, more than anything else; whereas your wife or husband who, to others, are eternally complaining of how dreadful bad their mates are, and what magnificent paragons of perfection themselves are, will be found, if the truth were known, to be — to use an expressive Yankeeism — exceedingly small potatoes, with very few in a hill.

The best and most loving woman on earth sometimes feels like doing and saying very mean things — apparently — and quarrelling, and hectoring the very man she adores and would die for. She can't help it; and the fool who takes umbrage at her when she does so, isn't fit to have her at all. She does these things mostly when she is preparing little heads to wear pretty

tiny caps,— God bless her! — and has a perfect right to dwell in whim-land for something like two hundred and forty days — while she is there, look you, sir, and let her have her way!

Tinkers, when soldering a difficult place, usually put a line of putty around it to prevent the solder from escaping. After the job is done, this little bank — which is called a “tinker’s dam” — is destroyed because it is useless. Well, such fault-finders as the above are not worth one of the dams aforesaid, so far as true wifeliness and husbandage are concerned!

If you do not love some special *one*, it is impossible that you can love *any* of your fellow-creatures! and if a married couple do not love and respect each other, then they are mutually antagonistic at heart, the upshot of which will be that one drives the mate toward the divorce courts, the other to abandonment or illicit love, either of which are direct roads to pandemoniums all scoriæ paved, with no glad brooks of rippling waters to assuage its dusty heat.

The writer of this once knew a *ci-devant* “philosopher” from wooden-nutmegdom, who was an avowed free-lover,— general lover,— and to judge by his own story, which of course was all brag, a very successful one. At the same time he prided himself on his ability to demonstrate the non-existence of the Supreme Being. The career of that man was patiently watched for years, in the confident expectation that he would one day exhibit his actual moral worth as a man and member of society; nor was that expectation disappointed. A test was arranged, and a good opportunity afforded him to show his true colors, and it resulted that, as expected, this God-denying and God-forsaken What is *it*, proved, beyond cavil, totally destitute of manhood and honor, principle, or anything really human except the form he wore and disgraced; for he triumphantly established the fact that it was unsafe for any female, no matter what or whom, to be left in his society alone, even for an hour, beyond the reach of rescuing hands, strong arms, and an excellent pair of boots, with approved *kick* qualities lodged in them. The experience connected with that fellow provoked a deal of anger

and of thought, and finally led the author of these pages to sincerely doubt the possibility of any one being a true wife or husband, who recognizes no moral accountability, and boastingly declares there is no Deity. Certainly the author of this work would rather God should call his daughter home before half her youth was passed, than consign her to the care of such a person, no matter what his external standing in society might be, or how many prefixes or suffixes he might have attached to the name his parents gave him.

Logic, religion, the vast story of a God all around us, are all wasted on such a creature. In the smile of a child he sees no heaven, and in God's master-piece — peerless woman! — he beholds but the vehicle of his own unhallowed pleasures, and the victims of his low and fiery passions. "Matter, matter, is all there is," he cries; and believes, or braggingly pretends to, that death, the hard fate of a dog, awaits him. Sordidly base in all things, and all the way through, he is but a two-legged dog. Before the summons comes, and when it does, and such a thing passes beyond our mortal ken, but few mourn for him, and his passing away is indeed — "No matter!" He was a hard case, let the puppy go!

"If that which is holy," writes an unknown correspondent, "be given to the dogs, they will turn and rend you. Swine tread the most precious jewels under their feet." And what else could a woman expect who should entrust her happiness either to a free lover, a babbler of woman's confidential secrets, an open braggart, and therefore liar, or to such as ignore the Eternal one, and regard earth as but the mere play-ground of the passions? Not much else indeed. To allow such a man to enter your house, eat your food, and partake of your bounty, is to be rewarded by his most strenuous endeavors to debauch your wives, demoralize your sons, and make shameless harlots of your daughters; for such a man has no more honor or real manhood in him, than a starving tiger has compunctions of conscience about making a meal off a lamb carelessly straying by his lair!

Like the correspondent above referred to,—almost his very words are quoted,—the writer of these volumes is — "a mystic,

believing we are all propelled by a wondrous and unimaginable destiny — which is the Will of God !— that we are all the offspring of the Eternal Potency ; that the human soul is THE SELF, and has powers, functions, attributes, of which we know little. Holding nothing too sacred to learn, and regarding every affection, passion even, to be sacred, and not to be thought of without respect, it follows, in the loftier and holier sense, that love is its own law, and wisdom its *existere* and manifestation ; and that true love makes us Godlike and divine, partakers of the divine nature, pure from sin, holy, true men and priests of the most high God !”

None of this can be to him who says, “There is no God !” He is really shut out from all the holier and sublime sections of nature and human nature. He knows, realizes, actualizes, nothing whatever of spirit, because he worships his nerves ; or of soul, because he has a soul-case, and but a tiny jewel inside of it. Incapable of love, he is but a sensationalist, and worships appetite as drunkards do their drink. Friendship ! he knows nothing of the divine meanings of the sacred principle.

Says a scrap of paper on the desk : “Of all the blessings that gladden our earthly pilgrimage, sympathy is the sweetest ; of all the gifts of God, a *friend* is the chief. The man of science has his associates ; the man of crime his accomplice ; the man of pleasure his companion ; and in all these there is sympathy, but not friendship ; *that* comprehends an enduring affection resting on sympathy ; it cannot endure if built on the things that are passing away, or that shall be burned up.” Of this, such a man knows nothing, because too wrapped up in his contracted selfishness.

H. W. Beecher says : “He who knows how to make persons around him, wherever he goes, happy ; he who knows how to do it in the morning and noon and night ; he who knows how to make love his uniform disposition ; he who knows how to radiate sympathy, and gentleness, and kindness, and forbearance, and patience towards others, and to make men feel richer for his having been with them, — he has the crucial test of piety.” But an atheistical, or any other sort of libertine, has

none of the elements of manhood, therefore, of happiness in him ; he cannot give others what he has not himself. His brains are iron, his soul a mass of ice ; his principles doggish, as respects the dog's baser, not his higher nature ! — and his passions are lurid flames, his appetites low, gross, sensual, and the woman who suffers such a man to even touch her hand becomes defiled beyond the cleansing power of soap and water ! Shun him ! He is a stalking pestilence !

It is extremely bad for any one, male or female,— but far worse for a woman than a man, because she has fewer distractive resources,— to fix the heart's hopes upon one who is incapable of any fair or just degree of appreciation, — one who can see nothing higher, purer, better, nobler — more human — than the mere utilities of wedded life. God pity him or her who, having a mind, and acute sensibilities ; who loves art, music, and all that is good and fine, but who is yoked to a dull log, which never gives forth a spark of fire, save the dull red, consuming flames of animal passion. “ My God, it is dreadful ! ” all true people cry. Oh, this false trap ! How many have been led into it, only to be cruelized, to starve, and moan, and daily, hourly die, and the victims are not all females either !

It is very hard, and none but those who have been there — legions of them — can form even half an idea of the awful fallingness of a soul thus circumstanced. Death, even torturous death, though terrible, may be met by a call on courage ; but to die regularly, day after day, and keep it up, as many do, is a refinement of hardship compared to which dissolution itself were mere child's play.

The horror of horrors, in this life, is to be compelled to endure that anguish—for all other agonies and accidents sink into comparative insignificance, when contrasted with or measured by a bad marriage !

On the contrary, the supreme bliss of blisses is to be a direct partaker of the joys of true wife and husband — ay ! and mighty few there be who linger for long in that transcendently Happy Valley of Delights !

A woman must be admired by the man she wifes. It is her

due. Let her be so or else she pules, mopes, fades — in her heart, if not in her conduct and cheeks. If she lives at all, she cannot endure neglect. It is an icy-cold, ever-freezing, rack-ing death; and he who fails to render her just tribute, not only injures her, and chokes her love to death, but is also a first-class idiot, bent upon conjugal suicide, — straight as a string!

But it is in a woman's power to *make* any man, and especially her husband, admire her. Try the *finesse* and extras of dress, — both in full costume and when alone with him, O wife! and if you play *that* card *well*, it will bring him to terms twelve times in every dozen trials; for there is a magic in dress which, well worked, is irresistible, even to the palled and jaded natures of the most obstinate or careless man alive.

If there's one thing, short of crime, worse than another, it is a snoop,—one who continually pokes his or her — mostly *her* — nose into other people's affairs. Such persons are a curse to the neighborhoods where they live, and cause more trouble between men and their wives than their necks are worth.

There's one or two snoops — if not more, in New England — or snoopdom! — and there's as many as one, if not more, reader, within gunshot of where you are reading these identical lines — Mrs. — and the old maid —, and — Duck them if you get a good chance! That's all.

The various stages of a lover's career, with reference to the imperial she, is: ideal, idyl, idol, at which point he marries her, and she becomes idle — and he wakes up some fine morning and finds himself an idiot!

People who love are slow to grow old, because love is the real elixir of life and water of perpetual youth.

But husbands, as well as wives, are subject to the same law; and he who is careful *of*, and neat *in*, his personal appearance has control of a most effective key to woman's heart, and although slovenliness characterizes genius and great talent, not every man can afford to imitate it. But no man exists who is not more of a man, and the object of more respect, well dressed, than not so.

The inner life of a neglected wife! the poor thing! The social drudge of a wandering, lying, club-tending, doubly mean thing! God pity and help her, for her sufferings tongue can never tell. She who in her joyous trust gave her all to him, who, having worn the roses from her cheek, and the hope from her heart, basely leaves her alone, half the year; never takes her out in the green fields to hear the birds sing, or to tread the flowery fields, or to a place of amusement; but, instead of that, grumbles and growls at her all the time, and — then trots off for pleasure along with any other woman he can find who is willing to let him disburse his money for her — is too mean to eat good victuals! And there are more just such husbands everywhere than you could shake a stick at in a month of Sundays: more's the shame.

The Christs are not all dead! They still live! Where shall you look for them? Look *everywhere* where wives exist! Do they not suffer crucifixions, buffetings, insults innumerable? and do they not pray Father forgive them — these counterfeit men! these sham husbands! — for they know not what they do! Were not these wives swindled by gilded baits, labelled Hope — into hell — when they bargained for its opposites? No! the Christs are not all dead!

Will the absurd and villanous doctrines now so rife in the land, under the names of Reform, Woman's Rightism, or any other disastrous system of social iconoclasm, remedy the evils under which the world at home labors to-day? What are such new lights worth when their leader is arrested for rape on a child of eleven years? Oh, this accursed reformatory raff! this rotten drift-wood on the social and the mental sea! Would there were a Niagara over which they all might plunge into the bottomless abysm of eternal Night!

These "reformers" scatter their demoralizing books and papers far and wide, poisoning the minds of millions, and desolating homes by annual thousands. Woman's rights won't make home happy, depend upon it. Nothing but right down earnest TRY will do *that*! Husband, instead of mixing more

gall in your wife's cup, ask yourself if you have done all you could to make things run smoother and better. If you have not, go about it before you're an hour older. Wean her from the morbid contemplation of her misery, fancied or real. First try to make her believe she is the happiest wife alive — *and make her so!* Don't forget that silks are an excellent cure for the sulks; nor that when a man is stung with the rattlesnake of jealousy, or any other domestic damnativeness, it often takes five men and himself to drink whiskey enough to — not cure him — but to allay the pangs — and that none but fools do anything of the sort. Whiskey! Would that every gallon of it, and every other intoxicant on the globe, were freighted by express, lightning motored, back to hell from whence they came!

It is impossible to be wholly good without loving; it is impossible to love and be wholly bad.

JOHN HAY — God bless him! — writing in "Harper's Weekly" on the imperishable topic, woman's love, tells certain terrible truths against — men — and equally true ones of true women: Read — and, if you be a man, go thy way and sin no more: —

"A sentinel angel, sitting high in glory,
Heard this shrill wailing out from purgatory!
'Have mercy, mighty angel! hear my story.

" 'I loved, and, blind with passionate love, I fell;
Love brought me down to death, and death to hell;
For God is just, and death for sin is well.

" 'I do not rage against His high decree,
Not for myself to ask that grace shall be,
But for my love on earth, who mourns for me.

" 'Great spirit, let me see my love again,
And comfort him one hour, and I would fain
To pay a thousand years of fire and pain.'

"Then said the pitying angel: 'Nay, repent
That wild vow; look! the dial-finger is bent
Down to the last hour of thy punishment.'

“ But still she wailed : ‘ I pray thee, let me go ;
I cannot rise to peace and leave him so !
Oh, let me sooth him in his bitter woe ! ’

“ The brazen gates ground suddenly ajar,
And upward joyous, like a rising star,
She rose, and vanished in the ether far.

“ But soon adown the dying sunset sailing,
And like a wounded bird her pinions trailing,
She fluttered back with broken-hearted wailing.

“ She sobbed : ‘ I found him by the summer sea
Reclining his head upon a maiden’s knee ;
She curled his hair and kissed him. Woe is me ! ’

“ She wept : ‘ Now let my punishment begin ;
I have been fond and foolish. Let me in
To expiate my sorrow and my sin.’

“ The angel answered : ‘ Nay, sad soul, go higher !
To be deceived in your true heart’s desire,
Was bitterer than a thousand years of fire ! ’ ”

A happy woman never writes a book ! nor can a happy man ! It is only when the soul feels its wings scorched that it realizes its power to fly ; and the more dreadful the burning, the higher its flight ! But if the soul be crushed beneath an overwhelming load, only then can its true song burst forth in all its wild weird power ! — and only *then* can the world find out what’s in a woman or a man, and what every human being has, but is mainly unconscious of — heart, soul, feeling, pity, tenderness and brave resolve to look higher and do better. This is one of the missions of sorrow to the world !

“ You Christians call yourselves civilized,” said a savage to a sailor. “ Prove it.” — “ I can : In the first place we have churches.” — “ Where a poor man dare not show his face,” remarked the savage. “ Don’t interrupt me,” said the sailor. “ We have jails,” — Where you put a poor man who is unable

to pay his honest debts!" observed the barbarian. "We have large manufactories." — "Where you make compounds to kill your-fellow men's bodies, and rum to ruin their souls!" said the savage, "Rum, to make him mad, crazy, raving, furious, demoniac, — a MURDERER!" — and this you call the Golden Rule! Then you build gibbets on which to strangle them to death, laying all the blame of the wrong, if wrong there be, upon your Christian God, not where it rightfully belongs — yourselves. Christian, I was once taken to your country, and carried about as a show for a time; and thousands paid gold for a sight of a 'Savage.' Presently your priests loaded a ship for me, with beads, bibles, and blankets, powder, gin, and guns, to trade with in savage land! But before I returned they dressed me up in Christian garb, that I might go about seeing, instead of being seen; and one night I beheld new evidences of your high culture, one of which were gambling shops; another, a gilded brothel, where young girls bartered their beauty for jingling silver! Next day I saw the potters' field where they buried them when dead. Christian, I prefer to remain, a savage!"

All young creatures, man included, run to passion and love, and to their extremes and abuses. So do villages, cities, towns, and nations. Our own nation is young, and is therefore friskier, and more unsettled in love affairs than any other on God's green earth. When creatures and man grow older, they correct *that* folly, and so will nations; hence, in a century or two, America will have a little common sense, and more decency!

"Daughter, I hear bad news of you, — that Sam Wilson was seen to look under your bonnet, and kiss you, right close to Fera's confectionery! What did you allow such goings-on for? What did you do?"

"Me? Why I screamed!"

Big Sister. — "How often?"

She. — "Three times!"

B. S. — "What kinds?"

Little Brother. — “I know: vanilla and lemon — ’cos I seed ’em !”

Mother. — Good gracious ! what *are* you talking about ?”

Omnes. — “Ice cream !”

During his strangely varied career, the author has had thousands of applications from persons desirous of learning his secret of medical practice, and others, relating to mind, morals, and the affections ; but most of them were based upon the plea that the applicants were solely desirous of “aiding suffering humanity,” which was all bosh. They wanted to help themselves to success, competence, honor, fame and glory, but had not frankness enough to say so. Now, whenever people urged that plea, he always suspected the presence of a selfish “mice,” and refused to allow them to grind their axes after that style ; but whenever a person said, “I want to learn, so as to benefit myself as well as others,” the required information was cheerfully given ; for the author always did, and ever will, doubt the motives of professional world-savers, who blazon “Suffering Humanity” as a motto upon the banners of their action.

It is a very pleasant sight to see, and a far pleasanter sensation to feel and know, that your wife freely gives up all, to follow and share the fortunes of you, her husband. But when she gives up all, and you included, to follow the fortunes of another fellow, it is not quite so pleasant a sight to see ; while as for the feeling, that is, of course, quite delicious and exhilarating — only it isn’t.

Reader, allow an introduction to a preacher of the hard-shell persuasion, — a supposititious one, perhaps, but as genuine as any other of the sort. He is going to preach a sermon : —

BRETHERING AND SISTERS — especially the sisters — attend to what is goin’ to be said ! The animiles once went out for to fight. The shaggy and uproarious bar was thar, likewise the lion and the unicorn, which is a one-horned animile, and quite as dangerous as if he had two, or more, for I’ve knowed many a good man come to grief through a single horn, — case horns

is bad things to play with, seeing's yer don't know what the effects may be, till you've tried. The elephant was thar, as also was the horn-bug, tiger, giraffe, the hypopo-tame-us, and all the other beasts were thar, from the mastodon down to the leastest one of all. They was on a big prairie, with a few trees here and thar, on which sat the eagles, the robins and the owl-gales, which they had been appointed judges of the fight, what was going for to come off right onto that there spot. And the beasts they formed a ring, — and when all was ready, the eagle he gin a scream, and the lion and the tiger they pitched in, and fout, and fout, till thar wasn't a grease-spot left of eyther, after which the rhino-serious and the snappin-turkle they had a tussle, and the latter he come off first-best, case he got sich a holt on to that thar upper lip of that thar rhinose-rrious, as to cause him to gently murmur; Now I lay me down to sleep, and then git up and git like unto a quarter horse close to hum! And then the alligator allegeded to the effect that he could just clean out anything around thar, which alligations the anaconda he denied, and said he'd see his pile on it, and go him suthin better,— and he did; case he hugged that varmint till his eyes they stuck out like four peeled ingions, and the snake he raked the board; and then the wild bull and the catamount they went in, and come out agin, both of 'em badly licked, and worse skeered. Presently the unicorn and the gnu they sounded thar horns — and took one — and they guv out a defy, to the effect that any one thar what had any conceit in 'em and wanted to substantiate it or get it took out'n 'em,— any one what wanted for to fight, mout enter into the covenant immediately; for there was a little inseck present what wanted some one to knock a chip off'n his shoulder,— not if they would, but if they dared; his arms was a lance, and he wore a yaller jacket, and though he was small, yet he considered his self *some* — in a free and easy fight; his ordinary heft wasn't more'n three kernels o' corn, yet when he got right smart mad, he weighed consid'rable more'n two tons, and he had come out for to fight!

He was a vain and a sassy cuss, and his name which it was

hor-nett; and he avouched that, as for him, he didn't care a mill-dam, or any other sort, for any fish what trod the land, or beast what swum the sea; and he'd bet high that thar was nothing on the ground as could take his measure, or knock him out'n time! Wharfor and tharfor, hear ye! hear ye! and O yes! and all you who wants to bet, or try your luck with that thar little jokin' cuss, you just put up your stamps, and sail, in; and when you *do*, may suthin have mercy on you, for that there little individual *wont*! — you may bet high on that!"

With this, the heralds they dried up, and out came the sassy little winged bug; and he flopped his wings, he did; and he made faces at the crowd, after which he proceeded to run out his stinger, and then he remarked, "How is *that* for high?" which caused the elephant to snicker right out, and shake his sides with laughin'; while the hipopotamus he smole clean across his rather open countenance, at the perfectly ridiculous idea of any one being afraid to fight a insecck so small as that. But alas! they hadn't not no idee of what a awful sight of ruin is contained in a hor-nett's tail; for it biteth like a serpent, and it stingeth worsern two adders, you bet! case your preacher's bin thar, and he don't intend to go any more — bless the Lord! and amen! and so mote it be! A bee's stinger is *some*, a wasp's is *somer*, but a hor-nett's is *som-est*, and considerabul worsern anything you ever got a hold of, and the more you just git up and git from any locality where they're around, the better'll it be for your *piece* of mind! — that's all, and that's enough; when you make a right calkelation; and come to see the pint; which you don't, and can't till you learn what befell those animiles what went out for to fight!

But the elephant he got laughed at, and he got mad, and he thought he could go for that thar hornet, and come out all O K; but a more mistaken individual you never clapped eyes on. Brethering, no one ever yet went for that sort of animile what didn't come out second best! But the stamps was up; the horns they sounded; and the combatants they made a dash for each other, and both missed. Then the elephant he got mad, and he lifted up his trunk and he sailed in! — and he sailed *out*

agin in a awful hurry ; for while his snoot was in the air, the bug he just dropped into it ; and he crawled, and he crawled right square up that elephant's trunk clean up to the top of it, close by a tender spot right in Mister Elephant's head ; and when thar he nipped hold of one soft place with his hands and mouth, so's he could have a clear swing with his tail, — which he did ! and he got, and he bent, and he surged, and he gave that elephant hail Columby right straight along so's to make that refined and cultured animile use the worstest and most profanest kind of language that ever fell from the lips of any educated elephant before or since ; and he actually swore after his style, and he wiggled, and he flopped, and he kicked with all four feet ; but it was all of no use, for the hornett had him tight, just as before, and since ; which occasioned him to observe that, in fact, he'd be d—d, somethinged, if he could stand that sort of thing much longer, he'd bet high on that ! As for the rest of the beasts what went out for to fight, they liked the sport hugely, and nearly split themselves with laughing, — it's so easy and agreeable to laugh at others, you know ! — but they really couldn't help it, for his motions were quite absurd ; and they hollered, and they yelled, “Go it, flop-cars ! go it hornett !” which the former couldn't appreciate, because he was so busy dancing ; besides which he was taken suddenly ill with a dangerous bowel complaint, and he hadn't not no time to consult a doctor or take any medicine whatsoever, even if it had been offered to him then and thar !

And he got sick, and he was under the weather, he was ; because he went into that there fight with both of his eyes tight shet ; but he came out of it with those identical eyes wide open, — he did ! and he found out that a hornett was a double patent compound mitrailleuse, — silver-mounted, not of the Kingdom of Heaven — and a breech-loader at that — of the very worstest kind ! Bless the Lord ! — and he went in to win, and he came out just like a spaniel dog what's been stealing and got kicked, and sneaks off to hide his shame ! You know how it is yourself !

At last he roared “Enough !” whereupon the yaller-colored

champion came out, and he got on a leaf, and he observed that it was quite early in the day, and as he hadn't got fairly warmed up yet, he'd like to try some of the rest, who felt like treading on the tail of his coat. But no one saw fit to take his defy. As for his late antagonist in the recent unpleasantness, he packed up his trunk and left by express. But the hornett he felt so good that he flew among the laughing crowd and touched 'em up, under their eyes and other tender places, until the entire crowd what went out for to fight concluded that the weather was too sultry thareabouts, and they left. As soon as the last one was gone, the hornett was jubilant; and he buzzed, and he rolled on the grass, and he fout his battles over again in imagination, till at last he stuck his stinger right into his own eye, and he keeled up and died right then and thar!

Sisters, thar's a moral to this fable. Hornett-izing don't pay in the long run; case the wielder of the weapon is sure to sting herself to death!

Brethering, beware of all insects — especially the *hor-NETTS*! — *but you needn't always spell it in that thar way!*"

It is a very singular fact of the human heart, best illustrated by a case in point, that if she, or he, becomes jealous of him or her, and subsequently finds out that there was no 'ground whatever for it, yet nevertheless the love he or she previously bore her or him becomes weakened, and never again can be what it was before, no matter how fully the judgment may acquit the suspected. Every adverse emotion of the human being weakens those which are normal; so let lovers beware, and the married as well.

Few widows now die of grief for their loss. They sometimes faint, but generally come *two* — if not three! While as for widowers, no matter how severe the stroke may be, it is seldom fatal, and most of them, in a short time, manage to *re-wive*. Plenty, nearly all women, like to be and want to be loved right straight from a man's soul, yet comparatively few of them are capable of inspiring just what they do want, or of retaining

it when they have won it, if they win it. Especially is this true in the American East.

The benign and softening influence of a good woman, with courage to deftly try, and pluckily persevere, will transform even a tiger man, in time, to the perfect similitude of, and afterward into the real state of a gentleman, in every sense of the word. It only needs persistence.

Men are apt to yield to a single temptation, under the idea that "once don't count much"! So are some women. But just as sure as that death shall claim us in the end, will every single experiment in license be certain to prove a dead failure; because it loosens one's hold on the good and true; and ruptures the strands of the mystic cord which binds the soul to honor and to virtue. Loveless passion leads to the deeps: love-passion leads to heaven. But if deteriorated it effeminates the man; leads to social brigandage; debases woman; snatches the crown of cornucopious glories from her brow; bans both man and wife from thereafter sailing over the silvery seas of dear, because virtuous, delight, and substitutes a murky tide in its place. Instead of basking in the ineffable smiles of the virtue-crowning God, they grovel amid the baleful odors steaming from the pit.

When a man forgets to honor the sex of his mother, — as some do at sight of the most sacred spectacle on earth, a pregnant woman! — that very instant the manly glory that ought to radiate from the head and face of one who feels allied to greatness and to God, passes from his presence and beyond his utmost reach in this life, and until he and we shall

“—— meet and greet in closing ranks,
In Time's declining sun,
When the bugles of God shall sound recall,
And the battles of life are won.”

No man can honor his mother, who belittles or victimizes her sex. The two things are incompatible, and wholly impossible in the same individual. No good can come out of any garden where such things grow; where flourishes disrespect, or

light-thinking about woman, but only ill weeds, and noisome vermin in human shape — people who deal in high-sounding, unmeaning rhapsody, and pseudo-philosophical rhodomontade, wherewith to stultify the public conscience, gull the people of their money, and gratify the morbid tastes of those long lost to decency, respect, and virtuous society.

It has been said, widely believed and scarce ever denied, that many a woman has taken a step called infamous, purposely, yet inspired by the highest, holiest and purest virtue,—the desire of maternity. It may be so, but the writer takes leave to doubt it. At all events it is an unsafe principle to adopt; and she who does it *may* be a virtuous woman, but it is not a proposition very easily accepted by him — or any other man.

Incessant petting and incessant passion are alike distasteful to sensible people of either gender. It is possible to give either an overdose of “duckkeys,” “sweets,” “darlings,” and such-like toy names. Enough is as good as a feast. Too much of a good thing clogs the taste and spoils the appetite. We want talk, mind, brains — something else beside an eternal round of sugared phrases, honeyed words, and endearing expressions. Let them be the condiments and seasoning, not the staple food of life; for they beget an affectional dyspepsia exceedingly hard to cure.

Beware of a woman, O man, whose care and love for you depends upon your ability to gratify her whims, tastes, appetites and passions. Do not trust her too far, or confide in her too much.

It is perfectly safe to say that no man can trust a woman who deceives her husband for your sake,—if you be a man; for she who will do that, will not scruple or hesitate to deceive you in turn, for whatever other man may chance to take her fancy; and she will just as readily sell you as she did the man she calls husband, and who fancies her to be true.

Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus, is the rule in love-law.

Said the old grayhead: “Water is a good thing — to wash in, and for — navigation purposes; but for a *steady* drink give me rum.” And so, too, a husband delights in the loving

inanities of a fond wife; but not as a steady diet; they bring on affectional dyspepsia!

If he loves her:

If she loves him:

He:

She:

Is immeasurably more than ten thousand worlds like this, with all its wealth and honors, to each other!

If they come together wrong!

She:

He:

First makes Heaven,

Then Hell,

For each other.

This is the old, old story!

The worst of love-matters in these days is that people who ought to court to *understand* each other, do so to *fool* each other instead, and succeed to a dot! Marriage is not proposed coolly, but is offered and accepted when both are in a magnetic fever of excitement. The man trembling from wrong causes, says "Will you?" and she, pale with the pallor of passion, assents. What wonder then, that in less than six months both can sit under the same roof and write letters from hell to their several friends? Not much! Life is at best a series of expectations. We never quite reach the goal we seek,—the kiss might be *just a little warmer*, the candy just a bit *sweeter*; and instead of enjoying what's before us, we envy Mr. Some One's meal, while that person daily damns his lot and imagines we are the favored ones, not him. All our quantities vanish; all our equations are broken — a way God has of making us lose sight of Now, and walk and toil toward THEN!

Not until we all realize absolute personal responsibility for our voluntary acts prepense,—that somewhere, before some tribunal, above and beyond those of man, the court of last resort,—and are guided by that realization, will we keep our hands off others' goods and do as we'd be done by. The world boasts much of its progress and liberalism. The former it may well be proud

of, but unmistakably the latter has corrupted the entirety of human morals; and they who know the most have least conscience in very many cases; not because of knowledge, but that they know too much for humility, too little for the higher life; too far from human law and not near enough to God's! Not till every one of us strives to get on, have honor, and be honest, will the ultraistic abominations of the age be relegated to the past, and the horrid phantom of false philosophy, touched with the spear of Ithuriel, double itself up and vanish forever and evermore from the fair face of earth; not till then will the enormous load of disconsolateness, now weighing so heavily on us all, be uplifted from our shoulders and then cast down to never oppress us again; and all of us know, as we should and yet shall, that he or she who dishonors, makes light of, or aims a blow at marriage, or rudely innovates upon, or invades its sanctities, is a public enemy; should be treated as such, else entirely ostracized and cut off from all good society, debarred all fair and clean distinction in the world of men and women, because he or she is their foe, who, instead of assisting poor, weak and lame humanity to walk erect and be strong,—that is, Virtuous, in its long and wearisome march from Bad to Better,—are continually and desperately engaged in trying to thwart the purposes of the Supreme Parent, by throwing impedimenta and obstructions among the cog-wheels of the grand social machinery, which is a crime and conspiracy against all human kind the wide world over; and he or she who does it—and their name is Radical, and their number Legion—raises the black flag and declares him or herself a universal pirate and social brigand, and therefore deserves a pirate's and a brigand's punishment and fate!

Besides being the enemy of the race, a radical is his or her own worst foe, because he or she vainly seeks for their promised joys and blisses, and only succeed in gaining a firm foothold in the dark and humiliating valley of Unrest. Their theory and system is founded on a chimera, a mere unsubstantial shadow. How can it be otherwise, when, ignoring divinity they banish Providence and have no God to lean on? It drives us all out

upon the bleak waste of nothingism,—emptiness; vacuity,—wrecks us on the sharp rocks of domestic desolation; strangles home love; whets its appetite in quivering flesh; fosters, encourages and justifies elopements, desertions and abortion; sets a premium on infant murder, and promotes adultery on every hand; it forces an outer life upon us, and shuts the door of the inner, higher and better; it arrays kith and kin, parent and child, wife and husband, in deadly and hopeless antagonism with each other, and declares open war against the human race—themselves included. It dooms us to isolation, loneliness, desolation, forces us to eat our own hearts, and dwell among unsubstantial mockeries and phantoms of happiness, while the reality is afar off; for there can be no real companionship in radicalism or lust, its legitimate and inevitable product,—because its nature is wholly onesided and selfish. Its champions and its adherents disagree, and perpetual war, slander, vituperation and hatred, mark their intercourse with one another, and they can no more stand together than can the imps of Eblis.

It sinks us down to bestial hells, and bars the gates of heaven in our faces; and no sooner do we enter the sphere of outreisms, take whatever name or form they may, than the lofty angels take their flight; and the virtues, no longer piping dulcet melodies to and in the sanctums of our souls, frightened and shocked, quit us, and the coarse, dark tribes swarm in, and rack us with the harsh gratings of filing saws, and the ominous hootings of the owls of social night. Our eyes, no longer open to the better and softer light of heaven, are blinded by the infernal glare of *ignus fatui*, which lure us into the pitfalls and murky swamps, and sink us neck-deep in the quick black mire of wretchedness and heart-woe, and so inextricably that unless we cry up to Him in our fearful agony, who alone can stretch forth his hand to save us, we are lost, lost, lost!

He or she who shamefacedly or brazenly ignores marriage and its sacred obligations and responsibilities, can never behold or realize the ineffable beatitudes of that mystical domes-

tic heaven, whose existence depends upon the interfusion and blending of two fond and loving hearts,—two united souls. But there comes a retributive time to them, after the showers of passion have ceased to fall, and when the sun of truth shines out upon them. Then they would give all the world had their lives not been so false.

To the married and the careless, what bitter regrets await them too! They, who have not thoroughly tried to better their domestic state; discontented husbands, and wretched wives, from whose lips daily goes up to heaven the sad, sad wail of lacerated hearts — “*My God, My God*, why hast thou forsaken me?” while salt and bitters tears fall like wintry rain from his, but mostly from *her* eyes, who has asked for bread and been given a stone! — who has bestowed a heart and reaped horror, grief and wan despair — oh, *how* inexpressible, intense, acute and dreadful! What measure can hold the bitterness raging in an unloved husband’s heart! What line can sound the awful gulfs of woe in the sad and mourning soul of an unloved wife — a gulf of misery ten thousand fathoms deep! Well may such — either of them, clasp their hands over throbbing temples and breaking hearts, as, looking up to God, they cry: “Father, Father, let this bitter cup pass from me!”

NOTE. — *During many years, the author devoted all his energies, in a medical point of view, to the treatment of those ailments of both sexes, old and young, which spring from perverted, morbid, repressed affection and passion, with a success all the more marked, for that he treated them from a magnetic and dynamic point of view. He has now, measurably, retired from practice, and designed to say nothing herein on the medical side of the question, until numerous correspondents, and former patients, learning that a new work was issuing from his pen, insisted that it was a duty to still counsel, advise, and assist such sufferers from inverted and perverted love. He therefore consents to advise in those special cases affecting the brain, stomach, and vital apparatus of either sex, whether from nervous prostration, vampire depletion, excess, or the reactions of thwarted or perverted love upon the bodily health, incipient insanity, morbid action of the mind, gloom, suicidal despondency, mania, and the distressing catalogue of ills peculiar to women, married and single, as well as the correspondent ills of males. He wishes it, however, to be distinctly understood*

that he has abandoned general practice, and will only act in cases where hope is gone, and only death or madness loom up in the near future. His address will be Boston, Mass., care of Randolph Publishing Co. All such correspondence must be marked "Private."

Love, in reality, is the miraculous finding and recognition of the higher and better part of yourself in another, and both parts mutually making the discovery, and fusing, blending, mingling into an inseparable oneness; then follows the thrill! — and this is love! It is a burst of sunlight through a storm-charged cloud. The loved one is *all* the world to thee, and all the rest, all the universal existence outside, has but a representative value. Let it be disturbed, and you are haunted by an intangible horror, forever breathing its chilliness upon you, forever assuming shapes which are but varied formlessness, and elude your every attempt to grasp hold, or even define them. Let even the fear of its loss assail you, and straightway your very soul is tossed upon the stormy waters, and you, like the frail bark, are dashed hither and yon in the resistless vortex of the whirlpool; your steadiness, because your anchor of hope, is gone. The love-light fades from your eye, and quiet from your heart, and both give place to the restless, wild tumult of the mad Bacchante. We are told that when things reach their worst they begin to mend; but it is seldom so with those whose love is blighted. God grant it may be so, — may mend when the dark pall hangs heavily on those whom sweet love so cruelly stabs at times! Heaven help us! *How* the heart-reft do suffer! nor can earth, or philosophy appease the anguish — only God can then assuage the dreadful woe!

CHAPTER XXIII.

CONCLUSION.

ALMOST done! Arduous, yet blessed, and delightful task, because undertaken for, and executed in, the best interests of human kind. True, there are some sharp words herein, but those to whom they were applied knew better than to deserve them; besides which there are those who must needs be exposed and driven, because they cannot be led. And now this highest and holiest work, and purpose of the current year of the lonely, yet not lonely, life of him who, for the ends sought to be reached in this book, has hitherto hidden his identity behind a sound, and that sound, Casca Llanna, or the Falling Waters, is nearly accomplished. May the book make every one of its readers, truer, higher, and better for having glanced along its pages. The statement has already been made herein, that the author of it never had a friend on earth. *That* expression needs correction, for from among the thousands who have read his works, the mail brings many a friendly missive from afar; but the words meant practical, demonstrative, financial friendship, such as would aid him in his work for the world. *That* sort of friendship has never been realized by him.

Never doubting but that the work would see the light in due season, the author felt encouraged to labor, and wait for the good time, by the sympathies and silent power, if not the actual presence of thousands of the good and true, and noble hearts of earth; and their good will has been with him since that sad seventh of May, wherein a new purpose was born in his soul, and the first penful of ink began to mark, not the consecutive story, but the condensed results of a life's observation, and experience in the vast, and not yet half-explored, domain of the human affections.

Perhaps a better book can be written on the grand subject. No one will hail it, come whence it may, with fuller joy than will he who penned this one. May the world be flooded with

them. Such a deluge is needed ; and the quicker it comes the sooner it will be cleansed.

Go, book, and begin thy work in the lands, in the nations, and among the peoples. Thou wast written for those now on earth, and for those who shall be hereafter, when the hand that penned thee is cold in death, and the soul that gave thee birth is fast anchored in the breast of God. Born out of the very deeps of a heart-anguish, at which fools and granite hearts may sillily laugh, because they know not yet,— God grant they never may — that : —

“ ’Tis the darkest hour before the morn !
When the pain is sorest the child is born
And the day of the Lord at hand ! ”

They may laugh, if they choose, and snap their fingers in idle heedlessness, not knowing that the way of thought is rough and hard ; that we cannot pen immortal lines save when the heart is bowed with some deep grief and sorrow ; for it is then, and *then* only that : —

“ The rapt imagination soars on high ;
And hears the jubilate of the sky ;
While myriad harps sound ‘ Glory to the Lamb ! ’
And swell the chorus of the GREAT I Am ! ”

Casca Llanna has been laughed at for years, laughed at by honest men and women, never once, but by the rogues, the false “ philosophers ” and lecturing libertines of both genders, often,— chaff, stubble and orts of the world !

. . . . It was no part of the writer’s design to make this book a mere physiological treatise, or a medical essay, as is almost always the temptation of every writer on the subject of the human passions ; but rather to hold the mirror up to nature, and by showing the operation of the good, and the tendencies of the evil, to encourage the better, and unmask the bad. Believing that we all have more of heaven in us than its opposite, the end of the author’s design will be reached if he shall

succeed in impressing these truths on mankind: That a man's wife should be his goddess; his home a heaven; his daughters ministering angels; his sons genuine men! and so they will be when all the current false theories of social order tumble headlong to the ground, killed forever dead; and when love, asserting itself, shall rise as a sunburst of immortal glory to illumine the world we live in; and then, but not till that day dawns, not on this globe, but in each of our souls, will a man feel himself to be every inch a king, wholly incapable of a mean and selfish act; and be capable of looking on a woman with pure eyes only, and clean heart, pulsing divine music in her radiant and glorious presence, and recognize her as an inhabitant of a social paradise whereof himself is an essential part.

When marriage is as it should be, each will, because they cannot help it, think the other the acme of perfection, of all that was ever seen or dreamed of! — the realization of the dearest hope ever sighed for by human beings.

When a woman loves, her perceptions are quicker than the lightning's flash, keener than its edge; and let her husband know all he may; let his mind be a magazine of lore, and his memory a cyclopædia, and her intuitions will outshine them all; hence love in a household is an investment sure to pay in a hundred ways, for a loving woman is the best and safest adviser ever a man had, from the time he leads her to the altar until the moment he is struck with immortality!

Only when a man or woman loves is their moral strength at its maximum or highest tide; and he or she who really loves, is triply armed against all temptation, especially when of a purely sensuous nature, — which temptations, in these times, are very varied and formidable; and unless a rampart of true affection shelters a woman, or man, God help the poor besieged! Yesterday a resolution was taken not to yield to the control of some tempting, besetting sin, again. To-day there was a slight fall — like the servant girl's baby — it was *only a little one!* To-morrow it will be the same old story — so strong is human weakness. Nothing but the grace of God, spare diet, and cold water is effective in such cases, — the two last are very excel-

lent, and are more easily reached than the first. True, prayer is a very good thing, but then a great deal of *watching* must needs go along with it. "Lead us not into temptation" is capital, so far as it goes, but "run straight away from temptation," provided you *do it*, is a great deal better, provided, again, that you *keep away*; for just as sure as a tempted man or woman stops to "consider about it," or to "argue the point," your case is done up completely, and you'll just as surely "fall again" as that ducks will swim if there's a chance. There's a little concupiscent devil running loose about the world, busily intent upon raising pandemonium with everybody and everywhere.

It will not be so in the better time, because then each will feel toward the other sentiments of affection and esteem, such as cannot be inspired by any other human being.

How can it be otherwise when marriage is the joining of hearts and natures, instead of, as too often in these days, bodies and estates!

How can a married pair fill the true bill of wifehood and husbandage, or anything else, any other great human duty, properly, and as befits immortal beings, while in a whirl of constant bicker, fret, turmoil, and social and domestic hurricanes, tempests, and drizzling streets of discontent? How can they realize the glorified life of a true believer, or bathe themselves in the full, deep tides of the eternal mercy gushing from the infinite, everlasting beneficence? The gabble of ten billions such is far outweighed by a single sentence like the following, which is taken from a letter written by a correspondent, Hannibal, Oswego Co., N. Y., and received this August 1st, 1871:—

"Let me say in conclusion that the *characters* embodied in your writings portray my highest ideal of manly perfection. Nobility of soul breathes through every line, and true manhood shines through and permeates every sentence."

Of course the correspondent's estimate is too high, yet it is deeply gratifying to know that a book of his has awakened such an appreciation, and that the lessons taught, and also

striven to be learned, have not been in vain. Thank Heaven such letters are plentiful!

And so, Book of the heart, dearer to the soul that gave thee being, than the apple of an eye! go thou forth to make mankind better, truer, nobler than thou findest them, by teaching the unlearned lesson of forbearance, self-control, self and God reliance, and genuine self-respect; for whoso respect themselves respect others, and by those others are in turn respected! which, be it known, is ever the case with true Christians and sensible conservatives, never the case with come-outers, radicals, atheists, freedomites, or any of that ilk or genus — or any species of ists, ites or ologists whatever, who, when measured at their real value, are found to be but the froth of life — the scum of the human sea! — which is why the writer of this left them long ago, finding, as he did, that *their* straight road to heaven and manlihood led directly to the swamps of irreligion, scepticism and hell, and afforded not a single passage out, and ended there. In short, this writer never saw an ist, ologist or ite, of any sort or sex, whom he found on trial not to be more firmly wedded to destruction than upbuilding, lust than love, and deep damning villany than honest, straight-out manhood and goodness. He makes no exceptions whatever, among all whom he ever saw, spoke to, or knew, from January 1st, 1848, to Dec. 1st, 1871. On the other hand he never found as many bad, soiled, dishonest, lust-driven wretches in twenty years among the conservative and Christian classes, as he found among radicals in any single month during that prolonged period. These things are said as a last and final testimony against radicalism, and in favor of the undefiled religion of Jesus Christ. Let this testimony endure while he lives, and be quoted when he shall be dead! And further, on the love subject, let it be said that he never saw a female radical whom he did not believe to be wholly demoralized to, and beyond the degree of recovery; nor a male fit to be trusted alone with any decent respectable female. It is *not* so in the Christian ranks. It is *never* otherwise in those of radicals! Were company of the latter class coming to his house, he would never trust wife or daughter out of his sight,

and within the sphere of their influence a single hour! nor his sons either! because an experience measured by years has proved radicalism rotten to the core, of the deepest hells hellish, utterly and totally demoralizing; and to tamper with it is to be soiled within and without; for never yet has he seen a man or woman made better, but thousands made worse by it; and he never knew a single good thing come of it from first to last!

Mrs. Gossip: "Oh, what a villain and rake that Charley is! Don't you believe last week he had a lady in his room — all alone! — when suddenly there came a rap at the door, and he hid the good-for-nothing in a closet. Well, don't you think! when the visitors came in they suspicioned his rascality, and one of them tried the closet door — I *really* thought I should! — but when the door opened, *she* jumped out'n the window — *and I really thought I'd broke my neck!*"

Now whenever you hear a gossip's tongue run to you about some one else's shortcomings, rest assured that said tongue will also serve *you* up at the very first chance!

Many men fall in war and are lost; more men fall in love and are ruined. The world is yet barbaric, and it won't do to put too much trust, or confide too freely, in passional humanity; for when the tide falls, word, honor, promise and faith go out with it! What's a house without a woman? — Sure enough!

A writer in Theodore Tilton's "Golden Age" broke ground in favor of a larger liberty in heart affairs than conservative morals allow, whereupon another writer breaks ground and Tilton's writer to boot, on the other side, but in the article attacks *Tilton* instead of his correspondent. The reader will therefore do Mr. Tilton justice and lay the odium where it rightly belongs.

"DEAR SIR: — You have recently said in 'The Golden Age,' 'I hold that love, and love only, constitutes marriage; that marriage makes the bond, not the bond the marriage; and that, as the contract is to love and honor, so that when the love and honor end, the contract dissolves and the marriage ceases.' Doubtless this is practically true. If you fail to do what you promise to do; if the fulfilment ceases entirely, and the bond is by you utterly broken and thrown away, undoubtedly your crime is the death of the contract. That fact was tolerably familiar as far back as the *Stone Age*, the savage philosophy of which you will hardly be able to prove a golden fruit of new culture. There probably is not a decent woman on the globe who, properly comprehending your statement, will not confess its ugly truth. A promise to pay dies when the paying finally ceases. ▲

promise to love and honor dies when the loving and honoring finally cease. The bright honor of the promise being gone, its veracity gone, everything that it was entirely gone, of course *it* is gone, with all which it created. And *that* is your theory of the treatment of woman, to get rid of the marriage by getting rid of the contract creating it, and to get rid of the contract by the method of dishonor!

"I take in hand the case which you commonly put, that of the *man* against the woman. You say, 'I would no more permit the law of the land to enchain me to a woman whom I did not love than I would permit the same law to handcuff me as a slave.' I omit part of your sentence, which does not affect the case of *man* simply, in his treatment of woman and wife. In what I quote you declare that you will not permit the law of the land to hold you to your own free promise and sacred contract. Have you no logic? Is this a question of taking you by force and handcuffing you to a woman against your will? If it is not, then there is no argument in your comparison. Is slavery the slave's free and honorable contract? If it is not, then there is not a jot of reason in the assumed analogy. No, sir; this is a question of your *contract* with a woman, made upon free and urgent desire, freely and deliberately made, made with the combined seriousness and sacredness of religion and law, religion for the reality of the bond, and law for the cover and form of the bond, the religion not leaning one whit for truth on the law, nor the law intruding one hair's breadth upon the religion, but both agreeing to seal a contract the most firm and sure, as it is the most free and deliberate, known to human economy.

"The matter of some other relation than a marriage of love and honor would, of course, raise other questions. But these I need not discuss. If one wants a concubine, one or more, the world is wide, and hell thereof sufficiently accessible. But I assume that you mean, not that consciously and deliberately, but good and true marriage. Therefore, I am bound to find in your words the declaration that you will not let the law of the land hold you to your own free and solemn contract. And your reason for refusing to have the *form* of honor maintained by the law is that you do not mean to be held to the *fact* of honor. It is not that you would have religion alone constrain you to fulfil your contract, but that you want a chance to violate your contract. You say 'love should be like religion, free from mandate by the civil law,' and you prophesy that 'the next generation will gild this sentiment with fine gold.' The sentiment has been done in brass sufficiently long time to be familiar, and would not be much improved if the next generation should make of it a golden calf. I mean the sentiment of love free to violate contracts. You seem to invoke religion; in fact, you invoke nothing but rascality. For you demand freedom to violate the religion, as well as the law, of marriage, to break your religious promise as well as your legal. You only care to have the law let you alone in order that you may leave the woman to whom religion has bound you.

"There is but one ground which I need to consider here to make plain the infamous character of the license to violate both religion and law which you demand for yourself; and that is the reason which the woman you wish to put away had to require of you a contract, a deeply religious and firmly legal contract, as the basis of marriage. You desired her to give you, irrevocably, that honor of person and life which is the sacrament of her existence. You wished to take from her sureties of marriage, which, once given, are forever given. There doubtless are females diseased in body and imagination from their birth, to whom honor is not

honor under any constraints of solemn promise of unchanging fidelity. But the average decent woman, to whom nakedness is not necessary to the perfect luxury of chastity, requires, and must always require, the strongest assurance of that protection for her honor, which only a deep religious promise of unchanging fidelity can give. If you do not mean to offer this in seeking a woman in marriage, then you do not mean love and honor, and propose a marriage which is a swindle and an outrage. Such rascality is but too possible where there is a question of winning a woman, the winning to enjoy is so much more to the average male mind than the winning to love and honor. In a state of double guardianship of woman, by religion and by law, it is still a fearfully common thing for men to simulate or imagine, under the impulse of desire, love and honor which do not exist. Hence the necessity to woman of law to give form to the fact, or the fancy, of love and honor, which form her sole security in marriage. Law will forbid the man to let his desires wander; it will at least compel him to maintain a decent form of permanent protection for woman. The double contract, religious for the real fact, and legal for the outward cover and form, is no more than a woman may demand.

"I have spoken only of the woman's honor. It were enough to speak of that. But beyond that is her chance in life, which, on the average, is terribly injured by the miscarriage of a marriage relation. She can give but once the fairest freshness of her nature. Too often, if set aside, she must remain a rejected thing, perhaps helpless to live, except by methods of direct toil or uttermost shame. It must be more than a slight cause, more than an ordinary reason, which can make her willing to forego the form at least of love and honor, which may be decent even if it be empty.

"But, still more, there is motherhood, adding in every way to the stringency of the necessities already considered. The mother and children must live, must have care and kindness for years onward into the future; must depend on the marriage already existing, and on the husband and father whose is the sole responsibility in the matter, and must look for love and honor, in form, at least, and decency, if not in fact and blessed sweetness, to the man who stands before God and the law held to render these by the most solemn of contracts. Therefore, woman cannot but ask for, yea, insist on, this double contract. Religion alone would answer this purpose if it would enchain wandering desires and handcuff libertine rascality. But this religion alone cannot do, as surely as law with religion can do it. The man who honestly means a religious contract, cannot refuse to woman the added assurance of the legal contract. If any man does not honestly mean what he promises, to enchain and handcuff him is utterly and absolutely necessary, if restraint of wrong-doing is anywhere a necessity. No other than a criminal can feel his contract with a woman as chains and slavery.

"What, then, Mr. Tilton, do you mean by your declaration that you will not let the law of the land hold you to a contract which you wish to violate? If you mean criminal outrage, you will find the law of the land able to hold you, or at least able to brand you as a monster.

"In the last issue of 'The Golden Age' you argue the matter again. You say that 'Love is love — not liking, not friendliness, not kindness, not esteem, but love — and if a man has ceased to feel it for the woman who sits at the other end of his breakfast table, which is the most moral — or least immoral, if you will — for him to break the chains which bind him, break them as gently and unselfishly as he may, but in some wise set himself free, put himself in a position to live a true life; or to wear his fetters un-

complainingly, silently, but invoking meanwhile all the lightnings of heaven to do for him what he has not the courage to do for himself

"If this were meant for the persiflage of a gay rake, justifying variety 'at the head of his breakfast table,' I could understand it. You speak of the man only, as if the woman were not of much account in the matter. You seem to hold her cheaper than men of free lives commonly hold a mistress. Her honor, which you cannot give back, her wifeness, which rests on her honor, her motherhood, which must continue none the less for your desertion, and to which you owe eternal fidelity,—these you make of no account; she merely 'sits at the head of your table,' and it is a question of leaving her to sit there alone or of driving her out into the world. And that you call the Age of Gold. It looks to me more like the time when tools were first made of bronze after the coarse patterns of the Age of Stone. There is not so much manliness in your whimpering appeal to the moral law as ruled the breasts of the cave-dwellers, who would have broken your head with a stone hatchet, and served you right, if you had thus proposed to quit your marital obligations. You might easily be set down as half fool and half knave in this plea, if it were possible to see that in either character you are at all deficient. You sit there wishing her dead; you confess that what you thus do 'has the spirit of murder in it.' You quote a church-member who said that it was impossible for human nature not to cherish this murderous wish under such circumstances; and then you triumphantly ask whether it is better to murder the woman or to put her away. Either may be better for the woman, but the question is what you are bound to do, not what is worst of the crimes you say you intend to choose between.

"You go on with Stone-Age morality of this sort: 'What if the woman who pleased your youth has no charm for your manhood? What if you married, as most men do, who marry young, in utter ignorance of yourself and your own needs? You wake up some day to realize that you are a stranger at your own hearthstone—that there is no one there who comprehends your purposes or shares your tastes? Just when you have settled yourself to your fate, you meet—does God or Satan throw it in your way?—the not impossible she who can command your soul. Before you know it you love, simply as the earth grows warm when the sun shines on it. Something jangles in your wife's voice—the voice is well enough, the discord is because you hear at the same time another voice in your ears. 'If I were but free—if I were but free!' goes dizzily through and through your brain, like the refrain of a hunting song."

"And your conundrum is—Which woman? Well, T. Tilton, I candidly advise you to get your sweet young soul damned to everlasting perdition rather than forsake the wife of your youth. You might have chosen better, but you chose, and honor, whiter than heaven, binds you. About the binding of the woman I am not speaking. If she has a father to go to, probably she had better leave a husband who confesses to murder lurking in one eye and lust leering out of the other. You might be tempted to send her on a Sunday excursion to Staten Island; or you might burden yourself with two domestic establishments, to the great peril of the Age of Gold. Probably the woman had better leave you if she can, but lay not the flattering unction to your soul that you are a *man*, even of the Stone-Age sort. You are an incipient hellion, if I may be pardoned for a strong but not unsuitable term. You have hell on the brain, you that think that to be kind, and friendly, and full of gracious respect to your wedded wife, is a mean and empty, and comparatively immoral thing,

because there is another woman who might be more to you than the wife can be. *You* talk about 'so to situate yourself that you *can* live an honest and true life!' You are already situate with the damned, and this hankering of your soul for some other woman, and wish that the one you have were dead, is a foretaste of deepest hell.

"Let me show you the path to heaven. Your wife, we will assume, cannot follow your soaring genius. You are poetic, and she prosaic. Apollo would envy your beauty, and she is homely. You 'command' no end of women, and she cannot command even her husband's honor, not to speak of his love. The world rings with your praises, and she scolds and frets in your kitchen. I imagine I put it very strong, especially this about your praises, but never mind. Now, T. Tilton, get right down from your stilts, clean down upon your knees, and try to imagine at least that not all the great gods nod when you nod. You probably *can't* humble yourself, even before God Almighty, enough to feel that your wife is quite as good as you deserve — not to say a great deal better. But you are perhaps come down enough to partly understand what a knightly humility is. Then you may remind yourself what your contract of love and honor is, and swear by bright honor's self that you will keep your promise made to the woman who has given you her all. Never mind occasional Christians of the African convert type, who would kill and eat the old wife to be free with a fresh 'not impossible she.' The notion that you cannot be decently and happily true, at least in some large measure of unwearied courtesy, and kindness, and esteem, and fidelity, is one of the devil's own. Better go to hell with a red-hot stopple in your gullet than put your lips to that cup of perdition, the notion that desire for another woman is your supreme necessity. Desire is doubtless a thorn in the flesh to sweet young things like you, but you can be a man nevertheless, keeping decently and honorably the woman you are enchained to, and manfully denying, destroying even, the desire which is not of honor any more that it is of law. Try that for ten years, T. Tilton, and though many virgins will tempt you, and desire may continue to trouble, there will be neither murder nor lust in your heart, but a manly *effort* at least for the honor, which will be the very gate of heaven to you, and a world of comfort to the woman who was so unfortunate as to marry a man too young and too weak to put intelligence and conscience into the most solemn contract which any man can make."

Exit *that* particular "Free-Love" correspondent, *not* in a "blaze of glory."

Up-hill, from the precious arms of the dear mother who bore him, and who went to heaven when he was but five years old, — leaving him alone, friendless, and *very* sensitive — to the tender mercies of a very cold world, Casca Llanna (the author's *real* name is that recorded as author of the other volumes of this series) has fought his way along and alone to this triumphant victory — for it *is* a victory to see this work in print! Alone? No! not alone, for he is never alone who believes in God and loves his mother! for even the blessed angels from the far-off starry worlds of light quit their bright abodes and cleave their

swift way through the spacial vastitudes, to protectingly reach his side who trusts in God, and loves his mother! So have they in the case of him whose hand pens these pages.

One year's schooling only fell to his lot. He taught himself to read — his primers were the posters in the streets, his copy-books the fences, his pen a bit of chalk! What of it? There's no difficulty to him who truly wills and looketh up to God in perfect faith. *IO TRIOMPHE!*

Married twice. Radicalism debauched both wives, and rendered a happy home a wilderness of woe. Then he thought his troubles over when the heart grew well again. But no. God called up an angel from the deep and said: "Go thou to him and mask a terrible hell beneath the smiles of Heaven. Open his soul; tap thou the deep fountains of his spirit; let the sharp pangs of daily death be his; crush his heart, his hopes, his all, let him bleed at every pore — do everything but slay him, and then when he lies at the last gasp, when men forsake and revile him, when hope fails, and all to him seems nearly lost, put thou a pen in his hand, and burning, fiery, heart-words on his lips, and bid him face the world and *SPEAK!* look up to Heaven and away from hell, and *WRITE!*" And lo, it was done; and he took a new name, and he spoke till strength gave out, and then Casca Llanna wrote other books as well as this, the object of all of them being to teach the married that each — as well as the children kind Heaven may have sent them — has inborn rights which both are reciprocally bound to respect. That each are individuals in their own right as well as parties to the social compact, and that each nature wants sympathy in its own special, as well as in the common key! That each demands, by virtue of their mutual interrelations, trust in its absolute fulness; affection in all its deep sincerity; and respect in all its delicacy and profundity; and teach them that out of such a state of things will come a fusion and blending so perfect as to be incapable of severance, even by the sharp, keen knife of death itself.

Love, in its purity, is like a gentle rain, which, falling on the barren moors and fields, and arid plains and yellow wastes,

presently fills the interstices, causing them to swell with gratitude, and then, opening earth's pores, woos, and then by and by wins the delicious greenery to uplift in peerless beauty, and ere long ripen into gladsome golden grain !

Love is like a little tiny ripple on the mountain's side, gathering its fellows as it courses down the yielding soil, increasing its volume as it gayly sails toward the far-off sea, no longer a rippling tendril of flashing water, but a bubbling, gurgling, pebble-washing brook, ambitious of the honors and the powers of riverhood, which anon it achieves, then broadens out into a grand smile ; a silvery, sheeny, beautiful lake ; of which, when it has its fill of joy, it takes its leave, and again flowing on as a mighty river, feels the pulse of power, narrows its boundaries, and moves with stately energy toward the rapids, and gliding still boldly takes the leap over the precipice — Death ! knowing it will be the same water on the other side ; nor is it mistaken ; but, bubbling up its thanks to the Maker, enters the infinite, eternal ocean, all dotted and spangled with islet gems, radiant and glorious with the ineffable sunshine of the Redeeming God, — the transcendent smiles of the Over Soul !

Go thou, O Book, and teach men this grand story ; and say besides, to wedded pairs, You are, or should be, all in all to each other, for none others can be. No one but yourselves can know yourselves as you knew each other ; nor can any but your two selves share, or even imagine, your real life, or appreciate your actual lot. What others think of, or say about you, does not amount to much at best, so far as your real life is concerned ; but what you think about and say of each other amounts to a very great deal.

It is certain that God will not hold any of us responsible for what the people say concerning us, but only for what we really are ; and even then will take circumstances into account, knowing that the play of forces upon us very often deflects our path from that which, under better conditions, we most unquestionably would have pursued.

Unwise wives often do much toward tearing down the temple of marriage and their own happiness, until both crumble away

and topple over forever and aye ; but wise wives pursue another course, and seek in every way to upbuild and strengthen the immortal structures. The one says, let it fall, and it falls ; the other says, touch it not destroyingly, let it grow firmer and stronger, and it does so, because one realizes nothing of love and its fruition ; the other knows that when love dies out, life is worthless, and true happiness has fled forever and forevermore.

Married life is the true field for working out human destinies ; and is, of all others, *the* grand problem which only the twain directly concerned can truly solve. The sum resultant is either happiness or misery, and for your own sakes, O wedded pairs — and for God's sake — see to it that it is rightly solved, and that the scale of wretchedness kicks the beam ; for none but a true wife or husband can ever fill the infinite void born in every human heart. Not all the free love on the globe could cover the floors an inch deep, and the sides of that void reach unto heaven ! — so vast is the human soul ! — so immense its capacity for love !

Outside of marriage a woman may be almost perfect ; so may a man be. But let them wed, and each loses their respective distinctiveness and almost sinks to nothingness, else they coalesce and the two great beings develop joys too vast for little souls to comprehend or fathom. This or that ; there's no middle ground. Marriage makes us either better or worse than we were before, — and there's more worse than better in these gala days of radicalism — which, thank God, are already numbered !

Individuals, *solus*, count for either less or more than their separate values in the dual account ; because the wedded state is a relation developing results differing entirely from those of either, singly considered. Think of this, O woman ! ponder this, O man !

A great deal of stress is laid by modern writers on the incompatibilities of age, just as if years marked the growth of souls ! If minds, hearts, purposes, are right, years make little difference, in spite of seeming disparities, because Love has no age beyond puberty, and its presence makes eternal spring !

SHE WAS ALL THE WORLD TO ME!

So innocent and gentle — in the sunny days now fled, —
 So pure and sweet, and tender, when Virtue crowned her head;
 Her eyes were soft and loving; like roses was her breath!
 But they envied me my happiness, and they drew her down to Death.
 They said "The Christian System" was opposed to human truth, —
 That Marriage was a living tomb, engulfing peace and youth;
 And they won her from my side to sail upon their stormy sea, —
 She who was my life and light, and all the world to me.

Poor me! My heart is very sore, since the sad and gloomy day
 When the smiling tempters came along, and stole my wife away,
 With their "Rights" and "Revolutions," and their God-denying
 "Cause," —

Their "Freedoms" and "Affinities" and "New Code of Social Laws."
 They demoralized an angel; and they led her to the bad; —
 She so pure and truthful, richest treasure e'er I had;
 And when she fell, deserted her, with scorn and demon glee, —
 The woman whom I worshipped — who was all the world to me!

When Poverty came on apace, *his* "love" came to an end;
 He bartered her with shameless face and sold her to his "Friend!"
 Put her beauty in the market, to bring him golden store;
 And she fell a trifle lower, who had fallen low before:
 And her bright and happy heart became to every virtue steeled,
 Until she died, a Suicide, her grave the potter's field:
 He laid her there! O black despair! — and smiled with hellish glee,
 That he had gotten rid of her, — who was all the world to me.

And then I bowed me down and cried, "Have pity, God!" and wept,
 Till fire kindled in my soul, where quietude had slept;
 And a voice came down from Heaven: "Up! and smite them hip and
 thigh!

Go strike, strike home, and boldly, God bids thee from on high!
 Their arms are raised 'gainst Virtue, Marriage, Honor, Truth and Right!
 Go, strike! for God is with thee, — will sustain thee with His might!"
 And I girded on my armor, raised the banner fair to see,
 And I strike in memory of her, who was all the world to me.

Up from your sleep! O men! for the foe is at the gate;
 Wearing the garb of Love, while his heart is full of Hate!
 Pois'nous words he flings; bale-fire tips his darts;
 Venomous songs he sings, as he aims them at the hearts

Of wife and husband, mother, matron, virgin and fair youth, —
Lies from the deeps of hell, arrayed in seeming truth!
Up, from your sleep, O men! on mountain, plain and sea,
And strike, as I who strike for her who was all the world to me!

No libertine can evoke true love, but only mad infatuation!
Nor can a woman of loose morals inspire a sensible man with
genuine affection, or infatuate any one but a stupid ninny or
right-down fool.

The power of evoking *genuine* love is one that none but a
true man carries with him, and few there be who are capable of
resisting the spell — true love is so very scarce nowadays;
true women scarcer yet, and genuine men, in every sense,
scarcest of all! For modern love is a compound hash of sigh,
fie! hi, hi! *my!* cry, die, well seasoned with lie! And, by the
way, there's altogether too much of the latter condiment in
use in love-matters. But a worse course never was conceived.
We seldom forget the truth; hence it is policy to tell it if tell-
able; if not, then silence is next best; for if one lie be told, it
requires three more to bolster it up, — a losing game, because
one is mighty apt to forget both the original lie and lose the run
of its mates. Truth or silence is the right policy.

Before the social sea shall be rid of the fierce and terribly
devastating tempests which now rage over and lash it into vin-
dictive and desolating fury, it is essential that all the people be-
come consciously aware of the mighty truth set forth in these
pages, that everything and everybody emits, and is surrounded
by an aural sphere, an aroma peculiar and unique, an aromal,
magnetic, electric, and ethereal envelope, which envelope is for-
ever charged and freighted with whatever of good or evil,
pleasant or pernicious, is contained — even in minute, as well
as voluminous degree — within the body, spirit, or inmost soul
of the object, thing or individual emitting it. Hence acute
sensitiveness, although fraught with certain drawbacks, is, after
all, a decided blessing and advantage, for it enables one to
sense and in a greater measure know the real nature and char-
acter of whatever the sensitive person comes in contact with, no
matter how good an actor the person may be; nor how cleverly

and well they put on and wear a mask of amiability, virtue, goodness or nobility; for if there be a rotten spot anywhere about their outer, inner or inmost self, that spot contributes its effluvium to the general surrounding personal sphere, and is a great deal easier detected than would be the same amount of positive goodness, on the principle that one could easily sense the odor of a decayed mouse right in the midst of the finest garden of roses that ever bloomed in Gulistan! No human being exists but who to some extent is able to sense these spheres, and to draw conclusions more or less correct concerning the characters of those from whom they are evolved.

These auras have seven distinct and strongly marked, nay, unmistakable effects, more or less intense, according to the degree of sensitiveness attained, or the nicety and perfection of its culture.

These seven—to a greater or less degree—Stupefy, Electrify, Magnetize, Clarify, Satisfy, Poison, or Fascinate! Study it!

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT!

At this point it is well to teach wives the lesson of forbearance; and ask them not to sully the glass of their own lives, by forgetting that husbands are not always in perfect mood; but that the daily strife in the wide world sometimes so sours the poor fellows as to make them forget themselves and exhibit unamiable traits of dogativeness and mule-itude, both of which are but temporary clouds in the social sky, and are easily wafted away by the summery breath of love and sympathy!

Turn the leaf. Husbands should *never* forget that when God made woman she was as near perfect as circumstances permitted, yet nevertheless was far from being finished, as God left that for her husband to do; wherefore it behoves him to remember every instant of his life that the wonderful creature standing by his side is wholly unfathomable; that it is part of every woman's nature to—at times—be outrageously cranky, contradictory, petulant, impatient, offish, queer, strange, enigmatical; and that every woman under the face of the broad heavens exhibits more or less of these seemingly dis-

agreeable traits, not of choice, but by force, strong, irresistible, — of her nature, structure and functions in the grand economy ; that they are more frequent and pronounced prior to her grand climacteric — before she has passed the tremendous ovarian rubicon than afterward, albeit she does not even then leave them *all* behind.

Men who have wives should not fail clearly to understand that just so long as they are capable of adding to the world's population, just so long are they liable to the most surprising and really unaccountable freaks of temper, action, thought and resolution ; and the most delightful wife on the planet is not to be less loved, fondled and respected because once in a while she takes supreme, ineffable and exquisite delight in being contrary, whimsical, capricious ; — revelling in all sorts of oddities, queerities, and the most strange conceits and moods. Most men *are* aware of the facts, but are stone-blind, unjustifiably blind, to the mighty underlying causes ; that all her strange variations from the masculine ideal of the proper thing results from her almost direct and personal associations with the vast creative and formative energies of the broad universe ; that the human being is a compound of all known, and billions of unknown things, essences, principles ; and that woman is the being who collects them together and fashions them into living, moving, breathing active human beings, and crystallizes them into distinct types of imperishable, never-dying conscious entities ! She is the incarnator, while God is the Creator, of human souls. Think of this, O husband and lover, think of this ! and that, when the mighty, yet laughed-at spell — just think of it ! — is drawing near, or rests upon her soul, she is weak and pitiable, and appeals with a myriad trumpet tongues, sounded by the arch-seraphim, throughout all Nature, and echoed back from EVERYWHERE ! for patience, tender treatment, *mercy* and love — love right out of the furnaces of every true man's soul who treads the soil of God's green earth, or drinks in life from the boundless Æth in which the worlds are floating !

When God charges her soul, — either with the preparatory message — which he does thirteen times a year ! — or when she

is diligently performing it, soul is at work, sir, *soul* is working out its primal mission; and heart is called for from you to her, and goodness broad as ocean, high as heaven, and deep as death, is the debt you owe her, and must pay, and if you do not, you are less than half a MAN! She is the direct agent and minister of God, then, if at no other time, and she is performing a labor transcendently grand, superlatively holy, and so divine that the arch-seraphim look on with wondering awe at this conscious-ization of a death-proof soul! She is godly then, or never, and requires godly treatment at the hands of all who breathe. With what vehement energy would every *true* MAN kick the scoundrel who would then underrate or abuse a woman, — who then needs and should have all the dear tenderness that swelled the soul of the compassionate Christ, for in her mighty work she needs and she deserves it all! — and all the time, because her work is an infinite one, and what she is building will last to all eternity! — and when duration ceases, only then will she be able to write “Finis” to her work; for to her inner, upper, better, loftier, holier mission, there is no yesterday or to-morrow, but only the present To-day, whose sun shall know no setting! Wherefore, O husband, *be such*, in very truth and deed; and give to her now what her soul yearns for — love and tenderness — that her work may be well done, and not botched as is the custom of marriage-land in the present era! See to it that you repress the inopportune tides of anger, passion and neglect; but instead bravely sacrifice yourself and strive to kindle up her soul’s best warmth and light, and by and by you will see *such* fruitage! drink in *such* joy! reap *such* kisses from *such* lips! and the child! ah, the child! — the perfection of physical beauty and constitution, and the destined wielder of such mental power as shall make the world stand still and wonder! Great Heaven! What rewards will *not* come to him who does his duty, and so well deserves them!

Elsewhere in this series of books it has been said that the majority of wedded couples live wholly on the surface, and entirely outside of each other’s affections, so far as *real*

heart, and will, and deeper soul are concerned; which, of course, is wrong, and wholly foreign to the true purpose and intent of the mystic union. It has also been said that each human being, no matter whether barbaric — as most of us are! — or civilized — as but few of us can really claim, in *all* respects, to be! — is a vast, intricate, involute, yet simply, but absolutely perfect telegraphic system, in each self considered, and also with reference to the immediate associates, and, in the final analysis, every one else, dead or alive, high or low, in the habitable sections of the entire universe. There are principal offices at every essential point in the human economy, — as finger-tips, lips, eyes, — *everywhere* that nerves meet, and muscles, veins, and arteries deflect and part company! In fact there are termini and distributive offices located where we least suspect; and so perfectly arranged and ordered, that whatever transpires in any department of the vast domain of Body, Mind, Spirit or Soul, news of the fact and event is forthwith transmitted to every other section and point of the vast machine.

Proof is seen that the news that a mother saw a toad, or that a father had six toes or fingers, has been telegraphed to and recorded on the bodies of unborn babies; and all the vices and some of the virtues of both parents have been and always will be recorded in the same way, by the same instrumentality, on the same plastic substance of people who are not yet, but are yet to be!

Now the true divine intent of marriage was, is, and ever will be, that every wire of one system should connect with every wire of the other. But alas, alack! and well-a-day! how very far short of so complete a union we all fall in these dismal ages!

Our nerves are the wires; our brains are the chief offices; our lungs, stomachs, and other viscera are the batteries; our unseen souls are the overseeing presidents; all humanity are the stockholders and the company, whose interests are vested in the joint concern. The nerve-bundles, or ganglia, are the relays, retorts and magazines, where are stored up, ready for

use, the refined and subtle auras, magnetisms, and electric fluids, whose functions are not merely the distribution of news, but of energies, powers, forces, throughout the almost infinite continent of the woman and the man! The chief operator — of whose action we are *never* apprised, save when its results are tangible — the mysterious and unknown soul! — sits quietly on its throne in the brain, and sees that each operator flashes all news, good or bad, of whatever is going on at head-quarters, or the chief cities of the great republic; Brain city, Passiontown, Angerville, Justopolis, Holyburg, Religionton, Mor-alania, and all the rest. But that is not all; for he oversees the distribution of energies, potencies, and powers likewise, and sees that the demands of Thinkington, Sexburg, or Villainville, receive their due supplies — albeit the two last, in his judgment, and the writer's, get a great deal more than their fair and honest share; while Manburg and Womanville, with their outlying villages, are robbed by the odious monopolists mentioned, and their fair share of supplies cut off, that the States of Badness and Scoundrelton may thrive apace. Yet nevertheless, this untiring superintendent impartially fills his office, and orders both messages and supplies to be sent to all parts of the grand economy; to the valleys and the lakes, the jungles and the brakes; the fields, fens, and moors, cities, towns, and hamlets; through the vast oceans; over the prairies and across the continents, not only of the human body, but its inlining spirit, immortal realm, soul! No matter what or where sent it must be, and sent it is — good or evil, right or wrong; and the facts are recorded whatever they be, in a kind of writing that will not fade out or be washed away, upon tablets solid as the eternal hills, and enduring as time itself!

A man comes home from his daily fight with the world,—employers, bankers, lawyers, liars, newspaper editors, reporters, book-sellers, author-starvers, etc., etc.,—and he hunts up his wife, finding her in the back kitchen scolding like mad over *her* troubles — and he kisses her as a husband ought, but a great many don't, after the sometimes eternal going down of the honeymoon! Well, if he is a politic man, perhaps that

kiss is not spontaneous, but like as not is made to order, and he fancies it takes her in completely! Poor fool! he never made a greater blunder in his life, for you might as well expect to get back lent money, or preserve the esteem and friendship of those who got it of you,—an utter impossibility,—as to fool a woman with a counterfeit kiss! for just as sure as he tries it on, just so sure is she absolutely certain to instantly find it out. Because a kiss is a vehicle of soul, and if the soul isn't there to supply the yearning it was intended to, it is just like kicking with all your might at empty air, striking at nothing, or getting a good drink out of pictured champagne,—things that can't be did! If the kiss be a cool, matter-of-fact affair, there's no juice in it, ne'er a "balmy breath" on her part, but ten to one there is on his — cheap balm at that! fifteen cents a glass, and warranted to mix up a man's understanding in twenty minutes so effectually that the skein-untangling sisters would give it up as a bad job in very short order!

Now some kisses are sonorous,—the kind alluded to are particularly so,—but scarcely does the sound of such a one break upon the still air, than the telegraph from his lips records the word "humbug" on the tablets of her soul! She is instantly and perfectly aware of the fact, even if, as is likely, she keeps mum about it and says nothing; while just as like as not, again, she smiles a smile within herself, as she realizes her abundant ability, and willingness, and knowledge of where to obtain the genuine article; or if not so far gone as that, then such a kiss suggests the necessity of so doing at the very first convenient opportunity; and if there is one thing above another that a discontented woman knows how to make, it is an opportunity!

Your short, sharp, crisp, mercantile, off-handish lip-salutation is another desecration of the contract,—a complete abomination in any household on the earth — except when given to visiting country cousins, whom you want to freeze, but are obliged to treat civilly, welcome to your board, and be bored by in spite of yourself, and because such people never take a hint, or a new departure, and who, as a very general thing, are oblivious of the fact that their room is far preferable to their company.

Writing on this very point in a prior volume, entitled "The Disembodiment of Man," the author hereof had occasion to say, and here repeats, quoting from himself, that: "When warm lips meet warm lips, rendered odorous by balmy breaths, charged with deep desire, then there is let forth a whole battery of lighting, that wakes up the slumbering soul, closes all other doors, and brings the king down from his couch, not only to see what's going on, but to mingle in the scene. Messages are despatched to all nooks and corners of the physical continent, and all the bodily powers are invoked to the congress of sex. Then the spiritual and chest organs of either and both tingle again, and all things but love are unheeded and forgotten; for even death, disgrace, or danger are laughed at in utter and contemptuous scorn. But when two fond hearts and loving meet upon the lips; when that love is pure, deep, sincere, and right straight from the soul; when it is natural, full to the brim, based on mutual fitness, then, oh, *then!* the soul, spirit, body,—all desire,—are instantaneously kindled up into a blaze, not consuming, but creating—with, to, and in a fervid, fiery, non-exhausting glow, thrilling, filling, plunging into a bath of exquisite delight,—a delicious, delirious, soft, yet almost killing rapture; a lavement in a sea of glory, of supreme bliss; so universal, so deep, so acute, so intense, full, sweet, *biting*, as to be inexpressible by tongue or pen; compared to which all other joys are tasteless, dull, and insipid, yet wholly unknown and unattainable to all who do not fully, purely, centrally and wholly, yet holily love each other. Mere fitful, physical, blood, electrical, and magnetic lovers realize nothing of all this, because they love not fully, truly! In many cases their wilful waste makes woeful want. They must die and live again before they get the first taste, or understand love's primary lessons; but up there, and there only, can its deep mysteries be fully known, its keener joys be felt!

Human love is made sport of in these dismal ages. It is mainly regarded as animal; but that is only one of its phases. The thing itself is really divine; *it can only thrive in purity*, and that of course is holy. To sum up then,—the meaning

of hand-shaking, the kiss, and other unions, is the realization of contact. Bearing this in mind let us now proceed.

True marital or conjugal love strengthens; but mere passionate or scortatory love is false, consuming, dangerous, wasteful; for it never is appeased, is always longing, easily dies; and it entirely, usually, both maddens and destroys.

True love is pure and sweet desire,
But passion — lust — consuming fire !

In a love like this last, — either in or out of wedlock, — not marriage, for marriage is never desecrated, — all the fire is on the surface, in the blood; and when it goes out just so much life goes with it; souls repel, while bodies endure each other; beautiful women drop by thousands into premature graves, while men spit themselves away in tobacco, fume away in smoke, or drown themselves in fiery baths of disguised alcohol. Real love is a divine and sacred thing; sex, and sex alone, is the field and means of its divinest operations. I do not *merely* and *only* state the physiological fact, but the mental, spiritual, and physical ones as well; for the mere physics of it is its least part and charm; which latter reside, and are sought for, in the spiritual and metaphysical demesne of the great human estate. All are not women who wear the human shape, nor men that look like the homos. The one's masculinity has to be softened down, the other's femininity toned up to proper points, — not here, but in the great hereafter. Let this revelation never be forgotten.

To a greater or less degree, spirits touch when hands are shaken; but in most cases touch merely. In the ordinary kiss of friendship, a little more of the two surfaces come in contact; in common marriage, if positive spiritual repulsion on *her* part does not exist, spirits come, at times, a little closer; but souls themselves not only touch, but actually fuse and interblend, in the high, holy, and mystical conjugations of real marriage; because love lies at the basis of our human nature, procreation of the species being its lowest office, procreation of ineffable

forms of beauty and divine sensation one of the highest. All animals, and man too, outgrow parental affection in time; the instinct ceases with the self-helping stage of growth in the young. In man it merges into all-embracing fraternal love.

So much for the quotation from that book. And yet the half of the rapturous story has not been, is not, and never will be, wholly, fully told; because some things are inexpressible, unutterable, and the fulness of love is one of them! It is the dream which even the arch-seraphim of the upper skies hope to realize, at some far-off period of their grand career.

Writer of this: What do you think?"

I think there's any amount of goodness:

I think there's any amount of sweetness:

In any wife:

In any husband:

If you only know enough to bring it out!

If he or she is false, it is better for either not to know it; and it won't pay to try to find out. If it is false, you are wretched and peace and trust are gone. If it is true, you lose the benefit of the doubt, and are still more wretched; on the whole, IT IS BETTER NOT TO KNOW!

"He comes too near who comes to be denied;" and yet few men dare to approach any woman, unless she herself hangs out the sign saying, "There's not much trouble here! not much trouble here!"

She goes too far, who goes to tempt a man. And if trouble comes, herself is most blamable!

A woman's nature cringes, sours, blisters:

A man's nature withers, decays, fanaticizes:

If she:

If he:

Isn't mated by the other; for

He:

She:

Needs the presence of the other sex, as birds need air to sing in.

When a loving couple meet reverses they are far better able

to bear them bravely, and share to the heart's core, each other's pain and care, and deep affliction in whatever guise it comes, than are a pair who either hate or merely endure each other, for want of more congenial employment. In the days of poverty and misfortune the value of real friendship is seen, and so is the institution of marriage; for wifehood and husbandage at such a time rises out of the dust and mire of unholy uses and meanings, and asserts itself as a God-founded Institution, — the thrice holy and blessed thing against which fools and brainless radicals raise their impious heads, and which they assail with cracked voices, from cracked lungs, inspired by cracked brains, addled by quack doctrines. Doubtless there are those who read these lines who will suppose the shafts herein hurled are aimed at a special religious sect, as for instance the Spiritualists or Davisites. Well, they are both right and wrong. Whatever Davisite or Spiritualist, or member of any other sect or creed, lay their hands against Social Order, seek to abrogate and abolish marriage, give a free scope to unjust divorce laws, resolve God into a gas, and human honor into impulse, and teach mankind to ignore everything but appetite, then those are the very persons struck at in these pages, and they who think such are meant are capital guessers at truth. But when it may be said that the blows are aimed at people who believe or disbelieve in certain doctrines of immortality, because they so believe or disbelieve, then such persons thus averring labor under a great mistake, for no such intent animated the writer from first to last. But the blows are intended to fall on whoever is an unreasoning zealot for new and pernicious social doctrines. Your out-and-out radical who says of marriage, and says truly of isolated cases — by which no system or principle can be fairly judged — that marriage is useless, bad; and avers that judging the institutions by the abuses to which it is subjected, that people are unhappy in it, that happiness was ordained for human kind, and that whatever obstructs or prevents it ought to be abolished; the sophism is a clever and a very dangerous one to weak minds; but is too contemptible to merit serious refutation. In the first place, the fault is in the people, not the

institution. In the second, it is the only safeguard society ever had or can have. Third, it is the only firm basis of civilization, sound morals, religion. Fourth, it is the only incentive to intense, deep, and continued human effort to achieve. Fifth, it promotes and fosters science, art, literature. Sixth, it enlarges the scope of the human faculties, and affords a boundless field for their development and display; and seventh, it alone satisfies the longings of the human heart, and inspires charity, goodness, and all the human virtues.

Radicalism denies all this, and tells a man that he has a heaven-born right to betray his friend, abuse hospitality, sow discord in families, affinitize his friend's wife and daughters, or any one's wife and daughters to harlotry and ruin — a divine right they call this! It tells a wandering courtesan that between her Sunday lectures — wherein she preaches celestial purity — she may ogle the man at whose house she is stopping, and lure the poor fool from allegiance to his wife, and corrupt his soul, despoil his morals, poison his blood, engender hatred toward his family, unsettle his mind, destroy the peace of her entertainers forever and ever, and all by the grace of God — and her own infernal blandishments! All these things are done. Time was when the writer was whirled for a space along the dreadful current, believed it flowed to Heaven, but found it skirted the fiery shores of Hell! and this is why he in this book tells the story of his life's grief, and cries aloud to all, Hold! Ruin and Radicalism are convertible terms! "Let the galled jades wince" again! They tear down, but what do they build up? What give us instead of our heritage? Listen! For virtuous and modest women, they give us cheek and brazen boldness; for Christian morality, they give us pigistical obscenity; for the Bible, they give us — nothing! for God, they give us electricity; for conscience, they give us leather; for men, they give us libertines; for women, brawling viragos; for virtue, harlotage; for marriage, concubinage; for religion, sacrilege; for goodness, blank atheism; and for the home! sweet home! even with all its drawbacks, they offer us communal dwellings, where no woman can know the father of her own child, or a man may be

sure of his son. Darwin tells us our foreparents were ring-tailed monkeys, or something akin thereto. It certainly seems true of the Radical horde, for the ears are extensive and visible though the os coccyx may be safely coiled away. Radicals never bathe in public.

Love can never thrive outside of marriage. When a man and his mistress run foul of a rock and are stranded, there's no tie to hold them together. They part company, courage, and confidence just as soon as the tempest begins to blow in right-down earnest, — he to try his luck elsewhere; she to find another cully — or the bottom of some river. But a loving married pair, under like circumstance, keep all the above three C's; promptly recover their equipoise; look matters squarely in the face; see what's before them; buckle to the task, and grow strong and prosperous again; because, refined by misfortune, not hardened by despair, as were the case, did nothing stronger than mere duty and dependence underlie their effort. Such a pair are seldom resigned to fate; but, rolling up the sleeves of pluck and purpose, forthwith go in, not to lose, but win life's battle.

When friendships, so-called, drop off one by one, as they are sure to when lowering, leaden-hued clouds hang depressingly low in their life's sky, the loving couple cling closer to each other. Their little boy willingly goes without his winter sled or summer bat and ball; the little girl dispenses with a waxen doll, and rigs up, to her notion, a far nicer one with sundry odds and ends from the rag-bag, which, when she plays house, and invites her brother to tea, said brother pats lovingly on its ragged head, and pronounces it not only a belle of a doll, but "a bully old gal!" in the bargain, as the twain sip nectar, made of water and taffy, from broken cups, and enjoy a banquet fit for immortal gods!

The wife, bless her sweet, loving heart! rather relishes the joke of being "poor as Job's turkey," or that boily gentleman's "off ox," and actually laughs all over her glorious face at "the perfectly ridiculous absurdity of a new dress, when the old one can be ripped apart, furbished up, turned, and be a

great deal better than new! As for the husband, he starts out to his work in early morn, with glowing face, bright eye and long strides — plump and square past all ale-hells and lager-dens along his route, whistling *sotto voce*, as he goes, a stave from an old opera, to the effect that “ ’Tis better to laugh than be cry-ing! mentally garnished with sundry “You bets!” At night, when he’s paid off, and by his comrades invited to “stand treat,” he thinks of home, and — “Can’t see it!” with another “*You bet!*” and then he falls into a reverie somewhat after this style: Only just think! — of the difference between about fourteen tons of right up and down home love running around loose, up at the house — all a-waiting for this individual to swim in, about forty minutes from now; regular sweet waters of delight; just *the* thing for a tired man — glory halle-lu-jah-ram! and I’m the individual — Oh, how *is* that for high! — and swilling down three pints of bitter beer! *Bitter Beer!*” and before the reverie is over, two young ones are tugging away at his coat, and a delicious pair of lips are sending several telegrams to his soul, right straight from Heart-town! Glory to God! Peace and good-will to the wedded! and confusion to Radicalism everywhere! Vivat! and Amen!

Misfortunes, when they come to hearts that really love, strengthen bone, muscle, nerve, courage, body, soul, resolution and endurance; and instead of depressing, fill the heart with new determination, fortitude, and manfulness to breast the storm, and meet the hydra Want, and conquer him half-way. True love’s baptism may be of fire, but then what do we amount to till we have been ordealed almost to the bitter death? How can we develop into true human grandeur, save through antagonism? How can we realize our great virtues till carping hypocrites have laid bare to the world’s eyes and our own our small vices and besetting sins? The sense of greatness makes us great, the flush of goodness makes us good; but how can we find that out till we have been tabooed, neglected, carped at, frowned down, laughed over, spit at, lied about by empty-headed ninnies, and jealous, envious, fractional women and fragmentary men? Or how can we measure the amount of real

gold God has planted deep within us, until want, scandal, sorrow, bitter words, and sharp neglect has set us mining, oftentimes very deeply, and through a great strata of hard-pan, to find the glittering, shining ore? How can we reach the golden mean of truth unless we have courage to breast the double storm of vindictive, unreasonable conservatism behind us, and the sharp assault of bombastical radicalism, not only in front, but all around us? How can we be true men and women, unless we go to God for courage to fling down and trample on the lie we accepted as Divine truth awhile back; confess to our own soul, and God, its only Master, that we were misinformed, misled and mistaken; and that we dare to right-about-face, and strangle the dressed-up lie we once blindly helped nurse as God's own truth; nor found out our mistake till the accursed thing, full of life from our own warm hands, reared its damnable head, and, hissing its infernal venom right into our very eyes, leaps to our throats, or to strike us to the heart? Strike deeply, too, — strike at wife, husband, child, home, faith, religion, peace, name, fame, hope! Strike at everything good, pure and holy, in its devilish malignity, — this radical snake of the pit, that dares to call itself the symbol of love and wisdom and Heaven, while armed and fanged with the deep malevolence of hell!

The man or woman beneath whose surface the real shining metal lies, must run the gauntlet or never really be. If the true stuff is in them, they need have no fear of the ultimate result and victory, so long as God lives and reigns Lord Supreme. But the courage is very papery which has not God for its foundation. Then it is more solid than a rock, and the ordeals they pass through but ennerve true men and women; while trials to the unloved and unloving lift the veil from coward hearts, and they quail, and they tremble, and they quake with ungodly fear and are miserable!

"Up and at it again!" is the blazon on the banners of the brave and of the true, whenever and wherever love is the inspiration. But "rope, razor, revolver, poison, or the water," is the very first suggestion brought by misfortune to the craven souls

of such as have no love given or received; no faith in God or goodness, no spontaneity of soul — no soul at all! and therefore no mental stamina, or moral backbone!

Gloom and doubt, despair and fear, seldom long hold sway over such as have faith, or where true love has a firm foothold. Where such is the case, merry, joyous, jocund laughter far more frequently gushes forth in sweet, delicious ripples from musical throat of blooming wife, echoed back in heartsome gurgles from deep bass chest of contented rent-payer; while her eyes twinkle again, and flash out whole streams of irrepressible fun, away up from her sugar-freighted heart. Watch her now, as she stands there by the stove! *Did* you ever! Just see how red she is in the face as she nearly bursts with laughing, giggling, wriggling ha! ha! ha's! at the absurd idea of "nothing but griddle-cakes and molasses for dinner"! And, "By jove! it *is* funny," roars the husband, as he catches the mighty nice infection; which, spreading, lays its mouth-opening spell upon the little ones, who join the cachinatory chorus with a "hi! hi! hi!" the "tickledest" jovial set of juveniles you ever laid eyes on, as the brilliant fact of *such* a dinner flashes funnily athwart their blessed little understandings. And yet such a love-seasoned meal is a far richer feast than Roman Lucullus — whom no one loved, who loved no one — ever sat down to, and is only equalled in modern days by "the happiest man alive," — the jolly minstrel, whom report says — bless his funny heart! — sits down to a better table than any man of modern days, for his food equals the Roman's, who had no love at all, while as for love — he has a good deal more than his fair share!

True connubial love is a series of ever-rising crescendos of immortal music, struck from the harp of the human soul by the fingers of the peerless Lord of the Seraphim; it awakens sublimest melody, cathedral-like and grand, in every vault and chamber of the immortal edifice of the human soul; and when it sounds out full and clear, all unholy thoughts and things may have been, but are not, and it gives us here on earth a foretaste of that intenser, broader, deeper, and more mystical rapture,

which true seers tell, and we believe, awaits all who love much when translated beyond the darksome stream called Death; a sublimer rapture for which suffering on earth fits and attunes eternal souls!

And the melody outringing from my soul
Sweeps away my utter pain as it falls like summer rain,
And I cry, Oh, God is great, thus to bless my low estate,
And give to me a blessing denied to rich and great!
And my glamour fades away, as I bend my knee to pray,
And I feel the warming vigor of His smile's benignant ray;
And in my darkest hour, when the clouds descend and lower,
I realize that love is the sole redeeming power;
And I laugh at earthly hate, knowing Good is only great,
And at end of this dark fate we shall know a better state.
For the melody outringing is the song the blest are singing,
And the gospel of pure love are the blessed seraphs bringing
Adown the dark abysm, their loving way are winging.
Hear the melodies unfold, and the euphonies outroll
The music of redemption unto every weary soul!
Oh, it soothes my soul's deep pain: grief will never come again,
For love's blessings fall upon us like a gentle summer rain.

Reader, the hand that writes these lines is wholly unsustained, save by Him who forever reigns Imperial Lord of Glory, and though weak in itself, feels strong in Him. Girt with the lines of God, who shall prevail against him or her who strikes for the right? None! Therefore, let us all be and do right in all things, for the true man and woman are the world's helpers!

The choice, grand souls of every land;
God's might and power within their hand, —
Crowned with His majesty they stand.

The twain who truly love, live in two worlds at once, — this, and the celestial one beyond! conscious entities of two modes, planes, places and phases of existence. Day after day, they grow new attractions toward each other, and to the high, holy, pure, good and true, not in sanctimone, but in lofty realization, far above the dross of dull passion, and the dross of fallible

earth, habit, manner, mode, and custom. They breathe the aromas of Heaven, and never sense the sulphurous odors of the pit. While they live, they live for each other, and when they die are parted but for a season, sure to meet again, —

“Where the weary cease from troubling, and the wicked are at rest.”

And Ruth said, “Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go: and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried. And the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.”

Vive l'Amour!

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Has any Roman soldier mauled or knuckled;
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,
Ere Romulus or Remus had been suckled.
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CHAP. III. John Elliott in the "Geologist" on Fossil Man, and remains found in Durham. The Heathery-Burn Discoveries. Professor Huxley, F. R. S., on the celebrated "Maskham Skull." The Trent Skull and its dimensions. Human remains from Neanderthal. The Belgian Skull, found with the Bones of Bears, Hyenas and Elephants. The Massat and Mecklenburg Skeletons. Dr. Schaufhausen on the "Plau Skeleton." The Mewslade Skull. The Sennen Cranium. The Montrose and boat-shaped human skulls. The Estham Skull and its measurement. Skull of a Gorilla compared with that of Man. Skulls from Etruria, and their dimensions. Human Bones from Switzerland. Copenhagen fossil skulls compared with that of an Ashantee Negro. Professor Owen on Ancient Crania. The Engis Skull, "the oldest record of man on earth." The Dolichocephalic crania. Apes, Man, Chimpanzees, Negroes, Table of the oldest human relics found with fossil mammalia. Table of Earliest Evidences of the Human Race.

CHAP. IV. Proceedings of various Geological Societies, and discoveries of fossil man by their members. "Flints in the Drift." Liverpool, Glasgow, three skulls. Prof. Burk, C. C. Blake, and S. L. Mackie on "Human Fossils." Joseph Prestwick, Esq., on "Fossil Man." *The human remains referable to three geological ages back of this present!* John Evans, Paris, Flint Implements. Criel, Flint Hatchets. Rouen, Clermont, Human Remains and Fossil Elephants, Rhinoceros, Oxen and Cats found *five hundred and forty feet above high-water mark!* English Human Fossils. C. C. Blake on "Past Life in South America." Indian Giants. Apes as large as Man. Professor King on Natural Selection. Darwin's Theory. Dr. Buckner on the Monkey-origin of the Negro and other Men. A host of names in favor of the "Derivative Theory." Human remains in Alluvium. *The River-bed Skeleton!* The Leicester Skull and its measurement.

CHAP. V. *Per Contra*—Prof. Gras *v. The Geologist*, on the Antiquity of Man.

VI.

THE MYSTERIES OF THE MAGNETIC UNIVERSE. SEERSHIP.

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horse-shoe magnet. Phantasmata, Chemism. Why "Spirits" are said to take subjects away from magnetizers. Curious. Black Magic. Voodoo ("Hoodoo") spells, charms, projects. *Very Strange!* "Love Powders." The sham, and the terrible dangers of the real. How they are fabricated. Astounding disclosures concerning Voodooism in Tennessee. Proofs. The cock, the conches, the triangle, the herbs, the test, the spell, the effect, the wonderful result. White science baffled by black magic! Mrs. A., the Doctor, and the Voodoo Chief. Explanation of the mystery. The degrees of Clairvoyance and how to reach them. The road to power, love, and money. Self-mesmerism. Mesmerism in ancient Egypt, Syria, Chaldea, Nineveh, and Babylon thousands of years ago. Testimony of Lepsius, Botta, Rawlings, Horner, Bunsen, Champollion and Mariette. The Phantorama. Advice to seekers after Seership.

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A dying woman makes a promise that, if possible, she will come back after death, and reveal the mysteries of the land beyond the grave. She keeps her promise. The second part of the work relates the experiences of a man, who, for a time, was completely disenthralled of his body. An interesting phenomenon. Two souls in one body. How dead people live, and where! The Blending! How a living person thinks a dead one's thoughts! Invisible beings, with human characteristics, who never lived on earth! The mysterious prophecy of a disembodied soul. What the dead lady discovered in regard to sound, soul, and spirit, after death. A curious thing regarding light and darkness. She discerns two phantoms from behind a mystic veil. Difficulty of going between the three worlds! Souls existent from all past time. Pre-existence. "The souls were clothed in garments. Do they feel the weight of years?" Three grand discoveries. The dead lady experiences difficulty in getting out of the door; a terrible alternative; "I must wait till the house decays!" Another grand discovery — a universe within a room. The Vastitude! An important discovery — hills, lakes, valleys, and rivers in the soul. Death, life. Something nobler than intellect. Difference between the spirit-land and the soul-world. Her strange sense joys. Something worth knowing by all who expect to die. The dead lady's organs; "her hands are blue and wrinkled, her cheeks are pale and haggard." She falls into a singular state. Her passage from the spirit-land to the soul-world. Finds herself in a new realm; a miracle. The law of images. How the future is read. What material a disembodied soul's clothing is made of. Where the dead lady was: a new universe. What animals really are. Concerning the origin of the human soul. Its pre-existence. Why beasts are, and are not, at the same time, immortal.

THE STORY OF A SOUL BEFORE IT OCCUPIED THE HUMAN FORM! Where it originated; how it started out upon its journey. The Bath of Fire. The burial; the rock; the earthquake. The chain from moss to man. Why gorillas and apes resemble men; why the latter are immortal and the former not. The transmigration of Souls. The Soul-Republic. A mystery. Heaven and hell; their nature. The dead lady describes her dress and her person. The meaning of the word love. Do phantoms grow? A singular law governing the dead. The harlot in the Phantorama. What befalls those who never become wives and mothers. The dreadful sentence: "To be alone!" The child and its mother, and what befalls many a dead father; a thing well worth studying. Why spiritual mediums are lonely and unhappy! Something that is neither mind, matter, nor spirit. The material whereof thoughts are made. How a woman can always tell whether she is loved truly or not, whether the lover be dead or alive. Organization and destiny. Valuable — especially to sensitives. How they become mediums — are beset by people of the mid regions of space — and what comes of it. The consequences of making compacts with the unholy dead. Mediums and their friends. Ethereal asps, toads, serpents. Why mediums blow hot and cold in the same breath. Comparative value of diverse methods of dealing with the dead. Will the loving living ever meet the loved dead? Yes! no! why? the answer. Why children of the same parents are not always brother and sister. A mystery and its solution. How the loving dead can elevate the loved living. Man and the iceberg. How hell loses its inhabitants, and whither they go. A thornless route to the Soul-worlds. The philosophers on the corner. The picture and the voice; what it said. What is inside of every tree and flower. How deformed people look when fairly dead. Shooting a soul. The archway to the Soul-world; she passes through it; a fête in heaven. Cottages, palaces, graves, flowers, birds, and animals in the Soul-world; musical trees. She discourses about "eternal affinities," and dissects that doctrine. Marriage here and there. Why love is often here a one-sided affair. Her own love and lover; the meeting of the spheres, and the

strange thrills that danced through her being. She crosses the threshold of a third universe. Curious analogies. A man creates a world. A beautiful law; a mystery, and its explanation; a sublime view, and a new one, of Deity, and His attributes. She declares that "the material universe, with all its countless starry systems, is, after all, but a little island, which, like an eggshell on a lake, floats upon the crest of a single wavelet of this infinite sea of Spirit." Soul weaving. The loom and the fabric. Spiritual locomotives, and how they are built. Society in the Star-land. Mahomet; how each Islamite is blessed with seventy thousand wives, and where the ladies come from; very curious, and true. Sex, and its uses on earth; a curious revelation. "Up amongst the dead folks." How a man on earth may really be a woman *there*, and vice versa. Singular divorces in the Soul-world. A penny's worth of wit; a dollar's worth of common sense. A sure test by which any woman can tell whether what is offered her be love or its counterfeit. How those who fancy there is no hell hereafter will find themselves mistaken; something hotter than fire and brimstone. She desires to look into Gehenna, and her wish is gratified. She gazes into the Gulf of Horrors. The crown of snakes. Lakes of burning fire, and hundreds of souls therein. The constituents of the flames. Atheists, drunkards, gamblers. Do souls exist eternally, or are they finally absorbed into Deity? The answer. Are idiots immortal? The reply. Monsters, one only of whose parents are human; are they immortal? The response. Malformed monsters, both of whose parents are human; are they immortal? The answer. A woman may bear a human body without a soul. How? The conditions essential to immortality. *What becomes of a wasted soul germ?* Are abortions immortal? Answer: "Some." When, which? How are we to tell when? The reply. Why some disembodied souls are compelled to dwell near earth. Sometimes a child is born with two heads, or two bodies; are there two souls also? The answer. Can a virgin bear a child? Yes. Explanation. Are children born — do the sexes cohabit in the soul-worlds? The answer. Extraordinary statement concerning the results of spiritual intercourse. The hierarchy of the skies; the ascending orders of disembodied beings, and their rank and names. The dead lady declares space to be bounded, and tells what the Nebulæ is. Man's final destiny. The omniscient faculty of man. Two hours in the Soul-world. Climbing up the sky.

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cold, water? The question solved. The fierce lightnings play around them; the horror. Can a hurricane blow away a spirit? The reply. The Egyptian speaks to him. An eloquent description of a tempest in the air. The republic of souls. The shapes of various thoughts—very singular. The starry alphabet, and its letters. The Egyptian puts a tremendous question, which he attempts to answer. Nature. The Rosicrucians. Personality of Deity. He is still creating worlds; and of what these worlds are made. He hears a wondrous music-voice in the air. The extraordinary things it spoke. A glorious sentence as ever was written. He sees the speaker—a magnificent woman, and wonders if her husband does not come to deep grief on her account. Jealousy; the lady talks about love. A masterly analysis of the constituents of heaven, and of the human soul. A splendid definition. The freed soul fears he shall fall down and be dashed to nonentity. "All things lighter than air must ascend." A spirit is lighter than air; how, therefore, can it descend through air, which is denser than itself? A series of very frequent questions concerning the "physique" of the soul are answered. What a human spiritual body is made of. Can a flame be soaked in water? The magnetic sun and electric moon, in the human body—very singular; something for the philosophers. A soul passes through a cold *three thousand* degrees below zero, without being affected. Its fire-proof nature. Why Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego did not get burned up. Definition of a Monad. How the soul gets into the body prior to birth. The process described. Size, color, and shape of a soul-germ. Ghosts—real ghosts—graveyard ones. Their nature. How to catch the spiritual body of a plant or flower. A startling assertion: the oak, acorn, and man. Dreams and dreaming. Visions. Where the soul goes, and what it does when we sleep. If dogs dream, have they therefore souls? Reply. Do souls eat and drink? The answer. The disenthralled one returns to his body. The slumber; the awakening. How long it takes a soul to go from one state to the other; and the number of these states. Children begotten and born in the spirit-world; their nature. Man, like God, had no beginning. The soul's form. Do dead infants have spiritual bodies? Reply. How and when every man's soul leaves his body without his knowing it. How a man can be seen in two places at the same time. Are there demons? Answer: two kinds. Explanation. The "Commune Spirit,"—a fearful truth—and its statement. Common Sense *versus* Public Opinion. Adultery. Murder. Conscience. Remorse. The choking.

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BOOK II. THE DRAMA. — Change of characters. The butcher of the Rue-du-cherche-midi — Paris — A canine convention. Association of ideas — *French!* General Blum. Total depravity. Instances. Retaliations. Cleparse and his foes. Blum’s tongue runs too fast, but proves him a philosopher. — Extraordinary persons and events. Who’s who? Gonnel’s grief. Commotion among the “*ton*.” Maurice the hunchback. The dream and its interpreter. *Le Moniteur*. “To the rescue.” Concerning sheep. Blum’s Fable. Justice, the bees, Nature and the bear. Hatred begets itself. The bottle of culets. Ponto the dog. Boiled Beef *vs.* Raw Mutton. *In tran vast*. Airy voices. Day-ghosts. Little Winnie. The combat. Tetanus — a cure for. The schemers and the scheme. — The sacred sheep. The wager. The question. Result. Maurice and the gypsy girl. *Paris et ses environs*. La Puisseance. A girl’s thoughts. “And the voice said, ‘Move on.’” — Eaves-dropping. Plot thickens. Childhood’s sleep. — ALARIC. Sympathy. Antipathy. Mystery. A Paradox. The ragged Philosophers. Tout-le-Noir’s wife. His apostrophe to the Devil. VENDETTA. “Amen, Selahl Selahl, Amen!” — The Spaniard. “A pint’s a pound the world around.” Conspiracy. The dark gentleman. Babbling. Where it led a fast young man. Counterfeit coin. — The Chateau Blanc. Extraordinary adventure. Discovery, a ruse, escape. — Result No. 1. — Menilmontant. The Mossy stone. The frightful spectre of the Mill. The eyeless ghost. More mutton mystery. The Robbery. Rogues Surprised. — GUSTAVE GAUTIER, AND BAUDRY THE BARBER — THRILLING. Alaric’s false vengeance. Windfalls. Tenpus is fugiting. Lottery — the Prize. The belt of gold. The Barber chair. Agitation! Agitating!! — The Master stroke. Baudry’s Philosophy. Caius Curtius and the Sabine Queen. The picture on the wall. Panegyric on Benedict Arnold. Terrific scene. The Red Bath — Le Marche du Temple. Mons. Jasper. Bisnet and the Dentist. — ALINE. The Burglary. MINCE PIES. The two masks. What happened. — “The dying part of death’s what troubles me.” Repentance too late. Twenty pounds of mutton, and Ponto the dog. “No. 27 Passage de Valois, Palaise Royale.” Passports. Axles. Fire Fiends’ revel. — Baron-Admiral Vogemoff pro-

poses to eat no chops, but tell a tale. The preconcerted signal. Inquest. Witnesses. Revelry by night. THE ADMIRAL'S THRILLING STORY. Storm at Sea—wreck. THE FEVER DREAM—startling. Woman. Sacred Matters *vs.* Grampus Steaks. Ground sharks. An Encounter. Head Soup. The Banquet of Horror. "The Man in red on the *Pont des Arts*.—The bottle of cutlets. Arrest. *Listening*—Chemistry rare. Baron's capital idea. A cold meat with hot adjuncts. The trial. Baudry's despair. Winnie turns fool. Curious French Law-facts. Three good people turn Vandals.—"They wept beneath the willow." Prison of La Roquette. What all who ever saw the writer well know. The Dungeon. Prisons, prisoners and sentences. TO LEGISLATORS. WHAT HEARTS WERE MADE FOR. An attack on, and defence of, the DEVIL.—Cleparse's adventures. THRILLING ONES. Story of the Turk, Hijji Moolik and Mohammed. Moolik changed to a woman.—Living a hundred years in thirty seconds.—Total depravity—Judgment day. The Sheik-al Islam and his beautiful niece. A love tale. We pity Cleparse. Love—a cannibal's definition. TRANCE—Doom—chaunt—the accuser. Rights of Man. Triumphant end of judgment vision.—Passion. Weakness. Ingratitude. Gold. Cleparse on the Negro race. New ideas. *Sangs-Melees*. The Negress betrays Antoine. Ambush. The fight.—The drama becomes thrillingly acmetical. Escape to Caboul. Persia. Teheran. The red-garbed astrologer. "And what," I gasped, "was this man's name?" "Man," replied he, "I tell you it was no man, *it was the Devil!*" Dhoula Bel and the Butcher. Astounding exhibition. The Devil a perfect gentleman. Only chance. A tale of Love. The Angel and the fiend.—Dhoula raises the dead. Contest. Crime *vs.* Sorcery. The trial by Magic. *Excitement*. Strange accusation. The skin of a black cat. The cavern and the beam. The Mollah loses his head. The tomb of Solymán. Plato and Crito. Rosicrucia. Magnificent Speech—and possibility.—TEMPTATION. Agrippa. The Devil and the Black Dog. Black and Evil, proved white and good. Logic, by a master. Two roads.—Philosophical. Practical. Startling. New Theory of the tides. True. What will frighten you,—perhaps. End of Modern Logic. Dhoula Bel on Manias. Profundities. THE ELIXIR OF LIFE. Astounding revelation and offer. The "Double." The Fire lines—and warning.

The Quarrel and Threat. Bel proves Bullet-proof. The Sultan's Dream. "By Allah, he has no shadow!" Fearful visitation at La Roquette.—Yet more thrilling. Is Conscience an innate principle? Singular adventure in Burlington. "Guilty!" Madness. The leap into the river of flame! Esthetics of a Cannibal. Alexis Baudry *vs.* Eugene Aram. What almost challenges belief. Baudry's swoon—its unearthly cause.—Curious! Fascination of Terror. The Mission of Mystery. A strange experiment with a Ghost. The translucent spectre of Capt. Harris. The slumber. The Enigma. Sarcasm. Thinking. Modern Eolism. Dhoula Bel on Genius. Portrait of the World's Queen. "The Worms! the Worms! "Thou shalt not surely Die!" said Dhoula Bel.—Thaumaturgy.—The sphere—Cologne, 1486. "What a pity!" The Devil delights in Chess!" Tribute to a "Negro" of Marshall, Michigan. Strange talk from a demon's lips. The Gnome.—The Phantorama. The Caravan. The Attack. Night. Morning. The *avant courier*. The footprints of God in his wrath. A gorgeous scene on Zahara. The Typhoon's breath. "Remember the Oasis of Chelgar-Nujek!" Fatmore the Pussy. In the Sultan's Harem! Stamboul. Another "Woman." The Vizier proves to be a scholar. Fatmore goes to heaven. The magic globe revolves. Trouble in Cathay. Its cause and effects. The globe reveals American State Secrets. An Imperial Doctor. The original Rosicrucian. The loves of Arzeezal and Ulalla. The Chinar Leaf. The famous oriental absorption idea! *Events condense, crises approach, blood tingles, hearts beat, hair rises, cheeks grow pale.* Dhoula visits the Ministry of Justice—works certain wires and astounds the Minister who learns a

singular lesson. Death-penalty. Strange Conceit. Attraction extraordinary. How to execute a malefactor! — The Guillotine. 8 o'clock. Preparations. 8½, Baudry leaps the scaffold. Excitement, 8½. The Human Hunt. The Boy. 8.40, The explosion. 8.45, Robert coupe le tete. 8.50, Cleparsse makes a wager. A terrible huntsman joins the chase. The halt before the tomb. 9 o'clock. The capture. Baudry's Execution. Cleparsse wins. The Baron gets in trouble. The Minister "finds an excuse," and Cleparsse escapes to Brest. A new and startling light is thrown on Dhoulal Bel.

CHAPTER LAST. CLOSE OF THE DRAMA. Maurice becomes a Count of Romagna. Marriage. Discoveries! Alaric. "Remember the Oasis of Chelgar Nujuk.

SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTER. "Editorial."— About the Rosicrucians. Letter of a skeptical Briton concerning the author, and all sorts of magic he derides. The author's letter to a friend. The Sequel. "The Wonderful story of Ravalette."* Finis.

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