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LOVE AND ITS HIDDEN HISTORY:
ALSO,
THE MASTER PASSION,

OR, THE
Curtain Raised on Woman, Love, and Marriage.

FEMALE BEAUTY;
ITS ATTAINMENT, CULTURE AND RETENTION, WITH HINTS
FOR THE INCREASE OF WOMAN'S POWER.

A BOOK FOR
WOMAN, MAN, WIVES, HUSBANDS, AND LOVERS,
FOR THE
LOVING, THE UNLOVED,
AND THE YEARNING ONES OF THE WORLD.

By PASCHAL B. RANDOLPH,
(“COUNT ST. LEON.”)

*Hearts? longing hearts?
Who speaks of breaking hearts?*

Fifth Edition: Rewritten and Enlarged.



BOSTON:
RANDOLPH AND COMPANY

1870.

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[It often happens that the very numerous readers of this author's works desire to open a correspondence with him upon various subjects. Such are, therefore, informed that his present address is Boston, Mass.]

Rockwell & Churchill, Printers,
122 Washington St.

TO THE READER.

SAID the author of the following pages, in the previous editions of this work : —

“ What a world is this we live in ! What storms and tempests, tornadoes and bitter, wintry blasts sweep across the souls of us poor sons and daughters of the Infinite ! Only threescore years and ten, our allotted span of life, and yet how many ages of cruel suffering and heart-racking agony are crowded within the leaves of its brief volume ! What does it all mean ? Are we foredoomed to drink the bitter cup in consequence of some fearful *lege majeste* in foregone ages ? Or, are all these bitternesses we endure but the chastening rod of Him who wields the destinies of the ALL THAT IS ? Ah, how often the heart-reft children of sorrow — the sad-hearted pilgrims of love — ask themselves and the unlistening winds these questions ! Is there no answer ? Are all of us to cry in vain for a response to these vital askings ? I think not : for it seems to me that much of what we suffer — in and from the heart, I mean — is the result of blindness, — almost wilful blindness to many things, laws, principles, easily understood, and which, if obeyed, bring happiness in their train. In this book I have endeavored to so clear up the path, that there need be no more mistakes in matters of the heart and affections, and have said many things of vital consequence to all who love, are loved, would love, be loved, and who are unloved, and I believe that I have so clearly revealed the laws of love, that in the future there shall be more joy and happiness than sorrow and regret, both within and without the pale of marriage.”

Whoever shall read, and thoroughly understand, this grand work of a really great mind, will not hesitate to conclude that Dr. Randolph's promise has been fully redeemed herein.

Whenever a true genius makes his appearance in the world, all the donkeys are straightway in confederation against him, and the new truth it is his destiny to announce.

Mr. Randolph has had to experience the fate of all others of the world's great thinkers; but, unlike many of them, has not succumbed, beneath the storm of opposition. His extraordinary *persistence of will* has brought him to the front, where he rightfully belonged, — *single-handed* and *alone!* — until now, when his works — the circulation of which has been large, and bids fair to be enormous — have won for him a proud niche in the Pantheon of living authors, not one of whom has surpassed, and but few if any equalled him, in terse, brilliant, sound, and positively magnetic thought.

To-day the public gladly accepts his thought of fifteen years ago, which it then laughed at! The world moves, and its standards advance.

In this edition, the work has been enriched and enlarged to the extent of a hundred pages, and it confessedly stands to-day the fullest and most complete work on Love and its Hidden History in the language. It is indispensable to every woman in the land, because it, alone, of all other works on the subject, teaches her, not only the art of natural adornment, but directly points out to her the positive road to Power, and therefore is a guide-board on the path that leads to Perfect Happiness.

BOSTON, Sept., 1869.

F. B. DOWD,

DAVENPORT, IOWA.

LOVE AND ITS HIDDEN HISTORY.

WHAT IS LOVE? — *Everybody.*

It is — it is — well, I don't know what it is! — *Everybody Else.*

BUT this, after all we do know, that —

Love is a glorious thing for old and young,
————— for high and low,
————— for all below, —
The Mecca of the heart all hards have sung.
The poor are rich if love with them abide;
The rich are poor if he dwell not with them;
The monarch oft would give his diadem
For such sweet company at even-tide.
Love is a glorious thing, I do rehearse;
A burning fount more potent than the god
That rules the day, and vivifies the clod: —
It is the spirit of the universe —
Th' attraction by Eternal Wisdom given,
To keep souls in their orbits, both in earth and heaven.

ALL this is truth. Life bereft of love were of little worth. But what is love? Ought any power other than the Infinite attempt to answer? We all, at times, feel its force, and recognize its power, and yet not one of us really knows what this mysterious thing consists in. Some of us try to synthetize, others to analyze it — fruitlessly; and others still tell us that there are hundreds of distinct feelings and attractions, common to the human breast, all of which we call by separate names; and these fortify their notions by triumphantly pointing to apparent proofs of their correctness, and ask, “Is the love I feel toward my little pet dog, of the same species as that which I bear toward my friend, my parents, acquaintances, and my children, wife, husband, — God? “Of

course *not*. These various forms are not identical, and never can be. To which some who entertain different, if not higher, conceptions, might answer, Love is a tree; its roots are in matter — body, and underlie and create the amative instinct; its limbs reach out, variously, to dogs, horses, children, friends, parents; — its trunk is the wifely, husbandly; and its top or crown stretches up to heaven and to God! Love, in another aspect, is perfect health. Phrenologists generally, Buchanan excepted, affirm in substance that the thing we call love is but lust refined; that its great function is the propagative; and that its cerebral organ lies at the base of the lower brain; in other words, they take the root for the tree itself. They are mistaken.

Since the first three editions of this work appeared, of which editions nearly nine thousand were sold, much new light has been thrown upon the subjects of Love and Passion, and they have even been formulated mathematically. Science now weighs a human passion as readily as she does planetary bodies. She resolves all things into heat and magnetism, declares these are but modes of motion, that motion is the divine mode of existence, and itself the Grand Idea. That my readers may have some notion of the advance made, I submit the following sketch of two lectures on the subject by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, — the ablest woman I ever listened to, and I have heard a hundred. I cut it from the “Boston Post.”

“POLARITY; A STUDY OF SEX. BY JULIA WARD HOWE.

“Reported for the Boston Post.”

“Mrs. Julia Ward Howe concluded a course of two lectures, under the auspices of the New England Women’s Club, at Chickering’s Hall last evening, with an essay upon the subject, ‘Polarity; a Study of Sex.’ The hall was well filled with a select and discriminating audience, who gave the speaker their closest attention throughout. The lecture was one of considerable length, occupying about an hour of rapid reading, and in the brief synopsis given below we find it impossible to convey to the reader so adequate an idea as we could wish of its completeness and beauty as a literary and philosophic production.

“Mrs. Howe began by saying that ‘Polarity,’ as she supposed

it, was the first step out of the indifference of matter, the earliest agent in the differentiation. Magnetism, chemical affinity, cohesive force and gravitation she took to be the various manifestations of this one force resident in all matter, whose derivation she would not at that moment consider. She had not been able to find a comprehensive definition of the quality which this word represents, but it seemed to stand for the tendency, universal in nature, of one set of things to one mode of action, and of another to another. The two opposite tendencies resided also in the same thing, at least in bodies of entire homogeneity, which would be simply unity if the two tendencies did not make them two. This principle in matter, of one as to principle and many as to force, is already well known. This active tendency she defined as something distinct from a supposable inertia or indifference, and could only be developed by the rencontre of opposite tendencies. This necessity of opposition is seen in mechanics, whose very initiative presents two postulates of impulse and resistance. The first unfolding of nature supposes a force that necessitates such an unfolding, and a primary condition of reserve unfriendly to it. Preponderance of imparting forces gives movement, which must have been the first evidence of matter. The contention of two opposite inclinations in matter giving two poles of termination, the opposition of the two gives an active tendency in the one and a fixed tendency in the other. These tendencies would result in the circle, but the active pole, which travelling around the passive one to produce the circumference, necessarily generates in the latter a point opposite to that of its first starting, which gives a third pole of antagonism. With the first point, resistance for the centre, the opposite poles of the circle revolving give the sphere, the first solid of revolution. But with the extended area of action the point of resistance must also extend, which it does, to the limit of the circumference in opposite directions. This gives the axis of the sphere, without whose persistence in the function of resistance, it could not move. In this manner the speaker accounted for the first fruits or results that might be called phenomenal; the cause of these results being ideal, a term which in philosophy signifies the conditions that antedate and determine the amounts of resistance which we term natural or moral. Of the ideal cause we can know nothing. The lecturer further elucidated this theory of

matter and mind, and their relations to the Divine Being. She said that the series of thought could not be considered as infinite, any more than the series of matter. In time and space both must be subject to quantitative limitation. The two poles of matter, as had been seen, when projected, could not help generating the circle, and the poles of the circumference, with that of the centre, could not help generating the sphere. Neither could the sphere do otherwise than generate other spheres, whose number must be limited, because without limit the idea of number could not exist. These spheres continuing passed to further and finer differentiation. This process continuing produces crystals and the various forms of vegetable and animal life. It causes trees to become vertical to their bases, the root and summit being poles of opposite necessity, with the whole current of vegetable life developed between them. This process, however, found its greatest result in the phenomena of life. Circulation cultivates the dynamic condition, being the return of a thing to its starting-point by a standing process of advance. Blood, nerve fluid, and thought make their rounds as regular as earth and sun, only more rapidly, extension and intention here compensating each other. Interrupt the circulation and the centres sicken. Death can begin either at the skin or at the heart, since life resides equally in outmost and inmost, and is dependent upon the normal conjunction and co-operation of the two.

“The further progress of polarity gives the true definition of the sexes. She supposed the whole series of mind, soul, and character to be evolved from the idea, as idea, in the same way in which form is evolved from matter, just as the idea of action and existence. The Divine, which she intended the same as the Idea, in order to reach the manifestation of number, was obliged to recognize a primary division of its attributes, for multiplication comes after division. One multiplied by one remains one to all eternity; give us another one and you begin a series without end. Sex she described as an idea with a history. In the pursuit of this idea and its history she encountered the master agency of polarity, and found herself forced to derive sex from this, and to make the one her primary and the other her secondary subject. The word sex represented two functions, two parties, two personalities. The distinctions which distinguish

these two parties are found equally in their psychical and in their physical constitutions.

“ Man and woman differ as much in their intellectual and moral as in their material aspects. All their extensiveness or variety depends upon the maintained integrity of these two types. The inferiority of the one sex to the other is assumed as characteristic of the two throughout by the superficial thinker, and evinces an ignorance of moral and dynamic values which is at once perverse of truth, and, so far as it reacts upon man, is subversive of the ideal order and economy of nature. The solution or establishment of these values is now one of the first needs of society. The first aspect of sex, like that of an integral humanity, was tyrannical on the one hand and slavish on the other. The strong man opposed the weaker ; but woman being weaker still, a sort of compensatory protection was given to her. The injustice has been always more theoretical than practical, the experience of life and the instinctive good sense of mankind acting as a restraining and compensating force in the aggregate of human action. Yet as this ideal inequality does affect the action and inter-action of man and woman, it could not be amiss to examine the extent of its existence and satisfy ourselves that such an equality does exist, either in the ideal or in the fact, in the divided being of which we term one part male and the other female. That a more worldly consideration, a more public sphere of action, and more definite labor pertains to the one than to the other is in no wise to be interpreted as evidence of superiority on the one hand and inferiority on the other. The experience of life tells us that we are constantly obliged to recede from seen values in order to realize true ones. The poorest head is often crowned with jewels, and the noblest with thorns. In this division, however, no inequality could be supposed possible, since one part of what is divine cannot be more divine than another. The distinction of sex is the mere initial of the simplest action of polarity in conscious and independent life, and thus makes the basis of two departments of labor and obligation ; for two amounts of attraction and consideration. But there was nothing in it to indicate any inequality between them. The man is half, the woman half. They were not merely mathematical halves, indifferent in themselves and never operative halves. This at once necessitates the two different amounts of action. All organizing human

action, it seemed to her, resulted from the mutual action and influence of two such poles; and this idea the speaker explained by means of a mathematical demonstration. As far as sex obtains in human affairs man represents the extensive and woman the intensive pole of motive, feeling, and intention. Man and woman were both entirely human and endowed in the same degree with sensibility, intelligence, and energy. They have equal average capacities for the sum of those operations which constitute life, and are equally capable of culture, material, moral, and mental. Both think by logic, and live by affection. The degrees of maturity correspond in the two sexes. The best man is not better than the best woman, and the worst man not worse than the worst of the other sex. The fiend and the angel can be made in the form and features of either indifferently. In the substance, mental and moral, of which the two are made, there is neither qualitative nor quantitative difference, for she did not believe that either in weight or solidity, contained in the absolute productive energy, one would, in any degree, outvalue the other. The equality of the two was latent, but their unlikeness was patent. The difference was that of a divided function, whose object continues to be one. The labor of illustrating, maintaining, and transmitting life was distributed between the two; not by accidental and arbitrary determination, but in accordance with a certain divided function in the two, which, when matched each with the other, presented a moral and economic unit. Society was the multiplication of that unity. Both sexes worshipped the same being, though in different ways. Man represented the centrifugal, woman the centripetal division of force. In all good human lives the active and the passive were mixed. The nature and capacity of either sex has in it the elements of both. A sympathetic man has the woman in him; a reasoning, energetic woman the man in her; for the *vir* must be in both in order that both should be human. Each person has the active and passive half, like the sun and shadow sides of a planet. In the progress of the great necessity from which we come experience obliges us to reverse the old Hebrew method. Man is always born of woman, and this is the logical sequence. As the world from the ideal, as the multiplicity from the unity, so man comes from woman, and every man looks back to his mother with mysterious wonder as to the origin of his life, known to her

alone. The Germans call the sun feminine and the moon masculine, and this definition of their sex she thought was more in accordance with theoretical fitness than ours. The idea around which the whole result and manifestation of the universe resolves is central and feminine. Our social organization was the work of harmonizing polarities which adjust activities and increase a compatibility of all liberties. The problem of this great work had to be slowly worked out and verified until it reached that point where individual action became possible and consequently necessary.

“This point, and others immediately suggested by it, were then discussed at considerable length by the speaker. She also considered the relation of the idea of polarity to government, saying that a republic sprang from a circumstance, and exceptional and momentary recognition of the great polarities whose action was represented in the words ‘truth’ and ‘justice.’ It comes of the belief that the supreme right, which is the form of the supreme good, can govern in the persons of all with better realization than in the will of one or of several. It is a recognition by the whole community of the ideal standard to attribution, and of function to the primary motive power. But the ideal can only be embodied in extension. This involves time, and time involves new channels, and all men who have not thus enjoyed this direct illumination have more or less the human lessons to learn which must precede as a condition that extended view. The moral and social capital of mankind changes hands as well as does monetary capital. This was because humanity was essentially one. The ocean of being, like the great world-sea, has its variation of shores and currents, of limit and power; but it admits in its nature no such phenomena as isolation or permanence. The speaker then concluded her address with a beautiful apostrophe upon the golden voyages which Truth was ever making upon this sea, and the good results proceeding from the continued exchange of her heavenly commodities for those native to the soil of the various climes she visits.” *

Since this book was written I find that the views I have expressed, relative to the physical basis of life, are being accepted by the loftiest minds, and that my theory that all life, mental and physical, every act in fine, are but so many chemical changes

and conditions, is regarded as true. In view of which I here sub-join a notice of certain discoveries, cut from the pages of "Appleton's Journal":—

"The proposition, that knowledge is progressive, is commonplace, but it nevertheless has an inexhaustible meaning. It implies successive conquests of the unknown, light behind and darkness before, and each age engaged with the definite work to which the past age has brought it, and which must be accomplished before future questions can be reached or future victories made possible. The intellectual work of an age is far from being what that age chooses. Past results are data; past effort is training; past experience, a preparation for researches which stand next in the logic of Nature's intellectual order. The historic epochs of inquiry are in definite sequence and intimate dependence.

"In the sixteenth century men first groped round the planet, and, grasping the conception of its form, dimensions, and of people on the other side, began to form definite notions of the world they lived in. This prepared for the work of the seventeenth century, which was, to ascertain the relations of the planet to the universe, and to determine the laws of motion in the heavens and on the earth, by which the foundations of physical science were laid. From the aspect of the universe in its vastness, and the properties of masses of matter, the eighteenth century passed to the study of nature in the opposite extreme of minuteness,—to the inner constitution and composition of material things, and the establishment of the science of chemistry. The discipline and results of physical inquiry, the art of experimenting, and the slow perfection of implements of research, were preliminary to the more subtle and refined investigation into atomic and molecular phenomena.

"With this scientific apprenticeship of three hundred years, the nineteenth century passes on, and enters upon the investigation of the great problem of life. The pioneering minds of the world are now absorbed in biological inquiries. Columbus before Newton, Newton before Lavoisier, and Lavoisier before Cuvier, Liebig, and Darwin, symbolize the sequence of discovery and indicate the problems that predominate in our own time. While physical and chemical inquiries are still pursued with greater intensity than ever, they have opened the gates of a still loftier research into

the conditions and laws of life, the nature of life, and the origin of life.

“Nor is this last stage of thought a fruitless or a hopeless one. The men of science of each era have been discredited by the mass of their contemporaries as pursuers of futile aims, and, although the majestic fabric of solid knowledge which they have reared attests their success, there are those still to whom the past teaches nothing, and who talk of the present predominant aims of science as chimerical and impossible. And yet, at no period and in no department of investigation has scientific progress been more rapid and sure than in the field of biology in the present century.

“An excellent illustration, both of the advancement which has been made in this direction and of the general interest which is felt in this class of subjects, is furnished by Professor Huxley’s recent lecture on ‘The Physical Basis of Life,’ and the reception it has met with. Several editions have been called for and issued, both in England and in this country, and it has aroused a great deal of curiosity, commendation, and criticism. A statement of the essential or more strictly biological portion of his argument will probably be acceptable to many of our readers. The understanding of it may perhaps be facilitated by a few words of explanation in regard to the attitude or conditions of the question.

“When the microscope had reached a certain stage of perfection, a few years ago, it was discovered that all living creatures, plants and animals, from the lowest to the highest, were made up of exceedingly minute bodies called cells, each of which has a power of growth, reproduction, and decay, as truly as the most complex and developed being. It was supposed that, in discovering these amazingly minute microscopical structures, we had gone to the very bottom of the phenomena of life; but further examination has shown that this conclusion is erroneous. In the first place, it has been found that there are organic structures which are neither themselves cellular nor derived from cells, and in the next place there is a material of life lower still in the vital scale, and out of which all cells are constructed. Every form of organic structure is elaborated out of a common and universal material known in science under the name of *protoplasm*, and it is this which Professor Huxley terms the physical basis of life. The present view regarding cells and their relation to the primitive

substance from which they spring is thus clearly stated by Mr. Herbert Spencer, in his 'Principles of Biology:' 'The doctrine that all organisms are built up of cells, or that cells are the elements out of which every tissue is developed, is but approximately true. There are living forms of which cellular structure cannot be asserted; and in living forms that are, for the most part, cellular, there are, nevertheless, certain portions which are not produced by the metamorphosis of cells. Supposing that they were the only material available for building, the proposition that all houses are built of bricks would have about the same relation to the truth as does the proposition that all organisms are composed of cells. This generalization respecting houses would be open to two criticisms: first, that certain houses, of a primitive kind, are formed, not out of bricks, but out of unmoulded clay; and second, that, though other houses consist mainly of bricks, yet their chimneys, pots, drain-pipes, and ridge-tiles do not result from combinations or metamorphosis of bricks, but are made directly of the original clay; and of like natures are the criticisms which must be passed on the generalization that cells are the morphological (structural) units of organisms. To continue the simile, the truth turns out to be that the primitive clay or protoplasm out of which organisms are built may be moulded directly, or with various degrees of indirectness, into organic structures.'

"Protoplasm consists of the four chemical elements, carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, which also compose the bulk of the entire organic world. These elements are united in very complex union, the nature of which has never been determined with exactness. It is albumenoid in aspect, that is, like white of egg. A few years ago, the term *protein* was applied to a combination of these four elements, which was supposed to be the common basis of all albumenoid substances; but no such principle has ever been separated or proved to exist. The term, however, is still retained, though with what vagueness may be inferred from the statement of Professor Frankland, that so-called protein has probably more than a thousand isometric forms.

"Professor Huxley aims to show that, as between protoplasm and all the developed forms of life, there is an acknowledged unity of *composition*, so there is also a unity of *power* and *form*.

"First, as regards unity of powers, by what property is it man-

ifested in the higher forms of life? By transitory changes of parts, which are due to the property of *contractility*. The power of movement in all the animal grades resolves itself into this: ‘Even those manifestations of intellect, of feeling, and of will, which we rightly name the higher faculties, are not excluded from this classification, inasmuch as (to every one but the subject of them) they are known only as transitory changes in the relative positions of different parts of the body. Speech, gesture, and every other form of human action, are, in the long run, resolvable into muscular contractions.’

‘But this property of contractility is also manifested in plants, and in protoplasm itself. ‘So far as the conditions of the manifestation of the phenomena of contractility have yet been studied, they are the same for the plant as for the animal. Heat and electric shocks influence both and in the same way, though it may be in different degrees. It is by no means my intention to suggest that there is no difference in faculty between the lowest plant and the highest, or between plants and animals. But the difference between the powers of the lowest plant or animal and the highest is one of degree, not of kind, and depends, as Milne-Edward long ago so well pointed out, upon the extent to which the division of labor is carried out in the living economy.’

‘The following graphic passages present a vivid picture of the extent and regularity of protoplasmic movements:—

‘‘I am not now alluding to such phenomena, at once rare and conspicuous, as those exhibited by the leaflets of the sensitive-plant, or the stamens of the barberry, but to much more widely spread, and, at the same time, more subtle and hidden, manifestations of vegetable contractility. You are doubtless aware that the common nettle owes its stinging property to the innumerable stiff and needle-like, though exquisitely delicate, hairs which cover its surface. Each stinging-needle tapers from a broad base to a slender summit, which, though rounded at the end, is of such microscopic fineness that it readily penetrates, and breaks off in, the skin. The whole hair consists of a very delicate outer case of wood, closely applied to the inner surface of which is a layer of semi-fluid matter, full of innumerable graules of extreme minuteness. This semi-fluid lining is protoplasm, which thus constitutes a kind of bag, full of a limpid liquid, and roughly corre-

sponding in form with the interior of the hair which it fills. When viewed with a sufficiently high magnifying power, the protoplasmic layer of the nettle-hair is seen to be in a condition of unceasing activity. Local contractions of the whole thickness of its substance pass slowly and gradually from point to point, and give rise to the appearance of progressive waves, just as the bending of successive stalks of corn by a breeze produces the apparent billows of a corn-field.

“But, in addition to these movements and independently of them, the granules are driven, in relatively rapid streams, through channels in the protoplasm which seem to have a considerable amount of persistence. Most commonly, the currents in adjacent parts of the protoplasm take similar directions; and, thus, there is a general stream up one side of the hair and down the other. But this does not prevent the existence of partial currents which take different routes; and, sometimes, trains of granules may be seen coursing swiftly in opposite directions, within a twenty-thousandth of an inch of one another; while, occasionally, opposite streams come into direct collision, and, after a longer or shorter struggle, one predominates. The cause of these currents seems to lie in contractions of the protoplasm, which bounds the channels in which they flow, but which are so minute that the best microscopes show only their effects, and not themselves.

“The spectacle afforded by the wonderful energies prisoned within the compass of the microscopic hair of a plant, which we commonly regard as a merely passive organism, is not easily forgotten by one who has watched its display, continued hour after hour, without pause or sign of weakening. The possible complexity of many other organic forms, seemingly as simple as the protoplasm of the nettle, dawns upon one; and the comparison of such a protoplasm to a body with an internal circulation, which has been put forward by an eminent physiologist, loses much of its startling character. Currents similar to those of the hairs of the nettle have been observed in a great multitude of very different plants, and weighty authorities have suggested that they probably occur, in more or less perfection, in all young vegetable cells. If such be the case, the wonderful noonday silence of a tropical forest is, after all, due only to the dulness of our hearing; and could our ears catch the murmur of these tiny maelstroms, as they

whirl in the innumerable myriads of living cells which constitute each tree, we should be stunned, as with the roar of a great city.'

“There is, however, this fundamental difference between plants and animals; that while plants can manufacture fresh protoplasm out of mineral elements, animals, on the other hand, are obliged to procure it ready made, and in the long run depend upon plants. With this qualification it may be truly said that the acts of all living things are fundamentally one.’

‘But this unity is not limited to action; Mr. Huxley maintains that it extends also to *form*: —

“‘If a drop of blood be drawn by pricking one’s finger, and viewed with proper precautions and under a sufficiently high microscopic power, there will be seen, among the innumerable multitude of little, circular, discoidal bodies, or corpuscles, which float in it and give it its color, a comparatively small number of colorless corpuscles, of somewhat larger size and very irregular shape. If the drop of blood be kept at the temperature of the body, these colorless corpuscles will be seen to exhibit a marvellous activity, changing their forms with great rapidity, drawing in and thrusting out prolongations of their substance, and creeping about as if they were independent organisms.

“‘The substance, which is thus active, is a mass of protoplasm, and its activity differs in detail, rather than in principle, from that of the protoplasm of the nettle. Under sundry circumstances the corpuscle dies and becomes distended into a round mass, in the midst of which is seen a smaller spherical body, which existed, but was more or less hidden, in the living corpuscle, and is called its *nucleus*. Corpuscles of essentially similar structure are to be found in the skin, in the lining of the mouth, and scattered through the whole framework of the body. Nay, more; in the earliest condition of the human organism, in that state in which it has just become distinguishable from the egg in which it arises, it has nothing but an aggregation of such corpuscles, and every organ of the body was, once, no more than such an aggregation.

“‘Thus a nucleated mass of protoplasm turns out to be what may be termed the structural unit of the human body. As a matter of fact, the body, in its earliest state, is a mere multiple of

such units, and in its perfect condition it is a multiple of such units variously modified.

“ ‘ But does the formula which expresses the essential structural character of the highest animal cover all the rest, as the statement of its powers and faculties covered that of all others? Very nearly. Beast and fowl, reptile and fish, mollusk, worm, and polype, are all composed of structural units of the same character, namely, masses of protoplasm with a nucleus. There are sundry very low animals, each of which, structurally, is a mere colorless blood-corpuscle, leading an independent life. But, at the very bottom of the animal scale, even this simplicity becomes simplified, and all the phenomena of life are manifested by a particle of protoplasm without a nucleus. Nor are such organisms insignificant by reason of their want of complexity. It is a fair question whether the protoplasm of those simplest forms of life, which people an immense extent of the bottom of the sea, would not outweigh that of all the higher living beings which inhabit the land put together. And in ancient times, no less than at the present day, such living beings as these have been the greatest of rock-builders.

“ ‘ What has been said of the animal world is no less true of plants. Embedded in the protoplasm at the broad, or attached, end of the nettle-hair, there lies a spheroidal nucleus. Careful examination further proves that the whole substance of the nettle is made up of a repetition of such masses of nucleated protoplasm, each contained in a wooden case, which is modified in form, sometimes into woody fibre, sometimes into a duct or spiral vessel, sometimes into a pollen-grain, or an ovule. Traced back to its earliest state, the nettle arises, as the man does, in a particle of nucleated protoplasm. And in the lowest plants, as in the lowest animals, a single mass of such protoplasm may constitute the whole plant, or the protoplasm may exist without a nucleus.

“ ‘ Under these circumstances, it may well be asked, How is one mass of non-nucleated protoplasm to be distinguished from another? Why call one “ plant ” and the other “ animal ” ?

“ ‘ The only reply is that, so far as form is concerned, plants and animals are not separable, and that, in many cases, it is a mere matter of convention whether we call a given organism an animal or a plant. There is a living body, called *Æthodium septicum*,

which appears upon decaying vegetable substances, and in one of its forms is common upon the surfaces of tan-pits. In this condition it is, to all intents and purposes, a fungus, and formerly was always regarded as such; but the remarkable investigations of De Bary have shown that, in another condition, the *Aethalium* is an actively locomotive creature, and takes in solid matters, upon which, apparently, it feeds, thus exhibiting the most characteristic features of animality. Is this a plant? or is it an animal? Is it both? or is it neither? Some decide in favor of the last supposition, and establish an intermediate kingdom, a sort of biological No-Man's Land for all these questionable forms. But, as it is admittedly impossible to draw any distinct boundary line between this no-man's land and the vegetable world on the one hand, or the animal on the other, it appears to me that this proceeding merely doubles the difficulty which, before, was single.

“Protoplasm, simple or nucleated is the formal basis of all life. It is the clay of the potter, which, bake it and paint it as he will, remains clay, separated by artifice, and not by nature, from the commonest brick or sun-dried clod.”

“The transformations of protoplasm, in their practical aspect, are thus neatly illustrated by the Professor:—

“In the wonderful story of the “*Peau de Chagrin*,” the hero becomes possessed of a magical wild ass's skin, which yields him the means of gratifying all his wishes. But its surface represents the duration of the proprietor's life; and for every satisfied desire the skin shrinks in proportion to the intensity of fruition, until at length life and the last hand-breadth of the *peau de chagrin* disappear with the gratification of a last wish.

“Balzac's studies had led him over a wide range of thought and speculation, and his shadowing forth of physiological truth in this strange story may have been intentional. At any rate, the matter of life is a veritable *peau de chagrin*, and for every vital act it is somewhat the smaller. All work implies waste, and the work of life results, directly or indirectly, in the waste of protoplasm.

“Every word uttered by a speaker costs him some physical loss; and, in the strictest sense, he burns that others may have light,—so much eloquence, so much of his body resolved into carbonic acid, water, and urica. It is clear that this process of expenditure cannot go on forever. But, happily, the protoplasmic *peau de*

chagrin differs from Balzac in its capacity of being repaired, and brought back to its full size, after every exertion.

““ For example, this present lecture, whatever its intellectual worth to you, has a certain physical value to me, which is, conceivably, expressible by the number of grains of protoplasm and other bodily substance wasted in maintaining my vital processes during its delivery. My *peau de chagrin* will be distinctly smaller at the end of the discourse than it was at the beginning. By and by, I shall probably have recourse to the substance commonly called mutton, for the purpose of stretching it back to its original size. Now, this mutton was once the living protoplasm, more or less modified, of another animal, — a sheep. As I shall eat it, it is the same matter altered, not only by death, but by exposure to sundry artificial operations in the process of cooking.

““ But these changes, whatever be their extent, have not rendered it incompetent to resume its old functions as matter of life. A singular inward laboratory which I possess will dissolve a certain portion of the modified protoplasm; the solution so formed will pass into my veins; and the subtle influences to which it will then be subjected will convert the dead protoplasm, and transubstantiate sheep into man.

““ Nor is this all. If digestion were a thing to be trifled with, I might sup upon a lobster, and the matter of life of the crustacean would undergo the same wonderful metamorphosis into humanity. And, were I to return to my own place by sea, and undergo shipwreck, the crustacea might, and probably would, return the compliment, and demonstrate our common nature by turning my protoplasm into living lobster. Or, if nothing better were to be had, I might supply my wants with mere bread, and I should find the protoplasm of the wheat-plant to be convertible into man, with no more trouble than that of the sheep, and with far less, I fancy, than that of the lobster.’ ”

I hold that every one of us is born with a certain amount of protoplasmal capital, both in fact and the power of gaining it. Nothing wastes so much as heat, hence the affections will not bear too much tampering with, for of all the earthly powers of life-destroying, none are so effectual as the passions, especially the amorous, for *it* destroys and saps the very citadel and capital of

life itself. Further on I shall again allude to this view of the general subject.

In what herein follows, Love is the theme or topic, as well in its practical, matter-of-fact, every-day, and passionate, as in its more lofty, theoretical, and sentimental, but not its lackadaisical aspects; and in endeavoring to faithfully perform this task,—not wholly self-imposed, it will be necessary. I trust, without offence, to use bold terms; because errors are to be exposed, fallacies exploded, current follies rebuked, and modern theories weighed in the balance of just reason. On the subject of the affections we have had a surfeit of philosophy; now we want common sense; especially in reference to certain peculiar notions thereanent, put forth, very confidently, and sustained by logic modelled on new plans, and claiming no relationship with the systems of either Aristotle, Bacon, or John Stewart Mill, by persons claiming to be “reformers.” Freely admitting the fact that there may be too much mawkishness, and not a little prudery, on the part of over-sensitive people on the general subject of the various *moods* of human affection, the abuse of which, and not the moods *themselves*, has occasioned much misery in the world of civilizees; yet, nevertheless, in order to full justice, it will be necessary to treat of the lower, as well as the nobler, phases of the superlative, grand master-passion of mankind; for the reason, among others, that there is much license, both in thought and life, in this respect, that needs to be restrained. In doing this, of course nothing shall be *purposefully* put forward that can offend sound or healthy morals; nothing save what God, our benignant Father, hath already written on the world’s face, if the world would only stop to read; hence, while avoiding offence, my *meaning* shall not be stilted beyond common reach, or hidden beneath a cloak of hard words. I make a plea for woman — *and mean to be understood!* Many a well-meaning man and woman has, of late years, been led to believe that love and passion are one and the same. A great error! Passion is but a *mood* of love. Its (love’s) seat *is in the soul*, and its roots only in the body. The cerebral organ thereof is *not* in the back basilar brain, but on the summit of the fore-brain, right in the group of the phrenologist’s “Fancy,” “Reverence,” “Ideality,” “Hope,” and the general æsthetic family. Latterly, all over the world, certain passion-driven people, male and female, having

nothing better to do, have — and with marked success, so easy is it to do wrong — set up as philosophers, and deluded thousands into the horrible social quagmire, which they chose to call “passional attraction,” or “free love.” In England, “Brother Prince” — recently gathered to his fathers — startled the world with his “Agapemone” or “abode of love.” In America, one John Noyes established a “free-love community.” At Berlin Heights, Ohio, something similar was attempted, and “philosophical” bagnios were established at various points, culminating in Utah, and the erratic zealots called their *system* divine. Just think of promiscuity being divine! Divinity in a brothel! — following concubinage as a profession! It has been, by many fine minds, declared to be a sophism so senseless, yet so specious, as only to be accepted as truth by the insane. In a measure this is true, for look where you will you will *never* find a *healthy* man or woman a “free” lover! Such persons, by physical derangement, while sound on other subjects, are erratic, — passion-mad, and therefore pitiable monomaniacs; their cases suggesting hydropathic, douche, and sitz-bath treatment, with occasional ice-bags on the vertebral column. I once heard of a remarkable cure effected of a philosopher of that ilk, the prescription being, as himself expressed it: “I tried it and lost twenty-five years of life inside of twenty months. I am an old man at forty years of age and gray.” The strongest argument against it is to be found in six little words: “It isn’t Right; it *is* Wrong!” Physiologically it is so also, because the physical interest is altogether too usurious; by which I mean, that whosoever allows the amative passion to be excited by new parties generates vital magnetism in vast quantities — and loses it; for once excited, it *must* pass from the system in some way until the normal plane is again reached, yet the life thus lost can *never* be wholly regained. Where monogamy prevails there is never a *continued* blaze of passion, nor that excessive depletion consequent, invariably, upon indiscriminate promiscuity.

A life of perfect innocence, in that respect, is the only true life! — how many live it? — and the breath spent in defending such a monstrous system had far better be used in cooling bowls of porridge; and, by the way, a diet of gruel will do much toward cooling the ardor of all such “philosophers.” It, in the next

place, is an infraction of the golden rule. Nor can one of its believers be found, who would even *think* of taking his own daughter in such society; and who will not writhe at the knowledge of the fact that some one has played a Roland to his Oliver? Bring the thing home, and not one of them will acknowledge it right if his heart clings to those that constitute that home.

The material, nervous, cerebral, and organic exhaustion — the useless expenditure of life and vitality — are such, that not even an iron constitution could maintain its integrity for three consecutive years; or self-respect, or the real esteem of others for half that period of time.

Especially is this true among women, for no sooner is one of them even charged or suspected of what the term implies than her happiness is ended in *that* circle, for every female, save only her *mother*, will begin a war, cruel, cutting, endless, and terrible, against her. It takes woman to abuse woman. For spite, slander, vituperation, and the other little kindred and penetrating items the female sex has a power beside which the male sex can never hope for distinction. Woman is eminently eminent on her tongue . . . Weaknesses vary, also their locality. Some have them in the head, some in the heart, others in the stomach, and still others in the legs. The latter pertain to such as have something inwardly which has a strong determination to show itself outwardly. A weakness in the head makes a goose; one in the heart a cipher; one in the stomach a glutton and a dyspeptic. All weaknesses are so much genuine stock abstracted from a good and perfect man or woman, — if there is ever anything of the latter sort. The best method of treatment of a weakness is with a strong hand; like a consuming conflagration, you are to put it out.

Mankind, like notes, are to be taken at a liberal discount. Few people come up to their self-asserted value. Women put their best side forward, and are thus confessedly one-sided; men put on a face which is too often a mask. Not one in a thousand is really up to what he, she, or it would like to be gauged at. Life is a sort of game, in which the best-looking cards are played first, and the paltry nothings reserved until necessity compels us to show our hands; and too often they are found to be not over-clean.

The love of home and country is a good thing. People who

have this sort of affection are patriotic and staunch. The advantage of love of this nature is that it is rarely unprofitably disposed. A man may love a woman, or a woman a man, and the result be a bad investment. The world is full of the mistakes of love, and it is probable that more is thrown away than is bestowed on worthy and reciprocated objects.

Steer clear of burning love. There is danger in it. It is apt, like bad company, to have evil communications.

The way we love, or judge others who do, or think they do, very often depends upon our own moral and spiritual health, and this latter often results from our physical condition.

A touch of dyspepsia, growing out of pig's foot swallowed at midnight, has changed a man's whole life, and an irregularity of the bile has made many an angel almost a fiend. If the gastric juice is all right, and the blood in swimming order, the world is a nice, bright, pleasant place, and from which nobody is in a hurry to move; but if, in that queer, mysterious fluid, there is any alloy, the sky of life is all cloud, the winds howl, and everything is dark and dismal. If you want to feel happy, look after your digestive and circulating systems.

My heart, I bid thee answer,
How are Love's triumphs wrought?
Two hearts to one pulse beating,
Two spirits to one thought!

Tell me how Love cometh.
It comes unsought — unsent.
Now tell me how Love goeth.
It was not Love that went.

And to enable my readers to discriminate between true love and its counterfeits, is partly why I write this book.

Promiscuous love, — freedom in that intimate relation is moral, social, physical, and psychical suicide; that's all. Proof, — look at the victims of it on every hand.

I shall have occasion to recur to this branch of the subject again; meantime a word or two about vampires, conscious and unconscious; and in treating upon that painful and woe-freighted phase of this holy theme, I shall speak also of it in its higher and nobler aspects. . . . Whoever can look unmoved upon the picture of "Evangeline," — to be seen almost everywhere, in

photographers' and printshop windows,— and not be moved, ay, deeply and mysteriously moved, while gazing upon the sorrowful, and yet calm features, had better begin the work of developing heart, for as yet it is ungrown; and whosoever, understandingly, *does* look upon that portrait, knows more of love than human words are able to convey. The artist who painted the phase of the kingly sentiment there portrayed, and the others who engraved it, *must* have known not merely love, but love blighted by death, betrayal, or desertion. All men, all women, are full, not only of love to bestow, but of a deathless, unquenchable desire to have love bestowed upon them. Of course, I mean that love which is husbandly, wifely,—blending with that amicable affection which unites friends, allies us to the world of Good, of Use, and of Beauty, and fusing into love of the Creator, as their exhaustless fount and source,—the perpetual well-spring of eternal life and excellence. Perfect love between man and woman is perfect fusion of each, a complete blending of the twain. But love is murdered nowadays; it is constantly sacrificed on the altars of fashion, wealth, selfishness, and something far worse!

I am certain that there is a great deal of mawkish prudery in the world, on the subject of love, that needs correction; and, therefore, lay it down as incontrovertibly true, that nine-tenths of the prostitution of civilization comes of the bad training, hence unhealthy development, of girls. I hold that it will require twenty times the eloquence on the part of a libertine to seduce and ruin a *healthy* girl that it will to triumph over one that is *not* healthy—whose eating, drinking, sleeping, work, exercise, play, and *dress* have been what it should be, from infancy up; and I believe you may preach the moral law till doomsday, and never correct the evil! You forget the body; ignore it entirely, in your earnest search for a girl's best good. Her soul's welfare, and the fevered body, stimulant craving, her cramped waist, contracted lungs, fevered stomach, and abnormal craving for excitement, hurl her soul and body also beyond your reach, and the moral law's too; and then you gape, and cry, "Who'd a' thought it," when, if you had kept her well, and taught her *young* what she should have known, she would have escaped the contaminating influence of solitary vice, withstood temptations of another sort, and have been blooming where now she fades; robust where

weak ; and in her prime at fifty years, instead of nervous and consumptive at nineteen, dead at twenty-five, and stranded on life's voyage ere it was fairly begun ! If a girl's stomach, liver, and heart be diseased, her mind and morals — which depend upon the bodily state — *cannot* escape. Mark that, ye mothers of girls ! for that mental and moral states depend upon physical conditions, cannot be doubted longer ; witness the effects of intoxicating liquors ! Ten murders, five fights, and half a hundred crimes beside, lurk in every gallon of whiskey — improperly — if ever *properly* — used. A week's neglect or wrong living may drive any girl or boy to personal vice or worse things ; all of which I propose to *prevent* by enforcing attention to bodily health ; for the diseases of this age, mental, moral and physical — ay ! even social, municipal, and national — have their foundation in the infraction of the laws of our love-nature ! Nor is this state of things the result, altogether, of our own personal frailty, but is the legitimate inheritance bequeathed unto us by our ancestors. Ours is a vicarious atonement !

What is love ? It is a physical, mental, almost inexplicable something inherent, that attaches us to others. But whatever it may be in the final analysis, certain it is, that its laws are the laws of MAGNETISM ; for a non-magnetic person is *incapable* of a full, deep, rich love ! Hence, the most loving are the most magnetic — [see note] — are those who either *draw* others unto them, or else are *drawn*. To be magnetic, therefore loving, you must be well, — full to the brim of royal health. We eat and drink. By the action of certain minute ganglia, there is secreted from the arterial blood an impalpable, ethereal, magnetic aura, which enters into, and invigorates the nerves and brain, giving us all the physical and other power that we have. It sometimes rushes to and fills the brain. Then we are in high spirits. At other times it rushes to the digestive organs, and then we delight in the table and the wine-cup. Or it may centre in the brain just over the eyes, — then we are clairvoyant ; or back of the ears, — then we are angry ; or to the pelvic organs, — then we are passional. We may have the power to flash it from our eyes, and stream it from our fingers, — then we can fascinate others, and put them in magnetic sleep, and also relieve pain by the “laying on of hands,” — which is no longer, as it once was, an unscrutable miracle. Some-

times, we have it in such abundance, that it floats all around us ; then everybody is attracted. Some people have none at all. These are vampires, and exhaust all who come near them, as if they had been sapped dry of every drop of blood and vitality ! In the presence of certain persons you are suffused with their subtle magnetic emanations (blood fire), and instantly there is evoked in you very strong sensations, and excitements peculiar and very strange. If those persons are healthy, physically and otherwise, the effect on you will correspond. But if their love-nature be perverted, inflammatory, morbid, then all the apocalyptic plagues *may* follow as a consequence.

[NOTE.— Twenty-five years of observation, as thinker and physician, have led me to the conclusion that *thousands* of unhappy homes are such for the reason that one or both parties to the marital compact have become *magnetically exhausted*, or demoralized. In many cases it results from the presence of depleting parasites and animalculæ in the system ; spores producing morbid fungi throughout the body, and animalculæ which feed upon the electric life of human kind.

Another cause of unhappy married lives, I believe, is to be found in the use and abuse of passion ; and the disturbing causes being removed and cured, a renewed and enduring affection can be established between the disaffected. Let those who would be surprised at a great truth and simple fact, with the means of turning a domestic hell into a charming heaven, learn it. I believe it possible to restore affection between the most widely opposite, and apparently mismatched couples, and that simply by removing the physical causes ; and these causes are often no more than a non-electric state, — slime insulations, or other states that prevent due magnetic, electric, and nervous circulation. When I first announced this theory, and practised accordingly, the wise ones laughed at it and its author ; but the lapse of years at length turned the tables, and the laughing philosophers came to terms. Truth is mighty, after all ! and despite many defeats, *does* triumph in the end, and in her turn laughs at the laughers. As for the theory, *ga ira!*—It will go ! Because it is true !]

Here you have the rationale and solution of the “Passional Attraction,” and so-called, but in reality wretched, “True and Eternal Affinity” business. Now lust is but mere physical fire,—an intense form of personal magnetism. It is a material aura pervading the body ; it is very subtle, but quite substantial ; when it is penned up, it, like dammed waters, seeks to escape. It is subject to heats and colds, because material, and as such, is liable to disease, because the body that evolves it is so—just as a scrofulous woman cannot nurse her babe on *pure* milk from her own

bosom. The presence of diseased magnetism or vitiated blood aura is the prolific source of six-tenths of the diseases of Christendom; to it can be safely laid nearly all the ills, social, marital, physical, moral, emotional, and intellectual, of the Christian world. Why sang Fatima the song she did? Why? because of the purity of this blood-fire, or magnetic aura in nerves, and heart, and brain, and the consequent health of the soul. For if it be roasted or diseased, dire inflammations, moral, intellectual, and physical, are sure to follow. It is liable to chill and fever, clearness and turbidity. If it be kept pure and healthy, there's but little danger to girls or women, because they are *Vir-tous*, that is, **STRONG**. It is not too much to say that four-fifths of married American women are painfully disordered; nor that the causes thereof may be found in what passes for their — *homes!* nor that nine-tenths of the bickerings and domestic bells on earth have their origin in the senseless stupidity of their husbands, cures for which have been sought for in divorce courts, but without avail; for, out of one trouble into a worse, generally follows as a result. My object in writing this is to show woman a *higher* law than those of States, and to urge her to appeal hereafter to the Courts of Health and Common Sense, by clearly revealing Love and its Hidden Mystery.

Pelvic inflammation is the national disease, for in its train follows all others, from nervous agitation to wild and hopeless delirium. Secret vice and open crime are quite as much diseases as moral sins; and millions there be who are victims thereunto. Under the dreadful passional spell man forgets honor and woman loses shame; the one becomes pale, fickle, vacillating,—false even to her sworn oath at the altar; and the other a helpless, shattered wreck at forty years of age. The one goaded on to voluntary, semi-unconscious self-murder by inflamed blood; the other ruined by excess and libertinism. And out of both grow the great modern crimes; especially that of infanticide,—a horror easily preventable, as I intend to show.

In all our large cities there are scores of shameless wretches, vile abortionists, male and female, in my opinion fit candidates for the gyves or gallows, who flaunt their dreadful trade of child-destroying barefacedly to the world; who advertise liberally in the public journals, informing people where they can get **MURDER**

done at so much per head, — a terrible state of things, but legitimately growing out of popular demand, arising from popular hypocrisy, which seems to hold that a bastard is not fit to live, and therefore should be hurried into, and out of, the world as soon as possible. And yet, not one half the murdered innocents *are* such; for if we can believe scores of family physicians, ten *married* women resort to it, where one poor deceived girl is forced to, wholly unconscious of the dreadful enormity of her offense. And yet even a bastard is the handiwork of the Eternal God! Why not, then, permit them to be born, even though the mothers pass shamefacedly through the world! LEGISLATORS, in God's name I implore you to establish FOUNDLING HOSPITALS for these unfortunates. It will not be putting premium on crime, but it *will* prevent many a suicide, and save thousands of human beings who are now being ruthlessly butchered, that abortion-brokers may fatten in the land! MURDER, sirs, I tell you that red-handed MURDER is abroad in the land, and his victims are the INNOCENTS. It is the fashionable crime, alike resorted to by women in and out of wedlock, — of all classes, from the public leman on the highway, to My Lady Gay, and the poor girl who has loved, not wisely, but too well. Oh, all good people, let us try to *prevent* this tide of crime from submerging our country, — you in your way, I in mine. We are all journeying to the Land beyond the Shadow. Let us do something worthy ere we go. Good people, listen!

THE HIDDEN MYSTERY.

I. Woman holds the reins of the world, if she but knew how to drive the fractious steed. She falls victim to passion only because of her physical unhealth and feebleness of will. She can — any girl or woman can — defy the arts and blandishments of any man who would lure her on to ruin, by preserving her health by right living, and steadily culturing the faculty of WILL. And she can do this, and increase her own power and attractions, by thinking “I will be strong! and I *will* conquer the impulse that bids me yield!”

II. Any girl or woman can, by WILL alone, *drive back* any morbid magnetism flowing from another, and can restrain and direct to cooler channels that which pertains to her own physical being;

and she can instantly turn the current of her own dangerous thought, impulse, or tendency, by resolutely thinking of *something else, and firmly fixing the mind upon it!*

III. A great many think themselves in love, who are only magnetically fascinated, or, perhaps, vampyrized; and all marriages consummated under that delusion are just as certain to produce sickness, wretchedness, untold misery, as that units of the same kind equal each other. Test the matter thus, and the counsel will serve for either sex: If the affection be one of soul and principle, it will stand the test. If otherwise, it will not. The test itself is absolute and certain, and is based upon a correct understanding of the working of the highest faculty in conformity with the highest law of mind. Let us suppose a case, and try it by way of illustration. Mary fancies herself in love with Henry, and to find out whether it is true love or mere magnetic passion, she carefully bathes to cool her blood, and then calmly sits at a table, leaning her face upon her hands, and steadily gazing at a spoonful of ink in a saucer upon the table, a speck of dust, or any other object she may chance to see before her. This, to enable her to concentrate her mental faculties. She now seriously, first, prays for internal, spiritual, religious light to solve her doubts, and then directs *her whole soul* toward Henry, desiring to know him *as he really is*, thus bringing his mental image before her mind's eye; at the same time desiring to know of her own soul whether his love for her be real. If it be real, the mental image will stand revealed before her soul in an atmosphere perfectly lucid, clear, and cool. But if *not* true, then her perception will be blurred, vagarious, stifling, and confused. This is decisive; nor is it black art, folly, spiritualistic, or mediatorial, but is based on three laws of the human mind: 1st, the law and power of the will; 2d, concentration to a given end; and, 3d, the truth-compelling power of the human soul; for God *never* allows a lie to flow into us if we prayerfully, steadily, holily, and persistently *ask for TRUTH!* If the eyes be closed during the process, it is still better than as above directed. Love clarifies! Passion blurs the wonderful mirror-lenses of the human soul!

IV. In the same identical way the person may easily ascertain the whereabouts and condition of absent ones; in a word, here is the whole secret of modern so-called "clairvoyance," in a nut-

shell, — a power that nine in ten can exercise without any foreign or extrinsic aid whatever, if we except the aid of a magnetic bandage, nor is that even absolutely necessary.

V. In the same way, one can determine the diseases of another, the sex of an unborn child, and many other things ; because, when *prayerfully* directed to divc, the soul brings up truth, and truth only. This power *cannot* be used for any selfish, mean, immoral, or wrong purpose whatever, for such motives dim the vision and utterly obscure it.

That the unhappy state of woman results from errors of judgment in love matters is notorious. It would not be so if the matter were tested before false or unwise steps were taken. But when girls are properly educated, fed, exercised, *worked*, and *clothed*, there will be developed a ripeness of perception and judgment, that will enable them, not merely to look forward to the wedding-dress and honeymoon, — and there stop, as now, — but to look afar down the valley of life in the clear light of immutable principles.

VI. Girls or wives, who suffer a great deal of mental anguish, which they attribute to affectional, conjugal, or domestic causes, often do so wrongly ; and four-fifths of them will disappear before the magic charm, continually resorted to, of well-filled lungs, of sun-warmed air, a clear skin, active liver, and thoroughly purified scalp and teeth, loose garments, few sweets, hearty food, open-air exercise, and the hygienic use of music and laughter !

VII. All crime, error, wrong action, results from the flow of *blood* and nervous aura into *wrong* cerebral and other organs ; and these effects can gradually, physiologically, be changed ; that is, a normal change and circulation be effected ; for well-filled lungs and an active heart are the elements of physical, moral, mental, and amicive, as well as passional, power. A contracted heart and collapsed lungs mean illness and vice.

VIII. American women have plenty of nervous intensity, but woefully lack in *WILL*-power. They often rush to quacks and dangerous nostrums to procure the means of governing family increase, and kill themselves by so doing ; wholly oblivious of the fact that the bath, robust health, and the exercise of the *will and proper periodical caution* are the only necessary methods, — practised for countless ages by Oriental women, — crimeless, sinless, stainless. Illustration : The soul and body interchangeably affect

each other. The *will* will close the hand, eyes, mouth; will it not? Yes. Well, exercise that same will in other respects, and one can command any organ to obey; and the volition will be found effectual. Thus, by means of a normal faculty, God-appointed, both crime and anguish may be prevented, health preserved, and happiness retained. If the will be exercised in precisely the opposite direction the glorious mission of the mother will begin.

IX. Cultivate the will by calmly, resolutely, determining that you *will* achieve a given end, victory, or result, and the power will increase every day; the character be modified, dignified, and exalted, and the world consequently altered in its aspects toward whoever tries!

X. The Law is inflexibly imperative. No woman can retain the love of a man, save under the operation of the following rules: 1st. To be *loved*, she must be respected. Indelicacy destroys both; she must make conscious and constant effort to merit and prove worthy of what she seeks. To be loved she must be lovely, lovable, and must *love*. 2d. True love manifests itself not tempestuously, spasmodically, — once in a while, forcefully, fitfully, demonstratively, and in *words* only, — but silently, evenly, steadily, and in *actions*, — trifles which, after all, make up life's sum-total, and in the heart-interest she really takes in his welfare. It won't do to *tell* a man you love him, yet take no pains to prove it; for he will *not believe* it, and is very apt to *seek for it elsewhere*; for it is human nature, this yearning for *genuine love*, and is as active in *man* as in woman. You "dress for company;" it will pay to *sometimes dress for — husband!* Love is not lust refined; it is a grand and holy attraction.

More hearts pine away in secret anguish, through unkindness from those who should be their comforters, than from any other calamity in life. Watch, then, and be what you ought to be, — a helpmeet for the partner. There's a deal in the phrase, "She stoops to conquer." Woman, remember this! That the agonies of the soul of a murderer, gambler, and suicide in the world to come can never equal in intensity that of the man or woman, who, free from these sins, has yet been guilty of a greater, namely, the wilful waste of love either by self-pollution or debauchery. Virtue is its own reward! the wilful waste *here* begets a woful want *hereafter!* — for of this fine love the soul elaborates its immortal body; and if

you throw away the bricks, wherewith shall it build? If a soul *can* be blotted out of being, these vices are *the* means best adapted to that end; for the loss of health hurts the body; but the waste of love impoverishes the **VERY SOUL ITSELF!** Both sexes commit it, and both alike must pay the dreadful penalty, here, or in the great hereafter.

Human nature is so constituted that in the fair race for power, the female can, if she will, invariably win; but never by using man's or any other weapons than her own, — tenderness, affection, gentleness, and love. But in order that she may gain these powers in their fulness she must have health. There are painful *facts*, that ought to be brought before *the whole people*. Especially should they be urged on the attention of parents and teachers, and these facts are that pernicious, baneful, solitary habits in early youth, and in maturity also, go far toward, not only sapping the health, but undermining the mental and moral constitution, deranging the entire system even to the point of confirmed nervousness and total or partial insanity.

Of course no medicine on earth can minister to a mind diseased, save where that disease originates in violated magnetic law; then it *can* and does. I am satisfied that peace will reign in a healthy family; that conjugal storms and estrangements spring mainly from want of light on three little points; that ignorance of that light disorders the wife; that this disorder affects her mind; that it acts and reacts upon the husband and family; hence I cannot too strongly impress upon all women that their feelings, hence conduct, toward their husbands, which often estranges them and mars the peace of families, is far more the result of caprice or whim, dependent upon deranged nervous forces, than of principle. Their grievances are as often imaginary as real; and therefore I bid them ask themselves that question frequently, and by strong will-efforts repress the vagary, and attend to the matter of *physical* restoration. **SILENCE IS OFTEN STRENGTH!**

Full, free, and reciprocal play of the magnetic spheres of two persons constitutes one phase or mood of love. Where these spheres repel, just in proportion as they do so, and thereby fall short of assimilation or blending, just in so far forth are both discontented and unhappy. "Coldness" begins and other persons become more attractive; of course ending in open or secret re

pugnance, and consequent misery, and what grows out of it. Boy or girl love seldom is enduring, and, as results, we see repulsion, drinking, tobacco and opium using, the brothel and the race-course, *anything* for excitement, anything to kill the dreadful distemper of dissatisfaction. Fashion, frivolity, shopping, gossip, the theatre, church-going, — not for worship, but for forgetfulness, — temporary lethe and oblivion, on the other hand; not seldom driving the sufferer to bad courses, oftentimes to suicide, and premature death from disease, consumption of the *lungs*, because a *heart* is not filled. We have certain God-given rights, the greatest of which is that of being loved, truly, nobly, purely, for our own sakes, and not for what clings to us as a natural accident, as hair, skin, voice, beauty, or bank-bills; for in the currency of hearts all these are — *trash!*

Oh, the bursting, breaking hearts in the world! hearts with aching voids which *only love can* fill, — not passion — but love! Well, there are millions of just such hearts in the world, martyrs, murmurless, whose secrets are unknown, pining hearts that yearn and long, and pray to heaven, — a heaven that oft seems leaden and stony to them, — pray and yearn for just a *little* human love, — asking for bread, receiving a stone; yearning for affection, and met with brutal, unthinking, irrational passion! Woman-hearts, human hearts, that presently burst asunder, permitting tired souls to go from hell on earth to heavens of blissful — rest; for, since the dear mother died, love below has been theoretically *offered*, but practically *denied*, and all its holy rights ignored. What a sight of skeletons our houses contain! Why? Because at best women are treated as a softer sort of men, and not as their nature demands.

Love is a thing of soul; but as souls are spiritual, they require bridges to span the dividing gulfs, and these bridges are our bodies, — our shape, color, hair, eyes, hands, — our totalities physical, — and through the physical spheres we generate and exhale, the finer magnetisms flow and fuse and blend the twain into one supremely happy *dual* being.

“Dear me, how strangely worn out and exhausted I feel!” — “Indeed, sir. What have you been doing? Where have you been?” — “Oh, nothing, only down to the house of a friend, where I met a strange lady, and sat by her side. She seemed quite lively

and attracted toward me; and the conversation happened to turn upon the alleged phenomena of table-turning; and, just for sport, we sat round in a circle, joining hands, and I declare that I hadn't held the lady's hand five minutes before all my strength left me, and I came near fainting. I don't know what caused the strange feeling; but this I *do* know, that during the time I sat there I became more exhausted of vitality, life, spirit, strength, force, and power, than in any year's labor of my life. And it all went to that strangely fascinating lady!" Well, interchange the pictures, and you have the strange experience of thousands, especially during these last past twenty years. That woman was a vampire, and there are thousands of men of the same sort in society. They abound everywhere. They are human sponges, love-empty, and draw the precious fluid of life from all with whom they come in contact. The difference between this fatal attraction and a genuine passion and love lies in this. Such persons *give* nothing in return! — vampires, they extract all and give nothing; hence the game is all winning on their side, all losing on yours. Such persons are generally such as were born of women who, during gestation, yearned for love from the father of the child, but yearned and longed in vain; hence the new soul came into the world ahungered and athirst for that great food and drink whereon souls grow strong and fat. They are to be avoided. They are basilisks, and their glance is lingering death; and madness, disease, insanity, result from their contact. Not infrequently such persons set themselves up as medical oracles, human spiders rather, and in their foul webs thousands have been ruined.

The test of a love attraction as to its reality, or counterfeit, is simple. Do I grow strong or weak; healthy or the reverse? As are the verdicts, so is the case. *Hic Rhoda; hic Salta!*

One day a gentleman invited the author of these pages to attend a female patient exclusive of all other business. *The girl was empty.* Six months' attendance nearly killed the attendant. A European voyage only prolonged the attendant's life, for up to that time the poor sick girl existed mainly on the life and vitality thus afforded. When the current was broken the patient died. Study these truths; there is a volume of wisdom to be obtained therein.

I cut the subjoined scrap from a paper, and it suggested a

thought concerning the causes of much of the abuse heaped upon women, and that cause is jealousy : —

“ Whatever else you may abuse, never abuse a woman. Always remember you had a mother, perhaps you have a sister, maybe a wife. It is cowardly, mean, unjust. If any act deserves the pillory, then does this. The very fact of her sex should make her exempt from all that is coarse, unkind, or cruel. No genuine man ever yet abused a woman. As soon expect to see a dart of lightning in the blue sky of June, a rose in the snow-bank of January, a gift from a miser, a great act from a mean soul, as a real man abusing a woman.”

Now, if a woman suspects her husband or lover, she generally flies off into vehement anger, and pursues the identical course to make matters a great deal worse, for human nature is a very crooked stick. All the citizens of a town might not want to go outside of its limits in a month ; but you just pass a law that they *shall* not go, and every soul of them will quit within a day. Just so with husbands. If they get the name, they will be very likely to run after the game. I have a woman in my mind's eye for whom every sacrifice was made by the man she called husband, yet that man was *never* allowed to even speak to another female, even in her presence, without being followed by a jealous storm that so embittered his whole life that death was preferable—even by suicide. He began by giving her the full volume of as earnest love as his high soul possessed ; and yet that woman outraged his whole being until he was glad to give her almost his last dollar and leave her for the sake of rest. What made the matter worse was that she was jealous of *all* women, not one of whom had at first the slightest power over him, but when driven from the home of his heart, he sought the society of one upon whom he never would have cast a thought but for the unreasonable jealousy in his home.

Men — husbands — are often stone blind at the very time their eyes ought to be wide open. They — all men — are oblivious of the fact that *all* women have their moods. There are often seasons — especially pre and anti catamenial ones — wherein she feels the *absolute necessity* of endearment, caresses, affection, and pure, unsullied *love*. She wants, and *ought to be*, PETTED ! But just as soon as, by her endearments, she betrays this great neces-

sity of her higher, softer, diviner nature, the fool misunderstands her, and forthwith meets her with a storm of passion and its fearful exactions; wherefrom come disgust, loathing, hatred, illness, and not unfrequently incurable disease and death. These are holy seasons with woman, and whoever then desecrates the thrice holy sanctities of her nature commits a sin unpardonable; sows the winds, and by and by, if persisted in, is sure to reap the whirlwind. After all, a woman is something more and better than a machine. She is *then* supra-human, and is incarnating the glories of the empyreal galaxies, and ought to be treated accordingly:—tenderly, lovingly, kindly, and dearly, sweetly loved; and that, too, devoid of all passion or excitement. Impressions made upon her *at that time*, whether good or bad, are ineffaceable, eternal, and the wise man will understand this sublime fact, and profit accordingly. She is then like the shorn lamb, exposed to the pitiless peltings of fierce storms, whereof coarser man can have no conception. She seeks then to hide herself in the bosom of tenderness, pity, sympathy, and love; while all thought of passion or ardor is far from her pure, sweet, gentle, and trusting soul.

Again: while bearing the precious freight of a new being—a priceless and immortal soul—she is subject to peculiar and strange moods, which ought to be met *understandingly* and with *patience* by the man who desires good fruit to grow upon the family tree,—either human or domestic.

Dress is one of Love's vehicles. If married people paid more attention to it there would be less trouble than there is. Dress increases personal charms. Dignity and divinity go together. The woman who dresses "for *company*," but *never* for her husband, throws her treasures in the sea. As of the woman, so of the man. Trifles, I repeat, go to make up the sum of life; nor can we afford to neglect them. Love grows by attention!

Fidelity is truth to a genuine love! Love grows by knightly, courtly deference for woman, on the part of man. And he who wantonly violates her trust, or exposes her delicacy to rude shocks, is a suicidal fool, not worth a decent woman's attention! Unwelcome marital embraces are very apt to develop poison, mental, social, affectional, physical.

If one sees misery, one ought to sympathize therewith, and

soothe the sufferer in his loving arms,— provided it is not some one else's wife, and vice versa ; in which case, careful *talk*, and careful feeling, is the balm to be applied ; not too closely, however.

Fashion is the science of appearances ; and all women have a right to reasonably conform to its dicta. A wise husband will concede this.

Home should be where the heart is ; but instead of that, it is too often “ a saloon,” affording “ refreshment and entertainment for man and beast,”—too frequently the latter, clad in broadcloth !

Love is spontaneous,— is not limited by laws other than its own and they are recorded upon the tablets of every human heart.

Adultery is of the heart, not only of the person. There can be no offence of that nature if the heart and affections are right. I have actually seen a virtuous courtesan, and have celebrated her in more than one of my books. I expect to see more. It is not difficult to conceive of such, for a woman may be driven thereto by the stress of circumstances,— the force of penury, or the penury of force. There is as much in condition as in position. A woman in one chemical or magnetic state may be able to resist any temptation brought to bear against her ; yet a change of atoms in her body may in five seconds so alter her resisting power as to cause her to fall from the slightest attack. So also is it with the sterner sex. Let us have a little more charity. If the hidden scroll of our own lives should be revealed, most of us would be anything but proud or stilted over it. Let us learn to be just to all mankind, and especially lenient to our mother's sex !

What means a kiss?— an embrace?— the union aside from propagative ends? It means — an interchange and fusion of magnetisms : a displacement of one and replacement of its own by the other.

Perfect health is perfect love. A well man ought to be a good one. So of a woman. Wives should be **BROODED !**

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

The right to wake when others sleep ;
 The right to watch, the right to weep ;
 The right to comfort in distress ;
 The right to soothe, the right to bless ;
 The right the widow's heart to cheer,
 The right to dry an orphan's tear ;

The difference between species is only a difference in the arrangement of particles, and 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 lettered world with his “Origin of Species.” This discovery of mine—which will, but not herein, be elaborated—not only accounts for the various kinds, sorts, and orders of trees and other vegetables, but obtains of the animal and human kingdoms as well. A very high chemical authority says, in speaking of the main idea just broached, that molecular differences alone determine ranks and species:—

“Is it possible to change one metal into another? Many of the alchemists wasted their lives in the vain attempt to solve this problem. It is common to ridicule the alchemists as absurd visionaries, and their work as laborious folly. Such statements are, no doubt, properly used in regard to some of them, but they do injustice to a large number who are earnest seekers after truth, though holding mistaken opinions. The alchemist considered gold and silver to be higher and nobler in their nature than the other or baser metals; but the difference was one of degree only, and essentially the base metals were composed of the same substances as the higher, but differently combined, or else contaminated with some degrading constituent. In order to accomplish the change, or purification, which was to transmute the baser into the higher metal, it was necessary to obtain the “philosopher’s stone,” which had the power of instantaneously bringing about the desired end. The possession of the philosopher’s stone was the goal which the sincere and ardent alchemist, undaunted by the failures of others, and unwearied by years of profitless labor, still hoped to attain, and which always seemed to him to be almost within his grasp. Some claimed that they had succeeded in discovering this ‘bridegroom of the metals.’ A few even pretended to give processes for making it; but they took care to make them entirely unintelligible, by the use of a mystical phraseology. Nevertheless, the alchemist’s work, though wrongly directed, was not entirely useless. Dissolving, precipitating, distilling, subliming, constantly causing different substances to react upon each other, they could hardly help making discoveries and observations whose meaning and value were unknown to them, but which were afterwards to

exercise an important influence on the development of a truer chemistry. Such is always the case in natural science: from the labors of a large number of comparatively obscure observers, we become able to deduce the expression of a natural law, or the true explanation of a class of phenomena.

“As true chemistry advanced, alchemy gradually disappeared, and its followers diminished in numbers, until finally the transmutation of the metals was believed only by the ignorant. But the science of chemistry is a progressive one, and has been and is constantly changing; the views of the chemical constitution of substances held by the best chemists have undergone numerous alterations; and now, long after the time of the alchemists, chemists are beginning to hold opinions in a certain degree resembling the old alchemical notions; or, to speak more definitely, we can see that the distinction between the so-called elementary or simple substances may not be as wide as we have been wont to regard it, and that we may, some time, discover the causes of the differences between them. In the present article, it is our intention to briefly mention some of the arguments which seem to lead us in this direction.

“Between the alchemical opinions and those of the present day we notice at once a great distinction. The alchemists knew nothing of the elements, as we style them; neither had they any conception of the constitution of salts. At the present time we are acquainted with sixty-five elements; that is to say, there are sixty-five bodies that we cannot now show to be compounds. It is important to notice that the difference between two elements is often very slight. For instance, the distinction between nickel and cobalt is by no means a marked one; they always occur together, and have many common properties. Now we know that a very minute quantity of extraneous matter will often entirely change the properties or mark the reactions of many substances. We have a familiar and striking illustration of this in iron; a very little sulphur or phosphorus is able to seriously injure the quality of a very large amount of metal. The difference between the various kinds of iron (cast and malleable iron, steel, etc.) is caused by the abstraction or addition of small quantities of carbon; indeed, *perfectly pure* metallic iron in any quantity has never been made. Iron is itself closely allied to cobalt and nickel; they

always occur together in meteorites, and are the only magnetic metals. It is not impossible that, as chemical processes are made more accurate, future operators will find these three metals have a common basis, differently modified in the different cases. Similar close resemblances are found between other metals. We know that while our analytical methods have been greatly improved, yet much more labor is required to make them what they should be. Many of our separations are imperfect, and some substances cannot be separated from one another with our present means. The chemist engaged in research is groping his way in the dark, and is constantly liable to arrive at erroneous conclusions. Many of the best chemists have been led into error. Wohler mistook a compound of boron and nitrogen for boron itself. Rosè thought he had discovered in certain rare minerals the acid oxides of two new metals, niobium and pelopium, and it was only after years of labor he found that his pelopic acid was another oxide of niobium. At the present time there is a bitter controversy between two European chemists concerning the existence of a new element, ilmenium, which one of them claims he has discovered, while the other stoutly denies its existence, declaring the ilmenic acid of the first to be a mixture of titanitic and niobic acids. Many times have discoveries been announced, and indeed been accepted and believed, until more careful investigation has disproved them. So the time may come when chemists will discover the causes of the differences between nickel and cobalt, iron and chromium, calcium and magnesium, etc., etc., and then they will be able to transmute one into the other.

“ But the most important consideration connected with the whole subject is that which presents itself when we speak of the molecular constitution of substances. Let us note here in passing the distinction between an atom and a molecule. An atom is the smallest quantity of an element, indivisible by chemical means, which can exist in a compound body; a molecule is a group of atoms forming the smallest quantity of a simple or compound body which can exist in a free state, or is able to take part in or result from a reaction.* Now we are acquainted with many substances that occur in different molecular conditions (allotropic states); that is to say, their atoms are differently grouped under

* Wurtz. Introduction to Chemical Philosophy.

different circumstances. A substance passing from one allotropic state to another will often change all its properties, and, to all appearance, become an entirely different body. We have an excellent illustration of this statement in the two states of phosphorus. Red phosphorus and ordinary phosphorus are so unlike that we should consider them distinct substances, if we were not able to prove their identity by converting one into the other. We account for the difference between these two forms by supposing the molecule of the red to be twice as great as that of the ordinary variety. We have instances of the same body appearing in different modifications in sulphur, carbon, and silicon. In view of these facts, chemists ask themselves if, with our present means, we can show in one case that two apparently distinct bodies are but modifications of one and the same substance, shall we not with more extended facilities be able to prove the same of other bodies? For example, there are the four halogens, — fluorine, chlorine, bromine, and iodine; they closely resemble each other in their manner of combination. One thing connected with them may be worthy of notice, and that is, the relation which perhaps exists between their equivalent numbers and their physical condition. Fluorine is a gas, equivalent 19; chlorine a vapor, easily liquefied, equivalent 35.5; bromine a liquid, equivalent 80; iodine a solid, equivalent 127: the ratio between these numbers is pretty nearly as 1, 2, 4, 6. The idea at once occurs to us that these four are but one substance in different molecular conditions; the molecule of iodine being six times condensed, that is, having six times as many atoms as the molecule of fluorine; that of chlorine twice condensed, and that of bromine four times. It is evident that we have by this hypothesis a reason why these elements present a regular gradation from a solid to a gas.

“Again, as an illustration of the importance of a knowledge of the grouping of the atoms in a molecule of any substance, let us observe that we are acquainted with many instances where two or more bodies composed of the same number of atoms and not distinguishable from each other by analysis are yet entirely distinct. It is only from the study of the molecular and atomic constitution of bodies that we will ever attain the transmutation of the metals.

“Very many laborers are even now working in this field. This

subject has engrossed more or less of the thoughts of many of the best chemists. Some have even carried their speculations so far as to advance the theory that there is but one universal kind of matter, appearing in different forms; but all theorizers would do well to imitate Faraday, who, incessantly theorizing, yet considered his theories worthless without experimental support. Faraday himself, not long before he died, was engaged upon experiments looking toward the transmutation of the metals. Study and experiment are the only means by which we can attain our end; and let us remember, that while the alchemist labored to obtain wealth for himself, the chemist of this day has as his nobler object the increase of human knowledge, and therefore the benefit of all mankind."

Let us glance a moment at crystals. A snowflake is a crystal, so is a quartz rock; a granite boulder is a crystal, so is a diamond; and the only difference between them is simply a different arrangement of their respective particles, which, too, accounts for the apparent difference of the several constituents that compose them. Now, one human being differs, materially, morally, and in all other respects, from another, only by reason of a slight difference in the arrangements of the material crystalline points or atoms that go to make up the man; and, while two men may, *generally*, resemble each other, yet, *specifically*, they may be very far apart or dissimilar, simply and only because one man is made up of multi-angular atoms, — coarse, gross, unrefined; while the other is composed of higher, finer, or more ripe and ascended points, cells, crystals, and atoms. Ambition, love, taste, appetite, passion, capacity, energy, power, — all depend upon the more or less perfection of these particles, and their chemical completeness or ripeness. Let me illustrate this point familiarly: Two drops of semen are, so far as human chemistry is concerned, precisely alike; yet one shall be the germ of a genius, the other become a Hottentot, murderer, knave, fool, politician, or some such human nuisance. Again, chemical conditions determine future organism. Starved cattle cannot produce superior offspring; unripe seeds bring forth sickly plants; while well-fed John and happy Betsey have finer children than half-starved Tom and Sarah, even though the latter have the advantage, on the score of refinement. Again, ripe semen produces ripe children. It cannot ripen in the body

of a debauchee or human goat. It is troublesome ; hence is worse than wasted. It is not possible for a low organization to give birth to a high or fine one, albeit such organizations often greatly improve upon themselves, and produce offspring greatly their own superiors ; yet no one could expect a race-horse to issue from a cart-drab, or a fine-limbed courser to spring from the loins of a brew-horse. A dog is dog all over, and so is a doggish man. The dog-nature lurks in every particle of his being, and is sure to be transmitted, with less or greater force, to his posterity, in exact proportion as the dog-nature slept or preponderated during the act that launched a soul into being ; and when coarse parents produce finer children, it proves that outer circumstances were strongly in the ascendant over the inherited bias of the general dogativeness. A heart-woman will, even under bad conditions, produce a better child than a mere heady one, even if the latter is capable of maternity, which, happily, is seldom the case ; for, it is well known that savages increase far less rapidly than civilizes, and lucky it is for the world that it is so, else chaos would soon come again. Everything on earth is chemical, and under chemical law, — even human morals, — for nearly all our sins are the result of chemical incompatibilities all the way along. Any woman, who is kept contented, happy, *loved*, during pregnancy, will carry every stage of the gestative process a great deal farther than would be possible under the reverse state of conjugal and domestic affairs, and the consequence will be a child to be proud of. But let her be worried, and she will not fail to *hurry* her work, and that will be a babe of inferior make-up, in all respects.

A negress, in Charleston, South Carolina, bore a monkey-boy, because the natural processes were arrested at *that* stage of embryonic development. Another negress was exceedingly happy during that period, and she gave a “Blind Tom” to the world and God, — a boy who was the very quintessence of musical genius. Now, had her intellect been cherished and nurtured, the boy would have been a mental prodigy as well. Whatever of talent or power the writer hereof possesses is all owing to the peculiar mental conditions of the dear mother who bore him, — so far as power goes, while the angular impress of his father will never be effaced, within the limits of this earthly life. Here, then, is the

law, or principle ; and, if it be fully heeded and attended to *at the right time*, the world will be the better for it.

Failure and success are a part of life. We all succeed, and we all fail. The brave and resolute are topmost. The stout-hearted go up ; the faint-hearted go down. Atlas, with the world on his broad shoulders, is pluck, persistency, success. The head the world believes in is — ahead. The daring and determined go in this direction. Their route is not all sunshine and pleasure, but it has a good share. Whether we succeed or fail — do something or nothing — depends upon the individual. Faith, and pluck, and work will do for a man all that can be done. If he fails with these, it is a failure worth all the successes the world ever saw.

Women are sometimes censured for being old maids. It is too often an unjust judgment, and merits compliment rather than censure. The world is under great indebtedness to this class for no little of its best intellect, heart, and good sense. They live to honor the community and themselves ; and perpetuate themselves in their own good examples, which is better than through the channel of questionable blood ; and yet chronic maidenhood is to be regretted, because no woman can reach perfection save through the maternal realm of her glorious nature !

The color of a thing often depends upon the sort of eyes that look upon it. A man troubled with the spleen or dyspepsia sees no gold in the summer sun, no pleasing tints in the unfolding rose, and nothing attractive in a pair of virgin lips. Per contra, one with good digestion and an active flow of blood sees beauty in almost everything.

All human beings, all human organizations alike, generate an element called love (in this connection I am writing on the physical plane), and if they be coarse it follows that the great chemical result will be coarse too ; and, therefore, their likes and dislikes, tastes, appetites, fancies, affections, loves, pursuits, hopes, pleasures, ambitions, all will correspond. You cannot make silk purses of pig's ears, nor a rough, coarse, brutal man or woman love with the power, refinement, delicacy, intensity, and soul-fervor, that a finer-moulded one is capable of. And yet, howsoever coarse a love may be, it is capable of refinement and purification to a very great degree ; mainly by thinking, wishing, *willing* one's self on a nobler, higher plane ; dwelling less on self,

lust, brutal, coarse, tow-cloth joys, and more upon religion, science, soul, art, tenderness, manhood, womanhood, charity, justice, mercy; all that is good, grand, high, beautiful, and true. So, by sure but imperceptible degrees the subject ascends, refines, enlarges, and improves, and in proportion thereto the intenser love-joys follow! No sensible person prefers to dwell in the cellar. But there are millions who live whole lives in affection's cellars, — in the human kitchen, — and seldom venture into life's drawing-room or parlor, where angel-guests like to come, and still more seldom in the sky-observatory of the soul. Go up, my friends! go up.

Miserable are you, O man or woman? Why?

HE: "She's sickly." Probably. Cause: too much of a muchness, too few caresses, pettednesses, tendernesses, embraces, kindlinesses, and too much coarseness, heedlessnesses, lovelessness, passion; all work and no play! Result: haggardness, sallow, sunken cheeks, hollow eyes, aching heart, pining soul, hungry *love*, consumption; else seduction, — victim perfectly williug. Can you wonder if she falls before the magnetic storm from the soul of some man full to the brim of what she wants, or that she even invites some man to occupy the place in her heart that *you* ought to, but do not, occupy? Or, reverse the picture. Perhaps your wife is full to the brim of ardor, while you are cold as ice. I knew a wife, of thirty years, in Worcester, Mass., whose husband had never once kissed her. *She* had a large and generous soul; *he* was cold as snow. Result: a small but smothered hell; and all the more dreadful to endure because its fires were pent. Well, you, husband, provide all things for, and sincerely love, your wife, perhaps. Well, why don't you *study her nature*; caress, fondle, pet, and love her more than you ever did? It will pay! — HE: "Oh, I never thought of that!" Well, think now and *do* it, and then no man can occupy your place, or passionate lover withdraw her soul from yours.

SHE: "I can't bear him; there's no good in him; I wish I was dead, — or him; then I might be happy." Stop! lady; not so fast. I take it for granted that you know *his* faults. Do you know your *own*? A man is very often just what a woman chooses to make him, — ignorantly, perhaps. Well, have you ever sincerely *tried* to win him up to a nobler place in life? Try! Love, caresses,

persistent tenderness are the most wonderful solvents known. Have you shown him true wifeliness? or have you fallen into the popular error that all a wife's duty consists in keeping house, and tacitly doing from habit all he demands of you? If so, turn squarely around and sail on the other tack. You'll soon win him from the arms and charms of all rivals. Study his weak points, and attack him *THERE*.

HE and SHE now say: "But love depends to a great extent upon the congenialities of personal magnetisms. We repel each other; how is it possible for us to assimilate?" I have already answered that question in another form. The WILL can effect wonders. Will therefore to love each other and the good thought and act will be an alterative, utterly changing the entire mind, spirit, soul, thought, and body. Not in a day or week, but in a very little time.

Not one tenth of our marital difficulties are real; or if real, but that can be outgrown by persistent trying. While a man and wife are socially, maritally, or magnetically hostile, seduction is not difficult to those who are loose in that respect and adepts in the art; for whoever then approaches magnetically or sympathetically nearer than the mate, pushes that mate further off, and in nine cases in ten the attraction toward an "outsider" is merely physical or magnetic, but is too frequently mistaken for love and genuine affection. Gratify the passion thus engendered, and the results are appalling, for just so soon as the passional and magnetic storm is over, a worse chaos looms up again.

He comes too near who comes to be denied! She is unwomanly who purposely tempts a man. They are barbarous who seek to destroy a bond which, though iron, can be changed to one of silver or gold, wreathed and rose-entwined.

Divorce ought ever be the last resort. But our laws on that point ought to be so modified as to afford relief without either forcing one or other of the parties to crime or public litigation and indecent exposure of domestic secrets.

"Nothing comes of nothing" is not true, since an empty-headed fool often causes uncounted trouble.

In these days of Spiritualism there exist countless pretenders to the strange science, who counterfeit the mental phenomena and use the sacred thing as a cloak under which to hoodwink, impose

upon, and swindle the public. Their signs and advertisements disfigure the houses and the press, and their influence is consumptive and cancerous to the last degree. Consult one of these harpies on any subject you may like to, and the chances are ten to one that they make the astounding discovery that you are improperly married; that your wife or husband — as the case may be — is not *adapted* to you; that there's no affinity, in short, that you are — what perhaps you never before dreamed of — the most unhappy and miserable matron or benedict under the sun. Such devils have, under the specious guise of philanthropy, broken up thousands of theretofore comparatively happy families,— more than even rum itself. And poor, silly, weak wives too readily hearken to their villanous suggestions, thenceforth fancy themselves the most wretched of victims, and hades comes quickly. I have known of scores of families thus broken up; for hundreds of these people infest society, and their infamous work may be seen on all hands,— false pretenders to spiritual inspiration! Husbands consulting one of them are crammed with the same sort of stuff till they believe it, and thousands of desertious and divorce suits attest the result. These seers see too much. Nothing they say should be relied on. They talk to hear themselves, and set up sham claims to wisdom and unusual sagacity with the smallest imaginable capital. They excite ardent hopes, abnormal cravings, and wild desires in the minds of their deluded victims, which never *can* be reached; and when these victims realize this fact, misery beyond calculation results, happiness is gone forever, and a premature grave very often ends the dreadful tragedy. A proper punishment for these impostors would be to make them undergo the dreadful tortures they impose upon others.

In Boston I daily read the advertisements of several of that class, and desiring to get in the “ring” to find them out, I sought an opportunity and made the acquaintance of several. One of them set up the business of making “love powders” of a root called “dragon’s blood,” at a dollar a pinch; and she afterwards, finding that I was practising a branch of chemistry, solicited me to furnish an amative excitant for her to sell, informing me that theretofore she had dosed her dupes and victims with a deadly blistering compound at five dollars an ounce. Pretending to enter into her views, I soon learned that she made and sold

lozenges of gum and sugar, well sprinkled with the above deadly blister in its dry state, and that she drove a thriving trade in that line, and as a pander to the meanest passion man is possessed of. Boston is a moral city, and yet its daily literature is tarnished with public notices of lechers in search of mistresses, — doctors and doctresses who want to kill unborn babies at so much *per caput*, — five dollars is the standard price! — of women in want of keepers, and a thousand other infernal abominations, all slightly disguised yet so plain that the merest simpleton perfectly comprehends the whole thing at a single glance; and yet all this horror in a city famed to be the most puritanic and moral on the surface of God's habitable globe! Bah! its moral filth exceeds that of either Sodom or Gomorrah!

As a relief from the fearful picture allow me here to present you with the HEART SONG, written by myself in New Orleans, where I served during part of the late rebellion.

Love me, love me in the morning,
 When the light breaks on the world,
 And crimson glories, sky adorning,
 Wave their banners, all unfurled, —
 Golden banners, light so pearly! —
 Love me in the morning early.

Love me when the sun is flashing,
 Rippling seas of love and light;
 Love me when his flames are dashing
 Death to darkness and to night;
 Love me gently, truly, sweetly,
 Love me nobly and completely.

Love me in the even-tide,
 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.

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.

Love me when my life is ended,
 And my soul is wafted o'er
 The river, — and with angels blended
 On the ever blessed shore.
 Love! with heart and soul and brain,
 Love me! We shall meet again.

The great tendency of Americans is to waste themselves. The modern civilizees, of either gender, are like untamed horses, needing very little, if any, whip or spur, but a great deal of curb and check rein; and even then not seldom the passions get the bit, and away goes somebody to ruin, moral, physical, intellectual, at a break-neck rate of speed. The young, and old too, very often forget that passion's tide will one day ebb as well as flow, and may leave sorry wrecks high and dry upon the rocks of disaster, disease, physical and mental impotence, insanity, or worse, ere life's voyage be normally half over. If you doubt it, just look around you upon the ten thousand "splendid wrecks" of men and women, to be met every day, stranded, ruined, — walking pest-houses, creeping spectres, scarce forty years old, dolefully wending their way through the world, whose only joy is the few lamps of lang syne, now, alas! gone out forever.

Nearly all of us are bound slaves to some dominant power, — money, fame, place, amorousness, drink. Talk about resisting the "devil!" That were a comparatively easy task; provided he came in proper, tangible shape, with horns, hoofs, and so forth, all complete; but when he attacks a man or woman through the passions, especially amateness run wild, as it is to-day, great Heaven! what amount of courage, care, watchfulness, persistence, *stamina*, does it *not* require to successfully beat back this formidable enemy of human weal and virtue! especially when, as of late years, in this dismal age, it attacks us panoplied in "philosophic" armor, backed by never so many "scientific" reasons, axioms, historic parallels, sanitary hypotheses, ancient examples, and modern ones too, drawn from our barn-yards, mainly! To be mistress or master of yourself is a service rather difficult to thoroughly accomplish, owing to the law of transmission of qualities, for the weaknesses of the parents are suffered for by the children to half a dozen generations. Yes, indeed, the devil can be defeated by one or two pater-nosters; but when for bullets he uses

the amorous glances of a right-down handsome woman, or an accomplished and magnetic man, Heaven help the poor besieged! Yesterday a resolution was taken to not yield to the tempting of some 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. Cold water and spare diet are good agents just then. Watching is good; so is prayer, — especially watching! “Lead us not into temptation” is capital, so far as it goes; and I am not one who believes in fighting, for running *may* be the wiser policy; and so, “get away from temptation” is better, provided one *keeps* away; for in these loose days, just as surely as a tempted man or woman stops to “consider about it,” or to “argue the point,” the game is up and “I’ve fallen again!” as certain as that ducks will take to water, or guinea fowls to green peas. There’s a little concupiscent devil running loose about the world, getting up cases of crim. con. and divorce to feed lazy lawyers on. If we resist the devil he will certainly flee from us, and just as certainly “flee” back again. The safest plan is to “flee” yourself, and *stay* flown.

Amative passion seldom exists half as strongly in woman as in man; when it does, in either case, its functions and offices are good in proper places and under right conditions. In leading strings, restraint, it is a good servitor at life's feast; but let it loose, unfasten the moral leash, and soon will it get the upperhand, and become an inexorable and insatiable tyrant, acknowledging no law, human or divine. Keep wide awake and watch it, and it ambles beautifully along life's Broadway; but let it once catch you napping, and you will very speedily find out that the steed that carries you is galloping toward perdition at a fearful pace, bent on landing its rider in the midst of Gehenna in the briefest possible space of time.

Very few “philosophers” have common sense enough to last them over night. *Keep cool!* is the touch-word, provided it be well done.

“ My soul thy secret image keeps;
 My midnight dreams are all of thee;
 For nature then in quiet sleeps
 And silence broods on land and sea.

Oh, in that still, mysterious hour,
 How oft from waking dreams I start,
 To find thee but a fancy flower,
 Thou cherished idol of my heart !
 Thou hast each thought and dream of mine,—
 Have I in turn one thought of thine ?

“ Forever thine my dreams will be,
 Whate'er may be my fortunes here ;
 I ask not love, I claim from thee
 One only boon, a gentle tear.
 May blessed visions from above
 Play brightly round thy happy heart,
 And may the beams of peace and love
 Ne'er from thy glowing soul depart.
 Farewell! my dreams are still of thee, —
 Hast thou one gentle thought of me ?

“ My joys like summer birds may fly ;
 My hopes like summer blooms depart ;
 But there's one flower that cannot die, —
 Thy holy memory in my heart.
 No dews that flower's cup may fill ;
 No sunlight to its leaves be given ;
 But it will live and flourish still,
 As deathless as a thing of heaven.
 My soul meets thine, unasked, unsought, —
 Hast thou for me one tender thought ?

“ Farewell! farewell my far-off friend,
 Between us broad blue oceans flow,
 And forests wave, and plains extend
 And mountains in the sunlight glow.
 The winds that breathe upon thy brow
 Are not the same that breathe on mine ;
 The starbeams shining on thee now
 Are not the same that on me shine ;
 But memory's spell is on me yet ;
 Canst thou the holy past forget ?

“ The bitter tears that thou and I
 May shed, where'er by anguish bowed,
 Exhaled into the noontide sky,
 May meet and mingle in the cloud ;
 And thus, my much-loved friend, though we
 Far, far apart must live and move,
 Our souls, when God shall set them free,
 Can mingle in a world of love.
 This were an ecstasy to me! —
 Say, would it be a joy to thee ?

There spoke the true woman *heart*. Don't you think so, dear reader? If not, read it over.

There's a great deal of common sense in this scrap:—

“Mr. Stomach sends his respects to Mr. Brain, requesting him, if convenient, not to undertake any strong intellectual effort after a hearty dinner; as he wishes to bring the strongest possible concentration of vital power upon the meal just consigned to him, for its proper digestion.”

Wonders at home by familiarity cease to excite astonishment, and hence it happens that many know but little about the “house we live in”—the human body. We look upon a house from the outside, just as a whole or unit, never thinking of the many rooms, the curious passages, and the ingenious internal arrangements of the house, or of the wonderful structure of the man, the harmony and adaptation of all his parts. In the human skeleton at maturity, there are one hundred and sixty-five bones. The muscles are over five hundred in number. The length of the alimentary canal is about thirty-two feet. The amount of blood in an adult averages thirty pounds, or full one-fifth of the entire weight. The heart is six inches in length and four inches in diameter, and beats seventy times per minute, four thousand two hundred times per hour, one hundred thousand eight hundred per day, thirty-six million seven hundred and seventy-two thousand times per year, two billions five hundred and sixty-five millions four hundred and forty thousand in three-score and ten, and at each beat two and a half ounces of blood are thrown out of it, one hundred and seventy-five ounces per minute, six hundred and fifty-six pounds per hour, seven and three-fourth tons per day. All the blood in the body passes through the heart in three minutes. This little organ, by its ceaseless industry, lifts the enormous weight of three hundred and seventy millions seven hundred thousand two hundred tons. The lungs will contain about one gallon of air, at their usual degree of inflation. We breathe on an average twelve hundred times per hour, inhale six hundred gallons of air, or twenty-four thousand gallons per day. The aggregate surface of the air-cells of the lungs exceeds twenty thousand square inches, an area very nearly equal to the floor of a room twelve feet square. The average weight of the brain in an adult male is three pounds and eight ounces; of a female, two pounds and four ounces. The nerves are

all connected with it, directly or by the spinal marrow. These nerves, together with their branches and minute ramifications, exceed twenty-two millions in number, forming a "body guard" outnumbering by far the greatest army ever marshalled! The skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one-fourth to one-eighth of an inch in thickness. Its average area in an adult is estimated to be two thousand square inches. The atmospheric pressure being about fourteen pounds to the square inch, a person of medium size is subjected to a pressure of forty thousand pounds. Each square inch of skin contains four thousand seven hundred sweating tubes or perspiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a little drain tile one-fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length of the entire surface of the body of three hundred and fifty-eight thousand feet, or a tile-ditch for draining the body almost seventy miles long. Man is made marvellously. Who is eager to investigate the curious, to witness the wonderful works of Omnipotent Wisdom, let him not wander the wide world round to seek them, but examine himself. Now, if this machine gets out of order, as it does unless love keeps it right, how is life to be other than a gloomy vale of bitterness and tears? Can it?

Laughter is a good thing. It has credit for adding length to the days of man. This credit is due. Laughter does a good thing for the species. Men are better for it; ditto women. We don't like a person who never laughs; we do like one who does laugh. The chances are that the latter will be ten times as good as the former. The chap that don't laugh — how can you trust him? He may be a saint, but he is a dark and suspicious one. Besides, laughter is a tonic, and everybody needs something of this sort. Moral: cotton to laughers; turn your back severely on those who never open their mouth, except to utter a melancholic moan, or drivel a tomb-like warning.

Be sure and have the heart right. All else is sure to come right, including the head. There is never a weak head attached to a good and strong heart. The thing is impossible. As well expect a white face on a black body. Nature doesn't make 'em that way. The main thing is the heart. It is the central part. That correct, everything is correct. Love does not change the matter. It is simply an exchange, — one good thing for another of the same sort. People's hearts are often perverted, shrivelled, cold, motion-

less, and very many, it would seem, have none at all. In the first place, have a heart; then have it in the right place; after that you will be all right.

Scandal, if an invention, is sure, like children, to grow rapidly. The more improbable, the faster its growth, and the more readily credited by a majority of people. Folks let fiction in at the front door, with all sorts of ceremony, but kick fact out at the back door without any.

Sunshine is good; so is cloud. No man — we will *not* say woman — can live on sugar. Wheat without chaff would be monstrous. All good has streaks of evil, and for the end that good may be presented in cheerful contrast to evil. A little adversity, a little opposition, a little care, some trouble, — these are an advantage. Such cultivate and develop us. No year is made up of summer, and he is a fool who thinks it is.

SOLUTIONS.

We are too far in the nineteenth century to require to be told that the affections act and react with tremendous force upon our physical as well as mental and moral structures and constitutions; nor that so-called wives and husbands frequently become absolutely and unequivocally poisoned by the repulsive spheres of their respective mates. In marriage land to-day non-assimilation of tempers, temperaments, spheres, joys, sorrows, pleasures, and pains, is the rule, while the converse is the exception. We are more highly and finely organized than were our ancestors, and far more susceptible to impressions of all kinds, and, like a good watch, are very easily thrown out of gear, become tired of our mates, restive under the ties which bind us, and long for what will fill the aching void, whose exact nature we do not precisely understand. An opinion largely prevails, emanating from wretched quacks, that the weak wife will extract the life from the strong husband, and vice versa, which, in some sense, is partly true. But magnetisms, like all other invisible things, are graded, and the weak wife and refined woman finds no attraction in the coarse husband, and wholly fails to draw the slightest vitality from her strong and burly lord; but that lord is certain to draw from *her* the finer magnetism of her body, and fattens on it, while she drops graveward day by day, because she cannot consume *his* coarse strength, but he delights in feeding

upon *her* fine nerve aura; and many a suffering woman there is, who, feeling conscious that her life is being drained, and dreading the disgrace of a judicial or other separation, makes up her mind to bear it and die. Now this is not right or necessary, because her negative state alone is the cause of it, and to live, defy the raid upon her life and health, and become positive to the vampirous onslaught, is entirely within her power, because magnetic and electric positive states are as easily inductible in human bodies as in steel filings. She lacks oxygen, phosogen, — the proximate element of life, — phosphorus, iron; and the chauges are that her despair and disease — for such a woman is almost death-sure to have nervous complaints, obstructed or profuse menses, leucorrhœa, prolapsus of the uterus, and a score of other vaginal, nervous, and uterine troubles beside, often attended with a strong desire to “get religion” — proceed, whatever may have been the original producing cause, — proceed, I repeat, from morbid chemical states of her body, frequently indicated by the excessive quantity of various acids and salts therein; which fact may easily be verified or gainsaid by chemical tests, very easily made, and which, when made, are perfectly decisive and conclusive on that point. I defy any man or woman to be contented, loving, or happy, whose body is loaded down with slime, algoid vegetations along the various canals of the body; parasites in the intestines, liver, heart, brain or stomach (there are four and twenty species of entozoic parasites which find their natural habitat in the alimentary canal of man); ulcers in the veins, digestive organs, head, vagina, testes, womb, prostate gland or heart; or if the blood be loaded with spores, metallic atoms in excess, or wrong kinds, acids, alkalis, salts of various kinds, and earthy phosphates in excess, sugar, albumen, or vegetable fungi, — and I here repeat that hundreds of people live lives of wretchedness from such physical causes, who imagine them wholly mental. If such ones would but test the matter, destroy all morbid life within them by appropriate chemical and medicinal means, bring up the nervous tone and energy by means of the right kind of breathing, sunshine, fresh air, ablutions, music, exercise, and varied employment, the graveyards would be less thickly populated. I have known hundreds of such people effectually restored to pristine vigor and magnetic power by such means.

That spores, parasites, and animalculæ are a frequent and often unsuspected cause of diseases of the body, and oftener the cause of mental disturbance, may be judged of from the following taken from the "Boston Journal of Chemistry:" —

"CYSTITIS.—Dr. Bottini (of Navarre) has injected the bladder in cases of cystitis with a solution of carbolic acid, — one part to one hundred of water, — and has obtained most unhoped-for success. The putrefaction of the urine, due to its stagnation in the bladder, is combated, stopped, or prevented; and the myriads of zoöphytes and of penicillium glaucum, very abundant before its use, are no longer to be found in the pus or urine." — *Giorn della Venetie*.

"PARASITES IN PERSPIRATION.—Dr. Lemaire, of Paris, has been examining the coating of perspiration and dust formed upon the bodies of people who have passed ten or fifteen days without a bath, and finds in it millions of living parasites."

"The Chicago Microscopical Club examined specimens of trichinæ from the biceps muscle of a young lady who recently died near that city. The specimens examined showed three hundred thousand parasites to the cubic inch."

"PRESENCE OF INFUSORIA IN THE EXPIRED AIR IN WHOOPING-COUGH. — M. Poulet, in a note to the *Academie des Sciences (Gazette Hebdomadaire)*, writes as follows: A small epidemic of whooping-cough having occurred in the locality where I live, I was induced to examine the vapor expired by several children affected with this malady, reputed contagious by the majority of observers. These vapors arising from the respiration of the little patients, presented a veritable world of infusoria, identical in all cases. The more numerous, which were also the most slender, may be classed with the species described by some under the name of *Monas termo*; by others, under that of *Bacterium termo*. Others in less number moved to and fro in the field of the instrument. They had a form resembling a *bacillus*, slightly spindle-shaped; their length was two to three hundredths of a millimetre; their breadth, about a fifth as much. This is the species which Muller named *Monas punctum*; Ehrenberg, *Bodo punctum*; and which micrographers habitually class among the Bacteries — *Bacterium bacillus*. Thus, whooping-cough, because of these alterations in the expired air, belongs to the class of infectious maladies, of

which I have already studied, from the same point of view, variola, scarlatina, and typhoid fever; and a truth, which the simple observation of facts had already rendered evident, receives from microscopic study complete confirmation.

“The air we breathe, the water we drink, are full of spores and organic germs, all of which seem to have a purpose to serve in the economy of things. If any one doubts the statements of scientific men regarding the presence of these germs, they have only to become acquainted with the use of the microscope to convince themselves of their entire truthfulness. Separate from the bark of the common maple-tree a bit of the adhering dry lichen, or *moss*, as it is called, moisten it with water, and place over it a glass slide. The spores or seeds which lie dormant, when the lichen is dry, immediately become vitalized, and rising into the air are caught upon the glass, and with a power of four hundred diameters can be seen and studied. This simple experiment will illustrate the origin and nature of what are called spores, and the air is filled with thousands of varieties, arising from as many sources.

“Dr. Smith and Mr. Dancer, of Manchester, England, have recently been examining the air of that city, and have found it loaded with them. The air was first washed by shaking it in a bottle with distilled water, and in a drop of the water it was reckoned that there were about two hundred and fifty thousand spores. In the quantity of air respired by a man in ten hours there would be more than thirty-seven and a half millions. All these germs, floating in the air, are ready to spring into activity, whenever the conditions of growth are favorable. The varieties and sources of fungoid growths from which the spores arise are wonderful. A fungus is known which develops only on the corpses of spiders; another, which grows only on the hoofs of horses in a state of decomposition. The *isaria* has as yet been observed only on certain night butterflies; there are other species which invade the larvæ and chrysalides. Hooker has discovered a fungus which attains considerable dimensions (from ten to twelve centimeters), but which is found absolutely only on the neck of a certain caterpillar in tropical countries. It vegetates on the animal, fructifies on it, and the caterpillar buries it with itself in the ground, whence it springs like a funeral plume. Still more, a singular vegetable is known, the *racodium cellare*, which has never been found except

on the casks in wine-cellars, and another which lives only on the drops of soot which the workmen let fall on the soil of mines. 'Have the seeds of these vegetables remained without use from the origin of the world to the day that they found their proper soil?'"

"Professor S——, of Cleveland, Ohio, has the very great reputation of having first discovered and demonstrated the cause of fever and ague to be an algoid vegetation which is found in the soils of malarial districts. This sends out its minute spores, which rise in the air, are inhaled into the lungs, and thus find their way into the system, where they grow till they are found in the blood, in all the secretions and excretions, and on the cutaneous surface. This discovery would seem to be enough for one man, as it has been sought after for ages. The doctor gives particular direction what to look for in a drop of blood, naming some sixty-seven different things to be noted, and even then, the catalogue is not complete. This is rather startling to ordinary observers, who have been accustomed to see only two items in a drop of blood, the red corpuscle and the white. Such are apt to speak of the doctor as a monomaniac. They do not receive the idea that rheumatism is caused by oxalate of lime, cystine, phosphates, and emboli of fibrine in the blood; nor do they welcome the announcement that algoid and fungoid spores and filaments are found in certain pathological states of the blood as causes of disease. Ordinary microscopic observers are slow to believe in the statement that small-pox is caused by a vegetation which has an algoid and fungoid phase growing together, and that cow-pox is simply the algoid phase alone. It is also difficult for them to understand that typhoid fever is caused by a vegetation which grows on the skin, in the blood, and in the Peyer's and Brunner's glands of the small intestines; all which views the doctor announces in the present work. It is easy to explain this distrust, on the ground that the views are novel, strange, and opposed to ordinary ideas. What is brought forward to sustain these extraordinary assertions? The doctor simply states, that he has made over *thirty-five thousand* examinations of blood, some of the examinations extending over half a day's time. He has demonstrated to many physicians—among them is the writer—certain appearances in the blood which correspond to his descriptions, this blood being taken from

patients in the presence of the observers, and immediately examined under the very best microscopes. The same appearances have been found in the blood of patients by other observers after having been pointed out; so that there cannot be any doubt but that certain new pathological appearances have been discovered and brought into notice, only the question arises as to the interpretation to be placed upon them. If he is rightly understood, he does not ask for his statements to be received and swallowed down whole; he wishes other observers to enter this new field, and, by a large number of careful studies, extended over a comparatively long period of time, to establish the truth or falsity of his conclusions.

“ We have always heard a great deal about ‘bad blood.’ It is one of the most satisfactory diagnoses to the sick. They are willing to undergo a process of cleansing the blood by medicine, believing that they will not be cured until the detergent operation has been performed; but if you ask what is meant by ‘bad blood,’ you will find it difficult to receive an answer which is specific. But the doctor comes forward and gives a clear response by saying, that in ‘bad blood’ are found certain definite, positive, specific, morphological characteristics and bodies, such as cystine, oxalate of lime, etc., which are foreign and pathological, and which, by their presence and admixture, render the blood abnormal, that is, bad.

“ It is easy to see, should these discoveries be confirmed received, and established, among the medical profession, how accurate and scientific the practice of medicine would become in certain complaints now considered self-limited, and subjected to expectant treatment. There would be a physical cause to remove; something to take away and something to restore. For the sake, then, of suffering humanity, and of the medical profession, we hope that he may receive a candid, impartial, and exhaustive hearing and trial by those who are the most competent to judge of such things; and if our author comes out of the ordeal sustained, we shall be safe in saying of him that he will rank as one of the greatest medical discoverers and benefactors.”

“ The other new and interesting metals which we find in our collection are *lithium*, *thallium*, and *indium*. The first of these is of a white color, and fuses at 180°. It is the lightest metal known,

being almost as light as cork. Before spectrum analysis was discovered, it was supposed the lithium salts were very rare; but the wonderful spectroscopist reveals their presence in almost all waters, in milk, tobacco, and even in human blood. A very strange plant is the tobacco plant. How singular, that atoms of the rarest and most remarkable of all the metals—caesium, rubidium, and lithium—should be found in this pungent weed! When volatile lithium compounds are heated in flame, they impart to it a most magnificent crimson tinge; nothing in ordinary pyrotechny can compare with it. *If one six-thousandth part of a grain of lithium be present in a body, the spectroscopist shows it when it is volatilized, or burned.*”

M. de la Rive makes an interesting communication to the Academy of Sciences, in Paris, upon the electrical state of the globe. We will give a summary of it after a few considerations.

“Perfect instruments are of an extreme delicacy; the least thing deranges them and makes them valueless. It is the same with choice organizations. Persons whose moral and physical characters are uniform, moderate, always the same, who fall into no extremes, who are rarely subject to slight variations of health and strength. but who, whenever they are indisposed, are so in earnest, — these persons, whose thoughts and feelings move always upon the same diapason, possess a quantity and intensity of life nearly uniform, ever the same, which changes, but slowly and with difficulty, but which, when once modified and enfeebled, is also with difficulty restored. These temperaments are bad conductors of life. They guard it well; but if circumstances unfortunately arise to enfeeble it, it can only be restored with much difficulty.

“There are vulgar and common natures having no sentiment of poetry, made to live uniformly, without excesses of any kind. It is on this account they are commonly called good characters. But there is another category of individuals. See that man, full of force, of joy, of enthusiasm. Life animates all his fibres; existence is for him only happiness and success. But observe him to-morrow — even to-day, perhaps. Dejection contracts his features; a profound melancholy shades his expression. How much sadness in his physiognomy! Apprehension, indecision, the most complete vacuity, has seized hold of him. He sees only bitterness on the earth; happiness has disappeared. And, what is strange,

his whole life passes in these alternations of strength and weakness, courage and fear, joys and sorrows indescribable. This is the type of those organizations which fill themselves with life in a moment, and may also lose it in a moment. They are to-day on the borders of the tomb, and to-morrow rejuvenated as though regenerated.

“These natures, with characters so variable, which give the diapason in all degrees to human passion, — now full of strength and vigor, now cold and glacial, — are what the vulgar term melancholy characters; but the close observer will recognize in them the impress of choice natures, — those alone capable of great things. These especially need to study the hygiene suited to them, and the wisdom which will give them strength to restrain and subdue their characters; then they may make the saints and heroes, the great men of every description. These natures alone are susceptible of sublime enjoyments and sublime sorrows, and of experiencing all that human life comprises. In their ranks are found the great martyrs of humanity; the geniuses and poets, who see the truth and feel its expression; the beautiful in every art, — music, design, literature, etc.

“Nature entire is a language which these natures know by heart, and which reveals to them utterable secrets unknown to vulgar natures. The splendors of a beautiful night, the shades of the forest, the shuddering of the foliage in the breeze, the roaring waves of the sea, speak a language known to them.

“It is very unfortunate if these natures go astray and are careless to curb their evil passions; for it is these alone who are capable of becoming the greatest and most corrupt profligates, or the most pure and noble philanthropists. If all the individuals belonging to this category are not endowed with an intelligence sufficiently vast to be marked out in the multitude, they have, nevertheless, a certain stamp which enables them to be recognized as belonging, more or less, to this noble class.

“From the individual who is the most imperfect conductor of life, to him who is the best, there is an infinity of degrees, where each energy of character, with all its consequences, finds its place. It is not astonishing, then, that the atmospheric condition of the globe operates so much upon the persons of whom we are speaking, when we know the relations which exist between electricity

and life, and the perturbations which atmospheric changes produce in the electrical state of the globe.”

In order to protect my readers from the base impositions of empirics, I will teach them briefly how to detect certain physical abnormal states by the analysis of urine. Of course, if the sickly state consequent upon either the reactions of the human loves upon the body, which frequently originate chemical conditions favorable to the development of minute organic life in the form of animalculæ, parasites, living atoms, infusoria, abnormal vegetations, etc., or which spring from the absorption of poison, either ethereal, electric, magnetic, or from contact, the examinations must proceed by means of the microscope, the blood being the substance of analysis instead of the urine, as hereinafter directed how to be done.

When a person is mortally bitten by the *cobra*, molecules of living germinal matter are thrown into the blood, and so rapidly multiply that in a few hours millions upon millions are produced. Chemical action is interfered with, combustion is extinguished; coldness, sleepiness, insensibility, slow breathing, and death follow. How mysterious is the influence of *poison*!

Much of our conduct depends, no doubt, upon the character of the food we eat. Perhaps, indeed, the nature of our meals governs the nature of our impulses more than we are inclined to admit, because none of us relish well the abandonment of our idea of free agency. Bonaparte used to attribute the loss of one of his battles to a poor dinner, which, at the time, disturbed his digestion: how many of our misjudgments, how many of our deliberate errors, how many of our unkindnesses, our cruelties, our acts of thoughtlessness and recklessness, may be actually owing to a cause of the same character? We eat something that deranges the condition of the system. Through the stomacic nerve that derangement immediately affects the brain. Moroseness succeeds amiability; and under its influence we do that which would shock our sensibility at any other moment. Or, perhaps, a gastric irregularity is the common result of an over-indulgence in wholesome food, or a moderate indulgence in unsuitable food. The liver is afflicted. In this affliction the brain profoundly sympathizes. The temper is soured; the understanding is narrowed; prejudices are strengthened; generous impulses are subdued; selfishness,

originated by physical disturbances which perpetually distract the mind's attention, become a chronic mental disorder ; the feeling of charity dies out ; we live for ourselves alone ; we have no care for others. And all this change of nature is the consequence of an injudicious diet.

I have already called attention to the statements of Professor Huxley concerning Protoplasm, or the physical basis of life. I now propose to recur to it again. It is incontestably proved that all life originates in a gelatinous substance,— animal and vegetable life alike. It is also generally believed that “a man without love is no man at all ;” and the same holds true of woman. There never yet was a really great man or woman who was not open-hearted, generous, oftentimes faulty, and in all cases weak in the amorous departments of common human nature. There is no class of diseases so prevalent in the world as those which affect the brain, the nerves, and the sexual organizations of both sexes alike ; none are so hard to cure, none so terrible in their results, — for insanity in a hundred forms attests this truth. Exhaustion is said to be the cause. But exhaustion of what? Of blood? No ; for you may bleed a man to the verge of death, yet leave him sane, healthy but weak. Of semen, in the case of man, or lochia in that of woman? No ; either of these are inadequate to the results we see. Of what, then, are such people exhausted,— those females, for instance, who by love disappointments are blighted in a month ; or those men who by continued libertinism or solitary habits have reached life's strand? I answer they have lost the power to chemically generate the physical under-layer of life, that element known to modern science as Protoplasm, not the mere nitrogenous lining of cells, but the vivificatory unctious First-Matter that constitutes the primal nucleoli of the billion-fold forms of organic life, and without which no life at all could be. Good food is consigned to the stomach, by it is changed into chyme and chyle ; is then passed into the blood, is exposed to the action of ether, oxygen, and electricity through the instrumentality of the lungs, and undergoes a change into phosogen, and as such makes its round through the body generally, until a certain portion of it is lodged by the way, forming nails, hair, and bone. Still rushing on its course, it is acted on by light, ether, and magnetism through the instrumentality of the skin, and undergoes a further transmutation into

human protoplasm in the womb, ovaries, vagina, brain, testicles, prostate, and duvernayan glands respectively, whence it takes a higher ethereal form and becomes nerve-aura, — the energizing influence of the entire human being. But when, by sudden overwhelming, affectional, or nervous shocks, by self-abuse or libertinism, the nervous energy of the organs named becomes impaired, the chemical changes cannot occur, waste ensues, sickness results, and death speedily follows. Here, then, is a new discovery of priceless value, and deduced from thousands of patient observations, and the truth has been proved in hundreds of instances in a medico-chemical practice of over five and twenty years. And I will go into any insane asylum or hospital in the world and undertake the entire restoration of any hundred cases of disease caused by nervous drain, dyspepsia, libertinism, or insanity in any form, originating in over use, abuse, or electrical insulation of any of the nervous apparatus. Of course, I will decline to attempt it when the cause has been a blow or a fall; but in any case resulting from nervous shock, vital expenditure, and sedentary habit, I will undertake all cases, and guarantee success merely by the use of protoplasmal agents in ninety-eight out of each hundred; and I will teach any and all applicants the entire art, power, and nature of the theory and practice, now enunciated to the world for the first time in its history. Like all other discoverers, I have been compelled to row my barque against wind and tide, amidst the jeers and sneers, and, what is worse still, the faint praise of fair-weather friends; never had a party, never worked for one, and up to this hour have encountered vindictive hostility from the party of reformers in whose cause I have labored for many long years, — people who in the dark hour predicted my failure, and in the light days said, “We always knew you would succeed.” *I have* succeeded, and am proud this blessed day when I can write that sentence, and happy in God’s truth, and that I am able and willing to share it with mankind. This I shall do, no matter who frowns, so long as my home is on earth and my residence is, at present, Boston, Mass., where all who value the truths I have delved for can write me and receive it at my hands.

What an enormous host there is who can, truthfully, mournfully, broken-heartedly, sing this mournful song of “dead love”! I have sung it, with pallid lips and tortured soul, when the great

world about me knew nothing of the pangs of my soul, but expected me to smile and be gay, and pour forth eloquent speech into the ears of the throng, when all the while my heart was aching and salt tears were rushing, unbidden, to my eyes:—

{ We are face to face, and between us here
 Is the love we thought could never die;
 Why has it only lived a year?
 Who has murdered it, — you or I?

“No matter who — the deed was done
 By one or both, and there it lies;
 The smile from the lip is forever gone,
 And darkness over the beautiful eyes.

“Our love is dead, and our hope is wrecked;
 So what does it profit to talk and rave,
 Whether it perished by my neglect,
 Or whether your cruelty dug its grave?

“Why should you say that I am to blame;
 Or why should I charge the sin on you?
 Our work is beside us all the same,
 And the guilt of it lies between us two.

“We have praised our love for its beauty and grace;
 Now we stand here, and hardly dare
 To turn the face-cloth back from the face,
 And see the thing that is hidden there.

“Yet look! ah, that heart has heat its last,
 And the beautiful life of our life is o’er,
 And when we have hurried and left the past,
 We two together can walk no more.

“You might stretch yourself on the dead and weep
 And pray as the prophet prayed—in pain;
 And not like him could you break the sleep,
 And bring the soul to the clay again.

“Its head on my bosom I can lay,
 And shower my woe there, kiss on kiss;
 But there never was resurrection day
 In the world for a love so dead as this.

“And since we cannot lessen the sin
 By mourning over the deed we did,
 Let us draw the winding-sheet up to the chin,
 Ay, up till the death-blind eyes are hid.”

This story is as common in society as are sunrises on the world. It is safe to say that just such a skeleton, blighted hopes and wrecked affection, can be found in seven households in every ten; and still the grim tragedy goes on, and its elements are waywardness, thoughtlessness, lack of bearance and forbearance, selfishness or lust, resulting in coolness, coldness, estrangement, disgust, and hatred. Love is a tender flower, and must be carefully nursed, or it will wither and decay, after which, one of two roads lie before the victims, — sickness, wasting, and death, or desperation, and — a liaison; for it is human nature to yearn for affection, and if it cannot be had at home it will be sought for elsewhere, and accepted wherever and whenever found. How many of you who read this book, and “After Death,” know the force of God’s truth, now falling from my pen, and how many of you daily behold the skeleton in your own closets! To render the sum-total less, and because I have suffered *just there*, is why I have written on Love and its Hidden History.

Somebody thinks the marriage service should read thus: —

“Clergyman: Will you take this stonc mansion, this carriage and pair, and these diamonds for thy wedded husband? Yes. Will you take this unpaid milliner’s bill, this high chignon of foreign hair, these affected accomplishments and feeble constitution for thy wedded wife? Yes. Then what man has joined together let the next best man run away with, so that the first divorce court may tear them asunder;” and not be far wrong either as times go.

It often happens that an unexpressed thought of one person is felt by the other without a word being spoken or an overt act done. Married people to each other can be, and often are, the veriest hypocrites; and many a man and wife have lain down at night with murder and suicide for bedfellows, requiring but one more feather’s weight to crush a soul and send another victim of misplaced confidence home to God.

Many of our sufferings on account of love come vicariously. Away back in the foretime some of our progenitors have transgressed its mysterious laws, mental, moral, or physical, and we are called upon to pay the cost; for “I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children.” No truer line was ever written, and it will stand so while

the mathematical laws of physiology remain a part of God's economy.

In my book, "THE ROSICRUCIAN'S STORY," I have, in the form of a novel, treated this entire subject at length, and I refer my readers to that work for further light upon this part of the general subject. The cure of the bad state of affairs between Tom Clark and Betsey his wife, in that volume, as in the greater one of human life, hinges upon the practical application of a magic power resident in the little word "TRY;" for it is a great word, though it musters only three letters. It is the story of every achievement, from great to small, that the world has ever seen. The presence or absence of its spirit is the mark which distinguishes the difference in men. The lad or young man who says he will try, and means it, is the one who, by and by, will succeed. The head on his shoulders is the go-ahead, the kind which all good folks admire, and which is a credit and profit to itself; and in love affairs, the *disagremens* of affectional life, no talisman is so potent as that one word.

[NOTE. — At this point there arises a thought which, while of inestimable value to all who are subjects of affection, cannot well be printed in this book, not because of immodesty, but because the masses yet labor under many false impressions. I sacredly believe that the thought here alluded to, and the information it conveys, is the most transcendently valuable ever given on the esoteric love-life of the race; and as all truth is common property, I hold this one at the service of all who are married and *disappointed*, and all who seek to wed and escape the universal horror. Such may write me for it at Boston.]

It is sheer folly to expect or attempt to make people love each other by statute law. God makes marriages if any are made, and all others are sheer frauds, counterfeits, and not worth the paper upon which the certificates are written. Just think of A and B certifying that C and D are married! Bah! Marriage is of the heart, and head, and soul, and when not so, it is not wedlock, — it is a patent compound torture to both, and its fitting name is — Hell, and many of us there be, of both genders, who serve apprenticeships therein! We are all sensible of our power of enjoying life in all its phases, love in all its moods. And then to be balked of its attainment! Well might Victor Hugo say as he does: "With such longings, how grievous a thing it is to be im-

potent!" And yet after all we need not be; and will not be when we all learn that God means sex to the spirit and not alone to the senses, as it is, alas, too often solely regarded by us poor, half-blind children of his merey!

Husbands are not alone in making mistakes. Their hearts are human as well as their wives', and they equally value patience, kindness, sympathy, forbearance, and *fondness*. A wifely caress wonderfully rests a wearied man, and a timely kiss and sweet word will ever pay an exorbitant interest.

When a couple disagree, gossips and "the public" usually take sides and blame one or the other, and say, "he is in fault," or "she is." Now, how do *they* know? How is it *possible* for outsiders, even in the family, to *know* about the causes of trouble which often lie too deep for probing? What do they, what *can* they, know about the private and strictly secret causes at the base of the domestic rupture? What *can* other people *know* of the private skeleton in the closet of each, both, or either? Evidently *nothing* at all; and many a man and woman has been condemned by the speech of just such meddling fools as are to be found in every neighborhood. A woman or a man are altogether different beings to the "people," and even to their own parents, to what they are to each other; and it is time the "people" found this out!

The rabidities of mankind, the coarseness he evinces, the lurid lusts that beset him, and the fearful perversions of the amative passion witnessed in his career, are *not* the legitimate properties of the species, and will not be seen when the race remembers its descent, realizes its inherent royalty.

In the heart of man there lurks, like a lion in a jungle, the principle of royalty! We are all of us born kings. We have royal marks about us. We are owners of escutcheons that blaze not with the reminiscences of a past glory, but with the splendid promises of a life in the future. These signs of the royalty in our nature are too plain to be mistaken. The multitudes have always set up kings above them, that they might thus do homage to those regal qualities of which they felt themselves to be possessed. We testify, in a great degree, our claim to a quality the instant we begin to betray our appreciation. "Man is a noble animal; splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave," said Sir Thomas Browne. Yes, man is royal, whether in life or death. With ele-

ments in his nature that are godlike ; with capacities whose final reach no intellect has yet limited ; with hopes that burn like everlasting stars in the sky ; and aspirations that mount up on stronger than eagle's wings, and seek to lay hold of the very battlements of heaven ; with a reason forever restless and unsatisfied ; a widening career that continually puts the worthiness of his past actions to open shame ; with longings after the vague and ideal, and a soul forever haunted with images and dreams, that would seem almost to hint at a previous existence, — well might Hamlet say as he did : —

“ What is man,
If his chief good, and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast no more.
Sure, He that made us with such large discourse
Looking before and after gave us not
That capability and godlike reason,
To fast in us unused.”

“ She said, You offer me *love* — but what *kind* — ah, what *kind*? And he answered, love all truly human.” — Listen! —

I will love thee as the flowers love,
That in the summer weather,
Each standing in its own place,
Lean rosy lips together,
And pour their sweet confession
Through a petal's folded palm,
With a breath that only deepens
The azure-lidded calm
Of the heavens bending o'er them,
And the blue-bells hung before them,
All whose odor in the silence is a psalm.

I will love thee as the dews love,
In chambers of a lily;
Hung orb-like and unmeeting,
With their flashes blending stilly;
By the white shield of the petals
Held a little way apart,
While all the air is sweeter
For the yearning of each heart,
That yet keep cool and crystal
Their globed spheres celestial,
While to and fro their glimmers ever dart.

I will love thee as the stars love,
 In sanctity enfolden;
 That tune in constellations
 Their harps divine and golden;
 Across the heavens greeting
 Their sisters from afar;
 The Pleiades to Mazzaroth, —
 Star answering to star
 With a love as high and holy,
 And apart from all that's lowly,
 Swaying to thee like the planets without jar.

I will love thee as the spirits love,
 Who, free of earth and heaven,
 Wreathe white and pale blue flowers
 For the brows of the forgiven;
 And are dear to one another
 For the blessings they bestow
 On the weary and the wasted,
 In our wilderness of woe;
 By thy good name with the angels,
 And thy human heart's evangel,
 Shall my love from holy silence to thee go.

Kind words always *pay*; they never blister on the tongue or lips; and we never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much. They help one's own good nature and good will. Soft words soften our own soul. Angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make it burn more fiercely. Kind words make other people good-natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. There is such a rush of all other kind of words in our day, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and idle words, and silly words, and hasty words, and spiteful words, and empty words, and profane words, and boisterous words, and war-like words. Kind words also produce their own image on men's souls; and a beautiful image it is. They soothe, and quiet, and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used. — *Pascal*.

* * * * *

Let us now proceed to the recital of methods whereby to ascer-

tain, by legitimate scientific tests, the presence of morbid matters in the system, and as the processes are simple and easy, besides being quite inexpensive, seeing that for the sum of ten dollars every family may provide itself with the entire chemical apparatus, agents, reagents, and even a microscope of forty diameter power, and by following the rules here laid down, be able to demonstrate the character of any malady of the nature of those we have been mainly considering, namely, those of the nervous, sexual, and urinary systems,—the very ones that are sure to be more or less deranged under abnormal states of the love-nature of both sexes; and when these organs and functions are restored to normal health, normal power is the direct result; for with that restoration come the elements of will, courage, resolution, and force of character; for when all is right in that department the resisting power, both mental, moral, and physical, is right also; if these sections of human nature are wrong, then the whole immortal being is unhinged; by the presence of a grain of poison in the blood, or morbid life (parasites, etc.), all of which sustain themselves by consuming and appropriating the magnetism and electricity of the body, and therefore rob the mind of its pabulum, the victim is not him or herself in any sense of the word.

Now, a very summary method of finding out some of the causes of physical prostration and morbidity is to take a portion of the urine first discharged after a night of sleep or rest, having previously provided the apparatus above mentioned, which is comprised in a half-dozen watch crystals, test-tubes, spirit lamp, gravity vial or urinometer, and a few chemicals and testing-paper. After standing a few hours the urine may present any one of a dozen suspicious appearances; it may be colorless, or too highly colored. The specific gravity, which in a healthful state seldom falls below 1003,' or above 1030'. If it prove to be between 1015' and 1025,' no particularly diseased state is indicated; but if it ranges from 1025,' to 1045',—on the authority of the best living chemist, the result of whose experiments I am here giving,—you may regard the patient as laboring under a more or less positive *diabetic* condition, for a high specific gravity is absolute proof of the presence of sugar; but to remove all doubt let the urine stand awhile, and if diabetic a whitish scum will rise upon its surface. Now take a spoonful of the urine and mix with

it half as much liquor potassa, put it into a test-tube and boil it over the spirit-lamp, and if sugar (diabetes) is in it, the resultant tint will be *brownish*. But to make assurance doubly sure, half-fill another test-tube with the urine, and add two drops of a solution of sulphate of copper, blue vitriol; this will just shade the liquid; then add one-third as much liquor of potassa as there is of the urine, and boil it as in the previous experiment. If sugar be present a *yellow* or *reddish-brown* precipitate will be found settling at the bottom; but if there be a *black* precipitate there is no diabetes.

Now, there is among Americans a great deal too much nervous action and emotional excitement, from which very frequently results a terrible malady known as "Bright's disease of the kidneys," and pitiable indeed are the victims of it. To determine the presence of that complaint you must test for *albumen* in the urine, which is simply done by merely boiling it in the test-tube, and if albumenuria exists it will assume either a delicate opalescent hue, caused by the minute floeculi of boiled-egg-like substance, or it will appear in larger curdy flakes, and sometimes will even almost solidify into compact gelatine. But it often happens that an excess of earthy phosphates will produce a white precipitate, even when there is not the slightest trace of albumen. To test the matter keep on boiling; if the white precipitate still abounds, albumen is present; or take another test-tube of the urine and add five drops of dilute *nitric* acid, and if the patient has Bright's disease the urine will assume a permanent milky hue.

We are all chemical laboratories, of a very high and fine order, and a great many things, elements, and combinations come out of us that never went in, but are the results of chemical action within the body. Among others thus produced is a very important element known to chemists as urea, the same that gives to urine its very peculiar and pungent odor, especially when thrown upon a hot iron surface. Now, if this element be in excess within the body, it is productive of very bad consequences, for it is certain to produce morbid states of mind, unusual drowsiness, inability to control one's self, and a long and distressing catalogue of ills besides. The element is essential to health when normal in quantity. To detect its excess, place a few drops of urine on a tumbler bottom, and add an equal number of drops of pure nitric acid, and if

urea be in excess, there will form a number of rhomboidal, six-sided crystals, clearly discernible by the unassisted eye; but if they require magnifying, in order to be clearly seen, then give yourself no trouble on the score of urea. The remedy for its excess is avoidance of all stimulants, and the due administration of Phosodyn and Bromide of Ammonia.

There is a peculiar element in the urine called uric acid. When present in excess it has a very high color, either a heavy amber or reddish-brown, and a bit of litmus paper wet with it instantly turns red. After being boiled, and suffered to cool, a crystalline sediment of a red color will be deposited, a little of which must be taken, placed on a slip of glass, and examined under the microscope, one of which, showing forty diameters, can be bought for a trifle. If groups of clearly defined crystals are seen, they are uric acid. Now heat the urine that has the sediment in it, and the uric acid will not dissolve until you add a few drops of liquor-potassa to the sediment. It is always present in moderate quantity in healthy urine, but when excessive is the cause of an immense deal of nervous, mental, and urinal trouble, because it is productive of millions of fine, sharp crystals, which, being taken up by the blood, are deposited all over the system, and when this is the case health, either of mind, morals, or body, is wholly impossible.

Ammonia, or salts containing it, is not often found in fresh urine, but by standing awhile it will decompose, and its nitrogenous constituents will assume the form of ammoniacal compounds; hence it is frequently found to contain an excess of urate of ammonia, and in that case is high-colored, cloudy, turbid, dense, and heavy; and thousands there are who, because of that sediment appearing in their urine, have been frightened half out of their senses, and swindled of their dollars, by hundreds of conscienceless quacks who make a great parade over what they are pleased to term the "brick-dust" deposit, and sell any amount of "patent remedies" to cure it. Where it exists it can be easily tested, and quite as easily cured; for the same agents named above are especially effective in these cases also, for reasons hereinafter set forth. But it will be well to thoroughly test whether urate of ammonia be present or not, for the mere color of the sediment, pale fawn, reddish purple, or pink, is *not always* decisive, for several other alkaline bases, as soda and potash, may be combined

with uric acid therein, and of course the color will be more or less varied by them. Fill a test-tube and *slowly* warm it, and if the sediment, the "brick-dust" of the quacks, be urate of ammonia, it will dissolve at once, but will again precipitate when allowed to cool. Place a portion of the deposit under the microscope, and you will find many large, round particles among countless smaller ones in this amorphous powder. But do not mistake the phosphate of lime for urate of ammonia. To test it, place a few drops on a bit of glass, and add one drop of hydrochloric acid thereto. If it is the above phosphate it will at once dissolve; but if it be the urate it will decompose slowly, and very small crystals of uric acid be developed. Great care must also be taken not to confound urate of ammonia with the earthy phosphates. Remember that these latter very soon settle at the bottom of the urinal vessel, but the former cannot do so until time has effected certain chemical changes. It is only the excess of the phosphates that marks disease, for they, especially phosphate of lime, are held in solution in all healthy urine, and only when in excess do they cause trouble and consolidate into gravel or stone, and these calculi are often the cause of death, or, which is worse, protracted misery. Warm a little of the urine, and add a few drops of ammonia, which will at once cause the phosphates to fall down, and so you can judge if they are in excess or not. Frequently the urine contains *mucus*, — a bad sign. It will settle in two viscid, dirty yellow, tenacious layers, the limpid fluid at the top, the sticky, ropy mass at the bottom, nor do they easily mix together when stirred or shaken. The urine often contains *pus*, indicating albumen also when tested in a tube with a drop or so of nitric acid, for it will coagulate and float about in flocculi. If albumen is absent, so is pus. But when this latter is present there is serious trouble in kidneys, bladder, urethra, and the whole pelvic viscera, and recourse must be had to entire change of locality, climate, food, etc., or else to a full course of phosogenic treatment, the use of fruits, cereals, and, above all, good beef underdone, without condiments other than salt, cayenne, and mushroom sauces.

It is estimated that the direct income of quackery and child-murder in this country exceeds fourteen millions of dollars annually, and at least one-third of this is derived from the real or imaginary victims of spermatorrhea in men and of fluor albus in

women. As to the former, there is not over three cases in every ten claimed to be, that are in reality so, for in the microscope we have the means of demonstrating the facts, and exposing fraud at the same time; for if semen be passed spasmodically in sleep, or under venereal excitation, we have the means at hand everywhere that cold water or chloroform can be found to put a stop to it right off; and when passed in the urine, we can detect it, but require a glass of high power to do it with, because the human germs, zoas, or tadpole-like animalculæ, are exceedingly minute, and ought to be magnified at least three hundred diameters to enable us to form a correct judgment, for it may happen that the semen is voided by mere stress of physical virility and long abstinence, from sudden venereal excitement, or from chemical or magnetic causes, in neither of which cases is it true spermatorrhea, which is a total inability to retain it within the body, — a circumstance of *very rare* occurrence! When semen in the urine, or voided other ways abnormally, is properly referable to spermatorrhea, most of the zoas will be thin, laggard, slow, or dead; but if other causes have induced their discharge, they will exhibit phenomena the exact opposite of these. And although in any case they will be dead when found in the urine, — for the salt kills them, — yet the difference between those voided from disease of the parts involved, and those accidentally discharged, is the difference between a fat dead sheep and one dead from long neglect and final starvation. The proper cure in either case is to be found in phosodynamic treatment, persistently followed.

Qualitative, not quantitative, analysis, is what is mainly required in trying to learn the actual state of the body, especially in the morbid states that result from atony, perversion or inversion of the love nature and viscera.

Sometimes the system is too filled with acid, and to determine that point, dip a bit of blue litmus paper in the urine. If acid abounds the paper will redden. If alkalies prevail, test the point with turmeric paper, and it will become brown, if your surmise is right; in which case the urea has changed into the carbonate of ammonia, and must be corrected by the use of the barosmynic remedials; and the same must be exhibited if the urine gives evidence of a preponderance of uric acid, oxalate of lime, urate of ammonia, or of soda. Warm a little of the deposit in a test-tube.

If it dissolves it is either urate of soda or ammonia. If it does *not* dissolve, try another portion, and add five drops of acetic acid, and if it dissolves, rest assured that the sediment consists of earthy phosphates. But if it proves refractory, try another portion in the same way, with pure hydrochloric acid; if it dissolves you have oxalate of lime before you. But it may not dissolve yet, in which case a portion must be dried on a slip of glass, and then treated with a drop or two of nitric acid, and if it now dissolves, it must again be dried to a powder, and allowed to stand till cold; then apply two drops of ammonia, which, if the deposit be uric acid, will change its color to a fine purple-red.

Thus is clearly seen the chemical tests for uric acid, the earthy phosphates, oxalate of lime and soda, and the urate of ammonia, — all of which are prolific sources of trouble, and affect both mind, body, and disposition to a very abnormal degree.

But, in addition to the above four or five, and *semen, blood, pus, and mucus* in the urine, it may be heavily charged with *fatty matter*, indicating a very dangerous condition, — fatty degeneration of the kidneys; or chylous matter, — the presence of actual chyle in the urine, showing a fearful condition of the entire alimentary and absorbent systems; or it may contain *cystine, cystic oxide*, one of the principal elements of urinary calculi, gravel or stone, which may occasion uncounted trouble, and inexpressible agony. When blood is in the urine its color will detect it. It is insoluble when heated, and if warmed in a test-tube will coagulate upon the addition of two drops of nitric acid. Test for chyle and fat: Put equal bulks of urine and ether in a test-tube, and shake it well, then let the ether evaporate; after which put clear water in the tube, and the fat will float upon the surface. If, when shaken up with ether, the contents of the tube become milky and opaque, it demonstrates the presence of chyle. The test for cystine is to add a little ammonia to the deposit, and if it is cystine it will dissolve. Then dry the solution over a flame and magnify the crystals. If they are clearly hexagonal — six-sided — the cystine hypothesis is demonstrated to be true. These chemical tests are here given, because it not seldom happens that a deal of trouble in this life, especially in the love relations and organs, have no deeper seat than magnetic, chemical, and electric aberrations; and these self-same disturbances are often also directly caused by men-

tal and emotional disturbances in the same departments of being, and in either case the sufferer should at once hasten to change the abnormal action, by methods already indicated in these pages. Any one can carry on these testings, or take a four-ounce vial of the urine and send it to almost any chemist, and thus ascertain the real state of affairs underlying external symptoms or internal trouble. Since I began to make analyses I have but little cessation of labor.

But there is another phase of this grand subject, and different points of view, to some of which we will now briefly call attention:—

That soul, spirit, and body are, in this life, closely related and interdependent, is a truth which, although denied by unreasoning zealots, is so plain and clear, under the strong light that starry science has thrown upon the subject, that none but semi-idiots can possibly disaffirm.

I now announce another startling truth, believing, most solemnly believing, as I do, that moral, social, domestic, and intellectual health cannot possibly exist unless the human body is also in a free, full, pure state of normal health likewise. I have not the slightest doubt but that the bodily states here affect the immortal soul hereafter, and that the sin against one's self is, in its ulterior effects, the most terrible that man can imagine. Elsewhere I have defined it, and also announced the discovery of two other very important truths, namely, that nine-tenths of all the "crime," "sin," and "iniquity" committed on the globe, and especially within the pale of so-called "civilization" is wholly, solely, and entirely the result or effect of chemical, electrical, and magnetic conditions; and that if those who commit them were under the influence of an opposite state of things, quite opposite results and conduct would be the rule, and not the exception! However this theory may be misapprehended now, the day is not far off when its golden truth will be gratefully acknowledged on all sides; for it will be clearly seen that the same laws govern the mind as rule the body. Who is there that does not know that drunkenness is a mere *chemical* condition; that the effect of sudden ill-news turns one sick at the stomach; that disappointment hardens the liver; that fear relaxes the bowels; that grief unstrings the mus-

cles ; and that, in fact, a hundred other purely chemical effects demonstrate the truth of this my new theory ?

My researches into the arcana of mental and physical disease have fully satisfied me that this world of ours will never be the delightful place it is capable of becoming, till the great chemico-dynamic laws are clearly understood and obeyed. At intervals during twenty-five years I have practised medicine, have made neryous diseases, including insanity, a speciality ; and I now make public the secret of my success in the treatment of such, and correlated diseases, trusting that the disclosures may fall into the hands of those who are not so strongly bound to the old as to reject a better theory and system, and one, too, that has never yet failed where fairly tried.

Should my readers, and the vast public that I now address, be asked to state what they considered the most supreme bliss of physical life, no two answers would probably be the same ; for one would name this, another that, and so on through them all ; and the chances are that not one of them would correctly name it. Beyond all question the most rapturous sensation the human body can experience is sudden relief from pain, — an assertion amply confirmed by every one's experience. Freedom from pain is a supreme joy, perfect health the chief good, — facts not realized till both are gone.

The surgeon at his dissecting table is struck with awe as he beholds the marvels of the human body, even when still and cold in the icy folds of Death ; but what would be his astonishment and awe, could he with true clairvoyant eye behold the mighty machine in full and active motion, — as I and many others have through that marvellous magnetic sight ? Not for an emperor's diadem would I exchange the blessed knowledge thus acquired, for it has saved many a valuable life, and the glory is greater, and hereafter will be more highly prized, than that of any imperial butcher whose fame is builded upon rape, carnage, and fields red-wet with human slaughter.

“ It is all guesswork ! ” said one of earth's greatest physicians, when speaking of his own art ; and it is certain that nearly all the old theories of diseases and their remedies are fast dying out, and that the era of Positive Science is already dawning on the world. People now begin to understand of what their bodies are com-

posed and to realize that the best remedies are those already manufactured and compounded by Nature herself; or, in other words, they begin to know that any given form of disease indicates either the excess or absence of one or more of the elements that go to make up the body, and that means must be used to vacate the excess, or to supply the deficiency, which being done, and chemical harmony and electric and magnetic equilibrium being restored, physical, mental, and moral health follow, *must* follow, with mathematical certainty and precision. These physical remedies of Nature are heat, water, light, exercise, sleep, food, and fresh air, — the last being greatest, seeing that it is the most direct vehicle of life itself.

Men, and women too, have existed for long years immured in vile dungeons, deprived of all light; for no blessed sun-ray ever reached their blank abodes. These same victims, and millions more, existed and exist, without exercise, and with but poor food, and a worse supply of water. Caravans on the desert, and sailors becalmed or wrecked, have gone even twenty days without water, and yet survived to tell the dreadful tale of their fearful agonies when thus deprived. We are all familiar with the records of the long periods of forced abstinence from food, not a few instances having reached the enormous period of thirty consecutive days; nor need I scarce mention the wonderful resisting power of the human body against the extremes of both heat and cold, but especially the former. In some parts of India, Australia, and Africa, men thrive under a temperature within twenty-five degrees of that of boiling water; while here, right in our midst, thousands of fools flock to see others of the same species handle bars of hot iron, wash their hands in molten lead, walk barefoot on red-hot plates, and enter ovens with raw meat, abiding therein till said flesh is thoroughly done. Pity some of these foolhardy people couldn't find some safer way to earn a livelihood than by thus sportively trifling with sacred human life!

In reference to sleep, how many of my readers have spent sleepless nights for weeks together, when, from nervous irritability, trouble, or illness, it has been utterly impossible to snatch a moment's respite from the terrible unrest! How often the poor, pale, sad-hearted mother, as she leans and lingers over the sick-bed of her fever-stricken darling, finds sleep a stranger to her eyelids, and a fearfully intense wakefulness baffle all her attempts to catch

even one brief half-hour's slumber and repose! How often the "business man," — he who breathes the atmosphere of money-bags, lives wholly on 'change, and whose sweetest melody is the music of jingling dollars; the man who reads with feverish anxiety the daily commercial news, and watches with deep interest the fluctuations of stocks and commodities in the half-giutted marts of the "civilized" world, as he bends in slavish worship at the shrine of the golden god, — how often, I repeat, do men like him — and they are very plentiful in these dismal days — go day after day, for months and years, with scarce a night's sound sleep! Thus it is plain that mankind can, and often does, support existence, when deprived of food, raiment, light, heat, exercise, water, sleep, and fresh air.

Atmospheric air is a compound, one-third of which is oxygen; and this oxygen contains the principle of animal life within the minute globules whereof it is formed. Now, if there be an excess of this life-principle in a given volume of oxygen, whoever breathes it burns up, as it were, and becomes unfitted for normal living. If in the air we breathe there be less than a due amount of oxygen, containing the vital principle, whoever breathes it slowly but surely dies. This discovery — that oxygen is more than a common gas; that it is the vehicle of the vital principle, hence is itself a principle — is a most important one to the world, and especially the scientific portion thereof. If oxygen were to be withdrawn from the air for one short five minutes, every living thing — man and plant, animal and insect, reptile and fish, bird and worm — would perish instantaneously, and the globe we inhabit be turned into one vast festering graveyard. Not a vestige of any kind of life would remain to gladden the vision of an angel, should one of God's messengers chance to wing his flight that way. All terrestrial things would have reached a crisis; creation's wheels and pinions be effectually clogged; life itself go out in never-ending darkness, and gaunt, dreary chaos ascend the throne of the mundane world, never again to be displaced!

The immense importance of this principle may be seen in the case of those who delve for lucre in the shape of coal, tin, etc., etc., hundreds of feet beneath earth's surface; for these people manage to live with a very limited supply of oxygen and the vital principle as inhalants, making amends for it by eating highly

phosphoric and oxygenic food ; but the very instant that the gaseous exhalations, frequently generated in such places, reach a point of volume, bulk, or amount, sufficient to absorb or neutralize the oxygen, as is liable to occur from the combination forming new compounds in those dark abodes, that instant, grim Death, mounted on the terrible choke-damp, — as the accumulation of foul air is called, — rides forth to annihilate and exterminate every moving, living being there !

Again : It may happen that oxygen, which is the principle of flame, accumulates too fast, gathers in too great volume, and unites with other inflammable gases. In such a case, woe be to that mine and its hundreds of human occupants, if by accident or carelessness the least fiery spark touches that combustible air, — for an explosion louder than the roar of a hundred guns upon a battle-field takes place ; one vast sheet of red-hot flame leaps forth to shatter, blast, and destroy, and in one moment the work of years is undone, the mine crushed in, and no living being escapes to tell the dreadful story of the awful and sudden doom.

If the entire oxygen of the air should take fire, as it might by a very slight increase of its volume, the entire globe would burn like a cotton-field on fire, and the entire surface of the earth be changed into solid glass within an hour.

And yet this terrible agent is man's best and truest friend. It is a splendid nurse ; and a better physician never yet existed, and never will.

This great truth long since forced itself upon the popular mind ; but no sooner were the people familiar with the name of oxygen, than empirical toadstools, in the shape of unprincipled quacks, sprung up all over the land, persuading sick people that they would speedily get well by breathing what they had the impudence to call "vitalized air," — as if God himself had not sufficiently vitalized the great aerial ocean in which the world is cushioned ; or that health and power would come again by inhaling "oxygenized air," — as if it were possible to add one particle of oxygen to the air we breathe, more than God placed there originally.

A couple of these harpies once partially convinced me that they really effected cures by administering what they called oxygenized air, and, liking the *theory*, I accepted it, and even wrote two or three articles in its favor. But when I looked into the matter and

found the theory false, — having been led thereto by an article written by the ablest chemist in Boston, — I decided that whoever was so unwise as to inhale their stuff was in danger of sudden death, while whoever should *breathe* pure oxygen would as certainly burn up inside, as if he or she drank pure alcohol and kept it up.

There is but one way in which the inhalation of oxygen can do any good whatever to a person, sick or well, and that is to breathe it just as God intended it should be, — in the sun-warmed, open air!

I have elsewhere said that no one can be good or virtuous in soiled linen. I strengthen it with — nor unless the lungs be well inflated.

Look at the operation of this principle in the case of a man who is pent up in an old dingy office three-fifths of every day. He cannot enjoy life. Why? Because his lungs are leathery and collapsed, never filled with aught save close, dusty, foul, over-breathed, stove-heated air. The man is, though ignorant of the fact, dying by inches, because his blood and other fluids are loaded down with the foul exhalations which he draws into his system, while breathing his own breath over and over again, as he does at least five thousand times a day; and at every breath he puts a nail in his own coffin, and drives it home by every half-chewed meal he eats. Now, let that man smell the heart of an oak log two feet thick every morning, — after he shall daily cut his way to it with a dull axe, — and in one month his ills will vanish under this prescription of “oxygenized air;” his weight will have increased twenty pounds; for the labor will have made him puff and blow, and his lungs, taking advantage of that puffing and blowing, will have luxuriated in their oxygenic treat. Why? Because they impart it and its contained vitality to the blood, and away *that* goes, health-charged, through every artery of the body, cleaning out the passages as it flies along, leaving a little health here and a little there, until, in a few months, the entire man is renewed and made over from head to heel. His color comes again; his haggardness has gone; he is full of life, vivacity, and fun; pokes your ribs as he retails, with flashing eye and extreme unction, the last new practical joke he played. He eats three times his usual quantum of roast beef and plum pudding; plays at leap-

frog with his boys in the parlor, to the utter bewilderment of all the rest of the family ; and, when his wife expostulates, embraces and kisses her with a fervor that reminds her of the early years lang syne ; laughs at dyspepsia ; bids the mully-grubs good-by ; dismisses his doctor ; cracks a *mot* at the expense of the cemetery man ; outwits his peers on 'change ; dances the polka with his head-clerk to the *can-can* tune of Offenbach's "*Duchess of Gerolstein* ;" enjoys life with a rush, generally, and swears he cannot die for laughing ! So much for oxygen, inhaled as it only ought to be, — naturally.

Now, look at these other pictures : One is the babe of parents, fast, fond and foolish, as ever drew breath ; hence their child's first practical lesson is to have a holy horror of fresh air, sunshine, — not a hand's breadth of which ever falls on its pretty face lest it get tanned, and some fool declare its grandfather must have been an American citizen of African descent, — and cold water. Out on such folly ! The poor child is gasping for God's free air ; and its pale lips and sunken blue eyes, white, delicate, semiluculent skin, narrow chest, and cramped soul and body, are so many eloquent protests against baby-*cide*, and pleadings for more light, air, life ; more backing against the croup, measles, scarlatina, fevers, worms, wastings, weazenness, and precocity, to which all baby life is exposed, and which it *must* meet, conquer, or die itself.

Instead of exercising common sense, the child is padded on the outside, and stuffed and crammed with sweets, cakes, pies, candies, and a host of other abominations, all of which diminish its chances for health, and tend directly to ripen it prematurely, so that at ten years of age, if it lives that long, it is perfectly well posted in certain baleful school habits, which I have elsewhere stated is the same that in Scripture is denounced. In plain words, I refer to self-pollution.

Look now at another baby, the child of yonder Irish woman, clad, it is true, in coarse raiment ; whose poverty won't afford pies, or such trash, but only the coarsest kind of food, which is, however, most deliciously seasoned with that richest of all condiments, — hunger. But poor as she undoubtedly is in this world's goods, she is richer than a queen in real wealth ; for she is contented with her lot, by reason of robust health, itself the result of labor, and supremely blest and happy in her glorious but uproari-

ous family of children, — nine young ones and two at the breast ; regular loud-tongued roysterers are most of them, the terror of squirrels, birds' nests, and stray dogs, but at the same time the hope and pride of Young America, — of Milesian lineage, — chaps who will one day give a good account of themselves, if ever the foreign foe invades the soil of this fair land of ours! — girls that *are* girls in every sense, with something tangible rather than spring-steel or cotton-paddible to boast of! — cherry-lipped, rosy-cheeked, plump, and fair, destined to family honors by and by, prouder than a queen upon her jewelled throne. No disease lurks there ; no consumptive lungs under those breast-bones, and no terrible catalogue of aches, pains, bad teeth, and worse breath ; no cramps and qualms and female diseases there, because the house they live in is built on beef and potatoes, instead of hot drinks and fashionable flummery.

Now, it will be just as difficult for the children of that poor woman to fall into the popular train of vices characterizing too many American youth, as it will be easy for the children of the first couple to be victimized before they reach their fifteenth year. The coarser type will outlive the more delicate, and when all is over will have been of more real service to the world.

“How the candle flickers, Nellie! how the candle flickers!” said a dying man to his darling wife, the idol of his heart, the beloved of his soul, the pure, the true, the beautiful Nellie, wife of his soul. “How the candle flickers, darling! put it out,—and — go to — bed, weenie. I shall sleep well — to-night — and awaken — in the — morning! Good-night, darling! *How the candle flickers!*”

It was *not* the candle that flickered, it was his lamp of life burned to the socket ; for death was veiling his eyes from the world, at fifty years of age, — mid-life, when he should have been in his prime.

Why was he dying? Why did life's candle flicker ere half-burnt out? Because his had been a life of thought. To embellish immortal pages he had toiled, almost ceaselessly, and wholly unrequited, during long years, and that, too, in gaunt poverty, while those about him whom his brain-toil had enriched and made insolent, fared sumptuously every day, while he was immured in a garret painfully laboring for an ungrateful world, — which usually

crushes a man down, and stamps upon him for falling! As fell that man, so have thousands of the world's true heroes and geni fallen. But he and they are not blameless. His fault was neglect of his lungs and general health while recuperative energy yet remained; and then came colds, coughs, nervous debility, until at last he gave the signal of departure for the summer shores of AIDENN in the sad, sad words that fell like leaden rain on the heart of her who loved him *so* tenderly and well.

"The candle flickers, Nellie. I — shall — sleep — well! Go to — bed — weenie. I shall awaken, darling, — I shall awaken in the" — vast eternity!

Died for want of an ordinary precaution, and because those who make disease a professional study did not, could not, comprehend his case. When, oh, when will people of brains learn to abide by Charles Reade's advice, "Genius, genius, take care of your careass"?

This simile of a flickering candle is a true one, for the very instant you cut off the supply of carbon and oxygen, out it goes. Supply what it wants, and instantly it regains all its power and brightness. Just so it is with our bodies. When sick they do not require a heroic system of treatment, but simply a clear understanding of what elements are in excess or exhaustion, and a scientific procedure on that basis will not fail to brighten up many a human candle that otherwise would speedily go out forever, as far as this life is concerned.

Of course it is seen from this that the system I claim to have discovered, which I apply in practice, and am here trying to impart to others, aims to entirely revolutionize the medical practice of Christendom; and that it will do so is just as certain as that truth is of more vital stamina than error; and I gratefully appreciate the reception of my theory by so large a number of intelligent and prominent physicians.

That system has never yet failed in a single instance. It is, briefly, the power and art of extirpating disease from the human body by supplying that body with the opposite of disease, which is life. Now, it has been demonstrated that all known diseases are the result of the excess or absence of one or more of the seven principal components of the body, — potassa, manganese, chlorine, azote, osmozone, oxygen, and, not as chemists heretofore have

contended, phosphorus, but an element embracing that principle, and which I have named phosogen. Now, while the administration of any of such elements in crude form would be useless, it is absolutely certain that ethereal, semi-homœopathic combinations of them furnish the most prompt and radical means of cure the world has ever seen. Here are the principles; let them be fairly tried by the profession, and failure is impossible. Important ones, namely, chlorylle, phosodyn, neurine, I have found to be perfect agents in the treatment of diseases of the nerves, and those resulting from extreme or inverted passionism; but for other diseases other combinations should be exhibited.

Now, when the physician or nurse administers a cordial of properly compounded elements, as soon as it reaches the stomach and comes in contact with the gastric surfaces, they are instantly changed into vital force in liquid form; for oxygen itself, independent of its contained vitality, is not a simple, but a compound, whose constituents are heat, light, and electricity, as I have discovered and demonstrated, and that great agent is immediately generated in large volume *within* the body, and in its *natural* form; thus the blood which takes it up is instantly recharged with absolutely new life, and the life thus supplied is ramified through every nook and corner of the system, and the elements of death, in the shape of morbid conditions, and foul and offensive matter, are straightway dislodged, expelled the system, the worn-out tissues rebuilt, the nervous apparatus rendered firm, the wastes made to bloom again, grief taken from the mind, sorrow from the heart, morbidity from the soul, and a new lease of existence taken, simply because the abnormal *polarities* are changed, and the chemical conditions entirely altered, — for it is an axiom that the conditions of death cannot coexist with life.

The human body may be compared to a steam-engine, which so long as the fires are kept up goes well; but if the furnace is fed with wet wood, the speed slackens, fires go out, and the machine comes to a stand-still. But suppose you put the very best wood in the *boiler* instead of the furnace! Why, everybody says you are a fool, and laughs you to scorn because you tried to drive an engine after that absurd fashion. Well, that is exactly what medical men are doing with the human body, in their attempts to correct the evils of perverted or excessive passionism, and the

horrid train of nervous aberrations that now afflict the better half of civilized society. I am loth to say it, but it is the eternal truth nevertheless. If a person is ill, it is fashionable to assign the disturbance to the stomach, and to forthwith begin to cram that unfortunate organ with purgatives, and a long catalogue of herb teas, and outrageous compounds, which, if cast into the sea would poison all the fish, turn leviathan's stomach inside out, and line our coasts with rank carcasses, sufficient to kill all who dared breathe the pestilent odor; and yet this is called medical "science"! If a woman is sick, give her quassia, say the doctors; if rheumatic, give colchicum; if she is irritable, administer assafœtida, bitter almonds, castile soap, croton oil, valerian, and cubeb; or else attempt a cure on strictly homœopathic principles, — with the little end of nothing whittled down to a sharp point; with boli of the quintillionth solution of a grain of mustard seed; else souse her, douse her, stew, steam, bake, broil, grill, roast, boil, freeze, or drench her; else resort to botanizing her with marley, barley, parsley, mullein, rose-leaves, lilies, toadstools, catnip, and daffadowillies; or pull her to pieces with the "Movement Cure;" or take the prescriptions of one of the charlatans, who, calling themselves professors, are as ignorant of the chemistry of the human body, as they are of who built Baalbec, or "The Old Stone Mill." Pursue either of these courses, and perhaps you will cure the patient as fishermen cure shad and salmon — when well dead! — certainly not before that event!

A man has the catarrh: Well, give him plenty of peppery snuff, to irritate the seat of his ailment! Rheumatism: go and rub him down with cayenne pepper, coal oil, alcohol, pitch, tar, and turpentine, ginger, salt, and allspice, — for these are all capital things to "cure."

Look! yonder is a fair pale-visaged girl, — said to be dying with consumption of the lungs, and being doctored accordingly, when the chances are a hundred to one that the seat and source of her disease is in the valves of the arterics, fimbriæ, pudic nerve, uterus, duvernayan glands, or in some of the minute lacunæ of the pelvic region, producing, of course, nervous exhaustion, followed by lung ulcerations and death in nine cases in every ten. Now a month's treatment with common sense, followed with either of the four remedies, would put that girl upon her feet,

sound and well ; but instead of that she is plied with lime, cod-liver oil — pah! — mustard-plaster, onion syrup, iron, soda, morphine, and a hundred other unavailing nostrums.

Wait awhile : “What’s the news?” “She died last night!” And thus it is in the majority of cases of real or apprehended tubercular consumption, asthma, dyspepsia, bronchitis, neuralgia, female complaints, prolapsus uteri, spinal disease, and all that vast host of illnesses that have their origin in disturbed affection, unrequited love, uterine diseases, and continued grief in women, married and single. And yet these are *not* diseases, but symptoms of one great disease, — a chemical disturbance, originating mainly in morbid conditions of the *nervous apparatus*, hence emotional systems, of men and women, — causing radical changes in the fluids of the body, and thereby loading them with bitter, acid, acrid, corroding, biting elements, which malignant elements never were, nor can be, driven out by any amount of drenching or mere drugging ; for so long as they are *there* the patient *must* move graveward. Now, when once the fluids are thus charged with these angular and corroding atoms, the latter invariably locate themselves in, and fasten upon the weakest spot. If the lungs are weak and shallow, look out for consumption, bronchitis, asthma, pneumonia, or peritonitis ; if other parts be more vulnerable, then dyspepsia, epilepsy, nervous weakness, magnetic depletion, fits, uterine prolapsus, cancer, scrofula, spinal complaint, are sure to follow, and not unfrequently the brain itself is attacked. And no drugs can cure them, because they indicate the absence of five great elements from the body, and three others in excess. Now, I affirm that a judicious combination of the elements already named will unquestionably banish all such forms of disease from the world forever, and I believe that I shall not have been many years in the land of disbodied souls, ere the discoveries I now announce will be accepted the wide world over, and that the binary combinations of these few elements will supersede all other medical agents on the globe. In making these disclosures I do not pretend to say that I am not desirous of duly reaping a fair profit for the brain-toil given to perfect my discoveries, for to do so would be untrue ; but personal gain is by no means the strongest motive that actuates me ; for I know these dynamic agents will cure all nervous diseases. I know all nervous diseases spring from disarrangements of the

sexual system, from various causes, and I believe these diseases affect the human soul and spirit on both sides of the eternal gulf, and for that reason alone I make these disclosures. True, I am grateful when orders come for them, and I gladly shut myself up in my laboratory to compound and fill them; but if never a dollar came, I should still give my knowledge, and thank God for the opportunity of saving hundreds, and, perhaps, by God's mercy, thousands of insane, nervous, and exhausted people of both sexes, — unfortunate victims of amative extremism and inverted pas-sional appetite, — people now robbed, poisoned, and irreparably injured by the rampant quackery of the times in which we live, to say nothing of the relief that by these means may be given to the vast armies now rapidly marching on to irremediable ruin under the baleful influence of the three great fiends of modern civilization, — alcohol, opium, and tobacco, — all of which I not only believe, but absolutely know, to be not merely destructive to physical health, but deeply injurious to man's immortal interests after the passage over the river of death, injurious to a degree only less than that of solitary pollution, — the crime against God, and beyond all doubt the worst a man can commit against himself.

Teachers innumerable, male and female, have asserted that love is in no wise connected to, associated with, or influenced by, amorous desire. So far as my long-continued observations go, they are both right and wrong; right, when they elevate the sentiment of friendship and call it love; wrong, when they confound the *amicive* or friendly feeling with the *amative* passion.

Affection is an attribute of the soul, *per se*, and in one of its moods or phases is altogether independent of magnetic attraction, personal appearance, sex, or condition; and yet it is impossible for a really fine soul to fully *love* a brutal or coarse one; and when such anomalies present themselves, as occasionally they do, the passion is unhealthy, abnormal, and must be set down to the score of insanity. Intensification of friendship undoubtedly constitutes one of the supreme blisses of our post-mortem existence; and yet it would be a poor heaven, in my judgment, in which there were no reciprocal play of the purely nerval sexual forces of the human soul; for *that* love, above all other phases of the master-passion, is, after all, the attractive chord, chain, motive, substance, or principle, which connects the two universal sexes

together, and of them constitutes the one grand unity, Man. It is entirely different from that which binds together persons of the same gender.

I announce another new truth when I affirm, as I do, that love is not only liable to, but often is, the subject of disease, and from the diseases thus originated spring nine-tenths of all human ailments.

Not a tenth part of civilized mankind are free of all effects of diseased passion and love, nor can perfect concord reign until *all* are so. The existing state of things can and ought to be remedied. If the love of a man be diseased, then there is not sufficient secreting or generating power to produce the prostatic and seminal lymph, or to effect the chemico-magnetic change into nerve aura, that fluid fire which suffuses and rushes like a dream-tempest through our souls, bodies, and spirits, when in presence of one who evokes our love,—love in its very essence, purity, and power. If a woman's love-nature be diseased, then her whole better nature becomes morbidly changed, and a dreadful catalogue of suffering gradually fastens upon her, not the greatest of which are the innumerable weaknesses, cancers, nervousness, neuralgias, consumptions, and aches, which remorselessly drag her down to premature death, and whereupon unfeeling quacks wax rich. We cannot have great men till we have healthy mothers!

It may not, perhaps, be amiss to briefly show the interrelations and mutual interdependence existing between our souls, our spirits, and our material bodies; I will therefore briefly do it.

Over eight-tenths of the food we take consists of water and earthy, carbonaceous matter, most of which the body expels, while the fine essences enter the blood, are carried to the heart, and after being charged with additional oxygen and vitality in the lungs, where they are first forced, and afterwards pumped through the body, building it up and renewing every part through which it passes while swinging round its circle,—nervous, osseous, muscular, cerebral, pelvic,—and thus supplying mental, physical, emotional, and passional energy. Now suppose, as is really the case in eight out of ten ailing persons, that the lacteals, the mesenteric glands, and absorbents are broken down by over-use, tobacco, liquor; or that they are packed and clogged with earthy chalky matters, or slimed up with purulent mucus,—why, then

over three-fourths of the food taken fails of the end sought; is expelled with the waste, and the blood rushes over its course with either too few nourishing elements, or is heavily loaded with pestilential substances, utterly hostile to health and vigor, and prolific of a thousand pains and penalties. By aid of a power peculiar to myself in some respects, at least, I have been able to demonstrate that the blood is a clear lymph, in which float myriads of round red globules; and that certain chemical conditions of the system greatly alter or change the shape of these globules; and that wherever they are thus changed pain is an absolutely certain resultant. If these globules preserve their proper shape and consistence, they glide along easily, smoothly, and deposit their treasures in proper places, — eye-material to the eyes; nail, bone, cartilage, nervous, muscle, bone, salival, prostatic, seminiferous, and other materials, all are lodged just where they are wanted. But let there be a chemical alteration, changing their shape, and the wrong materials are quite certain to go just where they are not wanted; hence irritating particles are frequently lodged in the lungs, instead of, perhaps, in the bones, where they properly belong. Now these irritant atoms are sure to beget ulcerations, which may, and often do, terminate in death. If such atoms are lodged in the brain, we have insanity, head trouble, etc. If in the nerves, neuralgia follows; if in the arterial valves, the heart suffers; if in the prostate, then seminal troubles ensue; and so of all other parts of the grand bodily machine. Perhaps, because this theory is new, it may prove offensive to antiquated medical “science;” but it is none the less true and real for all that!

Any one can swallow peas, currants, or even small shot without inconvenience, because they are smooth and round; but if each pea, currant, or shot, should happen to be armed with several stiff, sharp points, leaning in all directions, the task were a great deal less agreeable. Now, if the blood be loaded down with acid acrid, or other morbid matters, indicating a change of chemical condition, as well as of magnetic and electric polarity, the blood globules become flattened, bulged, angular, and pointed; hence they clog and impede the general circulation. Lodge these angular atoms here, there, and everywhere, and we are forthwith tortured with sciatica, gout, rheumatism, acute, stationary, chronic, or flying. Flying, why? Because by hot fomentations, rubbing,

etc., the blood-vessels are warmed. Heat expands; the channels widen, disorgement occurs, and the fluid blood carries the semi-solid angular globules somewhere else, and the shoulder agony is exchanged for knee torture,—only that, and nothing more; for we *never* get rid of rheumatism till the blood globules change their form, which they will only do when supplied with the deficient elements, or the excessive ones are withdrawn. And so with every other form of disease known to man. No patient ever yet died of cholera, or yellow fever, to whom chlorylle and phosodyn elixir were administered before death seized on him! No one ever yet died of consumption who was treated on the principles herein laid down.

It is well, too well, known what slaves mankind are to alcohol, opium, and tobacco. Why? Because the globules are retained by the blood in a multi-angular shape, and the effort to regain their normal form, when the victim tries to burst his bonds, is exceedingly painful. But suppose these victims take proper means to change their abnormal state for a few weeks. What then? Why that angularity is gradually and painlessly removed by a chemico-dynamic operation on the blood, and the victim is released from his gyves forever. Not one such effect can be produced aside from the principles here set forth.

It makes not the slightest difference to me who applies these principles practically, so long as their application works toward human redemption from the thrall of disease. Had I the capital to put my discoveries before the world, and in every household, I would be content to die, that man might live; but I am unable to do it, for all that I have ever saved has up to this hour been spent in perfecting what I religiously believe to be the purest and best system, and most perfect the world ever yet saw; and this not for gain alone, but because I solemnly believe that certain forms of disease affect the human soul, and *waste* it, and that these effects are not soon vastated or gotten rid of even beyond the grave. I also know that the system I have wrought out will cure these special forms of disease, and of both of these things I am as certain as that I know my Creator lives and reigns triumphant beyond the starry sky that bends above our heads! In the light of these new principles, I affirm that potassa will cure the bites of mad dogs, rattlesnakes, or any other animal poison, administered at any time

between the bite and the dreadful moment when, gathering demoniac force, the effects rush forth in such appalling horror as to fright the souls of bravest men. Why? Because the alkali dissolves the virus, expels it from the body, and brings back the angular globules to their normal chemical condition, and therefore shape. By the application of the same principle, consumption and the pale train that accompanies its deadly march is surely robbed of all its terrors, and we need no longer be horrified by the spectacle of millions of graves of people cut off by that fell pest in the midst of life and youth.

Wilful waste makes woful want; yet to those who chew and smoke their lives away, these principles afford the only known and positive refuge; while that larger class, who, in youth and ignorance, have sapped their own lives, manliness, womanhood, beauty, courage, health, and power, — who have sacrificed themselves on the altar of a deceptive, ruinous, and pernicious private pleasure, — the baneful habit of solitary vice, — in these principles and their agencies have probably their sole and only earthly salvation. [And here let me caution parents and guardians to treat these erring ones as *patients*, not as quasi *criminals*, for the trouble is chemical, not psychical, and kindness is better than its opposite, in their, as all other, cases; for a kind word, fitly spoken, may change the whole career of a human being. When it is remembered that it is as easy to speak a kind as any other sort of word, and also reflect how in one case it may do worlds of good, or in the other worlds of evil, is it not strange that so few of the former and so many of the latter are uttered? It is true that words are only air, but air sometimes suffocates and destroys. If rightly compounded and good, it gives life and strength; if otherwise, it enfeebles and kills. Think how much you may do with a kind word, and then go and utter them, for there are waiting opportunities on the right hand and left of you, and this, above all, in cases where from folly or moral accident erring ones have tampered with their own lives and happiness, as I believe, here, and after death has transported them beyond the darksome river.]

The whole and only secret of this revolutionary theory of diseases and their remedies is, briefly: oxygen is heat, light and electricity in unitary form. When it and phosogen are present in the body in proper quantity, it acts as a solvent to all morbid

accumulations, and expels them from the system, while its contained *vif* or vital principle builds up and restores. It is the only perfect vehicle of the curative principle in existence, and cannot be administered through the lungs by any system of inhalation to an extent sufficient to do much good, if any at all; and this discovery consists in a means whereby a combination of two or more of the seven named elements are made to generate vitality upon coming in contact with the gastric, biliary, and pancreatic secretions, positively, promptly, effectively.

Beautiful, blessed, life-giving, health-laden oxygen! It is thy triumph I celebrate! With thee, the physician of the future shall be armed at all points, for thou never failest in thy holy and perfect work! Royal principle! sweetly sleeping in the virgin's heart, and playing on the infant's lip! Thou givest zest to the story, and point to the epigram; and thou art the spirit of eloquence on the orator's tongue! On the rugged mountain-top thou art breathed forth by myriad giant trees, and in the valley thou sighest from the corolla of a flower! Thou art the destroying breath of the typhoon and sirocco; and thou the sweet perfume exhaled from the lily's spotless chalice! Thou givest strength and fury to the flame that wraps vast forests in sheets of living fire; and thou layest waste great cities, leaving them shrivelled and seared behind thee, as thou marchest forward in thy wrath! And yet thou art gentle as a mother's love, — lovely as the blushing dawn, — true friend of man when he understandeth thy moods and law; but a bitter teacher of those who know thee not! Thou tender nurse, faithful friend, and chief of all physicians, —

“They reckon ill who leave thee out!”

— thou servant of Heaven! beautifier of earth! maker of happy homes! healer of all human ills! comforter of our souls! dispenser of life! foe of death! banisher of pain! — ever blessed, lovely beautiful, holy, and God-Sent Principle of Life!

The proper study of mankind is Woman! and precious few are they who really know anything about her, although millions of those who wear pantaloons and sport whiskers imagine that of all other studies of this mundane life of ours they have mastered *that*; but a greater mistake was never made since creation began,

and the morning stars sang together for joy. If it be true that of all enigmas and mysteries on this earth, man is the greatest and most profound, then certainly the most difficult part of that mighty riddle is the wonderful being called woman, — wonderful in many ways and senses, as I shall most abundantly demonstrate before the conclusion of this brief article.

There is an old Talmudic legend concerning the advent of woman on this earth, which goes far toward showing that in many things she was understood better some thousands of years before the Christian era than she is to-day, even among the most highly cultivated and polished circles of modern civilized society, in the loftiest centres of learning and refinement. The legend tells us that when the idea struck the ELOHIM that they would people this earth with beings only a *little* inferior to themselves, they were so pleased with it that they forthwith set themselves to work to gather the very finest and most perfect particles of dust they could find in ten thousand years; which dust their chief straight-way formed into a man, and, in doing so, used up all the material. After enjoying the sight of the new-made being awhile, they put him in a very pleasant garden; but the lonely one was very miserable and unhappy, and at last made such a hideous noise with his grumbles and growlings, that, to save their lives, the Elohim could not get a wink of sleep. He kept it up, however, night and day, till his hair frizzled all over his head, and he grew quite black in the face. That was the Talmudic origin of the black race. But one day he chanced to go near some still water, and saw his own image reflected therein, which sight so frightened him that he stopped groaning. Now the sudden cessation of the noise caused one of the Elohim to look out of his window in the sky, to see what on earth could be the matter, and, observing the man, he went down and asked him what was up. Says the man, "I'm tired of this garden, — it's altogether too lonesome." "Well, *I* haven't anything to do about that. Who *are* you, anyhow? I never saw *you* before, — that's certain!" Said the man, "I wonder, now, why *you* made me, and put me here?" "*I* made *you*? Why, you black wretch, I never saw you till this moment;" and with that he slapped his face, flattened his nose, spread his feet, and he has remained so ever since. That first experiment was a failure. After the Elohim had discovered his mistake, the council determined to try again,

and this time made a fine-looking fellow, and put *him* into garden number two. But *he* grumbled also, till he grew *red* in the face, scaled the walls, and went for the woods. Failure number two. Again they made another man; but he knew at once what he wanted, and so kept continually crying, "*Woh-zoe! woh-zoe!*" which in the Edenic language signifies "Woman, woman!" "Sure enough," said Elohim, "he very naturally wants a wife!" But where to get one was the difficulty; seeing that it took thirty thousand years to collect materials to make three coarse men, it would take ten times as long to find the wherewith to make one fine woman. At last one of them suggested making her out of a part of a man, and, acting thereupon, they straightway put the three men asleep, took a rib from each, and thereof made three females or woh-zoes, which means woman, seeing that she was taken out of man. Now when the three men woke up, they were surprised and delighted exceedingly. The black man took his Dinah to Africa, and stayed there; the red man took *his* squaw to America; the white man was so delighted with his sweetheart that he began to whistle "Over the hills and far away," with variations on "Yankee Doodle," and "Push along, keep moving," and he *has* kept moving from that day to this, evincing his superiority to the other two by demonstrating practically that though a rolling stone gathers no moss, yet a travelling man gains knowledge. In proof of which, the white man to-day is master of the world, and says, does, and knows just twice as much as both the others combined. The white woman is chief of all women, as the white man is unquestioned king of all who wear the human form; and yet, wise and knowing as he undoubtedly is, he has yet to learn a thing or two about women.

Among other errors concerning her, now prevalent, is the absurd idea, that, sex excepted, she is precisely what man is, in all respects whatever; while the truth of the case is, that in all respects she is his opposite and counterpart, mentally, socially, physically, æsthetically, physiologically, anatomically, magnetically, electrically, chemically, and mechanically; and to regard her as being but a softer, finer, more delicate sort of man, or male, is not only a grave mistake, but one that does her rank injustice. And yet how many thousands of men fall headlong into it, and during the whole course of their lives are stone blind to some of the most

beautiful facts of existence. For instance: woman everywhere, and under all circumstances, is cleaner than man. Soap and water, fresh linen and free air, will always purify her, no matter what her previous state may have been. Not so with man. Let the cleanest man living wash in forty clear, pure, fresh tubs of water, one after another, and the last water will be dark and cloudy! But let a woman do so, and the thirty-five last tubs of water will be as pure and clear and free from clouds as the forty-first one, just drawn from the running brook or bubbling spring upon the hill-side. Again: there is said to be ever a dirty corner in the mind of every man that treads, or has ever trodden, the earth. This is *never true of woman!* and doubtless never will be.

That she is magnetically different from man is proved by the superior results of the care and nursing of both sexes by woman and man. In the case of man he merely allays physical anguish, while woman does that better still, and at the same time soothes the spirit, and leads back, with silken cords, the rebellious soul to virtue, truth, and God! Anatomically she differs, being wide in the pelvis, where man is narrow, and narrow in the shoulders, where man is wide. She eats the same food man does, and drinks the same general fluids; but she makes a far different use of them; for while man converts them into muscular force, woman changes them into nervous power; milk, — during lactation; and into love and affection, besides various forces that are unknown to the sterner sex. Physically, she is immeasurably inferior in strength; but in endurance, fortitude, courage to undergo, and victoriously to endure pain, she rises as far above the best man living, as the midsummer sun transcends a tallow candle! If any man were called upon to suffer one-half the physical anguish that every female has to encounter, the graveyards would overflow with their dead bodies within a single year! If men had to suffer mentally half that women do every month of their lives, the insane retreats and mad-houses would be crammed to suffocation. Let no one henceforth speak sneeringly of Woman as being “the weaker vessel.”

This point will be clearer when it is understood that a woman's nerves are not only far more in number than man's, but they are infinitely finer, more subtle, sensitive, and acute; hence she is liable to a variety of diseases of a purely nervous character,

peculiar to her sex alone; for instance, variously seated neuralgia, — one of the most excruciating tortures the human frame is capable of enduring; while, when we speak of the pangs of maternity, ulcerations, prolapsus, ovarian tumors, swelled breast, profuse, painful, suppressed or abnormal periods, we speak of things whereof man can have no experience whatever, and therefore no adequate idea. Even learned professors know very little of woman, and not one in a thousand has a clear understanding of her nature, — a being so delicate, so full of mystery, and in whom the nervous life is all in all. Disappoint a man in love, and he straightway recovers from the shock. Disappoint a woman, and forthwith she languishes, falls into consumption, and dies. It is a very grievous sin to do such a thing. She needs — always needs — the love and support of a protecting arm, — not false love, but true. When she has this, sick or well, she is a tower of grandeur, and you cannot deceive her. Without it, she becomes warped and soured, and the prey of a hundred forms of disease; and to cure which, people pill, purge, leech, blister, and narcotize her. What nonsense! Blue pill for a breaking heart! Catnip tea for disappointed love! Blister plasters for a jealous fit! A new bonnet to pay for nights of absence and days of cruelty, neglect, and abuse!

To successfully treat the diseases of woman requires a vast deal more of science, art, culture, patience, experience, and ability, than it does to treat those of the opposite sex, for the reason that her organism is infinitely more complex, and her mission and function broader and deeper than man's. "Not so," says a caviller. "Pray, what has woman done in the world? Has not man built civilization, erected cities, states, and mighty kingdoms? made ships, mills, railways? has he not done all this?" I answer, "Most certainly he has; but look you, sir, — *Woman makes the man who in turn does these mighty things!*"

The great physical difference between the sexes consists in the uterine system of organs and its tremendous offices, — that of building human bodies and incarnating human souls, — and the mammary glands, or breasts, whereby the young soul is nurtured into life and strength. Now, if by any cause whatever, the life or happiness of the woman be disturbed, there is straightway a reaction upon the breasts, heart, lungs, and the entire uterine system,

involving the dreadful chances of cancer, heart disease, consumption, dyspepsia, and prolapsus, to say nothing of the hundred other specific forms of female diseases, often resulting in lifelong misery, mental agony, and early death,—and all from a variety of causes to which no man can possibly be exposed. Hence I again repeat, and without fear of successful contradiction, that at least ten times the skill is required in treating her diseases than in those of man alone.

If a man receives a blow upon the breast, he speedily recovers; not so with woman; for it may so injure her as to cause tumors, ulcers, or cancer; and if not, then the milk glands may be ruined for life; and on her ability to do justice to her child, both before and after birth, depends the inferiority or superiority of the race of men who are to rule the world hereafter. It is sad truth that I utter when I say that nine-tenths of the women of this country labor under some form of disease peculiar to them alone. They are most common and distressing, by reason of their annoyance and exhausting effects, the constant irritation, and the extreme difficulty experienced in getting rid of them when once firmly settled upon the system of the sufferers. They are common to both married and unmarried women, but far more so among the former than the latter class, owing to a variety of causes. One most distressing and depressing trouble is prolapsus of the uterus, with which most American ladies are more or less afflicted; and to be relieved of which, they often resort to very questionable means, among which are the forty thousand illiterate, money-catching quacks,—with their catholicons, balsams, pessaries, belts, and Heaven only knows how many more detestable, cruel, poisonous, inefficient, yet always unavailing and positively injurious contrivances. More than nine-tenths of woman's illnesses is the result of vital and nervous exhaustion. It comes of too hard physical labor, lifting, too frequent child-bearing, and, what is worse yet, and the principal cause of four-fifths of it, from continual domestic inquietude and fretting.

This last cause alone is productive of far more illness than would readily be believed, did not general observation and experience demonstrate it beyond all cavil. In the first place, passion's true object, so far as nature is concerned, is offspring, and whenever, wherever, and by whomsoever it is habitually and unwisely perverted to other and mere animal, not pure affectional uses, it is a

desecration of woman's holy nature, and an outrage on the exquisite sanctities of her being!

Unwelcome "love" is no love at all. To force nature is a crime against God. The strain is too heavy on the nervous system, to say nothing about deeper parts of human nature. That's the way that some, and a good many wives are *poisoned*. That is the reason why so many of them mysteriously waste away, sicken, grow pale, thin, waxen, and finally quit the earth, and send their forms to early graves, — like blasted fruit, falling before half ripened. It is a terrible picture, but a true one.

If poison — prussic acid or strychnine, for instance — be administered to a woman, she dies from its effects. But why? Because it enters the seat of life, changes the nature of her blood and death follows. Well, she may be poisoned quite as effectively in *other* ways; for she may be exhausted and die for want of nervous energy; or she may have morbid secretions, the poison of which is sure to enter the blood, until the blood is so heavily charged therewith that the disease assumes another form, while retaining the old one, and, before she is aware of it, the foul-fiend Consumption has laid siege to her lungs, or Scrophula in some of its myriad forms — from cancer to salt rheum — saps the foundation of her health forever. And yet a certain class of physicians tell us that her ailments can be cured with drugs, herb teas, bathing, magnetic treatment, electric shocks, or any one of ten thousand methods, — all and singular of which are as worthless and useless as a last year's almanac; for you might as well expect an oyster to climb a tree, or to see a whale dance the polka, as to expect utter impossibilities in the direction indicated; for never, since the world began, did any such treatment cure a woman of the troubles referred to; nor is it possible unless the active and producing cause be *first* understood, *then* attacked, and finally removed. And they *cannot* be so removed unless she be purified and strengthened. Will herb teas do this important work? Will all the drugs ever imported — to kill patients and make doctors rich — do it? Will washing, sousing, dousing, sealding, accomplish the desired work? Will any amount of magnetizing, electrifying, or pulling, hauling, blistering, bleeding, purging, plastering, or manipulation, solve the great problem and banish these diseases? I answer most emphatically, no! Why? Because all these methods proceed upon the plan of *relieving symp-*

toms, not fighting the real disease ; and just as long as such plans are adhered to, just so long will the agonizing groans of millions of suffering women ascend to heaven, craving the help from thence that is denied them here.

To cure the outer, physical, and most of the mental and emotional ills of women, nature herself must be taken as both copy and guide. Indian women, negresses, and, in fact, none of the dark-skinned women of the world, are ever troubled with the grievous catalogue of disorders and complaints that afflict so many millions of the fair daughters and mothers of our otherwise favored country. And why is this? The answer is plain. In the first place *they* are born right, and of perfectly *healthy* mothers, whatever may be said of them on the score of morals, beauty, and intelligence,—they being confessedly as far inferior to American women in these three respects, as themselves are undoubtedly inferior to their dark-skinned sisters in point of health and physical stamina. This is proved by their utter freedom from all diseases of the pelvis and nerves, and by their exceeding brief, and almost painless, illness in confinement ; nor is this fact accounted for on the theory that were their children as large-brained as American babes, their sufferings would equal those of our wives and mothers ; for there are large-brained oriental people, but the results in no wise differ from the rule laid down.

Now, why this immunity from disease? I reply : because, first, they live right ; they are not pampered with health-destroying hot teas, coffees, pork-fat, sweets, quack doctors, or any other abomination. Second, they have plenty of out-door exercise ; consequently their lungs are well inflated and their blood oxygenized. And, third, they are not worn out by exactions which kill half the white wives before their lives are more than half spent !

The domestic habits of American women are by no means calculated to promote health or prolong life. An excess of fat food, doughnuts, rich, indigestible pastry, hot drinks, hot air, feather beds, close rooms, lack of amusement, warm bread, and compressed chests, are, each and all, making sad marks upon American women. But this is not the worst feature of the case, by any means, in two respects. 1st. Whatever other just things our country may boast,—whatever pride it may fairly have in its institutions,—it is a deplorable thing that marriage in our land,

as a general thing, is anything but a "bed of roses," as is demonstrated in a thousand ways daily in every section of the land. Disgust, discontent, hidden grief, and a hundred real and imaginary evils and wrongs, are constantly paling the cheeks and dimming the eyes of scores of thousands of wives in this our fair and vast domain. It is certain that scores of thousands of wives perish yearly, — victims of thoughtlessness on the part of others and themselves too. They have failed to fortify themselves — their nerves and constitutions — against the excessive drainage to which too many of them are exposed. A very little knowledge of the *right sort* would enable them to successfully do this, and no one be the wiser for, or the loser by, it. Never shall I forget the terrible impression made upon me by the account of a young wife's dying bed, told to me by Mrs. Reed, of Boston: a fair young creature, — a gazelle, — mated with a brutal elephant, — a thing shaped like a man, but who had no more real manhood than a wild buffalo. Now, had that murdered wife — a victim to Christian marriage — been wise, as she might have been, she could have preserved her life and health in spite of the thing that called himself her husband.

2d. Women, when afflicted, frequently become the victims of charlatanry and medical mal-practice to an alarming extent, and it is an open question whether the outrageous exposures, operations, indelicate manipulations, heroic drugging, and unmanly, unscientific, and inhuman treatment generally, to which they are subject, are not more fatal and injurious, in the result, than the original disease sought to be remedied! I hold the man, physician or not, who unnecessarily violates the holy sanctities of woman, and rudely assails her delicacy, as being no man at all; and here, let me say, is to be found one of the prolific causes of the general unhappiness of woman in wedded life. Husbands forget three things of vast importance to the happiness of wedlock: that love can only be maintained by tenderness, consideration, and respect; and that he comes too near, who comes to be denied; and that it is not, and never was or will be, true, that a man may do what he likes with his own!

But where unhealth exists from domestic causes, the woman has a sure relief, and it mainly consists in expanding the lungs, bracing and invigorating the nervous system; the means adapted

specially to which end, I have already indicated, in oxygenization. But, the question rises: "What is this oxygenization of which you speak? and by what method is it done? and how does it act to produce results so desirable to nearly every female in the land?" These are very just and pertinent questions, demanding clear and explicit answers. In the first place, then, it is impossible for a woman to be ill, in the direction here alluded to, if her lungs be large and sound, her blood pure, and her waist uncramped by the tyranny of fashion. But if her lungs be squeezed into the shape of a blue-bottle fly, or an hour-glass, it is impossible that they can be filled with fresh air, or any air at all; and if they are *not* so filled at every breath she draws, the blood that rushes to the lungs from the heart cannot receive the due share of air to which they are entitled, and for which they were created. Now, if such is the case, it follows that by degrees the blood becomes foul, because it cannot rid itself of the impure and noxious substances gathered from all parts of the body, and of which it would speedily discharge itself, if the heart and the lungs were permitted to do their *full* duty.

I have already demonstrated that the body of woman is infinitely finer, more delicate and susceptible to all sorts of impressions and influences, than is that of man; and, by reason of her sex and its responsibilities, she is doubly liable to what man never can be, — disarrangement of peculiar organs.

I need not say — for every one knows perfectly well — that the uterus (and its appendages) is the most wonderfully delicate and sensitive mechanism ever constructed by the hand of the living God; for in it, by it, and through it, the purpose is accomplished and completed, for which the ETERNAL BEING has ceaselessly labored during countless millions of rolling centuries! It is the sacred recess wherein nature's loftiest and finest work is done! It is the sealed and thrice-holy laboratory, wherein God manufactures the most surprising machines. He builds the most exquisite furnaces therein, — witness the lungs! The most magnificent chemical works; witness the stomach of a babe, — a machine that converts gross food into eternal and infinite thought, and imperishable mind! The most wonderful dyeing works in existence, for what can equal the marble purity of an infant's skin? or the carnation of a maiden's cheek? or the blushing coral of her lips?

Behold the fourteen miles of blood-vessels, and the five hundred miles of nervous filament, every one of which is an electric telegraph a million times more perfect than that of Morse! Behold the skin that covers the human form, with its forty-five millions of pores, through which is hourly sifted noxious substances too fine to be seen by the human eye! The human eye itself! What microscope can rival it? What telescope compare in elaborateness and use? The ear! What a wonderful instrument! Behold the mystery of the hand and arm! Look at the astonishing perfectness of the wheels, levers, hinges, doors, cells, wells, pumps, and pillars of the human structure, and you are lost in amazement at its extraordinary and marvellous workmanship! Yet it is all fashioned and completed in the uterus of woman! Nor is this all. When we look at the human body, with all its wondrous workmanship, we realize the stupendous truth that it was created especially as the temporary residence of the eternally enduring human soul. And that soul itself, with all its transcendent powers for good and evil, is fashioned, biased, built up and modelled for *all eternity*, within its holy walls, from whence it is launched upon the waves of eternal ages; and its destiny here and hereafter unquestionably is determined before it sees the light, by the happy or unhappy, sick or well, condition of the mother whose work it chances to be! In Heaven's name, then, how can we expect wives to bring forth children but a little inferior to angels in perfection, while the mothers are in some respects treated inconsiderately, rudely, and ignorantly, like unto the beasts that perish? Now observe: whatever sensation, emotion, pleasure, or pain the woman has, be it mental or physical, immediately acts upon the uterus, and its appendages, causing either pleasurable, healthful feelings to pervade her entire being, or inducing pain. But if, from cramped or diseased lungs, the blood be impure and charged with noxious substances, there is sure to be trouble, either in the uterine, digestive, or nervous system, but mainly in the former, and manifested by weakness in the back and loins, nervous irritability, sickness, nausea, side-pains, headaches, and impure catamenia,—not unfrequently ultimating in ulcers, cancer, or confirmed consumption. Frequently the uterine ligaments become weak, relaxed, flimsy, and suffer the uterus to fall forward, backward, descend, or become partially turned inside out; and if it become bruised while thus

hanging down, as it very often is, cancer may follow, or a chronic induration supervene, — in either case causing a most intolerable anguish, or a lingering, painful, wasting illness, to which death itself is very often preferable. For this state of things, I have never found any agent at all comparable to PHOSODYN, — an element closely approximating the principle of vitality itself, because it is speedily absorbed by the blood, is carried to the lungs, — which it heals if ailing, — and from there, having gained additional oxygen from the air, back to the heart, which, with renewed energy, sends it whirling, flying, searching, into and through every vein, artery, cell, muscle, organ, and crevice of the entire body, leaving not a single spot unvisited, unsearched, unexplored by the life-charged blood. I say life-charged, for this subtle agent most assuredly is very akin to life itself, and while as perfectly harmless as the air we breathe, is, like that very air, the accredited vehicle of muscular, digestive, cerebral, and nervous energy; for wherever it goes it carries life, vigor, health, and strength. The lungs, be they never so badly diseased, immediately begin to heal. Sleepless nights are exchanged for hours of sweet slumber and calm repose. Exhausted nerves gain new thrills of gleeful, joyous life, activity, and vigor. The dyspeptic stomach regains its healthful tone; the liver is forthwith cleansed and purified; the kidneys begin to thoroughly do their proper work, and the excess of uric acid, urea, chalk, carbonate of lime, pus, slime, and poison, is strained from the blood, as it ought to be, and is, through the bladder, effectually cast forth from the body. The brain is relieved from pressure, and its functions are again effectively carried on. The ligaments of the uterus contract, and, as they do so, the organ is drawn up and back to its former place. The acrid secretions are effectually cut off; the scrofulous humors that have tainted the blood are completely and thoroughly nullified, rendered harmless and evacuated from the system; and the patient's groans and heart-rending sighs are heard no more; for they are changed to notes of joy and gladness, hope and rest, by this most thorough of all known agents.

The value of these principles in the treatment of female diseases alone cannot be computed, by millions even; for just as it would be impossible to weigh out or measure the full amount of pain and agony endured in a single year by the women of this country, even so it would be impossible to estimate the amount of

good possible to be accomplished by its means. All other attempts — for they are and were attempts *only* — that have hitherto been made to cure nervous diseases, especially those of women, have been either the hap-hazard essayals of ignorance, the results of errant quackery and empiricism, or the lamentable experiments of physicians who went on the theory that one class of agents alone would cure them, and what might be given to a man would also do for a woman; when, in fact, the chemical difference between the two sexes ought to have taught them a far different doctrine. Give a good chemist a bloody handkerchief taken from a cut hand, and he will tell you whether it is that of a man or woman; hence the idea of treating both sexes alike for disease is absurd, but not quite so illogical as the attempts daily made to relieve women of their own peculiar ailments by flooding the stomach with all sorts of so-called “medical” agents, but which are mainly ineffective, if not poisonous. Most medicines merely excite the stomach to renewed activity in the effort to dislodge and get rid of what is poured into it. They act upon the mucous membrane and excite the glands to increased action, and the engendered slime invests or dissolves the drugs, and they are carried from the body; but, in nearly all cases, leave that body in a far worse condition than ever. Thus, by mal-treatment, five-sixths of all the women of our country are invalids in reality, and, were it not for the wonderful endurance of American women over all others, by reason of their larger and finer brain, and nervous systems, a very large percentage of them would die before they do.

“I cannot remember a night so dark as to have hindered the coming day; nor a storm so furious or dreadful as to prevent the return of warm sunshine and a cloudless sky!”

Not every one who proclaims himself your friend will stand by you when friendship is most needed.

Listen well to all advice, — and follow your own.

It is bad policy to give your last coat away; and worse to believe what all men *say* they mean.

It is poor wisdom to sell your friend for present gain.

Husbands were not made to be destroyed for a wife or mother-in-law's whims; nor were wives made to be neglected for a wanton's smiles. An ounce of love is worth a ton of passion; and it won't do to always speak your mind or give your suspicions to

the winds. Stop and think! Consider, soul, consider! A husband is worth more than a key or a portrait! Don't you think so?

All modern theories of diseases are wrong; they are not in the blood, but are the results of wrong, excessive, scant, or morbid magnetism; hence are to be thoroughly cured *only* by magnetic means, either directly, or by magnetic medical agents.

Never yet was an injury so deep that time could not assuage it; nor an angry man that did not injure himself more than he did the object of his wrath; nor an enemy so bitter but that right and justice in his heart did not eloquently appeal for his opponent; nor was there ever a trouble but that, somehow, a woman was at the bottom of it; nor a joy that she did not create; nor a hatred equal to hers; nor a friendship half so true as woman's. She is a creature very weak, yet capable of twisting the strongest man that ever lived around her little finger; little, but great, and who can reduce the sternest man's resolutions into the consistency of soft-soap before he can say "Jack Robinson."

I have never failed to observe that those who loudest denounced the amative passion as "animal," "unholy," "impure," and the like, were its veriest slaves.

Never sell your bed or fool it away. It is bad policy. . . I never knew either doctors or philosophers to speak well of each other; a "strong-minded" woman who was not a termagant at home; or a moral reformer that had not a leak in his character, or a soft spot in his head.

A *husband* — a true one — is worth ten thousand "friends," and a true wife worth a myriad wantons.

I have never known a family difficulty that did not originate in passional satiety, or disturbance of the magnetic equilibrium between couples, and consequently none that were incurable. Man is a whimsical creature, — a curious mixture of good and evil; woman a bundle of strange contradictions. Both are God's master-work; and if each stopped to think a little before a given action, there would be less domestic trouble in the world.

I know that men and women fail and die through feebleness of WILL; that LOVE lieth at the foundation; that SILENCE is strength; and that GOODNESS alone is power; hence that though all the world array itself against a man, yet, if he be right, God and himself are a majority; and, lastly, I know that a great deal of life's miseries

spring from unrequited love, — the unappeased longing and yearning for the great human right, — that is, the right to be loved for ourselves alone, not merely for the accidents that environ us.

* * * * *

It is a mistake to suppose that sex, and all that it implies, save only propagation, — which is confined to our physical existence, — ceases at death; for, beyond all doubt, it accompanies us beyond the grave, and it were a poor immortality if it did not. I cannot here enlarge upon this stupendous truth, but the curious reader will find that whole matter treated at length in the work entitled “After Death; or, Disembodied Man.” I desire to call attention to three painful facts, connected with love and its hidden history, and these are: that by human disregard of the laws of love three awful curses have been entailed upon mankind, the first and worst of which is the social evil, — prostitution and its awful consequence, the various forms of the syphilitic disease, frequently transmitted to posterity, and condemning thousands of innocent people to drag it with them through life under the more respectable name of scrofula. Let us all devoutly thank God that this infernal pest bids fair to lose its hold upon mankind by reason of the splendid Alexipharmic discoveries of the peerless English student, Dr. Bowers, — all honor to his name! — whose research resulted so brilliantly in the discovery of the means of fairly crushing this hydra of the world, and who so freely sends forth his knowledge to benefit mankind. What with Bowers fighting the syphilitic dragon, and good people pitying and caring for the outcast, let us devoutly hope that these twin scourges will soon be banished from the world. The third gorgon — and equally bad in some respects, and, so far as the soul is concerned, *worse* one, the vice learned generally at school, and persisted in till ruin follows — must be gotten rid of by parents telling their children plainly all about the evil, and by the general physiological enlightenment of the people at large. That will do it.

Doubtless there are those who read this book who will wonder why, in a treatise on human love, I have inserted several profound scientific treatises concerning parasites, monads, spores, fungi, and chemical matters generally. To such I answer, because the presence of such *unsuspected causes* may be productive of changes in the body which may, and often do, act and react upon the soul and

affectional nature, and facts such as I have herein set forth, are valuable and worthy of consideration.

* * * * *

Harmony is order and order is secured by law. I have seen social disorder created by disobedience to law; but never witnessed harmony promoted by compromise of principle. The laws of nature are just and merciful, and no person need hope to find happiness while such are disregarded.

Among people generally inharmonious relations are formed, and, being formed, are constantly aggravating the parties, who instead of harmonizing themselves, irritate the minds of each other. Persons who teach the beauties of conjugal philosophy should not practically deny their instructions by discarding the obligations of their voluntary acts. It matters not how beautiful the philosophy of nature may be, if man or woman be not morally true to the laws which govern them. I have seen harmony in married life; and I have seen antagonism and discord. Are the elements of nature at such variance that peace and order cannot be maintained between parties? Has God so ordered the existing social order of husband and wife, that discord cannot be avoided; that war must continue during such relation? What are the elements constituting the one that are not discernible in the other? Are not all flesh and blood, and do not the same elements make each? A second thought will show that the discords of married life originate, not always in the soul or body, but in the ignorance of the spirits which are coupled. When parties become alienated from each other by law; when married persons separate because they have no affinity, it often proves only their own ignorance of truth, if not their moral delinquency and faithlessness to their covenant engagements.

I have watched the progress of parties seeking divorce from each other; but I have not yet seen a case which did not arise from either ignorance of nature's laws or a gross want of integrity. It is true that such delinquency may not fasten itself to both parties, but it is often sure to belong to one or the other.

Inharmonies are generally most severely felt in those minds not improved by proper culture. And the difficulty exists not because nature, in her order, has brought together parties in antagonism,

but because those parties have not become harmonious in themselves. Thus, by looking through their ignorance, through their own unrefined spectacles, they see things in an inverted position, and give themselves the consolation that nature has made them so, when the true philosophy of nature is, that men and women shall always seek to improve their relations when inharmonious conditions offend them.

To run away from discord will not remove it, nor will the principle of right and truth be vindicated by shrinking from the duties based upon the integrity of social contracts. Let all parties, matrimonially united, do their duties to each other faithfully, and not disgrace themselves by abandoning integrity under a plea that nature has hedged their paths to happiness, by making them so much unlike that they can never agree. But if, after a fair trial, it is found that the incompatibility is too deep, — that it is wholly incurable, — then, for such couples to remain bound together is sheer insanity, and mutual suicide and murder. Let them part.

The man who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.

There is beauty in the helplessness of woman. The clinging trust which searches for extraneous support is graceful and touching. Timidity is the attribute of her sex; but to herself it is not without its dangers, its inconveniences, and its sufferings. Her first effort at comparative freedom is bitter enough; for the delicate mind shrinks from every unaccustomed contact, and the warm and gushing heart closes itself, like the blossom of the sensitive plant, at every approach. Man may at once determine his position, and assert his place; woman has hers to seek; and, alas! I fear me, that however she may appear to turn a calm brow and a quiet lip to the crowd through which she makes her way, that brow throbs, and that lip quivers, to the last, until, like a wounded bird, she can once more wing her way to the tranquil home where the drooping head will be fondly raised, and the fluttering heart laid to rest. The dependence of woman in the common affairs of life is, nevertheless, rather the effect of custom than necessity. We have many and brilliant proofs that, where need is, she can be

sufficient to herself, and play her part in the great drama of existence with credit, if not with comfort. The yearnings of her solitary spirit, the outgushings of her shrinking sensibility, the cravings of her alienated heart, are indulged only in the quiet holiness of her solitude. The world sees not, guesses not the conflict; and in the ignorance of others lies her strength. The secret of her weakness is hidden in the depths of her own bosom; and she moves on, amid the heat and the hurry of existence, and with a seal set upon her nature, to be broken only by fond and loving hands, or dissolved in the tears of recovered home affection.

Heaven knows how many simple letters from simple-minded women have been kissed, cherished, and wept over by men of lofty intellect. So it will always be to the end of time. It is a lesson worth learning, by those young creatures, who seek to allure by their accomplishments, or dazzle by their genius, that though he may admire, no man ever *loves* a woman for these things. He loves her for what is essentially distinct from, though incompatible with them, —her woman's nature and her woman's heart. This is why we so often see a man of high genius or intellectual power pass by the De Staels and Corinnes, to take into his bosom some wayside flower, who has nothing on earth to make her worthy of him, except that she is — what so few "female celebrities" are — a true woman.

The sweetest, the most clinging affection is often shaken by the slightest breath of unkindness, as the delicate rings and tendrils of the vine are agitated by the faintest air that blows in summer. An unkind word from one beloved often draws blood from many a heart, which would defy the battle-axe of hatred or the keenest edge of vindictive satire. Nay, the shade, the gloom of the face familiar and dear, awakens grief and pain. These are the little thorns which, though men of rough form make their way through them without feeling much, extremely incommode persons of a more refined turn, in their journey through life, and make their travelling irksome and unpleasant.

The clearness and purity of one's mind is never better proved than in discovering its own faults at first view, as when a stream shows the dirt at the bottom, it shows also the transparency of the water; yet I believe *all* souls are intrinsically good!

Never yet
 Knew I a whole, true man, of Jove-like port,
 But in his heart of hearts there lived and reigned
 A very woman, — sensitive and quick
 To teach him tears and laughter, born of toys
 That meaner souls may mock at. If a man
 Include not thus a woman, he is less,
 I hold, than man.

Men, and women too, are seldom happily married. What promised to be a heaven often turns out a near approach to the opposite institution, or condition. The cause of some of the trouble is clear and plain. Let this be made clear; and for this particular view of this especial item, I am indebted to an old acquaintance — a lady of vast experience, a keen observer, and the amount of whose brain might well shame thousands of the so-called great, who have reaped lustrous laurels, and grasped the keys of fame, upon less than half of her cerebral capital. I shall give her idea in my own words, and I think her statement not only true and valuable, but that her peculiar view is one of the most important pertaining to Love and its Hidden History.

It is a well-known fact, that by the constant use of one organ we draw to it much more than its share of vitality. By the loss of sight the hearing and touch become substitutes for the eyes. The same fact is likewise true, in one sense, of other parts of the human economy, for all victims of youthful error succeed in displacing the pelvic nervous centres, or special seat of nervous sensation, from their normal localities to other and more external positions, the consequence of which, is that a chronic numbness, electric insulation, takes place, and finally the nerves of sensation become effectually paralyzed to a greater or less extent. Of course, ruin and disappointment, disease and despair, are the legitimate consequences that follow. Such victims are indeed pitiable.

The true and legitimate intent of what is here meant by the term *actual marriage* can only be realized by healthy souls in healthy bodies, inspired by healthy love, fitness, respect, tenderness, and *reciprocalness*, all of which must conjoin ere the actual dream of bliss can pass into an experience. Under *all* other conditions it is sacrilege, counterfeit, fatal waste, and nervous exhaustion, and is actually but another form of self-pollution, rapidly depletive of magnetic and vital force to all concerned; and for

special reasons, easily discernible, provocative of rapidly reached and quickly ended, and very imperfect satisfaction. Deep disappointment settles over the home; the seeds of permanent unhappiness are sown, and take deep root, mutual hopes and longings are dashed to earth, crushed out, and one or both are often led to dangerous experiments with others, in the vain hope of actualizing the prophecy of bliss implanted by Heaven in both their constitutions.

Scientifically, the cause of all this is, that by manipulation the nervous centres have been changed, and mechanical action and pressure have been substituted for *chemical* and magnetic agencies, which, under healthful conditions, result from the inter-commin-
gling of the acid and alkaline principles involved, pertaining to common human nature, and quickened and intensified by the mutual mental and spiritual affections of the wedded twain, under which conditions satisfaction, health, and strength result, but otherwise nothing but disgust and horror *can* follow. Says the lady, in a paper now before me: "The philosopher's stone is found. Long have men sought to find the right road to happiness. While reading the appendix to that grand book, 'After Death, or Disembodied Man,' I was struck with the remarks concerning the sin against the Holy Ghost. A sin against woman is really against the universal motherhood. The subject is delicate, but people *must* learn if the race is to be perpetuated in health of body and wealth of mind." And she says truly.

When a man has lost blood, till he is almost gone, it is possible to restore him by transfusing the blood of another into the sick man's veins. This has been done often, but generally one sex has supplied blood to its opposite, in which case there has sprung up a strangely fervent love between the two, *always*, thus proving what I contend for, that love depends upon magnetic, electric, and chemical conditions, to an extent little dreamed of by either the people or their teachers. The same principle is seen in other forms of transfusion. No white or Indian woman who first bears a child to a negro father can ever afterward give birth to a purely white or Indian child, even though the father of the second child be of pure lineage; for the reason that the essence of the first man has perpetuated itself in his child, and the transfusion of blood between the mother and her babe becomes perfect long before it is born; and the impres-

sion and chemical state of her body can never afterward be wholly changed. This is seen in the case of widows, whose babes frequently resemble the first husband far more than they do their own fathers. Really, marriage is a *chemical* fusion in all cases, but not always magnetic or spiritual; hence, any woman who steps aside from her duty to her own husband, becomes charged with a foreign chemistry and magnetism that she can never get wholly rid of on earth; and the love she bore her husband grows weaker from that moment, until it is wholly lost. Now, if a man allows himself to accept another woman's chemistry, his innate love for his wife is sapped, coldness and carelessness are sure to follow, and just in proportion as he mingles himself with many, is his total inability to love even *one* truly! This truth, fresh from God, cannot be too strongly impressed upon the human mind. *Beware of the first false step!* Resist the *first* temptation, and do not imperil a whole life of promise for a five minutes' dearly bought pleasure. In true marriage the couple grow more and more like each other, and by marriage I do not mean a mere formal ceremony, but a union of souls, and wherever *that* exists the marriage is complete, with or without a ceremony, albeit, I deem it always proper to conform to the moral usages of society in that respect; but where two have *only* that rite to bind them, God pity them! I say, for it is often a lifelong imprisonment, productive of poison hell instead of healthy heaven.

In the case of women, the great majority of American wives, — and my opportunities of knowing have been good, for my medical practice during twenty-seven years has been very extensive, and thousands of cases have come to my knowledge, — it is very rarely that they ever experience either the full measure of conjugal bliss, to which as wives they are entitled, or anything else than anguish, *unutterable* and loathly, or supreme indifference, both of which are fatal to wedded love. This may result from different causes, the effect of personal vice while at school, resulting in changing the seat of nervous power. Hence very few of them really know, from experience, what marriage really means. Very frequently wives' disappointments, ay, in the majority of instances, result I repeat, from the morbidness of the husband(?), the result of youthful precocity and vice on his part, long years before. The fruit of such a marriage is bitterness indeed. He is no MAN, — no

one is, who is selfish or morbid in the line indicated, and the quicker one or both of these victims resort to means capable of creating better magnetic and chemical states of body, the sooner will they realize what marriage and love *really* mean. When from any cause the seat of nervous sensation has been deadened or changed, married life becomes a chronic provocation; the desires are intense, even terrible; there is a fearful love-hunger, but no asuagement; it is a daily, horrible, living death. In the true marriage of genuine love, there is ever an electric fusion between souls and bodies, productive of exquisite, social, mental, and moral joy; for each absorbs from, and imparts to, the other, resulting in a moral and spiritual happiness, utterly impossible to be described. In such a case, the feminine exuvæ and the prostatic fluid mingle, change their forms to that of an aeriform magnetism, which is mutually absorbed, and as this nerve aura is the very essence of both parties, and the fusion can only take place in perfect love, it follows that "free love," promiscuity, and *personal vice* are losing games; won't pay, don't pay, *never can* pay,—they are suicidal to the last degree. There is no act a human being can possibly commit, not even excepting robbery and murder, that so effectually demoralizes the entire being, as does the vice alluded to. The curse of God rests upon it, and its penalties are too dreadful to contemplate; for no punishment bears a sting so sharp and poisonous as it does. It is God's method of preventing the terrible deed.

When couples really blend and fuse this nerve aura is the source, and the love which begets it is a citadel of strength, and joy, and power, and all things pure and good. But if lust alone obtains these fluids mix, but do not mingle; they remain, and they result in forming a thick, viscid, carcinomous coating, which rapidly poisons the wife, decomposes, and becomes insufferably terrible. Leucorrhœa follows, the health is broken down, she becomes lonely, sick, *queer*, angular, wretched, and all earth and life one vast lazarus-house and hell; and if such a wife finds herself likely to become a mother, she is often tempted to evade the issue by a crime; and there are hundreds of wretches, male and female, in our towns and cities, who for five dollars a head will kill unborn children by the hundred, and grow rich upon it; and there are many so-called "respectable" papers in said cities or towns, which gladly announce

the “*professors*,” and places where the dreadful crime is done ; and legislators permit it. Shame on them ! Now, abortion is rank murder, no matter who commits it ! and I think hanging too good for the “*professors* ;” and that a woman who does it is a fool and criminal, — for, just as sure as God lives, the consequences will cling to her for ages in the great hereafter. I believe “*prevention*” by drugs, washes, and all such means, very poisonous and pernicious. There is but one legitimate method by which wives can evade maternity, and that method is found in the element of time. Seed will not grow if the soil be not prepared for it. But I hold it wrong to resort to even this, for all human souls are a gain to the world and God.

But what is an unloved wife to do ? I reply, first, seek to gain physical health by legitimate means, and then apply yourself to the not difficult task of winning your husband’s love. And to these latter I say the same. It would be an insult to the intelligence of either for me to describe the methods of doing this ; but I beg you to take notice that : —

I. LOVE between the sexes is something more than a sentiment. While embodied it depends upon the magnetic congeniality of the parties. If there be a full and reciprocal play therein, then a state of happiness exists. If not, then not. If one party loses this magnetic attraction power, love dies. Married people can always be told from what are called lovers. The former look *from*, the latter *to*, each other. One party has the jewel, and don’t care anything about it ; the other hasn’t, and does. Why ? Because they have lost magnetic power. To regain it, stop fretting, cease borrowing trouble, breathe deeply, bathe often, exercise much, and all the body, cultivate cheerfulness and health, eat, drink, sleep well, — on hard bed, head to the north ; retire and rise early, and continually place the mind on the *idea* of regaining magnetic force. This will bring it. Use it wisely.

II. WILL is feeble in most people. Cultivate it by thinking determinedly of *one thing only* at a time, to the total exclusion of everything else. *It will grow*. Then you can powerfully, holily, purely, use it to direct and impress the resistless magnetic power upon him you love, and whom you would retain and wear. FAILURE IS IMPOSSIBLE ! The author of “*Ravalette*,” who travelled in Syria, Arabia, Egypt, and Turkey, in 1861–62, made marriage and

its mysteries a special study, and succeeded in gaining the great ORIENTAL SECRET, which, briefly is this — (and here let me say, that until now this has never been given to the American people, but a red powder has been foisted on them by certain ones, who claim it to be the real secret, but which is an imposition; in other words a compound of starch, earmine, and violet powder, value, three cents, sold at one dollar; besides, the name under which it is sold is a false one, no such secret as the one advertised existing at all) — the *true* secret, based on natural law, and operating by principles well-known and understood among civilized people, is as follows: —

The Oriental wife, when she is *perfectly assured* that she cannot safely bear more children, shrinks with unutterable horror from the idea of *murdering* the fruit of her womb — *as all true women ever do*; but so *times her love season* as to avoid the chances; or, if she cannot always do that, merely *wills* — but strongly — at *the time*, that a certain event or result shall *not* occur, and that will-effort contracts the proper muscles of the principal organ involved; *effectually closing* the door to danger and to risk. It is indeed very seldom that an Eastern woman resorts to *that* sinless method, and then only when age, disease, or malformations render it imperative. On the contrary, offspring are rightly considered as special blessings from the Supreme God; hence the first lessons a bride receives from her mother are those that favor such a result. She is told to wholly, fully, freely, prayerfully abandon her entire faculties and being to the one grand end of woman-life, — the sacred mission of the wifely mother. Hence it happens that the Oriental wife is always pure: there are not a hundred adulteresses or child-killers in all Islam, with its 200,000,000 votaries! There is not as many of these fearful crimes committed among all the Moslems, in ten years, as disgraces Boston, New York, or Philadelphia every month we live. The Oriental wife, with all her glowing soul, *wills* — save in very rare instances — to be fruitful, as all women should; and *becomes so*. There are rare cases in which a wife cannot, without imperilling her life, undergo the ordeal of maternity, and then, and *then only*, the timely exercise of the will alone forestalls death, prevents crime, and obviates all suffering.

III. LOVE is magnetic, subject to magnetic law, and is also a *force*, capable, as *all* know, of exerting strange effects upon bodies. This

magnetic, ethereal love-element can be projected upon, and made to operate on, any living being, as well as upon ourselves. Direct the attention toward the cause of anxiety, — a person (or self) sick in mind, morals or body, — and strongly desire, wish, will, the love-cure to be effective; in a few trials success will follow, to the entire assuagement of the difficulty. It is the mother's power over her child, exerted on a wider scale.

IV. MAGNETIC LOVE-POWER is of little use unless exercised. It and the Will, when properly cultured, is one of the most powerful instrumentalities for good, on earth. But wives and husbands neglect it and suffer. They find their partners growing cool, and instead of checking it they fly off, create a fuss, grow sullen, and make matters a *great deal* worse, when a timely resort to the great magnetic law would speedily correct all the trouble, which, in married life, often originates in passionate excess, and consequent satiety and disgust, — an unpalatable truth, *but true*, nevertheless. And here let me further say, that obedience to the laws of soap and water, sunshine and health, will ever and always *prevent* that same satiety and disgust, with all the subtended horrors thence arising. If a wife finds her husband growing cool, let her attend to her dress, manner; smiles instead of frowns; sugar, not salt; honey, not vinegar; and place her will steadily, strongly, persistently, upon him, at the same time sending forth her woman's love, sympathy, and magnetic force of magnetic love. *The man don't live who can resist it!* His love will return just as surely as that heaven exists. But she cannot work this magic charm in anger, jealousy, or indifference. Let her remember this, for it is the grand Oriental secret of fascination, was learned from the birds, and has worked miracles in human life. *The same principles obtain among unwedded lovers!*

V. LOVE-STARVATION! Think of it! A soul dying by inches for human sympathy, human love! It is dreadful, and yet thousands there are who suffer it all the while, and *needlessly*, for the certain cause of love-starvation is either utter selfishness on the part of the starved, repellant angularities, or lack of opportunity. True, it sometimes results from solitary vice, and in that case can only be remedied by a total abandonment of the habit, and rebuilding the health by due attention to diet, exercise, and fresh air, aided perhaps, with a little medicine, or some equally power-

ful tonic invigorant every morning and evening for a few months ; but in cases of passional and love-starvation not thus induced, the only cure is to be found in *firmly resisting* the terrible temptation to guilt and suicide, and a strong will and attractive daily exercise. The influence *will go forth*, and, although this idea may be laughed at by those ignorant of the soul and its laws, will bring to the soul the love it wants and sighs for. And yet it necessitates that *you love, be lovely, lovable, and LOVING*. My limits preclude the amplification of this subject. I am induced to thus notify people, because the vast majority of diseases spring from causes that experience has most abundantly and triumphantly demonstrated can be removed. Many people of both sexes often experience a *terrible* attraction toward another, that resembles, but is *not* love. On the contrary, it is a fearful, monstrous passion, and they almost vainly struggle to escape it. Such persons are vampyriized, and a vampyre is a person born *love-hungry*, who have *none* themselves, who are empty of it, but who fascinate and literally suck others dry who *do* have love in their natures. Detect it thus : the vampyre is selfish, is never content but in handling, fondling its object, which process leaves the vietim utterly exhausted, and they don't know why. Break off *at once*. Baffle it by steady refusal, allow not even hands to touch, and remember that the vampyre seeks to prolong his or her own existence, life, and pleasure, at the expense of your own. Women when thus assailed should treat the assailant with perfect coldness and horror. Thus they can baffle this pestiferous thing, — which is more common than people even suspect ; in fact, an every-day affair. Many a man and wife have parted, many still live unhappily together, some aware, but many unconscious, that the *prime* cause of all their bickerings and discontent is vampyrism on the part of one or the other. It causes fretfulness, moodiness, irritability ; a feeling of repugnance arises toward the one who should be most dear ; and eventually positive dislike takes the place of that tender affection which should ever grow more and more endearing between those who have given themselves to each other. This dislike becomes in many cases so strong that the parties cannot endure each other's presence ; and separation becomes inevitable, neither perhaps conscious of the *true* cause. This is sometimes owing to an inferior development of amativeness, sometimes to debility, lack

of vitality, the consequence of a feeble or shattered nervous system; and in either case the cure is to be found in less frequent contact, separate rooms, health, and mutual endeavor to correct the fault.

That a man or woman's real character is written in unmistakable characters, not only upon the entire person and features, but upon every external organ also, is a truth so thoroughly established as not to be denied. The features *may* be shrouded, but the hand, lips, nose, and brow, can never be. I therefore lay down these twenty-two rules for determining character, by interpreting the knots, lines, furrows, and shape of various hands, so that he or she who carefully *studies* them, as they should be, need not be deceived in the *actual* and *hidden* character of any human being, for the laws and rules here laid down are mathematically correct, and as certain as is death itself. No matter what a party may pass for, or pretends to be, his or her hand will tell the true story with unerring certainty, that is, according to very high French scientific authority, whose correctness of course I cannot positively vouch for:—

A hand something long, and the fingers thick, denote the person to be of a phlegmatic complexion, idle, slothful, but modest.

If the palm of the hand be long, and the fingers well-proportioned, and not soft, but rather hard, it denotes the person to be ingenious, but changeable, and given to theft and vice.

If the hand be hollow, solid, and well-knit in the joints, it predicts long life; but if overthwarted, it then denotes short life.

He whose hand is according to the quantity of his body, and the fingers too short, and thick, and fat at the ends, will be a thief, a lyer-in-wait, and addicted to all manner of evil.

When the palm of the hand is longer than the due proportion requires, and the fingers more thick, by how much they are the more short, it signifies that the man is proud, idle, negligent, and so much the more by how much the hand is more brawny.

Great and long hands betoken a great spirit, liberality, good conditions, craftiness; but the person will be a good counsellor, and faithful to his friends.

Observe the finger of Mercury,—that is the little finger; if the end of it exceed the joint of the ring finger, such a man will rule his own house, and his wife will be pleasing and obedient to him,

but if it be short, and reach not the joint, he will have a shrew, and she will "wear the breeches."

Broad nails show the person to be bashful, fearful, but of gentle nature.

When there is a certain white mark at the extremity of them, it shows that the person has more honesty than subtlety, and that his worldly substance will be impaired through negligence.

White nails, and long, denote much sickness and infirmity, especially fevers; and indication of the strength and deceit by women.

If upon the white anything appears at the extremity that is pale, it denotes short life by sudden death, and the person given to melancholy.

When there appears a certain mixed redness of divers colors at the beginning of the nails, it shows the person to be very choleric and very quarrelsome.

When the extremity is black, it is a sign of husbandry.

Narrow nails denote the person to be inclined to mischief, and to do injury to his neighbors.

Long nails show the person to be good-natured, but distrusted, and loves reconciliation rather than differences.

Oblique nails signify deceit and want of courage.

Little round nails denote obstinate anger and hatred.

If they be crooked at the extremity, they show pride and fierceness.

Round nails show a choleric person, yet soon reconciled, honest, a lover of secret sciences.

Fleshy nails denote the person to be mild in temper but lazy.

Pale and black nails show the person to be very deceitful to his neighbor and subject to many diseases.

Red and marked nails signify a choleric and martial nature, given to cruelty; and so many little marks as there are, they speak so many evil desires.

A word on newness. Every little while the painful details of some "shocking domestic tragedy" are given to the public in the columns of the daily press. On investigation, it uniformly turns out that the "tragedy" was merely the culmination or explosion of a long train of "domestic combustibles," which one party or the other, and sometimes both, had been assiduously laying for months,

or perhaps for years. The husband has female acquaintances whom the wife does not "approve;" the wife has masculine attendants on whom the husband frowns; the offending party neglects the home-circle and frequents the theatres with the tabooed parties; late suppers at restaurants; habits of indulging in strong drink; mysterious absences and "excursions;" and finally a revolver, if the offender be the wife, or a lawyer, if the husband be the guilty one, brings the matter to a crisis; and exposure, accompanied by death or disgrace, follows, and the curtain drops upon the forbidding scene. The moral of all this: *Stick to your homes and your families.* "A house divided against itself cannot stand."

It is plain that all this results from utter selfishness in either party, from the fact that neither party has real confidence in the other; and the cure for it is the assiduous cultivation, not of sameness, but of NEWNESS.

VI. The grand power of inner perception is most easily attained by clearly defining in your own mind what you want to know, and then powerfully concentrating the attention and will upon knowing it, and the answers will flow into the mind, or it will perceive what it wants to.

VII. ANY MOTHER, can, if she will, produce offspring that shall be superior to either parent, by avoiding all disagreeables of whatever kind or nature. By *believing* she shall and will produce a superior specimen of the race, and by firmly resisting discontent, anger, jealousy, hatred, and all evil, dwelling only on that which is true, beautiful and good.

VIII. WOMEN suffering from affectional perversions, resulting in the trains of evil known as "Female Complaints," have a positive means of rejuvenation in the will, in the cultivation of the purer attributes of their nature; observance of the law of soap and water, and a firm determination to be no longer slaves to drugs, anger, selfishness, the doctors, envy, or anything else calculated to unbalance them. Thus mentally they can heal themselves, tone their bodies, and gain new life, energy, and the power that begets power in return.

IX. MARRIED MEN's lives will be happy and pleasant when they learn: 1. That a woman *is* a woman — not a softer sort of man. 2. That wives appreciate forbearance. 3. That occasionally a woman's organization becomes so deranged that she needs sym-

pathy, love, tenderness, and great patience on his part, for she can not help her vagaries. Bread thus thrown upon the waters will return a harvest of love ere many days. 4. A wife is a truer friend, even if homely, than the most beautiful *outsider* that ever lived. 5. Take your wife into your counsels; the place of amusement; walk, talk, and be pleasant with her. Attentions pay large interest. 6. Never bring *all* your troubles home to saddle them on her; and 7, and last, Study your wife, and adapt yourself to her; let her really be your other half; for, lo! ye twain are one flesh. No matter what mothers-in-law, or any relation, may say or do. Remember that ye twain are one, and "For this cause shall a man leave father and mother and cleave (only) to his wife." Very few men do it, however, for there's a chronic hankering in most of them after some other woman than the wife; and this is because *Love* is not at the base of their union. It will not *always* be so.

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The Roscierucian brotherhood hold certain dogmas to be true, which are not believed by all who live within the pale of the Christian world, and are not fairly understood by even the most advanced thinkers and philosophers. Among these dogmas is that of the absolute existence of a Deity, and that of fate, destiny, and pre-ordination, not in the sense of fixedness, but in the sense of increasing and vanishing forces of organization as played upon by the myriad streams of influences whereto all beings are subjected. The folly of free will ought to be exploded, because it is untrue. No man can by any possibility be free so long as he is enveloped by influence-bearing atmospheres, whether these be oxygenic, carbonic, electric, chemical, social, actinic, domestic, climatic, magnetic, odic, ethereal, religious, refined, coarse, amatory, political, or any other; for all these tend to swerve him more or less, to warp his judgment, and control his thought, feeling, and action, and so long as this indisputable fact obtains, he is not one whit more free in the absolute sense than an apple on the tree is free, which it cannot be so long as the law of acids, sweets, gravity, constitutes the elements of apple law. But, unlike the fruit, man lives within the circle of vanishing quantities and accreting forces.

For instance, a man may be tempted to the very verge of doing a mean act toward any one, and while yielding mentally before the

covert deed, may reach forth his hand and take a drink of brandy, which drink begets an additional inflammation; his virtue is a vanishing quantity straightway, and his persistence, amatory intensity, is an accreting force, and he goes to "the devil as straight as a string," totally without reference to free-will, moral law, heaven, hell, or Mrs. Grundy. Why? Because the coarser chemistry of the body has induced action in the finer chemistry of spirit, and these two win immediate victories over the soul — the fight being two against one.

Now, will the casuists please weigh me out the exact heft of that man's free-will and guilt? When you want to catch a woman, bait the hook with diamonds — large — and she is very apt to bite! And when you want to catch a man, bait with a pretty woman, and you will go home with more game than hunter ever yet returned with. Good-morning, free-will!

Free-will is all a fleeting show
To amuse us in life's span.
Man wants but woman here below,
And woman wants but man.

"What'll you bet that isn't true?" said a gentlemen at my side, — a great poet, and a natural one, — as I penned the lines.

I admitted its truth, and prosily asked, "Why?"

Said he, "You're a fool. God in matter and nature, as you know it, is but the spirit of life, growth, increase, increment; that and that only is his mode in this department of what is, and the most of *what is* lays beyond the reach of matter-environed intellect, and all it is good for is to grow. All matter is good, for it is to afford a theatre of forces, and all man has to do below is to increase in all directions, multiply all his powers and replenish the earth, not only with rightly begotten and born young ones, — a vast improvement on their parents, — but with all possible improving agencies."

God does not trouble himself about whether Molly's child was born before being commissioned properly by the Rev. Dr. Tenthly in a surplice, or after; but whether the child can eat his allowance and turn it into good quantity and quality of clear brain. He does not care whether John marries Sally, but that each shall marry some body and soul; for the earth, and air, and sunshine, and matter were all specially destined as nurseries of the incarnate God, by the

viewless chief of all existenee ; and as it happens that every particle and atom has life, and force, and power, and destiny, in exact ratio with the subtlety and fineness of itself, it follows that any aggregation thereof must also have a determinate destiny by reason of the size, shape, fineness, etc., of the constituent atoms, and so Joe and Bill, as chemical existences, act just as their organizations vote they shall, acting in concert with the tremendous course of eternal forces that forever play upon them in myriad ways, alternately changing the vanishing and accreting quantities and tendencies. God to-day, devil yesterday, a mixture of both to-morrow, resulting in crystallizing all that is good and purging away the bad, whether physical, mental, or moral, for as God is the spirit of push, he pushes all to the better ends, and as speedily as possible gets us out of the cellars of life into its drawing-rooms and parlors.

Unquestionably, our organizations determine the grooves we move in, and no thought, act, or deed, but is the only possible result of the combined gale of influences that blows upon us from the cradle to the grave. We hold that there are two auras or effluences born with us, the nature of which depends upon the preponderance of good or evil that has obtained all along the back line of ancestry at the front of which we individually stand. If the good or smooth prevail, so it will be with us on the troublesome journey called life ; and conversely, if ill prevail.

No judge or jury that ever tried a victim for his liberty or life, was or is competent to tell how far a man is responsible for any given deed ; for he may have done it as a sort of blister-proxy, — slumbering yet gathering force for long periods, and breaking out in any given moment of our lives, when chemical or other states were exactly right for that sort of development ; hence present prison codes are a humbug, law courts a solemn farce, justice a tragedy, the gallows an infamous ulcer on the body politic, a blunder ; and this partly because we beget bodies, but God makes souls, and if by folly we build bad tenements, what wonder that the tenants often grow irksome, and raise hell where heaven ought to reign ?

We are not free-willites ; we are powerless to correct the organic faults of ourselves, but can by loving living do much toward a better state of things for our posterity.

When a man begins to think, then there is hope of that man; but whoever can, and will not, think, proves himself a bigot and an ass!

Virtue don't consist in a membrane! Some people say it does, but some people are fools. It is soul that is virtuous, if virtue there be, and not a cartilage!

The marriage relation is, as times go, a very uncertain institution; mainly because each party to it insists upon moving socially, psychically, and in every other way, in separate spheres. And the most knowing men and women, Rosierucians included, are generally stone blind in that direction, while wide awake to every other beneath the sun; but practically the thing is reversed, and we have them in patches all over the "garden of humanity." Of late many attempts have been made to account for this evil and to supply an appropriate remedy. As a general thing the female army of marriage protestors lay all the blame of uneongeniality, etc., etc., to the male side of the house, and we are surfeited with abundant talk about "man's animal passions," and all that sort of thing. The human male is bad, worse, and worst, while the other side is good, better, and best, — which is false and nonsense; for as many males writhe beneath this galling yoke as females; and in the final adjustment of the whole matter it will be found that the trouble does not always originate in man's animality.

And I here take occasion to defend my sex from that atrocious charge, and to affirm that, 1, we males are, taken on an average quite as good as the other side of the house, and are just as capable of knowing when we are well treated as they are.

2. Nor does it originate in non-affinity; for people very seldom enter that relation unless there be a most decided affinity between them.

3. Nor does the trouble spring from the supposed fact that somewhere in heaven or earth or elsewhere there is one particular man cut out to exactly suit one particular woman, for that stuff is exploded — was disproved long ago. Any living human being can find thousands of totally dissimilar affinities, in every land beneath the sky, with whom he could live in perfect accord till a certain fabled place was covered with ice a league thick. "Eternal affinity" is infernal fol de rol. Once I spent some weeks beneath the roof of one of the worst women God or nature ever created, a

perfect female Lucifer, sharp as vinegar, crooked as a worm, and meaner than "git;" yet the woman had a husband to whom she is sweeter than strained honey, and she to him is goddess; such love as exists between termagant shrew and this invalid husband scarce ever is seen, and yet there is not the slightest vestige of affinity between the twain. How, then, is this happy union to be accounted for? Wait, presently we shall inquire and perhaps see. Let us look at the female side of the business first, and see if it is true, as the 876th Rosicrucian canon declares, that a husband is ever just what a wife makes him. Some may doubt this, but I believe it most astonishingly true.

Marriage is a tree whose fruits are ever bitter unless constantly watered with respect, cultured with tenderness, and nursed with attention, for happiness is either a vanishing or accreting quantity. Now how many wives in a thousand ever practically realize that the husband sustains a relation close by the walls of their lives — that he wishes the closest possible union. Very few wives take the same pains to please "only my husband" that they do strangers, acquaintances, and a host of outsiders, — for all of whom they put on the very best airs, give them the tit-bits at table, wash, perfume, and dress themselves "fit to kill," and come it strong in a hundred ways, all of which they are oblivious to so far as hubby is concerned. Take their tale for it, and all the wives are angels. Madame puts her best foot foremost, and honey is all the go, but after that, she seems to think her part well done if she ministers at meals and suffers "animality." Now be it known that no man lives who will be contented with the mere physical part of the contract. Women doubt it, but it is a fact we "animal monsters" actually have hearts, and love sweetness, — saccharine, domestic, æsthetic, and magnetic; and if the lovely creatures would take half the pains to keep and increase our love, by commanding our respect, attention, and tenderness, there would be far fewer divorce suits and smaller editions of Bedlam let loose; for it happens that when men don't get these things at home, a streak of human nature prompts a search elsewhere.

Behold the foundation whereon saloons, brothels, rum-drinking, tobacco-using, crime from badly fashioned children, divorce courts, elopements, desertions, murder, and the gallows are builded!

A slovenly wife drives a man mad. A cold, unthinking com-

panion to marital usages begets the crime against nature (which it always is without mutuality) in three forms, the result of which is the man gets warped, sour, falls into a state of chronic "cussedness," feels "damn" if he don't say it, and falls an easy prey to the first pair of rosy lips that silently invite him to come and taste them.

Husbands don't relish sufferance, they want UNION—united (wife and husband) stand; divided they fall, and when either breaks the bond and enters new ones, the broom is sure to sweep clean for a while, but in nine cases in ten it's out of the frying-pan into the fire plump and square, and then follows a "Who'd a' thought it?" and "How are you, affinities?" No, no, marriage is something more than the most of women seem to think, and as the most potent thing in being is a woman's smile, I prescribe that for cases of inflammation of wedlock and marriage ague.

Smiles attract; fault-finding and heedlessness repel.

We are told that woman caused the fall of man; if so, she only has power to raise him.

Passionalism is the body of conjugal love, principle is its soul. Wives, study your husbands.

Husbands, a word to you. Don't you know that as a general thing you are not fit for a good woman's husbandage? Why? Because you are so apt to be immersed in the things of life outside, as to neglect the world at home; which is mean on your part; for a woman is something more than a handy thing to have around the house.

Her love is *never* physical, and her soul needs cuddling, brooding, genuine loving, not too often accompanied by the lurid fire begotten of thick necks, and food of flesh and flame.

She is a triplicate compound of flesh, spirit, soul; and no woman ever yet lived who did not more highly value the love of the spirit and soul, far more than that whose sphere lies within the domain of nervous sense; and yet from this last undoubtedly spring many of the purest and sweetest earthly joys. She requires constant respect, attention, tenderness, and she demands homage in a thousand little things, which husbands seem totally oblivious of three months after marriage. All women dearly appreciate trifling kindnesses and attentions.

Boorishness distresses her, and coldness kills her outright; while forced compliance withers the very roots of love, and turns her celestial honey to the gall of hell-fire.

Few men learn how to treat women till after forty years of age mainly because they are badly compounded; but they can by persistent efforts make amends. Attention to home and for home begets chemical changes that soon bring about better fusion of souls.

Most unhappy marriages owe much of their bitter fruits to too great physical intimacy and the consequent magnetic exhaustion; the cure for which is to be found in separate couches till the balance is restored. Proof: how dear John and Mary are to each other for a week after his return from a long absence! But when the bodies are mutually filled with the same kind of magnetism they instantly cease to attract and begin to repel; hence never let such be the case, and marriage in its other aspect will be sugary all along the valley. Again: there is no agency equal to family wash-ups,—weekly at the altar of the bath-god, where the soap priest offers up his sacrifice to the lord of magnetic purity. No one can be virtuous in soiled linen, nor wholly bad in the mere chemistry of life!

True. But chemistry lies at the bottom of existence. Large livers beget an alkaline condition, a generative tendency, and it boils over in “*prayer-meetings*” and “*glory to the Lamb*,”—not pure worship of God, but a magnetic furore that exhausts itself in physico-emotional excitement, as bereft of true fervor as polished steel is of mildew. Large spleens beget acid states of body, and we have *lemoncholy* religion as a result. It is cold,—cold seeks its opposite, heat. And therefore such people are happier when warming themselves at hell-fire, and going in for strong excitement. “But marriage woes spring from mental differences. She is ignorant, he is knowing,” and all that sort of objections are set forth. Why didn’t you look out for that before? But it is not a good plea. People don’t marry for the sake of brains, but for souls and bodies. The world of feeling is vaster than the world of thought. It is less tiresome and more congenial. Love never reasons, and when it is attempted to gauge it by line and plummet, rule and square, good-by love,—it’s up and away. Love belongs to the domain of emotion; intellect to the marble ice regions of mathematics. Love never venerates the thought, but adores the thinker, it worships not the act, but the power behind it; intellect never begets happiness, emotion always does. Read a geometrical

thesis to a consumptive for physic, administer fluxions to a woman in love, give a dose of Euclid to the man that's just left his wife. "Bah!" one year of love, even "ignorant" love, is worth all the "intellect" this side of Jupiter in its effect upon the soul and destiny of man or woman. Intellect was given as a guide to life. Love is life itself, and we feel ten times happier at a concert, ball, opera, "love feast," or "prayer-meeting," than while listening to the grandest intellectual demonstrations this side of Orion. We will probe the matter deeper by and by; meantime consider me an advocate of the rights of women, and those of men likewise.

THE STREET-WALKER. — Of all God's creation the most pitiful object.

Of all God's creation the most sorry and most sacred object.

Of all beings made in the divine likeness, given a sense of immortality, an eye for the stars of midnight and the sun at noon, an ear for the murmur of the spring, and the deep cry of the mighty sea, rocked babe of the Great Mother, given a voice for the utterance of the things of the heart, — the one only whose eyes are never turned to heaven, whose ears are sealed to the spherical sounds, whose voice, untuned, rattles over a dry bed.

Of all a little lower than the angels, the one only that wants the death of any brute. The only one — our Father help her! — that would have no flowers pointing with fragrance to her grave, no stone to stay the stranger's heel from trampling down her dust. Only to lie quietly, never to wake when this is over.

The street-walker haunts all the places of men. The city, with its walls so high that they veil the face of the sun, with stones that never cry out, and mingled sounds that drown the still small voice, is her only home. She has a memory of another scene, now and then. While it is light, and she lurks in her covert, shrinking from the searching eye of day, it sometimes crosses her mind, — a still and peaceful land, — cape, fields, a brook, a white church, a cottage with the vines about it, and there, under the tall trees before the door, with the sunset touching his thin face with glory, and the pleasant air blowing through his white hair, an old man fondling a child upon his knee, a child whose large eyes are turned trustful and truthful into his, and whose golden tresses embrace his neck. But she curses this vision, and drowns it with fire!

If the street-walker ventures out into the brilliant tide of happy and hopeful life that rises and falls in the favorite promenade, she is followed by black and angry glances. As if her breath were poison, as if her touch were certain taint, fine ladies shrink away at her approach, wives and mothers blush with indignation as they see her, and holy men rebuke her with stern contemplation. Through all her disguises, — be her veil as thick and impenetrable as that which hides her destiny, be her garments those of deepest contrition and most suppliant sadness, — bet your life the fellows know her! The gentlemen so proud and handsome, picking petted teeth, or caressing beautiful mustaches at the hotel fronts, or lounging with large eyes and graceful canes over the pave, exchange brief but perfectly understood glances as she goes by, wearily, perhaps; and if none of their up-town friends are in sight (of which they are careful first to assure themselves), bestow upon her a few sly familiarities, of which they have an ample vocabulary.

When it is *dark!* Who does not know that figure, so laboriously light, of such ghastly gayety, decked with the sacrificial tokens, flowers, and jewels — a bloom in her cheek, but not the bloom of health and innocence; a light in her eye, but not the light of hope, — flashing by there under the gas? Now she walks erect and bold. Now she laughs a sharp and furious laugh. Now her voice strikes a dismal pain to the heart still beautiful in purity, still tender in mercy. Now society shuts its eyes and its doors, and prays to the God of the outcast for the street-walker out in the night.

Dear friends, no. Gentlemen in front of the hotels, no. Careful shepherds, ladies whose necks are so lovely and laces so light, mothers, that some of us remember, sisters, that some of us love, — no.

A descent is just made upon them by a posse of the mayor's police, the same mayor, dear friends, who, when a great many complaints are preferred at his office, by sewing girls and other operatives, who allege that their employers cheat them out of their wages, observes that "he can do nothing for them;" and the newspapers tell all about it in a story which it is a stirring thing for respectable citizens to glance over at breakfast. The reporter shows up the "vile creatures" in all their monstrous rapacity, and

follows them to the station-house in the gentle clutch of Captain Snatchem's posse with virtuous rejoicing.

The street-walker, although spurned by all good people, and driven out, branded with shame, from all pure circles; although taken up not tenderly by his Honor's police; although put out to die like a worn beast, when her laugh gets hollow and her eye dull, seldom takes any other revenge than an over-dose of laudanum, or a plunge, that only the droning watchman and the creatures of the midnight hear, into the black stream.

Indeed, it is said that to the very destroyer of her peace and happiness — him who turned her destiny out of the light into the eternal shadows — she is often true to the last, following him with benedictions, and breathing his name last of all.

Who, then, shall dare deny these poor ones the dole of human charity? Who, when all is told, dare take upon him or herself the inhuman task of casting the first stone? God forbid that I should do it! The "Liberal Christian" very truly says:—

"It is not in the facility with which people get divorced, but in the facility with which they get married, that the mischief inheres. It is not the unmarrying — the marrying without proper consideration, marrying from wrong motives, with false views and unfounded expectations, marrying without knowing who or what — that causes all the disturbance. And there is altogether too much of such marrying. When man and woman marry all over and clean through, every faculty and sentiment of each finding its complement and counterpart in the other, separation is impossible. * But when they are only half married, — when only a third part of them is married, — when they are married only in their instincts, or their imaginations, or their fortunes, — the unmarried part of both is very apt to get uneasy, and they find a Bedlam where they look for elysium."

Speaking of the incompatibilities of personal similarities, a writer of keen observation, and with time enough on his hands to use it in the waysides of life, says that wherever two natures have a great deal in common, the conditions of a first-rate quarrel are furnished ready-made. Relations are very apt to hate each other, just because they are too much alike. It is so frightful to be in an atmosphere of family idiosyncrasies; to see all the hereditary uncomeliness or infirmity of body, all the defects of speech, all the

failings of temper, intensified by concentration, so that every fault of our own finds itself multiplied by reflection, like our images in a saloon lined with mirrors, and we are yet to learn that the heavens are a point from the pen of God's perfection; the world is a bud from the bower of his beauty; the sun is a spark from the light of his wisdom, and the sky is a bubble on the sea of his power. His beauty is free from the spot of sin, hidden in the thick vale of darkness; he made mirrors from the atoms of the world, and threw a reflection from his face on every atom.

Place woman among flowers, foster her as a tender plant, and she is a thing of fancy, waywardness, and sometimes folly, — annoyed by a dewdrop, fretted by the touch of a butterfly's wing, and ready to faint at the rustle of a beetle; the zephyrs are too rough, the showers too heavy, and she is overpowered by the perfume of a rosebud. But let real calamity come, rouse her affections, enkindle the fires of her heart, and mark her then; how her heart strengthens itself, how strong is her purpose! Place her in the heat of battle — give her a child, a bird, anything she loves or pities, to protect — and see her in a relative instance, raising her white arms as a shield, as her own blood crimsones her upturned forehead, praying for life to protect the helpless.

Transplant her in dark places of the earth, awaken her energies to action, and her breath becomes a healing, her presence a blessing. She disputes, inch by inch, the stride of the stalking pestilence, when man, the strong and brave, shrinks away pale and affrighted. Misfortune haunts her not; she wears away a life of silent endurance, and goes forward with less timidity than to her bridal. In prosperity she is a bud full of odors, waiting but for the winds of adversity to scatter them abroad, — pure gold, valuable, but untried in the furnace. In short, woman is a miracle, a mystery, the centre from which radiates the great charm of existence.

All I have said of physical love has been uttered from the fulness of an honest heart, believing what I say.

Let us open up another page of this love-volume, and demonstrate its substantiality, its absolute physical nature. It is proved to be material, for reasons I have already stated; and, 1, in the third list of reasons: Because no men or women were ever yet jealous because their legal partner loved some one else with a

“divine,” a “spiritual,” or “angelic” love. Why? Because the common sense of all mankind affirms that the sentiment of admiration, the transcendentalist’s “love,” is a *mere* sentiment; but that the outflow of the love of the body entailed a positive loss, and was, and is, and ever will be, productive of positive injury. The universal human instinct of this fact lies at the bottom of jealousy. If love is *only* a mental state, why do men, even “philosophers,” take physical vengeance on the despoilers of love’s treasure-house?

2. Cases have occurred wherein a patient has been so ill as to require a fresh supply of blood. This blood has been transfused from the veins of one person to those of the other, — generally from a man to a woman; and there never yet occurred a case of this kind but that a deathless attachment sprung up between the parties. “Ah, that is gratitude!” you say. It is not; for a case is on record where the blood from a man’s arm was conveyed into the veins of a young girl while she was in a swoon. The man fainted, was carried out, recovered, and went to sea. The girl got well, — grew up. Ten years elapsed; she became melancholy, — remained so; felt an inexpressible longing for something, she knew not what. War broke out; she left her country; went to a distant one; still was unhappy. At length she was walking along the streets, passed through a crowd, went directly to a poorly-clad sailor man, took his hand, felt her longing gratified; took him home, — she was rich, — had him cleaned up, married him in ten days; lived with him four years; was inexpressibly happy; found out that he was the *very man whose blood ran through her veins!* I advise all the wives to get some of their husbands’ blood transfused into their veins; it’s a capital experiment, — will pay well! The inference is plain that love is a physical element, else how came that nameless longing?

3. That love is a physical element is proved by its effects; for hunger conquers it. How many free-lovers live on cooling diet? Nary one! They go in for beef to a man — or woman. Women, under the pangs of hunger, have been known to dine off a child. Poverty kills love by cutting off the supply of highly flavored food. Condiments increase love; acids and alkalies very soon destroy it. Drunkards abuse wives and children, because the fusil oil and aquafortis, constituting the bases of the liquors drank,

destroy the power of the glands alluded to elsewhere. Modern tangle-leg whiskey, warranted to kill at forty paces, kills love at twice that distance, on principles purely chemical. The strawberry and pear, peach and grape, make love ; and that's why the French are such general lovers. Beer and malt destroy love ; that's why England is the land of wife-misery.

4. Methodist love-feasts prove the materiality of love. The sisters affect the brothers, and then the brothers react upon the sisters. Love-aura fills the room, and all become impregnated therewith, especially the sisters. They all become psychologized, and call it the "grace of God." It's a very good sort of psychology ; I rather like it. A brother prays, and the more vigorous his body the more unction will his prayer have ; his love is at high-tide. Next day he finds himself played out, and can't get up the glory again, except on a capital of good eating !

5. The love-element may become diseased ; it is often so. That's the cause of so many miserable families. The love of a man, being diseased, acts as a *direct poison* upon his wife, in consequence of which she soon grows thin, pale, or sallow. Affection and respect fly out of the window, and the home becomes a hell on earth, — a hell, too, which a little common sense, such as is herein set forth, will speedily retransform into a happy heaven. I advise the philosophers to try it.

6. Love is life, is heat, is energy. The old heads knew it, when they tried to reanimate the used-up David with a Bathsheba bath ; but it didn't work. Why ? Because his excesses had deprived him of responsive power. He was that awful spectacle, — a human wreck.

7. Christ was perfect love, incarnate. That's why he was so good a doctor. Modern M. D.'s cure by the laying on of hands. How ? They rouse up the organs of the patient by infusion of their own love. If they keep it up long it is dangerous — they waste away. Why ? Because their love is exhausted.

8. There is a class of human vampyres in the world, who draw out the love of all of the opposite sex with whom they come in contact. People near whom they move feel the virtue going from them in streams. I speak of professional vampyres ; but a similar phenomenon occurs with honest people. They are drawn to each other with terrible power ; it is love seeking its equilibrium. They

must *part* or *fall*! The only safety is in instant flight! This thing is thought to be a mental or spiritual affair; it is not so! It is physical.

The tests of diseased love are various; but a harsh, cracked voice is an infallible sign. A deep, round, full-toned one is a sign of health. The walk is also a method of judgment. Show me a man's well-worn boot, or a woman's shoe, and I'll tell you the state of their love in five minutes. If I was a young woman, I would marry the man whose avowed affection for me survived a good strong course of cathartic medicine, and cold baths in the winter. It's astonishing to behold the effect of cold water poured down the back of an ardent lover. It will make him swear, very likely. If love is so ethereal, why is it always thus affected by blue-pills and shower-baths? Why can't it withstand hunger, cold, sea-sickness, and calomel?

If love isn't material, why do honeymoons degenerate into the worst sort of vinegar so soon?

In conclusion, let me say, that while contending for the materiality of love, I do not deny the existence of a moral force somewhat analogous. They call this force religion, and its domain is the human soul, just as love is in the human body. We shall outlive all earthly loves and all earthly unions; for the only mission of love is to stock the world. To that country where we go at death, we shall carry our religion, our hopes, affections, memories, faith, justice, pity, mercy, benevolence, generosity, and goodness; but purely earthly phases of love are then left behind. We shall no longer fall before it, no longer struggle in its toils — no longer be led astray by its falsehoods, or be pierced by its arrows. When I get there, I expect to grow new loves, fitted and adapted to the new conditions. When there, it will be time enough to exercise my "divine loves and nature," for there, perhaps, they will be needed; but while here our time is best employed in purifying the every-day human lives, and cultivating and cleansing the human loves. Philosophers may call us all by the title "angel;" perhaps *they* are such, but as for me, I am only a poor, weak, fallible, **ERRING MAN** and my neighbors found it out.

It very often happens that while people are coldly discussing a man's career, sneering at his mistakes, blaming his rashness, libelling his opinions — that man, in solitude, is, perhaps, shedding hot

tears, because strength and patience are failing him to speak the difficult word and do the difficult deed. Such I know has been my experience; yet the very opposition I have hitherto met, and the misunderstandings which have barred my pathway, have been blessings in the end, because they threw me back upon God and my own immortal soul. At this day I am unable to discover one single human being whom I hate, or an agony of soul or body whose fruitage has not proved valuable and sweet. Few indeed have been the practical friends in need, whom I have proved and found right-side up in the trial hour; I can count them on the fingers of a single hand, and yet I love the world and the people in it. Endeavoring always to move right, I have often struck the cushions of life, rebounded and carromed against some tremendous misery, and together we have rolled into some dark pocket of despair; but therein glorious thoughts have been gestated, and born in beauty to the world when fairer days dawned, and skies were bright and clearer. I have ever felt that, after all, God and I were a clear majority, and I have ever felt a presence, and from its viewless lips my soul received the cheering charge:—

Speak all thy thoughts, O thinker, howsoe'er
 They flout the speculations of the age,
 Its pet conceits or fantasies; speak on;
 Marshal thy thought like phalanxes of horse;
 Scatter the idle dreamers of the time.
 The phantom hosts of popular ignorance
 Shall strike their cloudy tents, and silently
 Shrink to their own nonentity again.

And they shrunk. A few fair-weatherites “damned me with faint praise;” but soon even my championship of woman was tortured against me, and the heartless, brainless pack, yelped, “He’s fond of the women! he’s fond of the women,—al-to-geth-er *too* fond of ’em!” The fools! as if *that* was a crime, seeing that I came by it naturally,—for my father was so before me, and the fault, like some folks’ red hair, is constitutional, and “runs in the family,” and is one for which I don’t want to be forgiven!—God bless the ladies all! Like the Springfield poet, I plead guilty, and ask “who blames me for it?” Surely no true, pure, genuine man; nor the sex whose battles I have fought so long.

I love a pretty woman — (bless her soul!)
 Her shapely form, sweet face, and gentle carriage;
 Her pleasant language; and, upon the whole,
 A maiden, less than one who lives in marriage;
 For maids, though they be beautiful as elves,
 Fail, when with gentlemen, to “act themselves.”
 I love a married woman, for she knows,
 By deep experience in life’s joys and woes,
 That men have honor and trustworthiness;
 And meets me with free speech and open face.
 I know the homes of many such, and when
 Their happy mistresses invite me thither,
 I call upon the prettiest one, and then —
 I sit right down and spend the evening with her!

If the world knew the real value of human love, and had less gab and pruriency, it would be the better for it, and the mothers would bring forth men and heroes, instead of half made-up specimens of diseased humanity — as now. As for me I pray for woman, and labor for her cause in order that we may have what the world most needs — MEN : —

God give us men! A time like this demands
 Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
 Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
 Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
 Men who possess opinion and a will;
 Men who have honor — men who will not LIE;
 Men who can stand before a demagogue,
 And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
 Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog,
 In public duty, and in private thinking.
 For while the rabble, with their thumb screw creeds,
 Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
 Wrong rules the land, and waiting justice sleeps.

All this is as true as that God lives. We shall see a better state of things when marriages are happy, and wives bring forth in hope and love, and holy trust, and not in anger, fear and hatred, as is, alas! too often the case in the times we live in.

It would puzzle our arithmetic to count the cases within the bounds of Christendom, parallel with that of the ruler of Persia. Perhaps you, reader, have not heard the story; if you have not, here it is, prettily and fairly told : —

WHEN THE SULTAN GOES TO ISPAHAN.

*When the Sultan Shah-Zaman
Goes to the city Ispahan,
Even before he gets so far
As the place where the clustered palm-trees are,
At the last of the thirty palace-gates,
The pet of the harem, Rose-in-Bloom,
Orders a feast in his favorite room, —
Glittering squares of colored ice,
Sweetened with syrup, tintured with spice,
Creams, and cordials, and sugared dates,
Syrian apples, Othmanee quinces,
Limes, and citrons, and apricots,
And wines that are known to Eastern princes;
And Nubian slaves, with smoking pots
Of spiced meats and costliest fish,
And all that the curious palate could wish,
Pass in and out of the cedarn doors;
Scattered over mosaic floors
Are anemones, myrtles, and violets,
And a musical fountain throws its jets
Of a hundred colors into the air.
The dusk Sultana loosens her hair,
And stains with the henna-plant the tips
Of her pearly nails, and bites her lips
Till they bloom again, — but, alas ! *that* rose
Not for the Sultan buds and blows ;
*Not for the Sultan Shah-Zaman,
When he goes to the city Ispahan.**

Then, at a wave of her sunny hand,
The dancing girls of Samarcand
Float in like mists from Fairy-land !
And to the low, voluptuous swoons
Of music rise and fall the moons
Of their full, brown bosoms. Orient blood
Runs in their veins, shines in their eyes ;
And there, in this Eastern Paradise,
Filled with the fumes of sandal-wood,
And Khoten musk, and aloes and myrrh,
Sits Rose-in-Bloom, on a silk divan,
Sipping the wines of Astrakhan ;
And her Arab lover sits with her.
*That's when the Sultan Shah-Zaman
Goes to the city Ispahan.*

Now, when I see an extra light,
Flaming, flickering on the night
From my neighbor's casement opposite,
I know as well as I know to pray,
I know as well as a tongue can say,
*That an innocent "Hubby" — a humbugged man —
Has gone to the city Ispahan.*

I know of several such "Sultans" right here in Yankee land; the judges of the divorce courts know of a good many more, and I dare say that even you, dear reader, have suspicions of several additional ones. Well, it's a pity that it is so. There is a remedy for such a state of conjugal morals; but the cure is not to be found in law courts, storming, scolding, raving, or brutalisms of any sort whatever. It is only to be found in hopeful, trustful, genial, connubial loving; for when one has love of the right sort at home, one seldom cares to go abroad in search of it. In this book I have endeavored to show the true road to happiness; and what I have herein left unsaid or unwritten, the reader will find fully treated in the Sequel of this volume, — "The Master Passion: or, The Curtain Raised."

THE MASTER PASSION;
OR,
THE CURTAIN RAISED.

THE MASTER PASSION;

OR,

THE CURTAIN RAISED.



WOMAN, LOVE, AND MARRIAGE; FEMALE BEAUTY AND
POWER; THE ARTS OF THEIR ATTAINMENT,
CULTURE, AND RETENTION.



THE SEQUEL TO "LOVE AND ITS HIDDEN HISTORY."



ALL women are beautiful! There may be those whose form and features are neither classical nor graceful, yet not one but deep in whose heart and soul exists a diamond-mine of love, tenderness, goodness, truth, and beauty! Every woman has a right to be loved, just as it is her nature to shower affection on whoever really touches her heart. All women are love incarnate, but foolish men don't know it.

What is life without love? What is love but the fulfilment of this earthly section of the unknown, undreamed of, unfathomable human destiny? The Rosicrucians say that "Love lieth at the foundation" of all things; certain it is that it underlies and subtends everything with which we are acquainted; and wretched indeed are they who know not of its wealth and power, its bitter and its honeyed sweet. There never was anything achieved worth the doing unless love was the spur. Herein I purpose to write a hand-book for women, — for those who desire to cultivate genuine affection, and the beauty and fascination that are its legitimate accompaniments.

Some wise one of the "lordly" sex, has pithily asked "What's beauty without soap?" and another equally astute one has said that "Beauty unadorned is adorned the most!" As for the first one, the fact is clear that he knew nothing whatever concerning what he wrote about; for beauty *is a great deal* without it, and all the "soap" in existence won't make a lady's skin fair and beautiful; and as for the second writer, it is clear that he is equally far from being right, for 'I say that beauty is *invariably* heightened and intensified by the arts of adornment: proof, take any handsome woman who walks the fashionable streets of Boston, or any other New England town or city, — and, be it known, many of the finest-looking women in the world are to be found in the Eastern States, — take her as she is when dressed and ornamented, and contrast her with herself when clothed in plain everyday garb, and I think the philosopher would quickly recant his own words and sentence. In one of my many books — which, I now forget — I asked the question, What is it that most captivates us in women, — is it the divinity or the dimity? I think it is an even thing, yet if there is any preponderance either way, the *dimity* has it. Now it is certain that beauty does not reside *merely* in either form, figure, carriage, hair, eyes, teeth, size, complexion, or accomplishments; but it is a nameless something inherent somewhat in all these, and in something else beside, and that nameless something strikes everybody alike, commands their admiration, exacts their homage, and inspires their loftiest praises. I have also said, If you want to catch a man, be sure and bait your hook with a pretty woman; and experience and observation assure me I am right. I am well aware that courtship is bliss, and marriage, especially among Americans in these telegraphic times, is very often a blister; yet nevertheless we all want to experiment in both for ourselves. Now, as times go, courtship is a system of mutual humbugging, as a general thing, and the resultant marriages a very painful eye-opener to both parties; hence there is a wide demand for information on all that pertains to the affectional laws of human nature, — among which those underlying beauty, will, and magnetism, are leading ones, and which laws, if well understood, as they easily are, and properly obeyed, will result in fewer disappointments, less misery, a greater amount of happiness, and fewer cases of *crim. con.*, elopements, and divorce. Those are set

forth to some extent herein, and far more fully in "Love and its Hidden History."

Says Warren Chase, a distinguished author, writing of love:—

"We have long believed, without the power to demonstrate to others, that love is a subtle, imponderable element, with absolute material existence, like electricity, and somehow mysteriously connected with the vital elements of life, motion, and sensation in animal, human, and spiritual organizations. In these organisms its manifestations are ever in accordance with the fineness of texture and nerve in the bodies; most strongly manifested through the sexual passion in the lower and coarser races, and in the coarser and grosser of each race and species; remarkably expressed through the maternal organs of some animals and some human beings, but in this expression not governed by any law or rule of coarseness or fineness of texture, but by some unknown law of their organizations, often strongly expressed in the paternal relation, in other individuals of the same species entirely wanting in paternal expression, even where the sexual expression is strong. In the highest human and in the spiritual organizations it spreads out to kindred, to friends, to strangers, to the race, and to God, and becomes more and more a source of happiness and enjoyment as it is extended and intensified to God and man; its quantity, quality, and intensity increasing as the soul advances and improves in its condition and relations to God and the race.

"We have ever been too much disgusted with the silly nonsense and ridiculous absurdities of most writers on the free-love relations of the sexes to take any notice of them, but have waited calmly, as an old man should, while the vulgar and sensual rabble have babbled of 'free-love,' and lust, in which many of them were burning, while for selfish purposes they accused others of the crimes they would commit if they could. A drunken man is not fit to lecture on temperance, nor a lustful man on purity; and yet these latter are the most noisy accusers of others we have in community. They are often full of love which burns its way out in the basest manner, and does them more mischief than good, like fire in the wrong part of the house that needs warming,—good in itself, but badly expressed. Such persons are to be pitied, because partially belonging to a higher class, and sinking to

lower through the passions, where jealousy renders them miserable.

“In the lower stages of human society it is a crime for any man or woman to so live as to become an object of general or universal love; and envy, jealousy, and selfishness will soon, if possible, destroy such person, or drive him or her to the spirit-life, where all find their true level. Jesus and many other good men who lived above the world while in it, and were beloved by too many followers, were put to death by the wise and self-righteous of their ages, and the world is not much different now.

“The principal and general expression of love in our country is through the sexual passions; hence men of strong and lustful dispositions are popular, and elevated to power and place, while those more spiritual, angelic, and pure, whose love is general to God and the race, and expressed through the intellect and affections, are unpopular, and often branded as fanatics or ‘free-lovers,’ and crowded out of the places they are the most competent to fill. A few years ago (and even by many now) those who advocated the equality of the sexes in social and political rights were branded by sensualists as ‘free-lovers,’ and often for no other reason.

“We have no doubt that it is the same element working in both cases, which is like the fire that bakes our bread and burns our dwellings, and we are not sure that anger and hatred are not reversed and perverted expressions of love. If the filial, maternal, fraternal, and devotional love all arise from the same source as the conjugal and sexual, we do not see why anger may not be also a reversed action of the same element, especially as the same object often calls out both expressions, or even all of the above phases of manifestation. It is often asserted that God is Love; but it is not so; for love is not God in any world or any sense, more than electricity is. When men and women can *reason* on the love relations and the passions, we shall reach valuable truths, and bring them to use in life.”

There is a bad sign hung out from the windows of the world; it is painted on both sides: on one it reads, “Hearts for sale;” on the other, “Marriage is folly.” The one tells a sad tale; the other is a falsehood; and yet many there are who believe this last proof: There are more single women and men by millions than

there ought to be; more practical celibates than the world has any use for. Bachelors are proud of their state; maidens mourn over *theirs*; husbands fret and run after strange faces; not a few wives are sullen, heedless, believe in divorce, and often wish themselves dead; and all because none of them understand what love is, or know how to properly cultivate it. This I have endeavored to teach in "Love and its Hidden History," in all points save one or two, which are herein undertaken to be covered. Time nor space allowed me to do so previously, save in vague general terms, and the hiatus or omissions, namely, the practical application of the great magnetic law, the culture of special loves, the means of ennobling the female character, and heightening her charms, is herein given in terms easily understood.

My mental researches into the subject-matter of these books have been extensive and long continued. The results are therein condensed, and I have both copied the remarks of others, and availed myself of several very valuable suggestions encountered during my reading up of the subject; the whole with the intent to place the utmost possible amount of information before my patrons in the briefest possible space.

At present love is a warfare against the softer sex. Prostitution abounds. Why? Because woman fails to take due advantage of her power; and the consequence is that the terrible syphilitic scourge is again ravaging the world even worse than it did in the sixteenth century. It is God's method of punishing mankind for substituting gross lust for pure human love; for if a man does not love a woman, he has no right to her embraces, for such embraces are murder to one and suicide for the other! And the terrible scourge of syphilis pervades the very marrow of the people of the so-called civilization of to-day as a result; but then it passes under the milder name of scrofula!

Running parallel with that dread contagion is the relaxed muscular and nervous systems of the female civilizee, evinced by the terrible catalogue of vaginal and uterine diseases. True, both man and woman find relief and present cure for these morbid states in the protozonic remedials; but even protozone itself is powerless to give new constitutions to the race, or render it proof against a multitude of diseases. Nothing but pure and true love

can do that, or successfully banish all these horrors from the world.

Loose habits on the part of men destroy the foundation of social order and true development. True love-marriage only will make the world stronger and better than it is or possibly *can* be otherwise; besides which, there is no true happiness in any other state, provided the union is what it should be on both sides, which very frequently it is not in these days — more's the pity! It is said that Americans never really love. I scarce believe it. They are generally too busy to love, or do anything else than make money. They must stop it, or the race, all that's good in it, will run out. As it is, it is dependent upon the varied eurrents of foreign blood for the maintenanee of its physical integrity and muscle. It has *too much* nerve and brain; hence is too fond of exeitement to permit of quiet fireside joys. It will outgrow that in time, through the admixture of slower blood and brain. Men seem to want *change* in love affairs, wholly forgetful that any one woman is eapable of a myriad echanges, in love and everything else, if a man has judgment, sense, and “gumption” enough to find them out and ring them.

— Love with woman is not merely an instinet; it is an art, and a fine one. It is not every female who knows this seeret. When she does, she becomes not merely a personage, but a power in the land. . . Men love strongest in eold weather, and are then most easily captivated. Women are most tender and suseeptible in the vernal months. When flowers bloom, she does also. With real love, a woman ean subdue and win baek to God and virtue any lost or wandering soul in his great universe. Let a woman realize that she really and truly is loved, and all the gales of hell and ruin shall not blow her away from the side of the man she adores and is eherished by. . . God help him whom a woman truly hates, for her magnetie spore will follow him to the end of the earth and life, and fasten itself upon his soul, and breed its dreadful larvæ there, and fang him to the bitter death. I learned this from New Orleans Aliee — the terrible queen of the Voudeaux — my friend, and so good and gentle, so kind and true to me when the fearful fever racked my body, and its madness glozed my brain, simply from gratitude; for I had taught her how to read, — in the dark times, — when to do so was a crime by statute law. And there

was Madam D'Ennie, a great animated volume on love. How I listened, sitting on the floor at her feet and gazing up into her beautiful eyes, as she told me strange tales about Voudeaux love-rings; how they filled two rings with a peculiar black wax, one to be worn by each lover, and how when falsehood existed or perils beset either, the ring of the other party would grow dull and leaden; but if all was well, it would glow and shine like a black diamond; and how often have I tried the experiment to test the truth of what she then said! for on the second finger of my left hand I wear just such a charmed jewel, and don't laugh and call me "superstitious;" how often I have fancied — shall I say?—*that ring never* lied to me yet, for *never* has there been a coming pain or pleasure these seven years that it seemed to me has not been heralded by the lights and by the shadows of the ring. I knew a lady in a town in Massachusetts who had two such rings made for her, or rather she had two settings of rings removed and replaced by the sensitive material; one she wore, and put the other on the finger of her lover. One day her ring said "He is false," as plainly as it could say so. Ten days afterwards she received news of his marriage, and in forty-three days more her body was laid away in the cold, dark grave, and her spirit nestled on trusty bosoms in the far-off promised land.

People surround me on all sides, yet we know not each other. My publishers see and think they know me, — mistaken mortals! Many a book have I written whereat the world stared agape and wondered, and a thousand correspondents write me and ask "How is it that you, whose life is either an unbroken ealm, or a series of violent mental, moral, and social cataclysms, storms, volcanoes, tornadoes, and whirlwinds, know so much about the inner and profounder deeps of human life, yet belong not to society? Is it true that all your ideas come from spirits? It is asserted so in spiritual journals." And I answer first the spiritual part of it. It is entirely and *wholly* false that I ever wrote a book or a single page under the influence known as spiritual. Every thought, every line, sentence, and word of all my writings originated in *my* brain, except where I have quoted from others. I believe in spirits to some extent truly, but am certainly not indebted to them for the volumes of thought which I have given to the world. What I may have *thought* of the matter twenty

years ago is one thing ; what I *know* of my mental career and power and processes to-day is quite another. I have ceased to be a believer in automatonism and cling to common sense. Let this be my final answer to all who say I am indebted to spirits for my thoughts ; they are mistaken, or purposely fabricate the tale to detract from me and bolster up a clique, — as a great percentage of spiritualists are, in my opinion, after twenty-five years' experience ; and so far as such fellows as the "Davenport Brothers" are concerned, I am just as sure that they are frauds, so far as their "manifestations" are concerned, as I am that God rules the universe. I am a Rosicrucian, and as such, of course, believe in spirits to some extent ; but I am under no known obligation to them for a single word, book, or line that I have written, and my reply to the question propounded above is : It is because I am a solitary one, and have carefully cultivated the onlook of life, wholly, entirely abiding in a bottomless, topless, sideless sphere ! *I look where I wist, and know for the seeking !* Were it not so, the thousands would not have blessed my pen as they do, nor would my well-wishers outnumber those who hate, because they know me not, ten thousand to one. That is why. But I learned some of my severest and best lessons of the riff-raff of the world, and I have found sterling virtue in the lowest haunts I dared — police-protected — pay a visit to ; and I have seen crime festering, clothed in satin, and glittering in costly jewelry. The sum-total is, man and woman are, generally, *everywhere the same*. All either wants is love, and the rich as well as the poor are daily pining for what neither lust, wealth, beauty, or position *can possibly* give, — love, sirs, or ladies ; love, right straight from the heart ! . . . When people begin to love in earnest, the world is safe, and human redemption secured. . . . Continued patience is the strongest test of love. . . . *A woman that loves is incapable of fœticide !* . . . *A man that loves his wife is incapable of either drunkenness, debauchery, or deserting his home.* . . . *A loving couple are incapable of propagating idiots or viciousness ; for if love presides over the marriage bed, God will see to it that the fruit is neither misshaped nor unsound.* . . . The love cure is the best of all cures, for it is magnetic. Every woman has the power of commanding love, if she only goes to work the *right*

way, and the right way is simply to conform to the dictates of reason and common sense.

The love of a true woman delivers a man from the thralls of avarice, lust, anger, despair, alcohol, gaming, and idleness, — the seven deadly sins around which cluster the brothel, jail, state prison, suicide, and the gallows. Want of love drives man, and woman also, to all of these, and worse.

A man was once condemned to death by an Eastern despot, who went out all saddled, all bridled, all fit for a fight, to see him die. Now the culprit was a wise man, and the king had heard that such were accustomed to crystallize their wisdom just before dying, and so, as the glittering axe was ready to fall, the king asked the man, "I say! what is the worst and most troublesome thing in life?" The man turned his head and answered, "A mother-in-law!" — "By Allah and the ten Imauns! that's true! hold on there! Give him this purse, my daughter for a wife, and proclaim him second in the kingdom. Solomon never spoke so true a word. Why, he's the king of all Solomons!" I am not sure the king was far wrong. . . . Real women want but three blessings — to be loved, to love, to engender love. . . . In this country females are clamoring for the ballot, and for offices. But when a woman meddles with politics it is time to put your trust in God. . . . Every child has the right to demand that his parents *love each other*, and they have *no right to be parents unless they do!* . . . Love grows by what it feeds on. If it be starved on the floor, it will leap to the window-sill. Look out now! Be careful! for, if you are not, it will take wing and fly away, and it is easier to catch sparrows by the salt-throwing process than it is to call back a love that has once fairly taken flight. . . . The man is a fool who stops to listen to tittle-tattle about his wife, and the wife is worse than silly who listens to scandal about her husband; and good-natured neighbors — especially mothers-in-law — are very apt at that sort of thing, and it would require an angel's arithmetic to count the millions of families whose peace has been utterly destroyed after that fashion. . . . That is a poor family, with a screw loose somewhere, in which the children take altogether to one parent, and wholly neglect and fear the other; and mothers who encourage such doings are guilty of a crime against God and nature, and too many there are who do it.

. . . Beauty is love's signet. Anger and the coarser passions always mar and destroy it. . . . People take care of plants, birds, even pigs, because they know these things else would wither and perish. How very strange, then, that those same good folks take no pains to cultivate the richest plant of all—love! a thing quite as cultivable as violets are, and whose perfume is a GREAT DEAL SWEETER! The Roman Jurisconsult said "Marriage is consent;" at least no tie can be truly *valid* where such is *not* the case; hence a hating couple are as truly *unmarried* by that fact in God's sight as if ten thousand judges had decreed, and a million senates sanctioned, the divorce. Before my writings perish from the earth, the common sense of mankind will sustain the position here advanced.

Love is by no means the gay and festive thing a great many noddle-heads fancy it to be; on the contrary, it is not to be sneered at or laughed about, for it is the most serious and solemn thing on earth, for upon it hinges the happiness or misery of many a human soul; and those who are shallow enough to laugh at and make light of it are not fit for decent human society. How often we hear heartless fools giggling over some one whom they please to call "love-cracked!" Such ninnies are not yet fit to leave the nursery, and need swaddling-clothes still. . . . Women should not forget that a man in love is a very *sensitive*, if not *sensible*, creature, prone to fits and starts, and apt to take offence *easily*. Be careful, then, O woman, and do not, for the sake of displaying your vanity, inflict a wound that may rankle through life, and cause you many a bitter and regretful tear in the coming years. . . . Millions of men have murdered love—sacrificed it on the reeking altar of a beastly lust. Human brutes, these, not *men*, much less *gentlemen*! . . . Enduring love is never a one-sided affair. If it is not double and mutual, heaven and earth, all human endeavor, should be practically brought into play to make it so. Let tattlers and fault-finders, gossips and scandalmongers, go to the—dogs, and attend you solely to the increasement of the vital spark between you. . . . What a fool one would be to live outside one's house instead of within it! And yet this very thing is done by married people. They live entirely outside each other's souls, and have "Rooms—unfurnished—to let" inside; and hence come *crim. con.* and divorce

suits. . . . It is sometimes true that woman is like the ivy-vine clustering about an old oak-tree — the more you are ruined the closer she clings, and the closer she clings the more you are ruined ; but that is the one exception to the general rule. . . . The truest man is he whose nature is more than one-half woman. The truest woman is she who can enter into, appreciate, and enjoy the intellectual and spiritual as well as the social nature of her husband. Such men make the most lasting mark upon the walls of the ages ; such women hand themselves down the longest line of centuries.

The thing that most astonishes and confounds my soul is the terrible and sublime mystery of child-bearing. It is awe-ful — holy and sacred beyond my power of expression. To think that from a microscopical point, an infinitesimal filament, is in an hour engendered and incarnated a priceless, deathless human soul, destined to immortal youth and beauty when toppling mountains have crumbled into dust, and sweeping galaxies have grown hoary with age ! And this thought alone should endear woman to every living man ; and if husbands would but remember with what unutterable agonies *every* child is ushered into the world, they would think twice ere acting once against the woman's peace, who for *his* sake undergoes, and *repeatedly*, the frightful ordeal ; for it is notorious that what affords solace to the husband is, nine times in ten, a sacrifice and *ordeal* to nine-tenths of the large-brained, fine-nerved wives of, at least, this section of Christendom. . . . As a general thing the love of American husbands is fitful, tempestuous, once-in-a-whilish, while it is the nature of *all* women alike to love *right on* like a deep-rolling river — not a seething, bubbling, clattering, leaping, jumping, tearing rapids, which comes to a full stop as soon as it tumbles over the falls of—possession. . . . I believe that all that made Jesus what he was and still is, the supreme man of all the past ages, was his mother. I remember well how I laughed at a lady lecturer when she spoke so glowingly of “The divine work of woman,” when lecturing on maternity and all it involved. That was long years ago, and I have lived to see the day wherein I cry aloud Amen ! to all she then and has since said on the same subject ; for on that one point hinges the weal or woe of all the coming centuries ; for if that divine work be well done we shall have no more need of dying

Christ, for the well-begotten sons and daughters of God will throng all the ways of the world we live in. The laugh was against myself, and it gives me unalloyed pleasure to renounce my error, and do justice to a subject which I did not comprehend, and to a view of it that had not then struck upon my spirit. . . . I knew a man, and he married a wife, and she longed to be a mother. The husband was crooked, angular, yet had great mental power. The wife was healthy, ignorant, pretty, conceited, and simple. One day she told him a little bird had said it would in a few months bring them a little baby; she was sure of it. From that hour the husband began to magnetize her; he taught, trained, so gently, sang, read, talked to her; read about the child Jesus, and fully filled and inspired her with the idea that the babe she was to bear would be a *boy*, and the most *perfect* one imaginable. Time fled; the child was born, and a prettier and more intelligent one never yet saw the light; it was *perfect*, talked at six months, has a physique of astonishing beauty, solidity, and strength, and bids fair to be all that man can be in the age in which we live. Husbands, here's a hint; act upon it. . . . It is in the power of a good woman to destroy whatever there may be of the devil in a man, and to substitute therefor an ideal God. . . . Lola Montez — poor Lola! — used to say that a man, to please a woman, must be one-fourth parrot, one-fourth man, one-fourth peacock, and the rest monkey. That is the style of thing most taking and popular with modern women, but, take my word for it, is a very poor sort of stuff to permanently tie to. Reverse the picture, and behold the modern lady of fashion. What sort of wives, husbands, fathers, mothers, will such people make? For an answer, go look at the thousands of sickly, puling younglings abounding everywhere, and affording splendid incomes for doctors and manufacturers of diminutive shrouds, and the prettiest possible, neat little coffins, all spangled and laced and fit to be gazed at a week — tidy little fashionable coffins — just big enough for poor little Frederick Charles Montague Augustus, or Isabella Euphrosyne, who departed this life at two and a half, by reason of being built of poor material, badly put together. . . . If you want to find the right sort of children, go into the middle classes, and even on the lower shelves you will find rare volumes of the human book, bound in rags and illustrated by all sorts of “cuts,”

direct and oblique, sidewise and "slantindicular," and you may even find some of an unpopular complexion, over whom not a few of those with fairer cuticle lord it strongly and only concede that the dusky ones have brains, after the aforesaid dusky ones have, alone, single-handed, and wholly unhelped, fairly wrung concession from the world. Bah! I hate time-servers, wretches who trim their sails to suit the passing breeze. Give me one real man or woman, who dares be just and true in spite of Mrs. Grundy and unlicensed liars, and you may have the balance; for—*faugh!* where's the cologne? . . . An overflow of bile, or a stoppage thereof, often results from repressed or over-sanguine love; and in such peculiar chemical states all the world wears a sickly green hue. [For a full amplification of the chemistry of love, see "Love and its Hidden History."] . . . I have never seen a valid reason why the passions which God himself has grounded into the very substance of the human soul and body should be decried as unclean, be gotten rid of by austerities as silly and foolish as well can be, or smothered and suffer decay. . . . What can supply the want of a heart? Fashion? Frivolity? No! What then? I think parents are to blame in not teaching their offspring the inner lessons of love, veneration, respect, and friendship. As it is, the world is full of humanesque beings, but who are as void of genuine emotional feeling as Mont Blanc is of gray hair; and undoubtedly in this respect the world has greatly degenerated during these past five and thirty years. But this generation *knows* a great deal more than any that ever preceded it, if it would but crystallize its knowledge into wisdom. It will do so ere long, and when it does, education will begin, as it ought to, *before* birth, not forty years after it, more or less, as now. And one of the first things learned will be the great and eternal magnetic law. It is not my purpose herein to elaborately explain this law, excepting as it has a bearing upon woman, love, and the perpetuity of marriage, in the true meaning of the term. I believe in true marriage, but not in free love.

As a rule, women are wholly free from the tides, ebbs, flows, calms, storms, heats, colds, and tornadoes of love; but as a general, though not universal rule, men are *not* thus free; and it is well for the race that he is as he is. Men love in gusts, because sexual passion enters largely into the account with them; and the woman who

does not consider that fact, and give it its due weight, is, to say the least, unwise, for there is something of passion in every male love, and a man grants her a favor *before*, that he would sternly deny *after*! Now the woman who fully comprehends this point, who understands the man, *any* man, and herself too, is armed with a power of almost infinite might. All men are easily governed, ruled, led, conquered, through the passions, and the master one of all in this more than half-barbaric age, unquestionably, is the amative. It is, so to speak, calcidoscopic or protean, and the artful woman can keep its fires burning, and bring it into active play in a thousand directions and ways, even after it has been apparently worn out and extinguished in a thousand others. Now do not misunderstand me. I am not alluding alone to gross passion-fire and its solace, but to the instinctive and distinctive MALE-PRINCIPLE that underlies MALE-NATURE, — the unseen force upon which sex itself is based, and whence springs the natural homage of man to woman. For instance, a man grows cool, careless, coarse, rough, even brutal, and the woman thinks her rule is over and gaunt chaos come; but let her try the power of a smile, a caress, a tender look, a peculiar wave of the dress; the power of a lock of hair, a little perfume, an extra curl or two, a white dress, a touch, a display of the foot, — “accidentally on purpose,” of course, — in a word, any of a million trifles wherof every true woman is mistress, and she will instantly change his magnetic polarity, and bring him to *her* feet and *his* senses! Magnetism is dual — attacks and repulses. We cry from sympathy. Laughing is catching. Everybody knows *that*. Well, apply the same principle to a different field and similar results will follow. Now the grand woman’s secret is this: A man is *always* approachable through the amative door, true, pure, God-given, not gross, brutal, and coarse. Amativeness begins in *tenderness*, and ends in rapture — in woman, *always*; and by placing herself soul, body, mind, purpose, thought, desire, intent, in *that tender state*, she instantly becomes a positive (attracting) power to everything male within the pale of God’s universe, and of course conquers by *apparently* stooping to do so. I care not who the straying lover, or reereant husband may be, he *must* yield to this superior force, for it is the great magnetic law of love, and worth more to unhappy wives and unloved girls than all the “love

charms" and "powders" in existence, for these are mainly errant cheats and swindles, and when they do apparently succeed the thing is accomplished by other means. . . . One thing I cannot too strongly impress, and that is: The body, as well as the mind, must be kept in a healthful, magnetic state, or the magnetic power cannot be rendered positive and effectual; and not only the face and hands, but other parts of the body, should be regularly purified, not merely for the purpose of cleanliness, but for the sake of the electro-magnetic properties of water. . . . The next thing in order to perfect physical health and condition is *fixedness* — stability of purpose — to cultivate the power of keeping the mind steadily for a time upon one object, that object being, if you please, a recreant husband, a false and straying lover, or a man for whom your heart yearns (of course the law is quite as applicable to one sex as the other), *and think of him amatively, sweetly, tenderly, lovingly*, either when he is present or absent (for the will can be projected to *any* distance, no matter how great), and the desire to impress a man will reach him wherever he may be, even beyond the foaming seas or the still wider gulf of death! Soul bids defiance to time and space, and there is no limit to its flight or power. Will steadily, *tenderly*, FREQUENTLY, and the very same emotion, or its cognate, will be brought forth in him *whoever, whatever, wherever* he may be! It cannot be achieved in an hour. Nothing of this recondite nature can; and, as in the case of angry separations, the will must overcome the established repugnance; but will *can do that*, for soul is equal to the task. . . . Many yield to a second attack of will, love, or beauty, who firmly resist the first. True, it is said that love is blind; certain it is that he makes people so; yet the being lives not who is impregnable to this sort of magnetic attack, even if blinded in a certain sense. . . . A woman is more forceful and powerful in both will, personal magnetism, and in tenderness, therefore, love, just a little before and after the catamenial period, than at any other time; and her power culminates and is most effective in the evening, in the twilight, than at any other period of the day. . . . Every woman who pursues an unusual work steadily and faithfully, and shows that she can remain as modest, gentle, and tender as when she plied the needle, or cooked the home dinner, is doing a real service to her sex, very different from vague, frenzied

citations of the Bible and Constitution to prove woman the equal of man, which, in some senses she is, and in others is not, for both sexes alike have advantages over the other in particular respects, and none but fools deny it. . . . There is a vast sea of ether surrounding this globe, and that ether is the vehicle of the motions and emotions of the soul. . . . All humankind are purer and holier, therefore have less *force* but more *POWER* at eventide than at any other hour. . . . Men are most forceful in the morning, and there is a mystery connected with generation *and* the morning which those who yearn for perfect offspring would do well to study. It is this: The children of night are like their parents — weary; while those who are launched on life with the sun are fresh and vigorous, last longer, are healthier, and know a great deal more. I cannot here enlarge upon this thought, but will do so through the medium of the post-office for all who require the light here attempted to be conveyed. . . . Leon Gozlan used to say that a French woman will love her husband if he is either witty or chivalrous; a German woman, if he is constant and faithful; a Dutch woman, if he does not disturb her ease and comfort too much; a Spanish woman, if he wreaks vengeance on those who incur his displeasure; an Italian woman, if he is dreamy and poetical; a Danish woman, if he thinks that her native country is the brightest and happiest on earth; a Russian woman, if he despises all Westerners as miserable barbarians; an English woman, if he succeeds in ingratiating himself with the court and the aristocracy; an American woman, if — he has plenty of money. “True as preachin’.” . . . If people would listen a little more frequently to the voice of their naturally implanted monitors, it would be better for them. It is only in the millennium that the lion will lie down with the lamb; as it is, we should very seriously advise the lamb to get as far away from the lion as possible.

It is impossible to in any way *force* a deep and solid like, dislike, or love. If a dislike has a constitutional or organizational foundation it *cannot* be remedied; the thing is impossible, and there is no use in trying. Such couples must either continue a life of horror, or separate, and the sooner the latter remedy is peacefully resorted to the better it will be for both. . . . Balzac says women of forty-five often have new and stronger affections

than ever before, and their love is deeper and more disinterested than when they were young.

What untold thousands of women, married and single, ay, and men too, are there living within the absurd fences of this our very crude and imperfect civilization, whose hearts daily, nay, hourly, sing this song as I certainly ; and perhaps, reader, you also do! —

In some covert by the sea
 One day let me buried be;
 On the long and lonely reaches
 Of the white wave-hardened beaches,
 Where the sun hurns, fixed as fate,
 Shores unshadowed, desolate,
 Let my corpse unserved lie
 In that august company, —
 Rock severe and stainless sky.

Press the earth well on my brow,
 Lest it thro' and swell as now;
 Hide my visage from the sun,
 Glad life's toil and heat are done.
 Leave me then for Death to soothe,
 Leave the tide my grave to smoothe;
 Prayer and song for me are done,
 Leave the spot to winds and sun.

I, in traverse of my lot,
 Seek my kin but find them not;
 Alien somehow from my race,
 Find no friend nor resting-place;
 Some dark mixture of my blood,
 Fatal warp of eye and mood,
 Suhtly holds from me apart
 Tenderest grace of eye and heart.

Give me leave to lay aside
 Heart of grief and hrow of pride:
 Love — the dole of charity;
 Trust — that leaves hearts free to fly;
 These for death's sincerity
 I shall change with great content,
 With the cliffs my monument,
 And my locked and icy dream
 Stirred not by the sea-bird's scream.

Brunettes are the quickest to love, are the most passionate, voluptuous, and intense. Blondes are slower, but more enduring ;

their love is less tempestuous and fiery, but can be wholly relied upon when *fairly won!* . . . Not one man in a thousand knows how to make love to a woman. They marvel because she won't say "Yes;" that she will admit nothing — *in words!* The fools fail to comprehend that her looks alone tell the story; that actions or non-actions speak louder than words. He is a ninny who teases for *verbal* consent, and a greater one, whether single or married, who cannot tell when a woman is in a hurry; and hasten to her relief. It is a crime to keep a woman waiting, for any thing or service whatever, for in this age the sex is not overburdened with patience. If you love her, tell her quick! If you don't love her, scoundrel! quit at *once*. No man, I care not how tightly he is "legally" married, has a right to enjoy the embraces of a woman unless he loves her and she loves him. Great God! how many cases of legal rape there are in this world! And what a pity it is that the victims of it do not know the simple and efficient means of overcoming its damning effects upon their bodies, and hence their spirits, therefore their souls! I wish I could, without offending this already corrupt and rotten thing called society, put forth this little bit of information in ten short lines, for I *know* it would save millions of agony-freighted hours to unhappy "wives"!

Nature never sends a great man into the planet without confiding the secret to another soul, nor a woman capable of loving without providing her a lover. If she fails to find him out, or come across him, let her forthwith go to work and make one to her own liking by putting in practice the magnetic law stated, or the operation described in the pages of "Love and its Hidden History." . . . It is as real as law that others should be law as that we shall be law; for we must have society, and if we would realize love in its fulness it is essential that we obey its primary principles, and these have already herein been fully set forth. . . Many a match has been broken off, and many a happy couple separated, and many a poor heart broken by scandal, which in a moral point of view is like a counterfeit bill, or bogus coin. The one who receives and undertakes to pass them as genuine, is considered as guilty as the one who first gave them circulation. In either case, ignorance cannot be made as a plea of justification. We have no business to be ignorant, says the law, in passing bad money. And we certainly have no right to traduce and scan-

dalize the character of another, and plead ignorance. And no one has the right to make an attempt to destroy or impair the reputation of any one on any account. When an individual attempts to blast the character of another person, upon the warped judgment of his own mind, he will act selfishly. And the attempt will result and resolve itself in scandal. And he is morally guilty before all law as a counterfeiter. We have many lessons of civilization yet to learn, and the reputations of the nineteenth century will one day be quoted, to prove its barbarism. Time-serving reigns to-day. When Napoleon I. escaped from Elba, the Paris "Moniteur" thus echronieled his progress: "The anthropophagist' has escaped — the 'tiger' is coming — the 'monster' has slept at Grenoble — the 'tyrant' has arrived at Lyons — the 'usurper' has been seen in the environs of Paris 'Bonaparte' advances toward, but will never enter, the capital — 'Napoleon' will be under our ramparts to-morrow — the 'Emperor' has arrived at Fontainebleau — and lastly, 'His Imperial Majesty' entered the Tuileries on the 21st of Mareh, in the midst of his faithful subjects." Just so is it with all seandalmongers; they trim their sails to suit the winds that happen to be blowing at the time. When I began public life I dreaded the scandals that were set afloat against my good name, in ex-parte testimony, and usually by people whose moral odor smelled like anything but roses or lilies or daffadownillies. Since then years have passed, and I have found it folly to notice either the liars or the lies, or those who, for want of better occupation, retailed the senseless stuff. I found these tattlers mainly among iconsclasts, who made it a rule to taboo and ignore me, and yet claimed me as a bright example of what the Ism could do with the raw material in the way of manufacturing philosophers. I was lately told that a travelling book peddler refused to sell mine, — himself a brainless dolt with wide mouth and horse's lungs, — because the fellow couldn't write one as good. Of course I laughed at his noddleism, and sold my own books in spite of Jaek Brainless, the son of Lunkhead, the son of Leatherpate, the son of Saphead, the son of Darnphule, the son of Longears, — a jaek at one end of the line and an ass at the other. Reader, under similar eircumstances, go thou and do likewise, and laugh these envious fools to scorn.

Want of real, true, heartfelt, genuine love makes any woman

sick. It sends a man to the brothel, or else makes him either a saloonatic or the keeper of a mistress, a robbing, lying macloonic, — a harlot in grain.

Woman's love never, or seldom, based on passion, flows on calmly ; but once a month she becomes supremely tender, and then not only is her *power* at high tide, but the man who loves her as he should can find a well of joy too deep to sound ! How many men know and realize this precious truth ? I will not attempt an answer. Different from woman, man's period of love is renewed at least three times as often ! . . . Something may even be learned from the French cyprian's prayer, "O Holy Mary, Mother of God, who conceived without sinning, grant us, in thy mercy, that if we cannot be perfect like thee, that at least we may sin without conceiving, for we cannot help being what we are ; men made us so, and so the world keeps us. It is not our fault, O Mary ; therefore grant our prayer, and *forbid that* our dreadful necessity should be the means of perpetuating crime and sin from mother to child !" Don't that prayer contain a core ?

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 To purify mankind we must resort to something more effective than moral teaching. We must find means to remove from human bodies the chemical, electric, mechanical, and magnetic conditions whose existence underlies, subtends, and causes all the sin and crimes that are to-day. These sins and crimes we, in our folly, imagine to be really such. It is a mistake, for they are DISEASES ; nothing more, nothing less ! . . . Wives should not be chronically serious with their mates, for husbands can appreciate play as well as children. . . . God have pity on the unfortunate wight who is tied to a "strong-minded" female ! . . . The man or woman who truly loves and is loved, never grows old — seldom in the eyes of others, hardly ever in their own ; but love makes us all young and keeps us so. Those who have read my "After Death ; or, Disembodied Man," a work not published under a *nom de plume*, as was "Love and its Hidden History," one edition of which was sent forth as "By the Count de St. Leon," to please my publishers, not myself, will remember the description therein of the loving souls of the farther country, and that sex is *not* left behind us after, but that it goes with us there, and has its uses — not propagative — far more strange and wonderful than here upon

earth, where at best they are suggestive of grossness, mainly because earth is yet principally inhabited by savages and barbarians, the majority of whom are to be looked for, not in the forests and wilderness, but right in the midst of what passes for civilization the great wide world over. Well, there is no valid or good reason why ourselves and our neighbors on earth should not realize just as sweet and pure a bliss. Indeed, if love prevails it *cannot* be otherwise! To woman, and her only, in every possible situation in which the harsher sex may be situated by the exigencies of life and circumstance, that great viewless master of us all, does it owe all that inspires it to action, and enables it to win place, name, honor, and renown; and that not merely by reason of physical gender, but by the universal love, sweetness, light, and emotion of which she is the incarnation, crystallization, and embodiment. Without her aid, right from the heart, life is worth but little to any man, if he be really what those three little letters mean. Without, or bereft of her influence in a thousand ways, there can be no lasting laurels won, at least none really worth the having. And the woman is unwise, be she wife or not, who fails to realize this most sterling of all social facts upon which is based so very much. It is the secret of her power, and the assurance of her magnificent possible success in moulding and shaping the destiny of the world!

One of the most cruel things, and — as all cruel things are, to the natural kindly human heart difficult — one of the most difficult things for a young man or woman to make real to themselves is the fact that there will come a time when good friends will part, and really honest people will stand upon different sides of the way, opposed to each other, and sacrificing friendship to principle. All the walks of life have divergent alleys, down which, one by one, our friends go. . . . The ambition of my life was to be united to one to whom, in old age I could say:—

And when with envy time transported
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my boys.

But it was not to be. At this end of life my advice to all young men is: Love well, and marry early. Be not ambitious,

but seek happiness at the home-hearth; that alone is real. Ambition is well to dream about, but at last it is a barren tree. Wife, love, home, children, — these are wealth only worth the having!

Let us take another practical view of the great subject. Beauty is confessedly of paramount importance to every man; and infinitely more so to every woman. Beauty, aided by art, is woman's weapon against the heart of man. It is a divine gift, and can be cultured as well as any other quality of human kind. True, we cannot change features or faces — although we can alter forms and figures; yet we do, by art, improve upon nature, and every real woman is, by her very soul and sex, bound to do so. And in the first place there is nothing that so heightens the charms of a lady, like a clear, pure, pimpleless, translucent skin, which can neither be had, or retained, unless the stomach and blood, the lymph and bile are right, in themselves considered. . . . Of all emotions experienced by the human being, not one has so terrible a disfiguring effect upon the features as that of anger, for it defaces beauty worse, and more effectually than the small-pox! Indeed, anger is now understood, in scientific circles, to be no more or less than a form of insanity, and we begin to *pity* an angry person just as we do one who is known to be crazy in other respects.

In "Putnam's Magazine" is an interesting article by George M. Beard, M. D., on the subject, "Who are the Insane?" in which he contends that ungovernable attacks of passion, violent temper, and unnatural cruelty, are the results of insanity far more frequently than will probably be admitted by those who have not given this subject close and special attention. Their disease has its exacerbations, its paroxysms of attack, and during the intervals, their bearing may be entirely courteous, and their whole disposition sweet and tender. He adds: —

"Howard, the philanthropist, who crossed seas and mountains to relieve the distressed, was a brute and tyrant in his own family. Dr. Winslow says of him, 'His cruel treatment caused the death of his wife. He was in the habit for many years of doing penance before her picture. He had an only son, whom, for the slightest offence, he punished with terrible severity, making him stand for hours in a grotto in the garden. The son became a lu-

natic as a result of this brutal treatment. I am strongly inclined to the opinion that even the extraordinary benevolence of Howard was one of the symptoms of the disease of his brain ; for insanity may have good as well as evil manifestations, and such exceptional self-sacrifice as his — so blind, so persistent, so life-enduring — is just as liable to proceed from a morbid state as the directly opposite qualities of ungovernable rage, intense hate, or cruelty. There is a point beyond which not only forbearance, but also the manifestations of benevolence, charity, self-sacrifice, devotion, spirituality — of all the higher and nobler qualities of humanity — may cease to be virtues.’

“ Very much of the cruelty that we meet with in every-day life, is the work of the partially insane. I know some really good men who sometimes, under peculiar circumstances, act more like lunatics than reasonable beings. I knew a farmer, a conscientious and worthy man, who was at times attacked with paroxysms of rage, so violent and irresistible, that he would beat his oxen unmercifully, and without provocation. An acquaintance of mine told me that his father, who was one of the kindest of men in his family, very often whipped his children almost to death, and that, too, despite the tearful appeals of his wife, to whom he was most devotedly attached.”

A clear complexion cannot be maintained by one who continually frets, gets angry, or nurses any of the harsher feelings or passions. Neither can purgative medicines produce the desired effect, nor arsenic, nor vitriol, nor the poisonous pastes, or doubtful washes sold for that purpose. What is really required, in addition to other and widely different methods already set forth herein, — because bodily (chemical) states unquestionably react upon the spirit, — is the occasional use of a mild aperient ; avoidance of too much highly spiced food, hot drinks, rich pastry, liquors, and, above all, the wines and alcoholic stimulants in common use, — for they are all alike ruinous to health, teeth, elasticity, magnetic power, spirits, and complexion. What is universally wanted is a method of life and education which will give existence itself a pleasant flavor and fillip, and through the jocund health thus naturally had, — the *verve* stimulant of electrified blood, — charged by nature herself, dissolve all morbid accumulations in the system, and vacate them thence forthwith. Health of that sort is

attended by Strength on one side, and Beauty on the other. It will clear the veins and arteries — even the finest filaments thereof — of all chalky, mucous, clinging, slimy, morbid accretions. If such health cannot be had by ordinary means, then send to your druggist, and lay in a stock of protozone or phosodyn, and, while obeying all, or as nearly as possible, the ordinary laws of health, — the bath, exercise, fresh air, music, and general cheerfulness, — carefully and faithfully use the great gift God sends the world in the above-named life-serving, dynamic agencies, and it will soon be found that in a very short time they will most thoroughly and perfectly magnetize the blood, render it clear and limpid, and make the nerves sound, steady, firm, but sensitive; toning up the uterine system, rendering leucorrhœa and “falling,” heart and headaches, nerve spasms, obstructed, profuse, and vitiated menses impossible. (When woman is thus healthy, her power, magnetic and otherwise, will refine and increase; but while she is ailing, she loses that power, and not only her ability to rightly love, but of engendering the right kind of affection in the heart of any healthy man!)

This bad condition of the physical forces — upon which depend the greater or less mental, affectional, and emotive powers of the woman or the man — also incapacitates one from putting in operation the test of love, — the extraordinary power explained elsewhere, whereby a woman can unmistakably tell whether a love professed for her by any man is true or simulated, no matter whether he be present, or far away, — a means so simple, yet so grandly beautiful and true, that the wonder is, that the moderns have suffered it to fall into disuse, because in effectiveness it exceeds all the “projects” ever invented by sharpers to gull the credulous, and in every possible respect surpasses anything of the kind in “Raimond Lulli,” or “Le Petite Albert.” But she who uses it ought to enjoy good health. . . . I need not here say — but I will — that in what I have here written, unhappy wives can find what they so much need, — power over whom they would control, and bring him or them back again to love, home, and duty.) . . . To reach this standard of powerful health, the sensitive, quick-brained, fine-nerved American female does not need a shop-full of nauseating physic, but rather some fine life element, whose contained energy will fortify and rebuild those sensitive

and delicate *fibriliæ* of the nervous system, upon which greatly depends her power to charm, and to maintain it; for no female, be she girl, or matron, can half display her beauty, or captivate, *permanently*, those who approach her, unless these nerves and these unseen fibriliæ are in a healthful condition.)

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Let us not forget that beauty is love's most powerful weapon, and, before discussing other branches of the pleasant subject, reproduce the splendid results of a few modern and gifted writers' researches into the mighty mysteries of its special attainment and cultivation.

"Not a few of the thinkers and philosophers," says one pleasant and straightforward writer in his inimitable style, "have puzzled their wits in vain to make out a satisfactory definition of beauty. Though it seems impossible to describe, we all recognize and admire when we see it. It is not difficult to analyze the combination of material parts which compose a beautiful object; but there is a superadded charm or grace that is everything, and yet nothing, which eludes all attempts to fix in words. This is especially true of female beauty. There are, however, certain material elements which, if not sufficient in themselves to constitute, are essential to it. These we can describe with the utmost precision. Female beauty, thus considered entirely in a corporeal sense, may be defined as a harmonious combination of all the perfections of detail of which the different parts of the human body are capable. The chief elements are a just proportion between the whole and its parts, a sufficient fulness to give the figure a gentle undulation of outline, regular features, a proper disposition of the limbs, delicate hands and feet, a fine and transparent skin, with a warm blush of color over all.

"These are qualities highly prized by every woman, and irresistible in their influence upon all men. Nature, in endowing the human female with those attractions of which she is the happy and proud possessor, has given her, it might be said, a special sense for the comprehension of, and a fondness for, all that pertains to the cultivation of her beauty. She instinctively devotes herself to her toilet, with an intelligence, an assiduity, and a passion even, that does not admit us to doubt of the value of her personal charms.

"It is almost a duty for science," gallantly remarks Dr. Caze-

nave, an eminent French physician, ‘to encourage this natural disposition of woman, by putting at her service those medical resources whose efficacy and harmlessness have been proved by experience.’ He has accordingly published a scientific work, ‘*La Décoration Humaine,*’ in which he gives his advice to women, telling the beautiful what to do and what to avoid, in order to preserve their beauty. He attempts even more, and describes what means are to be used to give beauty to those to whom nature has refused it, and to restore it to such as may, by some means or other, have lost it. Guided by the science of so eminent a medical philosopher, there need be no hesitation in disclosing the secrets of the art of human decoration. We have no reason, in these liberal days, to fear any rebukes from that ancient Puritanism which, with a profane want of reverence for God’s image, did its utmost to disfigure it. There are no parents now, probably, like a pious New England grandmother of ours, who, sorely grieving at her daughter’s possession of a set of magnificent teeth, lest they might make her vain and ungodly, had the finest of them pulled out.

“Every one nowadays admits that it is not only allowable, but a duty even, to cultivate personal beauty. In fact, in taking care of this we *must take care of the health, without which it cannot exist.*

“In ancient, as in modern, times, the women spent the greater part of the day at their toilet. The use of cosmetics was greatly in vogue. Aspasia and Cleopatra each wrote a treatise on the subject, and as they were both remarkable exemplars of successful beauty, and of course good authorities, it is a pity that their works no longer exist. The Roman dames were so careful of their complexions that to protect them they wore masks. ‘These were their home faces that they kept for their husbands,’ says the satirist Juvenal. The French have been always pre-eminent for their skill in the cosmetic art. Diana of Poitiers kept herself fresh even in old age by the means disclosed to her by Paracelsus. At the age of sixty-five she was so lovely that the most insensible person could not look upon her without emotion. A bath of rain-water each morning was, it is said, the most effective cause of her wonderful preservation.”

[NOTE. — The records affirm this as partially true; but it is also well known that not only Diana, but also many other beauties of

that regal court, daily took a draught of a very potent fluid from a golden flask, regularly prepared for and presented to her and them by the court chemist, who was no less a personage than the celebrated Rosicrucian Pietro di Lombardi, from whom subsequently the author known as "*Le Petit Albert*" boldly filched many of his celebrated mixtures for increasing strength, beauty, and virility, among the worn-out and *blasé* courtiers near the throne. A copy of *Le Petit Albert* is on the shelf of my bookcase, and the very strange methods he directs, in order to produce given effects, are indeed not only curious, but the very poetry of pharmacy. Now, Peter of Lombardy was but another name of the famous chemist, La Bruyère, and is the same who subsequently, in the very next reign, lost his life by the explosion of a retort while pursuing his researches after the "Elixir of Life," one form of which he perfected and handed down to posterity under the name of the Egyptian God, Phymyllos, — the life-imparter, the strength-giver, the beneficent, the merciful, according to different renderings of the name by different scholars in subsequent days. Bulwer speaks of the same fluid, — a very near approach to the modern Protozone, — both in his "Haunted and the Haunters" and in the "Strange Story," also in "Zanoni," for the mystical liquid which Clarence Glyndon smelled of, and which gave him such strangely delightful life, love, and emotion was nothing more nor less than a highly concentrated form of the same element. It was also known to and made by the celebrated Asgill, the same great French medico who berated people for dying at less than one hundred years of age, and who openly boasted that he had the "Water of Life," half a gill a month of which, when taken, would prolong existence indefinitely. Indeed, there are many moderns who believe the same thing, but have different methods of its attainment. For instance, Lord Provost Chambers, writing from Mentone to Professor Simpson, says, "I do not need to remind you, Sir James, how many of our best citizens perish before they are sixty years of age through sheer hanging on too long to their professional avocations. They temporize by going annually out of town for a month or two, which no doubt carries them on, but the weight of business is still on their mind; and at length, through sundry entanglements, their day of safety is gone. A cold November finishes them, and about two o'clock on a wintry

afternoon they are, in the pomp of hearse and carriages, decorously conducted to the burying-ground. A celebrated French writer of *hygiène* has a theory that dying at anything under one hundred years of age is all a mistake; that it is people's own blame, or the blame of their progenitors, if they die earlier. I would allow a handsome discount of ten per cent., and take ninety as a fair thing. The art of living to ninety is, however, I fancy, not very generally understood; or, if understood, is neglected. Lord Brougham was up to it. He went off at the right time every year to Cannes, cheating alike the winter and the grave-digger as long as flesh and blood could do so." This identical thing was used by the world-renowned *Ninon D'Enclos*, — the *Aspasia* of France, — who, at ninety years of age, was as fresh and fair as a girl of seventeen. *Aspasia* herself used similar preparations, which she procured of the ancient Egyptian priesthood; and this very day the Italian, *Cuilna Vilmara*, supplies his numerous aristocratic patrons with the old form of it known as *Phloxine*; but, as the name implies, that preparation is exclusively made for increasing the stamina of those who lead "fast" lives. I long since discarded that particular article as being better adapted to the latitudes of Salt Lake City and Stamboul than this section of civildom. Preparations having a similar basis and use now are, to my certain knowledge, extensively made and used in France and other parts of Europe; while all the world knows that something similar, together with her famous "enamelling process," was the means of enabling the notorious "*Madame Rachel*," of London, to extract three-fifths of a million dollars from the coffers of the rich but homely dames, — ay, and lords too, of merry England, in a little over five years' time. . . . I do not believe, as *La Bruyère* and *Asgill* did and taught, that any material element, whether it be protozoic, ozonic, azotic, or of any other dynamic power, name, or nature, will enable a man to bid defiance to death, and live on, as they say *Artefius* did, for whole centuries beyond the common extreme of human life within the body; but I most certainly do believe, and more than that, I absolutely and from experience *know*, that means exist which, if properly used, will renew the life we have, and keep us fresh, active, vigorous, and young, for many a long year after every other thing fails us, and our comrades, not using them, grow gray and

senile, and, one by one, drop into the grave. There's not the slightest doubt about this matter, for I should long since have passed the dark river from sheer exhaustion by loss of blood from an internal arterial injury, had it not been for certain knowledge of counteractive, life-imparting means. Hundreds here in Boston have seen me at death's door from loss of blood one week, and able to outrun the best man in the State the next. Indeed, it is but lately that Mr. Rich, proprietor of two theatres here, marvelled at my recuperative powers, and asked me in his office, "Randolph, how is it that you are half dead one week, and full of life the next? It is very singular!" Well, I gave him an evasive answer, because the time had not then come for telling my precious secret to mankind. But it is here at last, and I solemnly affirm that for years I have resorted to but *one* means to prolong my life, — a life that has been vampired and sapped more than that of any other human being on the planet. Just as soon as by any means I could stop the loss of blood, even for ten minutes, — just long enough to use the means, — *I was sure* of regaining all the lost life and strength within the ensuing forty-eight hours! The means I employed, and have for twenty years, and shall use if I can obtain it, — and here is my secret, — was, is, and will be, Pure *Protozone*, not Phosodyn, or Amylle, or Phymylle, but their radical and base, pure, clear, heaven-sent, thrice-blessed *Protozone*. God grant I may yet find some one to whom, for the benefit of human kind, I may entrust my secret, — its composition, — when my time shall come to pass the dark river. I have not yet found the person. . . .

The author quoted a little further back, proceeds to observe in continuation of his theme, — the art of female adornment, — "During the French Revolution, among the women, amid the greatest affectation of simplicity, there was much artifice of personal adornment. They used washes and pomatums of all kinds, to which luxuries revolutionary taste was reconciled by such blood-thirsty names as *pomade à la guillotine*, *l'eau de Sanson*, etc.

"Under Napoleon the First all the luxurious excesses of the women of the Roman Empire were revived. Madame Tallien bathed herself in a mash of strawberries and raspberries, and had herself rubbed down with sponges dipped in milk and perfumes.

"Most of this was an abuse of the art of cultivating personal

beauty, and consisted of various absurd practices which had really no effect upon human adornment. (There are, however, certain hygienic rules, based upon science, which, if obeyed, will preserve beauty, and, if not bestow it, at least take away all the repulsiveness of ugliness.

“ A pretty face will attract where every other element of physical beauty is wanting. This appeals at once to the heart, while the other parts of the human frame make an impression only upon the senses. ‘ We kiss,’ says a gallant Frenchman, ‘ the hand with respect, but we kiss the face with affection.’ One of the most essential conditions of its beauty is a good complexion. The emotions of the mind have a remarkable effect upon it. It is, as we all know, red, blue, pale, and white, according to the mental impression of the moment. If this impression is often repeated the complexion becomes permanently changed. Hence, to preserve it in its natural beauty the mind must be kept free from frequent and excessive emotion. Extremes of temperature are also unfavorable to the complexion. Persons naturally of a high color bear cold best, and the pale and dark, heat best.

“ The food and drink have a very decided influence. Excess of either will give, particularly to the high-colored, a coarse ruddiness of complexion, which reveals at once the gross cause. A too meagre nourishment is no less unfavorable, and shows its impoverishment in a pinched face and colorless complexion.” [A list of foods, etc., for all persons cannot be made, but every one should avoid everything save what experience has proved to be good, digestible, and productive of most health and pleasure in its consumption. Quite recently I have made the discovery that in nearly all cases great relief and strength will be derived from the habit of occasionally wearing a magnetic plate made of magnesium-alloy perhaps is best (made and sold in Boston by a firm on Washington street), directly over the pit of the stomach, or else worn between the shoulder-blades. I certainly advise all weak and nervous persons to procure such, for they will assuredly find it a very profitable investment.] “ Hear what Brillat Savarin says: ‘ *Gourmandise* is favorable to beauty. A train of exact and rigid observations has demonstrated that a succulent, delicate, and careful regimen repels to a distance, and, for a length of time, the external appearance of old age. It gives more brilliancy to the eyes, more

freshness to the skin, more support to the muscles; and as it is certain in physiology that it is the depression of the muscles which causes wrinkles, those formidable enemies of beauty, it is equally true to say that, *cæteris paribus*, those who understand eating are comparatively ten years younger than those who are strangers to this science.'

"This is the cause of the pale, pasty complexion of many of our dames who are otherwise so charming. *They do not understand eating.* Not but that they put enough into their stomachs, but what they do fill them with is not of the right sort. Instead of feeding at regular periods upon well-cooked, nutritious food, they waste their appetites upon cakes, sweets, and other indigestible articles. Nothing is more fatal to purity of complexion. Every bit of pastry eaten seems to rise from the stomach to the face, and shows itself there as distinctly as if in the confectioner's shop window. The diet, too, must be regulated according to the natural complexion of the individual. The excessively ruddy should feed lightly, avoid heating articles of food, and strong wines and liquors. The pale, on the contrary, should live on a more substantial diet, moistened with generous drink. Too much sleep is as hurtful as excessive watchfulness, and over-exercise should be avoided equally with an indolent repose. 'Il y a,' says a French authority, 'certaines personnes qui prennent tous les jours un lavement, pour se conserver, dit-on, le teint frais. Il y a évidemment une exagération dans cette habitude quotidienne, qui d'ailleurs va souvent en grandissant d'une manière déraisonnable; mais au fond, il y a quelque chose de vrai.'

"The obvious means of protecting the complexion from heat and cold is to avoid exposure. If this is inevitable, nothing is better to prevent tanning by the sun, or any of the effects of temperature, than to powder the face when dry with ground starch or rice.

"Dr. Cazenave is decidedly opposed to the free application of water to the face. He says 'You should moisten the skin of the visage as little as possible.' There are some skins even, according to him, which should never be *cleaned* except with powder, and he exclaims, 'How many dames there are who have preserved a delicate, fresh, and transparent complexion by never, or at least hardly, moistening it!' This is said to be the practice of the Circassian beauty of the Turkish harem. She is as chary of water as

a eat, and keeps her face in order solely by dry rubbing. On the other hand, a competent authority in 'Harper's Bazar' affirms that one of the most brilliant American complexions he ever saw was due, according to its possessor, to the free use of soap and water.

“Greasy applications of all kinds (except in special cases of disease) are bad, and paint of all colors worse. ‘If women,’ says La Bruyère, [the immortal chemist whose discoveries fools are apt to incredulously laugh at as an idle dream, yet who made a far nearer approach to the secret of vital life of human kind than any other known human being, and whose rare production contained more life-renewing power in a single pound than anything else save protozone that chemists can *now* or *ever* did produce, and I speak by the card, for I *know*] ‘wish only to be beautiful in their own eyes, they may furbish themselves up as they please; but if they wish to please the men they should know that powder and *rouge* make them frightful.’

“Dr. Cazenave declares that the two favorite remedies, iron and the sea-bath, are ‘enemies of the complexion.’ They are useful, however, sometimes; but those who require them must choose between health and beauty. Although we heartily approve of the sly kick the good Vicar of Wakefield gave to his daughters’ face washes, overturning them into the fire, there are occasions when certain lotions may be applied to the complexion with advantage.

“Of all washes, according to Dr. Cazenave, this is the best:—

Bi-chloride of mercury,	2 grains.
Murate of ammonia,	2 grains.
Emulsion of almonds,	8 ounces.

Mix and apply with a fine linen or sponge. Sometimes, when the skin is excessively delicate, it may be necessary to dilute the wash with an equal part of water. The face, moreover, can be washed, without any fear of a bad, and with some hope of a good effect, with elder-flower water, weak tea, or emulsion of almonds.

“The lotion ought always to be of a *lukewarm* temperature when applied. It should be allowed to remain without wiping unless powder is used afterward, when the face must be thoroughly dried. The application being made at night, as is most convenient, next morning the powder, if it has been used, must be gently removed, or a bit of fine linen, dipped in water containing a few drops of

cologne, Hungary water, or lavender, passed very lightly over the face.

“When the skin of the face is dry, brittle, thick, and pimply, it may be necessary to apply cold cream or *pomade de concombres*. A little of one of these may be spread over the complexion with advantage before exposure to the sun, or to the fresh breeze, such as is met on the sea-shore. Here is the best ointment for pimples : —

Bi-carbonate of soda,	36 grains.
Glycerine,	1 drachm.
Spermaceti ointment,	1 ounce.

“It is most convenient, for obvious reasons, to apply the ointments, like the lotions, at night. About a quarter of an hour after their application the face should be wiped in such a manner as to leave but a slight trace of them, which should be finally removed altogether next morning by means of a little cologne diluted with water.

“In order to preserve the freshness of the complexion there are certain pastes which may be used. They are put on at night, covering the face like a mask, and removed in the morning by washing with chervil water (*eau de cerfeuil*). The best composition for one of these masks, not to conceal, but to generate beauty, is this : —

Ground barley,	3 ounces.
Honey,	1 ounce.
White of egg (one).	

Mix into a thick paste.

“A woman’s hair to be beautiful must be long and abounding, gently undulating, fine of texture, and of a brilliant surface. As for color, that depends upon taste, or, shall we say, fashion? The *blond d’or* or golden-yellow hair of the Empress Eugénie has brought the light colors into great vogue, and exalted even the once despised red heads high above the crowd.

“The condition of the hair depends much upon the state of the general health. An improper diet and all causes which deteriorate the latter injure the former. Excess of every kind, both mental and bodily, is sure to produce premature grayness or baldness. Rakes, it is said, find it impossible to keep the hair upon their

heads. The habit of wearing night-caps, and the hat, or any other covering on the head, in the house, is fatal. The neglect of the hair, by people otherwise careful of their persons, is a frequent cause of injury. A coarse comb should be constantly used, but a fine one seldom, and the hairs separated over and over again, so that they may be thoroughly exposed to the air. The brush should have bristles long and stiff enough to cleanse thoroughly the scalp, and stimulate the bulbs at the root of each hair.

“Too much interference, on the other hand, does more harm than even total neglect. There are some women, and particularly those naturally endowed with the most beautiful hair, who carry its care to an excess. They are in the habit of squeezing, twisting, and otherwise tormenting it to such an extent that the skin of the scalp is torn, the hairs broken, and even the bulbs, upon which their growth depends, are permanently injured. The fine comb is generally too much used, particularly where the hair is parted. Here, in consequence, and at the back of the neck, where the hair is so tightly drawn up, the first bald spots show themselves.

“The styles of modern hair-dress are generally faulty, as are all those which do not leave the hair to flow almost in its natural freedom, but require a great deal of tight squeezing, close twisting, and curling. The heat of the tongs is sure to dry the hairs, to render them brittle, to burn the skin, and pervert the natural functions of the scalp. That style of hair-dress is the best which admits of the hair being gently raised, requires the least possible squeezing, and which consists in smoothing carefully and arranging it in wide loose bands, so that it can be easily and always ventilated. If fashion is so exacting as to insist upon obedience, and the hair is accordingly squeezed and knotted tightly, care must be taken to give it repose, by undoing and letting it flow for some time each morning and night.

Wetting the hair is emphatically condemned by Dr. Cazenave. Other good authorities approve of it, with the condition only of its being followed by a thorough drying. The former says it is a bad practice for women to moisten *incessantly* (and this no one can doubt) their hair, in order to give it a momentary smoothness and darkness of color. The doctor, moreover, adds that the cold bath and especially sea-bathing, is an ‘enemy of the hair.’

“Pomatus and artificial applications of all kinds are not re-

quired by those whose hair is in a perfect state of health. A comb and a brush are all that are necessary, and nothing else should be used by such. Occasionally, however, the hair becomes unnaturally dry, loses its brilliancy and suppleness, breaks or splits at the slightest touch, and easily entangles. Pomatums are now useful, and the best is this simple one : —

Ox marrow, 1 ounce.
 Oil of bitter almonds, 2½ drachms.
 Mix.

With this disposition of the hair to split and break it is better not to get it cut until its condition is improved.

“The hair often becomes too greasy and moist, from an excess of secretion which is deposited in a crust upon the scalp. This not seldom causes baldness. It is to be remedied by scrupulously avoiding all oils and pomatums, and applying a little powdered starch at night, and carefully brushing it out in the morning. This wash, too, may be employed with advantage : —

Water, 6 ounces.
 Carbonate of soda, 36 grains.
 Dissolve and add the yolks of two eggs, well beaten.

“There is a common but a false notion that frequent cutting of the hair is favorable to its health and growth. Mothers thus often despoil their infants of their first silken locks, with the idea that the second hair will be much more rich and abundant. ‘This is an error. The most beautiful and abounding heads of hair I ever saw,’ says Dr. Cazenave, ‘were those which the scissors had never touched.’ Mothers, not satisfied with trimming the hair of their children, often have it shaved or cut close to the scalp, when they find it losing some of its brilliancy or falling out. Except in certain rare cases of disease, the total sacrifice of the hair is unnecessary, and the second growth is never equal to the first. Getting the hair trimmed from time to time may be allowed as a matter of convenience, but it does not produce the benefit generally attributed to it.

“Baldness, whether produced by age or any other cause, is seldom curable. Women are, fortunately for them, much less liable to the loss of their hair than men, who, moreover, often become

bald before their time. Baldness earlier than the fiftieth year is owing, ordinarily, either to an hereditary disposition, or excess of some kind or other. Bear's grease, since the time of the beautiful Cleopatra, who used and highly praised it, has been in great repute as a remedy for the falling off of the hair. It, however, does not seem to have more effect than any other unctuous substance, which has none at all."

[Again Dr. Cazenave is beyond his depth. In 1861-2 I was travelling through parts of Asia, Europe, and Africa, gathering material for my work concerning and entitled "Pre-Adamite Man," and my Rosicrucian romance, "Dhoula Bel ; or, the Magic Globe," the antecedent work to "The Wonderful Story of Ravalette," and from the extreme heats of Egypt and Syria lost my hair, but the following preparation — the best in the world, I think — restored it, long, silken, soft, and luxuriantly curly : —

Alcohol, bay rum, glycerine,	each 4 ounces.
Castor oil, olive oil,	each 3 ounces.
Oil cloves,	20 drops.
Ammonia,	tablespoonful.
Bergamot and oil lemon, each,	1-8th of an ounce.
Tincture cantharides,	1-4th oz.
Citronella,	a little.

Wash the head before using, and shake the bottle well. Nothing I ever saw equals this simple preparation.]

"A good result has been obtained," says Cazenave, "in his hands, from the application of this : —

Ox marrow,	1 ounce.
Aromatic tincture,	1 drachm.

Mix into an ointment, and apply after having rubbed the scalp lightly with a linen dipped in a wash made of equal parts of the tincture of sulphate of quinine and the aromatic tincture.

"People will persist in dyeing their hair, notwithstanding that they deceive nobody by the process but themselves. The dyes ordinarily used burn the hair, destroy the bulbs, pervert the secretions, and produce inevitably a premature baldness. The only safe applications are those like this, which contains no caustic or poisonous property : —

White wax, 4 ounces.
 Olive oil, 9 ounces.

Melt together and add burnt cork, 2 ounces.

“Wigs and false hair of all kinds cannot be justified on the score of health and taste, however they may be authorized by the edicts of fashion. A quantity of dead matter kept constantly on the head heats it inordinately, and is the cause of many of those anomalous pains vaguely termed nervous. The fashionable *chignon* of our times is probably as unwholesome as it is ugly; by its pressure and heat it is sure to produce premature baldness. It looks like a diseased excrescence, and is more appropriate to a museum of morbid anatomy than to the drawing-room of society. The motive for wearing a wig being the vain hope of concealing age, it is seldom that this artifice is made to harmonize with the years of the wearer. Hence we constantly see a luxuriant periwig of curls crowning an antique and wrinkled brow, and a profuse front of dark hair topping the shriveled face of age. There are no greater shocks to reverence than these incongruities.

“A perfect forehead, according to the accepted laws of proportion, should be of the same length as the nose and that part of the face below it. It should be free from irregularities and wrinkles, but not too torpid to be rippled by emotion. Above it ought to recede, and below advance. The color of its skin should be lighter than that of the rest of the face. The ancients admired a low forehead in woman, and every antique statue of the female has it. A large, bare forehead gives her a masculine and defiant look. The word *effrontery* comes from it. The practice of forcing back the hair not only injures it, but gives a false height to the forehead, which, we think, takes much from the beauty of a woman’s face.

“The skin of the forehead of young girls is apt to blush with an excessive facility. This tendency, if not checked, will cause a permanent redness, very unfavorable to beauty. In many cases, no doubt, this is owing to some bodily disorder which requires medical treatment.”

[A few spoonfuls of any light aperient is all that is required, — save where obstructions exist, and then a little barosmyn or chlo-rylle will set the matter shortly right.]

“ In most instances, however, this rising of the blood to the face comes from the indulgence in an exaggerated sensibility. Young girls should therefore be on their guard, and check it while it is within their power. They should also avoid all prolonged study or reading, especially in a sitting posture with the head bent down. They should take regular exercise, walk much, not expose themselves to rude winds, wear their clothes loose, and not allow their sensibility to be agitated by every passing impression. It is a common mistake for those girls thus afflicted to live too meagrely, with the idea that a full diet increases the tendency of the blood to rise to the face. Generous food, on the contrary, is what they require.

“ The forehead of the young, about the age of puberty, is often disfigured by little pimples (acne), which, though compatible with perfect health, are very annoying to youthful maidens at that period of life when they seem for the first time conscious of the *desirableness* of beauty. They will be grateful to us, we are sure, when we inform them that they can get rid of these annoying obstacles to admiration by washing their faces with a little infusion of mint, weak tea, or lukewarm water, containing a few drops of cologne. If the pimples obstinately resist all these, the following will probably give them the *coup de grâce*: —

Borax,	9 grains.
Rose-water,	1 table-spoonful.
Orange-flower water,	1 table-spoonful.

“ The brown spots familiar under the name of *mask* to matrons at certain domestic epochs, and prophetic of a coming event, will generally disappear with its fulfilment. They exist, however, sometimes without any apparent cause or purpose, and require for their removal this application: —

Chlorate of potash,	36 grains.
Rose-water,	8 ounces.
Mix.	

“ To wrinkles we are at last obliged to submit when Time shrivels us with his scorching fingers; but art has, notwithstanding, exercised its ingenuity in devising means of avoiding for a while and

concealing the ravages of this arch enemy of beauty. When the inexorable old fellow does lay his hand upon us, we may try to wash out its traces with this lotion :—

Turpentine, 36 grains,
 Water, 3 drachms.

Mix and apply at night, letting it dry on the face.

“ If the lotion does not succeed, all we have to do, while submitting to Time’s rough handling, is to stop the chinks it may make with the following :—

Essence of turpentine, 2 1-2 drachms.
 Gum mastic, 1 drachm.
 Fresh butter, 2 ounces.
 Mix.

“ There are two or three small longitudinal furrows which are sure indications of an eager, anxious mind. These constitute what is called the knitting of the brow, and are never absent from the American face. They are too deep for any filling up, and the only remedy for them is to take life easier.

“ Many infants have the upper part of the forehead covered with hair. This must never be shaved off. It generally disappears of itself in time.

“ There may be fine eyes in an ugly face, but there is never a handsome nose without the company of other good-looking features. To be perfect it should be equal in length to the forehead, of a regular shape, and precisely defined outline, neither too hard, fleshy, pointed, nor broad at the tip, and possess delicately-bordered, free, and flexible nostrils.

“ A writer in ‘Harper’s Bazar’ (the only authority on this subject, not forgetting the great Slawkenbergius, so largely quoted by Sterne, who says nothing to our purpose) declares that there is no standard of nasal beauty. The Romans were proud of their stern aquilines, and the Israelites would probably not be content to lose the smallest tip of their redundant beaks. The Tartars, having no noses to speak of, affect to consider the deficiency a beauty. The wife of Jenghis Khan was esteemed the most charm-

ing woman in all Tartary, because she only had two holes where her nose should have been.

“Ambrose Paré put it into the queer head of Captain Shandy that ‘the length and goodness of the nose was owing simply to the softness and flaccidity in the nurse’s breast, — as the flatness and shortness of *puisne* noses was to the firmness and elastic repulsion of the same organ of nutrition in the hale and lively — which, though happy for the woman, was the undoing of the child, inasmuch as his nose was so snubb’d, so rebuff’d, so rebated, and so refrigerated thereby as never to arrive *ad mensuram suam legitimam*; but that in case of the flaccidity and softness of the nurse or mother’s breast — by sinking into it, quoth Paræus, as into so much butter, — the nose was comforted, nourish’d, plump’d up, refresh’d, refocillated, and set a-growing forever.’ Dr. Cazenave is evidently no believer in this theory, for he says that the flat, snub, and crooked noses of infants cannot be attributed to mothers or nurses, but must be accepted as natural deformities for which nothing can be done.

“The tip of the nose often reddens, even in the youngest girls, without any apparent cause. Exercise and a proper diet, and all other means of invigorating the body and equalizing the circulation, are the best remedies. The nose becomes often inordinately enlarged from the habit of touching it with the hand, either from mere caprice or for the sake of squeezing out (a most dangerous practice) those little pimples with black heads, which are popularly but erroneously supposed to be worms. The nose should never be handled by one’s self, his friends, or enemies. The best means of getting rid of the little black-headed pimples is by washing every morning with this lotion: —

Sub-carbonate of soda,	36 grains.
Distilled water,	8 ounces.
Essence of roses,	6 drops.

Mix.

“People of a delicate and irritable complexion should not use a cotton or silk handkerchief, but a linen one. The hairs which grow from the nostrils, and are sometimes so abundant as to be ugly and inconvenient, should be never pulled out, for dangerous con-

sequences may ensue, but always cut with a pair of scissors when they protrude.

“A good supply of hairs, and a delicately curved outline, with the inner extremity thicker than the outer, are essential to a fine eyebrow. The union of the two eyebrows was esteemed by the Romans a beauty. They admired the air of severe dignity it gives to the face. The emasculated taste of modern times dislikes it for the same reason. The color of the eyebrow should be chestnut or black. The eyebrows are liable, like the hair, to become too dry or greasy, and require similar treatment. It is ordinarily quite enough to brush them daily with a tooth-brush dipped in a little diluted Cologne-water. If the eyebrows are naturally too thin, nothing can be done by art to repair the defect; if, however, the hairs have dropped from any accidental cause whatsoever, a good result may be reasonably expected from shaving, rubbing them several times a day with an infusion of mint in white wine, or moistening them with the following lotion:—

Sulphate of quinine, 5 grains.
 Alcohol, 1 ounce.

“If, on the contrary, the hair of the eyebrow is too thick, it must be thinned out with a pair of scissors, but never shaved. If it is desired to make a pair of red or white eyebrows black, the simplest way is to burn a little incense and mastic, and, collecting the smoke on a card held above the flame, to rub them with it. Care must be taken not to touch this pigment with the bare fingers, for it is difficult to get rid of.”

DEPILATORY POWDERS.—Superfluous hair, as it appears upon various parts of the face and neck, is a great annoyance to ladies, and we are often asked if there is any depilatory which is safe and reliable. Chemistry has not yet suggested a perfectly satisfactory agent for removing this evil. There are, however, several formulas which answer very well for the purpose. The three following are the best:—

I. Take sulphuret of calcium, fresh, 1 part.
 “ quicklime, 1 part.

Mix.

Reduce them separately to fine powder, and keep the mixture in a well-stoppered bottle. Safe and effective.

- II. Take hydrosulphuret of sodium, crystallized, 3 parts.
 " quicklime, 10 parts.
 " starch, 11 parts.
 Mix.

It should be applied not longer than two minutes. Preserve as No. 1.

- III. Take sulphuret of potassium, 1 part.
 " pearlash, dry, 1 part.
 " quicklime, 8 parts.
 Mix.

These depilatories, which are in a state of powder, are made into a paste with warm water, and immediately applied to the part, previously shaved close, a little starch being generally added to those which do not contain it, in order to render the paste more manageable.

“ The most common colors of the eye are the bluish gray and yellowish hazel. The most beautiful are the pure blue and black. The beauty of the eye depends chiefly upon its expression, but owes much of its charms to the eyelids and eyelashes. The former should be of a delicate rose hue, not too thick, and never so prominent as to project beyond the orbit, and should always shade the pupil by partially covering it. The eyelashes must be long, regular, and abundant. These are liable to a troublesome secretion, which exudes at their roots and dries in a tenacious crust. If this be removed by force there is danger of the hair coming with it. It is best to anoint the edges of the eyelids with a little almond oil, or to wash them with this lotion : —

- Borax, 4 grains.
 Quince-seed mucilage, 1 drachm.
 Distilled black-cherry water, 1 ounce.

“ There is no safe means of making the eyelashes longer and more silken than nature has made them. When they assume in their growth a wrong direction, the only remedy is to get rid of them by cutting.

“Apart from the serious diseases to which the eye is exposed, and of which it is not our purpose to treat, it is liable to various disorders which are more fatal to beauty than to health.”

But I will say, that in cases where the eyes are weak, sore, or have fungus growths upon them, they can easily be cured by using a little Harmattan or Matticon, applied two or three times a day with a camel’s-hair pencil, and persevering for a couple of weeks.

“Young lymphatic girls are often affected with red and swollen lids and weeping eyes. Such should avoid prolonged study, reading and confining labor of all kinds. In the morning on first awaking, the eyelids feel heavy, and are occasionally slightly adherent to each other. It is a bad practice to rub the eyes under such circumstances, for the lids become reddened and irritated and the lashes are apt to fall. Cold water is the best application, and is always to be preferred not only to the warm but the lukewarm. Excessive sedentary work by artificial light, all kinds of fatigue, prolonged wakefulness, and abuse of pleasure, reveal themselves at once in a dark rim about the eyes. This is what the French call *les yeux cernés*, and is with them esteemed, if persistent, a sure mark of the rake, male or female.

“The best of all eye-washes is undoubtedly cold water, but when the eyes are excessively fatigued, and rimmed with an unusual depth of blackness, the following lotion may be used with advantage :

Infusion of roses, 4 ounces.
Lemon juice, 8 drops.

“Squinting is often caused in infants by letting the hair in front fall over the eyes, and an ugly blinking is not seldom produced by a too sudden change from darkness to a bright light. Care should be taken that the light should not shine directly in front or at the side of the sleeping infant, but from behind. Short-sightedness is frequently caused in the young by the habit of reading with the head bent down too closely to the book. When this defect is thus produced it can be remedied by, in the first place, abandoning the practice ; and, secondly, by educating the eye to look at distant objects. When short-sightedness, however, comes with birth, there is little relief to be expected except from the use

of glasses, and these should be taken at the earliest possible moment. Care, however, must be taken in their selection. Those with which the short-sighted person can see best are the best, and this must be discovered by a series of patient trials under the guidance of a skilful optician or oculist. The Eastern beauties of the harem, in order to give the appearance of fulness to their eyes, lightly touch the borders of the lids with a fine camel's-hair brush dipped in sulphuret of antimony, taking care to extend the dark line thus traced to a short distance beyond the angles. The eye thus artistically treated appears large, open, and almond-shaped.

“The ear to be beautiful should be small, round, regularly convoluted, of a clear rose tint, and closely attached to the side of the head. Its shape is often deformed in infancy by the carelessness of mother or nurse. In adjusting the hat, cap, or bonnet, the ears are not seldom disregarded. They thus are either crumpled up under the tight rim of the covering of the head, or left to stick out awkwardly beyond. The careful nurse should take the precaution to smooth down the ears of the child below its cap, and see that they are held in their proper position at the sides of the head, where they ought to nestle snugly. People with ugly ears have no alternative but to conceal them with their hair, and take care not to bring them into undue notice by showy or jingling trinkets. The skin of the ears can be kept sleek and smooth by washing them every morning with water in which a few drops of cologne, or better still, of lemon-juice, have been put. The hairs which are apt to grow at the entrance of the ear should never be plucked out, for this will make them come thicker, but always cut. The habit of boxing and pulling children's ears is a cruel one. The former, if violent, may, by the sudden forcing of the air upon the drum, burst it and destroy the hearing. The latter is no less fatal to the beauty of the ear.

“It does not matter so far as appearance is concerned, what shape the male mouth may have, as with the present style of wearing a full mustache and beard little of it can be seen. In the smooth face of woman, however, the form of the mouth has a great deal to do with its beauty or ugliness. According to the Caucasian notion, it should be small, regular, dry, sweet, and in laughing or speaking not show more than half of the length of

the four or five upper teeth. The standard of taste in regard to the lips varies in different nations. The negro not only prefers the flat nose, but the blubber lip. Mungo Park, when travelling on the banks of the Niger, overheard a bevy of negro matrons discussing the possibility of there being in any part of the world a woman capable of kissing such a shrivelled mouth as his. A certain fulness of the lower lip, especially, seems essential to female loveliness. Sir John Suckling says :—

‘ Her lips were red, and one was thin
Compared to that was next her chin.
Some bee had stung it newly.’

The lips, in fact, should be neither very thin nor full, and form when the mouth is closed an obtuse angle at each corner and in the centre. Their color ought to be of a lively red. The lower lip should rise a little, and the upper be marked with a well-defined dimple of a roseate hue. Girls of a lymphatic temperament are apt to be disfigured by swollen lips. These can be remedied by a proper regimen and such habits and exercise as tend to stimulate and develop the bodily activity. The gaping mouth, which gives such an appearance of fatuity to the unfortunate possessor, is almost always the result of the habit acquired in infancy of putting the fingers into it. Such habits cannot be corrected too soon. The lips are covered with an excessively thin skin, which chaps, shrivels, and splits, especially in young children, on the least exposure to cold or wind. This arises often in consequence of some disorder of the digestive function, but not seldom also from the bad habit common to the young of thrusting not only their fingers, but anything else within reach into their mouths. Biting the lips is another and worse practice still, which is not confined to children, but is as often seen among their elders. Madame de Pompadour from this habit began to spoil at the mouth, as she confessed herself, at the early age of thirty. The biting of the lips, if not checked in childhood, becomes so inveterate that it is almost impossible ever to stop it. It moreover often produces a frightful condition of the mouth. A poultice of bread and milk may be useful if there is much heat and swelling. Otherwise the following ointment will be better :—

Oxyd of zinc, 18 grains.
Cold cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce.

Mix.

“ Sometimes touching the lips lightly, on going to bed, with a little fresh and perfectly pure glycerine will be all that is requisite.

“ Rosseau said that no woman with fine teeth could be ugly. Any female mouth almost, with a good set of ivories, is kissable. The too early loss of the first teeth has an unfavorable influence upon the beauty and duration of the second. The youngest children should accordingly be made to take care of them. All that is necessary is to brush them several times a day with a little ordinary soap or magnesia and water. Grown people should clean their teeth at least five times in the course of the twenty-four hours, on rising in the morning and going to bed at night, and after each meal. A brush as hard as can be borne without pain should be used, and the best of all applications is pure soap and water, always lukewarm. After eating, all particles of food should be carefully removed from the teeth by means of a toothpick of quill or wood, but never of metal, and by a thread passed now and again between the teeth. Tooth-powders of all kinds are injurious both to the enamel and the gums, and if employed every particle of them should be removed from the mouth by careful rinsing. The habit which some women have of using a bit of lemon, though it may whiten the teeth and give temporary firmness and color to the gums, is fatal to the enamel, as are all acids. No one, young or old, should turn their jaws into nut-crackers; and it is dangerous even for women to bite off, as they so often do, the ends of the thread in sewing. It is not safe to bring very hot food or drink, especially if immediately followed by anything cold, in contact with the teeth.

“ Wholesome gums are more essential even than the teeth to the beauty of the mouth. They should be of a firm texture and a lively red color, and well spread over the base of each tooth; but they are often pale or livid, shrunken, fleshless, and sometimes even ulcerated. The excessive use of sugar and candies does great mischief. It is not only the bad effect of the acids produced by their decomposition, but the grittiness of those substances which wears away the gum, bares the roots of the tooth, and spoils

the mouth. This is the chief danger of the use of tooth-powders. Livid gums will be benefited by occasional, but not too frequent, hard rubbing and pricking with a tooth-pick until they bleed slightly.

“The best of all washes and perfumes for the mouth is that favorite of the Parisian toilet, the *Eau de Botot*, thus made:—

Green aniseeed,	2 ounces.
Canella of Ceylon,	4 drachms.
Cloves,	18 grains.
Cochineal,	1 drachm.

Beat together in a mortar, and macerate in two quarts of alcohol. After fifteen days add a drachm of essence of mint, and filter.

“Ovid says that in his day girls were taught to smile:—

“*Quis cedat? discount etiam ridere puclæ.*”

“The practice might be adopted with advantage in our fashionable schools for girls, who, to the other elegant accomplishments acquired there, such as getting in and out of a carriage properly and doing crochet-work, might add that of smiling gracefully. Loud laughter, with the mouth open wide and greatly distorted, is a youthful habit which should be early checked. That which is most decorous in woman is a sweet and gentle smile, where the mouth hardly opens, the cheek dimples slightly, and the lower lip just conceals the ends of the upper teeth.

“The beauty of the cheek is oftener destroyed by the loss of the teeth than by any other cause. This, therefore, is another reason for taking good care of these features, whose perfectness of condition is essential to every handsome face. There is a rough, farinaceous appearance, and a patchy redness, to which the cheeks of young children are especially liable, which are said to be owing to the excessive kissing to which they are obliged to submit. ‘It is a deplorable habit,’ says Cazenave, ‘to let babies be kissed by all the world. We should respect those tender and delicate cheeks, and content ourselves with a light kiss upon their forehead, or, better still, upon their hands.’

“A chin, according to the Greek ideal, is neither sharp nor blunt but gently undulating in its outline, and loses itself gradually and almost insensibly in the fulness of the neck.

“The face, the seat of expression, is the most mobile part of the human frame. It owes its flexibility to a large number of small muscles which, though they yield a ready obedience to the will, become so facile of motion that they often act without awaiting a command. In fact, their action in the direction to which they are most accustomed becomes at last so continuous as to give a permanent form to the features. Hence, it is essential to the beauty of the visage to avoid grimaces, or what children call ‘making faces.’ These, if indulged in without check, in childhood will leave a fixed impression of distortion upon the countenance. Our purpose has been merely to treat of those elements of beauty which lie no deeper than the skin. The others, of a profounder kind, which, moreover, are not without their influence even upon surface charms, must be learned from those who profess to teach the higher graces of the heart and intellect. The beauty which we cultivate is that likened by Lord Bacon to summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt and cannot last. They, on the contrary, raise flowers of an immortal bloom.” Great care should be taken of the fingernails. No lady should neglect paring them weekly, and they should be daily brushed with this solution :—

Castile soap,	1 part.
Warm water,	sufficient.
Indian meal,	1 table-spoonful.

After the brushing is over, rub the hands with a little cologne, or, better still, bay rum; and that same bay rum is the best breath sweetener a refined lady can use. Never, under any temptation purchase or use any of the advertised hair tonics and hair oils, dyes, etc., for the most of them are rank poison. If any lady wants a hair oil or dressing, the publisher of this book will cheerfully send her one that is *not* poison, or the formula for making it if preferred; in fact, this book already contains it.

Excessive perfumery about a person suggests a very unpleasant necessity for it; and, to say the least, is a sign of coarseness and vulgarity. Every refined lady instinctively rejects the “loud” kind of odors, — those which proclaim themselves ten yards off. The best perfumery is derived from the bath, whose grateful office is finished with a napkin wet with equal parts of *pure* bay rum

and cologne, into which has been put the faintest suspicion of rose and sandal wood.

The beauty of the fairest lady is very often marred by a dull and languid expression of the eyes, caused too often by sleeplessness, or too much sleep; but oftener by the condition of the stomach and liver; hence a lady who desires to avoid such *desagrémens* must not fail to keep the liver and stomach right, either by resolute fasting a day or two, the total avoidance of candies and indigestibles of all sorts, partaking generously of good ripe fruit, *au naturel*. . . . In the remains of a "Jubilee Almanac" I found the following sensible paragraphs, and thank the author — I think O. W. Holmes — for them; but whoever he or she may chance to be, there's a good deal of wisdom in these few lines:—

"The subject of clothing is understood well enough, and the rules of common sense are well enough observed by men. But woman is under the guidance of a higher law than any relating to her individual safety.

"'No woman that is a woman,' says the late Professor Harris, 'values her comfort, her health, or her life in comparison with her personal appearance. She is impelled by a profound logic, say, rather, a divine instinct. On the slender thread of her personal attractions hangs the very existence of a human future. The crinkle of a ringlet, the tie of a ribbon, has swayed the wavering choice of a half-enamored swain, and given to the world a race which would never have come to the light of day but for a pinch of the curling-tongs or a turn of the milliner's fingers.'

"It is in virtue of this supreme indifference to consequences,—this sublime contempt of disease and death as compared with the loss of the smallest personal advantage,—that woman has attained the power of resistance to exposure which so astonishes the male sex. Think of her thin shoes and stockings, her bare or scarcely protected neck and arms, her little rose-leaf bonnet, by the side of the woollen socks, the layers of flannel and broadcloth, and the warm hats and caps of her effeminate companion! Our cautions are of no use, except to the fragile sex,—our brothers in susceptibility and danger.

"A man will tell you he has the constitution of a horse; but the health of a horse is notoriously delicate, as Shakespeare re-

minds you. A woman is compared to a bird by poets and lovers. 'It should be to a *snow-bird*,' says the late Professor Harris.

"We may learn a lesson in the matter of clothing from the trainers and jockeys. They blanket their horses carefully after exercise. We come in heated, and throw off our outside clothing. Why should not a man be cared for as well as Flora Temple or Dexter? We dress for summer, and the next thing down goes the thermometer, and we run a risk which the owner of a trotting horse would not subject his beast to for a thousand dollars. Last Sunday the thermometer was 74° Fahrenheit in the morning; on Monday, at the same hour, it was 56°. Yet when one has once worn summer clothes, it is hard to change back, and we prefer to take the chance of rheumatism, pleurisy, 'congestion of the lungs,' or common catarrh, which is troublesome enough without going further."

The "Laws of Life" says more quarrels arise between brothers, between sisters, between hired girls, between school girls, between husbands and wives, owing to electrical changes through which their nervous systems go by lodging together night after night, under the same bedclothes, than by almost any other disturbing cause. There is nothing that will so derange the system of a person who is nervous in effeminative force as to lie all night in bed with another person who is absorbent in nervous force. The absorber will go to sleep and rest all night, while the eliminator will be tumbling and tossing, restless and nervous, and wake up in the morning fretful, peevish, fault-finding, and discouraged. No two persons, no matter who they are, should habitually sleep together. One will thrive and the other will lose. This is the law; and in married life it is defied almost universally.

"WRINKLES, LINES, CROW'S-FEET, ETC. — To remove these when presenting themselves prematurely, or when the results of severe illness, as well as to ward them off at that time of life when they may be expected to show themselves, several essential points must be observed. The face should be well bathed in cold water every morning, winter as well as summer, by means of a sponge. Curd, honey, or common yellow soap should be used in washing the face previous to the bathing. The oftener cold water is applied to the face the better. If any roughness of the skin ensues, a little cold cream applied at night will soon remove it. Then, again, as much

exercise as can be conveniently taken in the open air, every day, is to be practised. The diet must be generous, but wholesome. Plenty of substantial food should be taken, with port wine, or stout or porter. Vinegar, pickles, and other acids must be avoided. In addition to all the above rules, it would be as well if regular hours were observed, and heated places of amusements seldom visited."

"GOOD HUMOR. — Good humor is the clear sky of the soul, in which every star of talent will shine more clearly, and the sun of genius encounter no vapors in his passage. It is the most exquisite beauty of a fine face; a redeeming grace in a homely one. It is like the green in a landscape, harmonizing in every color, mellowing the light, softening the hues of the dark; or like a flutter in a full concert of instruments, a sound, not at first discovered by the ear, yet filling up the breaks in the concord with its deep melody."

"Working and thinking should go together — the thinker working, and the worker thinking."

"FUN AT HOME. — Don't be afraid of a little fun at home; good people! Don't shut up your houses lest the sun should fade your carpets; and hearts, lest a hearty laugh shake down some of the musty old cobwebs there. If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without, when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink, and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling-houses and reckless degradation. Young men must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearth-stones, it will be sought at other and perhaps less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the homestead delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirit of your children. Half an hour of merriment round the lamp and firelight of home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day; and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little domestic sanctum. A home with mirth and cheerfulness is one of the dearest of earth's possessions."

Mary Clemmer Ames expresses a great deal in the

following truthful sentiments: "Life offers no lesson to mortals so hard to learn, no lesson hiding in its truth so keen a sting to self-love as this, that your prime has passed, and that you must make room for others; that the flowers of your genius are in their decline; that you must wait in the shadow, while the younger bask in the splendor that you have left behind. How few are ever willing to admit that their time has come to learn it! Thus it is that we see so many women refusing to grow old gracefully. Instead of wearing their years as a crown, mellow and beautiful in the light of their declining sun, they deck gray hairs and wrinkles with a hideous counterfeit of youth." . . . Independence is a good thing, but it has its rightful conditions. Who is really independent? Not the babe, not the boy, not the man. We are all dependent upon one another, whether we admit it or not. We may criticise, condemn, and send the world to perdition; but the world is quite necessary to us. Until every man separates himself from the world—goes to some island, like Robinson Crusoe—he need not boast of his independence, and for the reason that he hasn't got it. Every man who is a man has a comparative independence, but he is the first to acknowledge his absolute indebtedness to others.

THE TRUE LIFE. — The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat, and drink, and sleep; to be exposed to darkness and the light; to pace round in the mill of habit, and turn the wheel of wealth; to make reason our door-keeper, and turn thought into an implement of trade, — this is not life. In all this but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened; and the sanctities still slumber which make it most worth while to live. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence; the laugh of mirth which vibrates through the heart, the tears that freshen the dry wastes within, the music that brings childhood back, the prayer that calls the future near, the doubt which makes us meditate, the death that startles us with mystery, the hardship that forces us to struggle, the anxiety that ends in trust, — are the true nourishment of our natural being.

How to be beautiful when old?
 I can tell you, maiden fair, —
 Not by lotions, dyes, and pigments,
 Not by washes for your hair;

While you're young be pure and gentle,
 Keep your passions well controlled;
 Walk, and work, and do your duty,
 You'll be handsome when you're old.

Men have more strength. Women more sensibility.

Men listen, arrange, compare, and deduce. Women combine, vary, and reproduce.

Men have more force. Women more grace.

Man overcomes. Woman subdues.

Man thinks. Woman speaks.

Man is noble. Woman beautiful.

Man was formed to conquer the whole creation. Woman to approach that conqueror and — euchre him!

All things living shall keep their distance from man; it is the privilege of woman alone to be divested of such fear. Man is never so much lord of all nature as when he completes all other triumphs by protecting woman. . . . Women, as a general thing, have less brain than men, but a great deal more heart and feeling. Men are nearest and dearest to us in the hours of our prosperity; but woman most fully proves herself when we are under a cloud and buffeted by storms.

If any proof were wanting to substantiate this point, it can be had in almost any household, for women patiently endure, for love of their children, year in and year out, atrocities from what passes current as "Husbands," that would drive nine men in ten to suicide or murder, if suffered for a single month.

VALERIUS MAXIMUS relates that a woman of distinction, having been condemned to be strangled, was delivered to the triumvir, who caused her to be carried to prison in order to be put to death. The jailer, who was ordered to execute her, was struck with compunction of conscience, and could not perform the cruel act. He chose, however, to let her die with hunger; but meanwhile suffered her daughter to visit her in prison, taking care that she brought her nothing to eat. Many days passed over in this manner, when the jailer, at length surprised that the prisoner lived so long without food, and suspecting the daughter, took means of secretly observing their next interview. He then discovered that the affectionate and devoted daughter had all the while been nourish-

ing her mother and preserving her life *with her own milk*, drawn from her faithful bosom.

Amazed at so tender, and at the same time so strange a resort to sustain a parent's life, he related it to the triumvir, and the triumvir to the prætor, who thought the fact merited stating in the assembly of the people. This produced the happiest effects; the criminal was released, and a decree ordered that the mother and daughter should be maintained during the rest of their days at the expense of the government; and also that a temple, sacred to filial piety, should be erected near the prison in which this sublime act was performed.

Where shall we find an instance of such splendid love as that in the sterner sex? Damon and Pythias are a single case in point, but even that was not equal to the one just cited.

“Three lessons I would truly teach,
And write them with a burning pen;
In letters of eternal TRUTH,
Upon the hearts of men.

“Have *hope*, though clouds encircle now,
And gladness hide her face with scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow;
No night but hath its morn.

“Have *faith* where'er thy bark is driven,
Be calm amidst the tempest's mirth;
Know God doth rule the hosts of heaven,
The children of the Earth.

“Have *love*, and not alone for one,
But man as man, thy brother call,
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

“Engrave these lessons on thy soul, —
Faith, hope, and love, — and ye shall find
Strength when life's surges wildest roll, —
Light, where thou else wert blind.”

Nature blossoms. So do men and women — mentally, morally, physically. Marriage is the moral blossom of life. The courting era is its romantic, delicate, luxurious, and voluptuous bud. The hour of triumph over temptation, of resistance to evil, is the rose

and the myrtle-blossom of life. Its emblem is the beautiful and perpetual, — the rose in its beauty retiring from the myrtle, the type of freshness and endurance. A good deed, a kind word, a generous act, a smile, a kiss from the heart as well as the lip, — these are blossoms of life, and which make humanity good, true, and beautiful. Blossoms — what would life — what society — what men and women do without them?

What a world of splendid truth there is in the selected scrap just read, — a sand of gold, like many others in this book — sifted from the flood of fugitive literature! The souls that bore them all unknown.

A LATTER DAY SERMON.

Text: Jordan is a hard road to travel!

A circle is an infinite polygon; so is human life. The equilibrium is constantly being disturbed. We cannot square the circle, neither can we square our lives, thoughts, emotions, loves, and dislikes to any standard whatever. Like a billiard ball, we start to achieve an end over yonder; but we carom against another ball midway of the journey, are deflected from the grand course, describe many an unintended angle, find our purposes frustrated, stick our thumbs in our mouths, and either whine about it, eoward like, or take it philosophically, shake our heads, murmur "Who'd o' thought it?" and, if all our courage has not leaked out, go to work and try again. Must we all wade to heaven through the swamps of hell? That's a deeper question than Hamlet's. It seems so, for there's bitter in our drink; hard lumps in our beds; our neighbors' tongues are long and springy; our husbands chew and smoke, run after pretty faces, stay out late o' nights, drink too much tanglefoot, are cross, sour, grum, morose, or surly. Well, what of it? I — the preaching scribe — am happy to inform you that a circle is an infinite polygon, and so is human life! Well, what of it? Why, the sides of a polygon run but a little way in any one direction; your suffering side is but one of them, and you'll appreciate heaven all the more, for having had a jog-trot through Pandemonium. It can't last, and the bad side is cut short at the death angle, and away you slide into green fields and pastures new, over in the alleys and vistas of God's garden on the

shores of Vernalia, — the ever-blooming country just over the grave. Hurrah! Look back to the distant time when you were a child. Don't you remember when you came to grief by a fall, by stubbing your toes, by a chilblain, toothache, or the larruping your mother gave you for something naughty you had done? Doubtless. Well, you have recovered, and now you smile at the remembrance. Well, some of you, like Claudius, stubbed your toes in a bad marriage. Well, what of it? It's only an angle of the polygon, full of thorns, perhaps, still useful. Didn't you expect *too much*, unhappy marriagee? Wasn't you too selfish and exacting on your part? Didn't you whine, and cry, and look blue, and run about telling people how ill-mated you were? and don't you know that we can't love what is unlovable? Don't you know that vinegar won't draw flies? "Well, I'm intellectual, and he or she's a fool!" Ah! that's bad! but seeing the mistake has been made, can't you get into another groove, nearer to the mate's? Is there not some middle ground on which you can both stand? The chances are that there is; but if not, God, nature and the universal common honesty of man proclaim — not divorce — for that supposes marriage — but that you never were really joined at all! What a magnificent flood of light was recently thrown on this whole subject by the pen of Albert Brisbane! "This is a baby world," in effect, says he, "and we're all cutting our teeth." Rather hard process; but oh, how supremely true! My gums are very sore — aint yours? Well, what of it? Dentition is but another arm of the polygon, and we shall get well, and then with what gusto we shall bite into the rich peaches and luscious melons of existence! Don't you know that human life is a splendid palace? Yes! Well, don't you know that palaces have dirty places about them, — kitchens, slop-holes, cellars, cobwebbed, spidery corners, cesspools, and noisome places? Well, what of it? Why, such is the law of palaces. Such is the edifice of life. Most of us dwell in the kitchen; few of us ever go up to the cupola; but many swoop about life's cellars, cesspools and kitchens, and whine because we are too lazy to go upstairs into the drawing-room, parlors, music-halls, conservatories and chambers; which places of course get dusty and smell sour, because we don't open the windows for God's free sunshine to stream through and gladden. Life is a log of hard wood. Some of us cut it up into beams,

others into boards, and only a few work out elegant soul-furniture, — bureaux, — *Freed-Men's* bureaux, chairs, armoires, boxes, and beautiful mouldings. Why? Because we are capable of standing a great deal of rest; can suffer an incredible amount of sleep, and are too sluggish to make continued effort. Many of us, now that Diabolus is defunct, cease all trouble, and, like Quashee, sing

“ Jim crack corn, I don't care, I don't care,
For Massa's gone away.”

A great many of us will find ourselves like potatoes in the spring, — full of long, white sprouts; but unable to endure the heat and light of exposure. Generally we are too much given to looking at and admiring number one, — our own dear selves. So long as our turn is served, we gratify our penchants, make money, are flattered and courted, it's all O. K., and what a bully good world it is, to be sure! But you just wait till some flatterer borrows your last dollar; your wife or husband pitches in for all sorts of trouble; dimes grow scarce, and friends drop off like full leeches from a drunkard's temples; then, “ Lord o' Massy!” What a terrible bad world it is! Now, that's all gammon. The world — considering that it is only just cutting its teeth — is a very good world indeed; and even if our passage through it is a crooked and thorny one, it is only an angle, — a mere arm of the polygon, — and when we wash off the mud sticking to us, over there, we shall by and by laugh heartily at our terrors. Dame Nature is our mother, and she larrups us soundly now and then, by way of admonishing us to do better. She recently whipped Uncle Sam, for unjustly punishing one of her babies, — the negro, — and she said, “ Go, you poor, weak, blaek darling, go and be free; I've just flogged this naughty boy for abusing you!” And the black babies — four millions of them — got up and shouted “ Hail Columbia!” That was one of Nature's black jokes. Now she's going to chastise a few of the kings, — Pio Nono, Victor Emmanuel, Franz Joseph, Abdul Aziz, the Pruss, and the nephew of his uncle, all in behalf of her blonde children; for nations, like persons, must wade to heaven through swamps of blood. Stern mother, Nature! Great prophet, Brisbane! Glorious future! the good time coming on the wings of gestating years. Who's afraid?

Isn't the Almighty the general in command of the people's armies? After all, don't he steer the Ship of State? Then never say "die." Who cares for the clouds, if they *are* black and stormy? Haven't they all got silver linings? God never was sick; but mankind, yes. Well, *He* needs no doctors; *we* do, and so He, seeing the world quite ill, prepares medicine for the nations; gives this one an emetic for biliousness, which takes four years to operate; but results in the throwing up of a deal of black bile. Four millions of it! Now he's going to bleed Austria, France, Italy, Prussia, Russia, Spain, England, and prove to them Jordan is a hard road to travel, just as he teaches Tom and Julia, Dick, and Sarah that "wedlock is a ticklish thing," and that the road to heaven lies outside of the narrow path of self and self-exactions. Just as he teaches us the worth of money by not interfering when we lose it; of pleasure by pain; of joy by its opposite; and so on to the end of the chapter. Murder is a common thing. But even murder has its uses. It teaches men to think twice before acting, for notwithstanding the laws deal lightly with those who slay, — and can find heavy bail, especially if the dead one is a "nigger," — yet the culprits can't bar their doors, or ears, or sight, against the troublesome ghosts of these latter days; and *murderers never get fat*. They often see ghostly things most damnably clear, and can't sleep well. I once saw the murder of an ex-federal officer, for "seducing" a man's wife. Well, I have no doubt but it nipped several other things in the bud of the same sort. What's the use of growling? It won't help the matter at all. We've got to foot the bills of life, and it can't be done by proxy. Even kings must endure the toothache. I have taken a new lease of life, and only regret that I'm not worth a million, so that I might send the truth into all the growling households of the realms of Damphulania. — a very extensive domain it is. If I could, there would be fewer young ladies fooled by "love," running around and singing, "A charge to keep I have," or men wishing they were widowers, or women studying the science of toxicology or elective affinities, or philosophic world-savers, pitching into Moses and Aaron, Judas and Jairam. God still lives! I am glad of that, I am! Life's a polygon, and I shall reach the end of this arm by and by, and so will we all, and then won't we have a good time over there,

“ Where the *weary* cease from troubling,
And the *wicked* are at rest ! ”

THE SOCIAL EVIL.—The mass of unfortunate women (albeit I have a shrewd suspicion that thousands of them are better off, and happier, enjoy more of life than many women who vegetate, but do not live within the pale of marriage—so-called) who frequent the pave in search of food, nine times in ten, are mainly reputed to select and prefer that sort of life by reason of inherent depravity, passion, fondness for drink, excitement, and sometimes to drown out the memory of past days. Now I don't believe one word of all that sort of stuff and nonsense; for it is easily demonstrable that by far the great majority of these poor people, whose hearts are human, whose souls are as precious as any for whom we are told the Christ died on Calvary to redeem, have become what we see, sometimes for lack of food and shelter, but far oftener because denied or deprived of what God intended all women to have,—love; pure, true love, from an honest heart, to their own, and failing to find it in *one* full stream, they, in sheer despair, run to the human rivulets and seek it from the many. Sometimes they find it, but very, *very* seldom. It is not my purpose here to moralize on this painful theme, or to either analyze or synthesize the causes and results, but simply to take a view of it in one aspect alone, and to state a fact that will at once strike all as being true: This class of women depend solely on their beauty and power of attraction. Failing in *that*, all for them is lost; hence of all people in the world who are adepts in the art of dress, attraction, and beautifying, the members of the *demi-monde* most unquestionably excel; and if these women sometimes copy after ladies of lofty rank in the world, these last may possibly be able to derive some certain advantages, sanitary and decorative, by copying a few arts and methods of beautifying and rendering themselves more powerfully attractive, from the frail sisterhoods, which unquestionably have brought these same arts and methods to a fine, almost mathematical, degree of perfection. By special arrangement with the proprietors of the copyright, I am permitted to quote part of a chapter from a forthcoming work on “Prostitution; Its Cause and Cure,” not because my own name appears in it, nor by way of citing said chapter for personal vanity's sake, but solely for the purpose of showing my readers that they can do

better than ruin themselves with drugs and toilet articles concocted of poisonous stuff of the most subtle kind; and how they can, by cheaper and far simpler means, obtain the health, beauty, and physical perfection to which every woman naturally and rightfully aspires. Says the paper now before me as I write:—

“In January, 1869, we procured the services of the committee selected at the previous meeting, and resolved upon our plan of proceeding, and that same day, accompanied by two police-officers in citizen’s dress, but armed and carrying their badges of authority, we began our work, nor finished it till in the course of twenty-seven days we had visited one hundred and twelve so-called ‘*Maisons de Joi*,’ in other words, brothels of the higher class, wherein no boisterous revelry, unseemly conduct, or harsh, indecent, or rough language is tolerated for a moment, in either visitor or *habitué*, and wherein if a person were not otherwise apprised he would imagine himself in the most fashionable and *recherché* society of the great metropolis of this continent, so splendidly and superbly is ‘*vie*’ deked out, her forbidding features disguised, and where her fair votaries are polished to the acme of perfection, and, we may add, where her temptations are very dangerous; indeed, almost irresistible. In these mansions of elegance we found seven hundred and twenty-three inmates, exclusive of proprietresses and servants. The average age of these females was a trifle over twenty, the youngest being fifteen and four months, the oldest thirty-one years old.” [Here follow six columns of detail and moralizing, which not having need of I omit; then follows the subjoined.] “The answers we received from the shameless women who conduct these establishment, these dens of gilded infamy, were so much alike on all essential points, and withal so curious, in response to the questions of a sanitary character propounded by the medical staff of the committee, that a report of one will serve for the whole: QUESTION: How long does a girl last after she fairly once enters upon life in this department of the *im-moral* vineyard? ANSWER: Well, they last and rank in the first class near about seven years; they used to stand it but three or four years at the most; *nous avons changé tout cela*. We have changed all that now, and with care and *so on*” — (We carefully noted that “and so on,” for it soon appeared that those three little words contained not merely the whole gist

of the painful matter, but a scientific disclosure of some certain value to the human race on this continent beside; for, as will be seen appended to this report, page 298, section K, it appeared that this class of women usually regarded as so desperate and thoughtless, have been quick to take advantage of one of the finest of modern discoveries in gynæcological science) — “with care and so on, they stand it more than twice as long. QUESTION: Doubtless they drink a great deal in order to keep up their spirits? for I suppose they all have their seasons of depression and melancholy. ANSWER: Well, yes; among the *lower classes* they *do* drink considerable, but in the better range of establishments we shut down on all strong drinks. They use light wines now, and champagne, instead of heavy ales, poison *liquors*, fiery gin, maddening brandy, and all that sort of stuff, *for they kill too quick!* You saw all my girls in the parlor, and that not one of them looks weary, exhausted or *blasé*. Well, that’s because they are not allowed to drink strong liquors in any shape, but only the lighter and higher class of California and imported wines, and very sparingly even then; for the strain upon their nerves is quite heavy enough as it is, without additional stimulants which fire for awhile, but very soon break them down. Women in this class of houses are not coarse, brutal, and vulgar, but refined, accomplished, lady-like, delicate, nervous, and many of them highly educated. Formerly, years ago, we used a great deal of strong green tea, French chocolate, and the best of coffee, but it was found that the first made them too fidgety, the second made them fat, lazy, dull, and stupid; coffee was sure to dull their complexions and render them bilious. Then we tried Absynthe, but O Lord! it was out of the frying-pan into the fire! for *that* created an insatiable passion for it, and there was nothing but absynthe drinking all the time, the result being an unnatural brilliancy and vivacity, ending in ruined nerves, tremors, gloom, and despondency, which *set them to thinking*, and it *won’t do for a girl to think, you know!* for *when she does the game’s up, and she’s very apt to go back to her home, or to the druggist’s, or the river, and the end of it is a coroner’s inquest!* And so we shut down on absynthe as a rule. The perpetual strain of wine cannot be endured. Ether made them crazy, and didn’t pay. Then came opium, morphine, and hasheesh, but delirium and death came along with

them. At length, in 1864, three of C—a F—r's girls, in C-t-i Street, New Orleans, were taken sick, and it became necessary to call in a good physician, because these girls were very beautiful, accomplished, and *profitable*, and it wouldn't do, you see, to send *them* to the public almshouse or hospital, as would have been the case, probably, under similar circumstances here in the North. Their fever left them, but in a weak, exhausted, sallow, and haggard state, and in this condition they lingered for six long months, until it was deemed advisable to procure another physician, from New Iberia, Louisiana, who supplied a cordial which was highly spoken of, and *that* completely cured them, and what is more, kept them so, and in three months' time all and more of their beauty and spirit had returned!

“We are not fond of telling our secrets; but I will say that when the girls experienced such benefits from the use of the cordial it immediately became popular among them; and it is owing to that alone, not only that they are able to maintain a flow of spirits *without stimulation*, and thus keep their good looks at high tide, because no longer troubled with gloom, fits of despondency, and the train of female disorders to which all women are more or less subjected, and this class in particular, by reason of their habits and associations — but they recover from an excess by its use in less than one quarter of the time required without it. Nor is that all; for the men who visit the places where it is kept upon the sideboard will visit no other, because they are as accustomed to put a spoonful of it in their wine as sugar in their tea. *Why?* It is not difficult to tell, — because it is the best strength-giver known!

“QUESTION. — Then doubtless this cordial of which you speak is a stimulant to the passions, and that is why the visitors use it? ANSWER. — No! there you are mistaken! It gives power and life; not excitement or stimulation; for one can work, mentally or physically, or do anything that exhausts the brain, body, or nerves, longer and more effectually on a pound bottle of it, costing five dollars, than upon ten times that amount spent in stimulants and provocative druggery of any sort; for you must understand *we* have thoroughly tested *that* matter, and exhausted the resources of medicine long before we ever heard of such a thing as Protozone.

“There! the secret was out — as many others have escaped before

now, — by an incautious slip of a woman's tongue, notwithstanding she was bent on keeping the name of this thing from the committee. She appeared somewhat chagrined and offended at having been led to betray herself; but in a minute she put a bold face on the matter, and told us more concerning this remarkable renewer of youth, life, and beauty, this remover of morpew and haggardness; this clarifier of human blood and cuticle; this creator of velvet-rosy cheeks, and sparkling, brilliant, flashing eyes; this famous beautifier, curer of woman's ailments, strengthener of men, and power-giver to the old and worn out.

“Upon subsequent inquiry we ascertained that the article she alluded to under its modern and correct scientific name, was and is the modern form of the renowned vivific preparation alluded to by Bulwer and Hargrave Jennings, and which is said to have been reproduced and improved in these latter times by the discoverer of the protozonic compounds, and if so, we are indeed dealing with a thing of exceedingly great importance, for *what can* there be of higher value than the art and power of rejuvenescence and life-renewing or prolonging? Nothing, it seems to me! She went on, saying, ‘It was no part of my intention to post you up in our private *professional* secrets, in answering questions which, I suppose, the census laws compel us to, for we do not want our rivals to enjoy our advantages, and it is only in the very best circles of the *demi-monde* that this secret is known, indeed those who deal in it will not sell it to people of our class *if they know it!* Still we have hitherto managed to obtain a fair supply, though how it may be in the future time alone can tell. There, sirs, that is all I have to say upon the subject, and why you will find that women now clearly have the means of preserving and increasing physical beauty without the risk of poison; for, as you see,’ — and here she called her own daughter, a sweet and beautiful little fairy of three years, whom it made one shudder to think of the possible future in store for her, and taking a decanter of wine from the sideboard she poured it one-third full, and then added about a teaspoonful of the protozonus cordial, which the child drank with great avidity, — ‘I give it to my baby, who is dearer to me than life itself, not only because I know it will not harm her, but do her positive good.’ But, I remarked, you say that people use it for the purpose of generating physical power;

now are you not afraid it will develop the improper passions of your child prematurely, and thus frightfully injure her? At this she laughed, saying, 'You do not understand this mystery. *It is not an excitant or stimulant* in any sense, way, or manner. It is what the doctors call 'proteine,' and acts differently according as it is combined with other things; for instance, you saw me give a little to Millie in one way; well, that will make her strong, as a child should be, and will remove any little disturbance, such as a cold, to which all children are subject, and I give it to her because she is consumptive, and nothing equals it in such cases. But if I had taken double the quantity, with an egg, well beaten up with cream, sugar, a little essence of lemon, with a glass of pure brandy, or good sherry or Madeira wine, — and the older it is the better the effect, — of course I should *not* give it to a child, but either take it myself or give it to some one whose nervous system was shattered from folly or excess, or whose years indicated the want of new nervous force to brighten up the mental or other powers; else to one whose brain, by labor or trouble, had become softened to the point of despondency or actual insanity; or to such as had by perversion, or school habits, become victims to solitude. I should expect to cure them all if I gave it in that peculiar manner.' Here our conversation ended. Subsequently we called, first upon the agents, and then upon the maker of protozone, in Boston, and he politely answered all questions, except as to the formulæ, which we asked in reference to this matter. He stated [and here repeats] that when after twenty years of experiment he gave his discovery to the world, and also his subsequent improvements thereon after his journeys through Africa, Asia, and Europe, his sole aim was to present to mankind a higher form of protozone than the ancients and moderns too knew how to fabricate and compound, — an element thoroughly protoplasmic and ozonic, uniting together all the principal elements and auras of the higher grades of matter on the principles underlying the conservation, correlation, and interchangeability of forces; for all matter is but a form of force, of electricity, of magnetism, of heat, of fire, of life, and all these are resolvable, one into the other, either way. Acting on this scientific hint, he had sought for and found the law of electric or vivific unity, — the point of dynamic fusion, — and had produced an element which,

upon contact with the natural acids and alkalies of the body, forthwith became modified and transformed into vital force, hence nervous energy, hence *life* itself, — a chemically perfect non-stimulant, non-intoxicant brain and nerve invigorant, infinitely surpassing in efficacy his already world-famous phymylle, whose fame had spread until orders came, and still come, for it, — although its production has been totally abandoned for the new form of protozone,—from France, England, South America, polygamous Turkey, and even distant China. It was not his fault that ‘women of the town’ bought it largely and found it just what they, and for that matter, all other women, needed to improve their beauty, prolong their lives, renew their youth, purify their bodies, keep them free from complaints incident to their sex, and cure them when thus afflicted, put off the day of final reckoning, give brilliancy to the eye, elasticity to the step, vigor to the frame, clearness to the complexion, and renewed life for perfect exhaustion. He did not see why that class of human beings had not quite as good a right to avail *themselves* of his skill, as have the poor, weary, worn-down, fagged-out wives; the puling, pale, sickly girls; the ladies and gentlemen of rank and fashion, and the worn-out debauchee, and victim of solitary vice. The committee could not, on humanitarian grounds, help assenting to what he said; and perhaps after all it is better that these unfortunates, as well as the virtuous grades of society, should avail themselves of a valuable scientific discovery which will enable them to preserve their good looks and health, and make the most of what little of life and happiness, sunshine and gladness, falls to their lot; for it is at best but a wretched and miserable one indeed.”

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To show that I am not alone in my views respecting the general subject discussed in this and the preceding work on Love, etc., but that the scientific world is fast accepting the views and principles which I announced, — and was laughed at for, twenty years ago, — and are rapidly falling into rank, long years after I had labored and suffered to obtain a hearing, I here quote part of an article written by a celebrated American physician, and published recently in one of the most popular and worthy journals of medical science published in this or any other country. Says the writer alluded to:—

“ At the foundation of the study of organic life, there lies the question of *force*: that which holds the ordinary elements of which the body is composed in subjection, and produces the sum-total of the phenomena of human life, in its thermal, chemical, mechanical, sensory, emotional, and psychological aspects.

“ What are the forces of organic life? Beyond all controversy, they are the ordinary physical forces of heat, light, electricity, chemical affinity, gravity, magnetism, etc. These, the scientific, philosophic, and biological world concede, are mutually convertible, the one into the other; and that, in all the mutations of matter and force in organic life, there is, between the cradle and the grave, nothing added, nothing lost; that the different modes of force manifested by man, as typical of all organic life, are due to the different organic instrumentalities through and by which they are manifested. As illustrations in the inorganic world: heat, as correlated or represented in electricity, may be seen, in one instance, transmitting intelligence across continents, and under seas, through thousands of miles of conductors; at another, depositing atom by atom, particles of one metal on the surface of another, as in electroplating; in another, as an illuminating agent in the electric light, almost rivalling the sun in brilliancy; in still another, by the intensity of its heat, fusing the most refractory metals, as platinum; again, separating the atoms of compound bodies, as water, or combining them again to form water, etc., etc.; phenomena as diverse as any of the manifestations of force in the human organism, and yet all are due to different modes of one and the same force.

“ It will be seen that the question of force underlies everything; in fact, is the true corner-stone of biology, — the science of organic life.

“ All the various modes of force in the human body may be reduced to two generic totals, as follows: —

“ First. The organizing, or formless force, building up from inorganic elements, the protoplasm, so graphically illustrated by Professor Huxley, in his recent lecture on ‘the Physical Basis of Life; and further, organizing the universal protoplasm, common to all organic life, into organic forms.

“ Over the organizing or formless force therapeutic agents, unquestionably have influence to promote or retard its operations.

“Second. The form force, or architect of organization, giving and preserving forms, amidst the ceaseless molecular changes throughout the wide range of organic life, animal and vegetable.

“Over the form force, therapeutic agents or measures exercise no control, no influence whatever; hence, in therapeutical discussions and measures, it must be left out altogether.

“The form force is, probably, the hitherto regarded vital force, which has proved so serious an obstacle to the study of the phenomena of organic life, both in health and disease, and the remedial and therapeutic management of diseased conditions.

“As evidence of the truth of these two propositions, the whole of the records of pathological anatomy are offered; for, if the types and forms of the various tissues and organs of the human body were always preserved during the prevalence of diseased action, there could be no morbid anatomy, or, for that matter, pathology; for morbid anatomy essentially consists in an account of the changes supervening in organs and tissues when their types and forms are lost, or changed by modifications of nutrition; the organizing force, correlated with the ordinary physical forces, reproducing tissue, or depositing it in masses, constituting tumors, without the normal type or form. The organizing force is, therefore, by far the most active and powerful of the two, and as over it, by therapeutic agents and measures, a certain amount of control can be exercised by physicians, it is the one of most interest. Thus, a muscle may be wasted by disease, or suspension of nutrition, until it is a mere shred, in comparison to its normal volume or bulk; but, if the type or form of the tissue has not been lost, returning normal nutrition and oxydation reproduce its lost volume and proportions. But if the type or form has been lost by disease, or altered nutrition, it is replaced, if replaced at all, by tissue of some other type, and always of a lower grade of organization, as fat, fibrin, and monadic cells, as cancer, etc. The remedial management of these falls within the domain of surgery, and then, only by their removal or destruction by the knife, ligature or caustics. It would seem, therefore, that the hitherto regarded vital force has no proper place in either physiology, pathology, or therapeutics proper. Over tumors, of types foreign to the tissues which they supplant, therapeutic agents, proper, have absolutely no control. Therapeutical discussions must, therefore, be confined to

the altered relations of nutrition and oxydation, — supply and waste, — where the types and forms of the tissues are preserved, or not lost. So much for the forces of organic life.

“ All the varied phenomena of human life, except forms alone, can be referred to the various instrumentalities of which the body is composed, as, for instance, without a cerebrum, there can be no psychological phenomena ; without nerve masses and nerve chords, no sensation or transmission of impressions from one part to another ; each molecule would, under other circumstances, be a separate and independent protoplasmic organism. As it is, however, the human body is a protoplasmic unity.

“ The following general principles are fully established : —

“ First. The reign of law is supreme in the human organism. No phenomena, in health or disease, ever occur by accident or chance, but all take place in obedience to established and invariable laws, or succession of events in nature, for these are the ultimate facts whose expression is called law.

“ Second. That all organic dynamics (symptoms in disease, or phenomena in health or disease) are always due to the oxydation of the tissues of the body, in precisely the same way as the light and heat of a candle are due to the combustion or oxydation of its substance. In other words, every dynamic result occurring in the human body (and all living bodies or things) is due to changes of matter, and, where force is made manifest to our senses, these changes are always oxydations.

“ Third. All the food, or mainly all of it, introduced into the system, goes into the state of organized tissue before being oxydized, or made capable of producing any mode of force, manifested in organic dynamics as heat, mechanical motion, sensation, emotion, or intellection.

“ Fourth. That during the conversion of food into organized tissue, force steadily disappears, or is correlated, the organization being, in this instance, the correlant, to reappear as the dynamics of organic life, during the process of oxydation, or the reduction of organized tissue to the chemical states in which it finds exit from the body, as urea, carbonic acid, etc.

“ There is no such a thing as a local disease. The recognition of a series of phenomena, preceding the full development of what are described in medical literature as local diseases, as *prodromic*

symptoms, would seem to be sufficient evidence of the truth of this general principle. It is susceptible of direct and extended proof; but the limits of this essay forbid further discussion. Disease, whatever its name, site, or phenomena, always involves the generic totals of nutrition and oxydation, or the constructive and destructive metamorphosis of the whole system.

“Sixth. As there is no local disease, so there are no local remedies. Remedies, or therapeutic agents, *seem* to have local effects, because they are more visible at some one point than others, as emesis, catharsis, etc., but nevertheless closer inspection reveals the fact that they affect the generic totals of nutrition and oxydation of the system at large.

“Two objects are more important than all others: First, to supply the system with protoplasm, namely, proper food to replace and reconstruct the wasting tissues. Second, to facilitate the exit of the effete matter, or débris of the wasting tissues out of the body.

“Food, as corn starch, maizena, tapioca, arrow-root, sago, pearl barley, and the like, are simply cheats. They are not, and of themselves do not form, protoplasm. The food must be albuminous, nitrogenous, and by far the best-balanced single articles are milk and cream diluted partially with water. Animal broths and beef essence may be alternated with milk. Of therapeutic agents promoting nutrition, pepsin, quinia, or quinia and iron; simple bitters, mineral acids, metallic oxides, as zinc, bismuth, etc., with spices, must form the staples, though salines, as chalk, lime-water, etc. may occasionally be needed.

“Professor Huxley says: ‘We live by dying momentarily. The purer oxygen of the country and open air carries on the process of destructive metamorphosis normally, and furnishes the necessary dynamics of organic life.’” . . . All this, and more that might be quoted, causes a thrill of triumph to pervade my soul; because it is plainly saying, “Dr. Randolph, the scientific world is, at last, doing you justice by not only accepting, but fully endorsing your long-approved views.” It is simply asserting that my principle and discovery of the protozonic and protoplasmal system of treating disease, especially those involving the generative systems of both sexes, from a common leucorrhœa, to the most confirmed sterility, impotence, insanity, and nervous debility, can

only be *cured* by the means and methods I so long have struggled to impress upon the hearing of the world. But better late than never! I thank God that I have lived to see the triumph of both my remedies and principles, and hope before I die, to place them properly before mankind. Says Mr. Beecher:—

“What God creates no man or woman need be ashamed to know, and especially where it is knowledge of creations that belong to ourselves, and take hold of the very essence of our being, and constitute a part of their function and duty; and it is a shame that at this stage of civilization, both sexes should not be instructed in these things.

“Many a young man and woman has gone on week after week and month after month, holding out more and more plainly, the signals of declining health and strength; but no one inquires into the cause of the trouble, or takes much notice of the perilous condition, until it is too late to save him or her. At last his or her sun goes down, his or her companions wear crape at the funeral, and the minister says, ‘In the mysterious providence of God this young person has been prematurely called away!’ It is false! he or she was a victim of ignorance of the laws of being, or of the wicked and terrible consequence of a violation of those laws! This young person was a suicide! It does not take a person with a rope around the neck to be a suicide, or with a potion of poison in his stomach.

“Many a one commits suicide by eating, and many a one drivels life away in infinitesimal ways. Punishment for violated law is just as certain as that the sun itself shines; and no one violates a law of the body, or any part of it, that there is not registered in time a penalty.”

On the wall before me hangs a picture of the “Magdalen.” I wish every one of my readers had one, or would send to Boston for one, for it teaches a glorious lesson. It recalls that scene in Judea where stood the peerless Christ, the erring woman, and her scoundrelly accusers,—just such hypocritical *things* that pass for *men*, but are not,—who in these days *publicly* hound down to the bitter death any poor girl, driven by stress of poor pay and scoundrelism to bad courses, and in *private* avail themselves of her necessity! I can see, in my mind’s eye, the dear Jesus as he quietly annihilated the old-clo’ gentry with “Let him that is

without sin cast the first stone!" I can see the rascals drop their feathers, and, like whipped spaniels, sneak off slowly till they turned the first corner, and then break, — break, sir, into a run speedier than "Dexter" ever made, to hide themselves from themselves if possible, which, thank God, it was not, and never will be. Prang's immortal chromo preaches a better sermon on the text "Be merciful in judgment," than often falls from most inspired lips or pen, for it says: —

"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 life-long discord and annoy,
 Water of tears with oil of joy,
 And hid within the folded hud
 Perversities of flower and fruit.
 It is not ours to separate
 The tangled skein 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 remembereth we are dust!"

Adversity exasperates fools, dejects cowards, draws out the faculties of the wise and ingenious, puts the modest to the necessity of trying their skill, awes the opulent, and makes the idle industrious. Much may be said in favor of adversity; but the worst of it is, it has no friends.

Three things to womankind belong,
 This universe of ours all over;

And from their use, or right or wrong,
 Not all the universe may move her:
 The first to tease her faithful lover;
 The second to coquet; the third, —
 And that which oft'nest we discover, —
 To argue points the most absurd,
 And right or wrong, *to have the latest word.*

DON'T RUN UPSTAIRS. — Often practised, it is ruinous to health. An eminent physician once said to us that he wouldn't go upstairs faster than a walk if the house was on fire, and he had valuable property to save; and we believe he wouldn't. *Much walking upstairs is especially injurious to women, and frequent running up is a sure ticket for heart disease.*

When thou approachest to the One,
 Self from thyself thyself must free;
 Thy cloak — duplicity — cast off,
 And in the Being's being be.

GOETHE'S mother said of herself: "Order and quiet are my characteristics. I dispatch at once that which I have to do, the most disagreeable always first, and I gulp down the devil without looking at him. I always seek out that which is good in others, and leave the bad to Him who made mankind, and knows how to round off the angles." . . . Tall men live longer than short men. Married men live longer than single ones.

When any one begins to confidentially tell you a story scandalous, defamatory, or otherwise, against another, don't listen to it, even if it be against your most bitter foe, and the teller pretends to be your very best and truest friend; for you may safely "bet your life" that he or she will talk just the same about you the very first chance that offers itself; for a dog that will fetch a bone will carry one, whether it be on four legs or only two. Rest assured of that, and your most innocent act will be tortured against you, equal to the "Three black crows" of juvenile history.

Says Gossip One to Gossip Two,
 "While shopping in the town,
 Old Mrs. Pry to me remarked, —
 Smith *bought* his goods of Brown.

Says Gossip Two to Gossip Three,
 Who cast her eyelids down;
 "I've heard it said, to-day, my friend,
 Smith *got* his goods from Brown."

Says Gossip Three to Gossip Four,
 With somewhat of a frown;
 "I've heard strange news — what do you think?
 Smith *took* his goods from Brown!"

Says Gossip Four to Gossip Five,
 Who blazed it round the town;
 "I've heard to-day such shocking news, —
 Smith *stole* his goods from Brown!"

. . . Says Thackeray, in a "Shabby Genteel Story," and I perfectly — *from experience* — agree with him: —

"A house with a wife is often warm enough; a house with a wife and mother-in-law in it is rather warmer than any spot on the known globe; a house with *two* mothers-in-law is so excessively hot that it can be likened to no place on earth at all, but one must go lower for a simile. Think of a wife who despises her husband and teaches him manners; of an elegant sister-in-law, who joins in rallying him. Think, I say, of *two* mothers-in-law, — one large, pompous, and atrociously genteel, another coarse and shrill, determined not to have her son put upon, — and you may see what a happy fellow Joe Swigby was, and into what a piece of good luck he had fallen."

Heaven help the sons-in-law, for a greater woe in this life can scarcely be, than that of a meddling mother-in-law, and, like the devils in Scripture, their name is Legion.

. . . What a volume of quiet wit and common sense there is in hearty, jovial, good-natured John G. Saxe's "Ego and Echo": —

"I asked of Echo, t'other day
 (Whose words are few and often funny),
 What, to a novice, she could say
 Of courtship, love, and matrimony?
 Quoth Echo, plainly, 'Matter o' Money!'"

"Whom should I marry? Should it be
 A dashing damsel, gay and pert, —

A pattern of inconstancy;
 Or selfish, mercenary flirt?
 Quoth Echo, sharply, '*Nary Flirt!*'

"What if, weary of the strife
 That long has lured the gay deceiver,
 She promised to amend her life,
 And sin no more; can I believe her?
 Quoth Echo, with decision, '*Leave her!*'

"But if some maiden with a heart
 On me should venture to bestow it,
 Pray, should I act the wiser part
 To take that treasure, or forego it?
 Quoth Echo, very promptly, '*Go it!*'

"But what if, seemingly afraid
 To hind her fate in Hymen's fetter,
 She vow she means to die a maid,
 In answer to my loving letter?
 Quoth Echo, very coolly, '*Let her!*'

"What if, in spite of her disdain,
 I find my heart entwined about
 With Cupid's dear, delicious chain,
 So closely that I can't get out;
 Quoth Echo, laughingly, '*Get out!*'

"But if some maid with beauty blest,
 As pure and fair as Heaven can make her,
 Will share my labor and my rest
 Till envious death shall overtake her?
 Quoth Echo (*sotto voce*), '*Take her!*'"

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What a fault-finding set of mortals we are, to be sure! We are full of sharp angles ourselves, yet blatherskite our neighbors because they are so too. I'd like to see a real saint; but they are scarce as hen's teeth. How are we to be or act outside, or independent of our personal proprium, our respective individualities, our efficient make-up? And then, when people find fault with, vilify, lie about, and stir us up to wrath, how we do fret and fume, and break things! What's the use? It makes a thinker sick to hear so much gab about harmony and progress, and all that sort

of highfalutin, and in the next breath pitch into Mr. A., Mrs. B., and the huudred little C's.

What a sight of gammon there is in the world! So long as you tickle me, and I tickle you, its all very fine, Mr. Ferguson; but you just stroke his hair cross-way, and there's trouble in the camp, and a large-sized Americau citizen of Africau lineage located in the fence, right off.

The fact is, we're all babies yet, and in a baby-age of a baby world. Jesus of Judea was familiar with the dynamic law of morals, and went about beuevolently casting out devils from those who lodged that species of tenant, and we read that he once ousted no less than seveu from Mrs. McDaniel, or Mag Dalen, the only woman they probably ever did get entirely out of, and she became un-demoralized. This is a world of chemical interchanges, and at one time we may be pure as angels, because chemically undisturbed; and, within an hour, may inhale the spores or monads, which from inertness, may spring into active life, and engender changes in our organic structure that may superinduce the apocalyptic plague, in the shape of some disease or abnormal appetite or passion.

Judge Set-em-straight, yesterday, sentenced a "man to jail for seduction," and last night Mrs. Witch-em-all cooked the Judge to the tune of all his virtue, and half of his cash, and to-day John Ladeek Iller will run off with my Lady Gay, whose buxom servant girl will set that gentleman's heart on fire, and empty his head of its remaining senses.

And so we go. Sin! sin! So saith Mrs. Grundy. But who shall tell how much, or of what kind? Who shall examine the fields of air, and warn us of sporadic influences, or the myriads of larvæ floating there ready to descend aud take root within us, generating demoralization, culminating in woe, death, anguish, crime?

We are blind in our blame, blind in our hatred, more so in our scandals and revenge.

Once at a newsboy's prayer-meeting, Mr. Ugg Lee Mugg, the celebrated reformed prize-fighter, eloquently expatiated on Calvary and its crosses to an admiring throng. He told them that Jesus was trained in the wilderness; that he was rubbed down with prickly pears; that he fought forty rounds, a day long each, in the wilder-

ness, with the devil, who, trained in hell, was a heavy weight, and struck straight from the shoulder with his guard well up, while his foe was a light weight without much practice; that God held the stakes, Gabriel kept time, Michael was referee, and Doctor Longphiz, bottle-holder; that the devil got the best of it notwithstanding the stakeholder patted the light champion on the back, and said, "Go in, Sonny, I'll bet my pile on you!" and at last he got knocked out of time, and the sponge was thrown up. But, said he, 'He died game;' when one of the newsboys worked up to fever heat by the wild eloquence of the speaker, sung out, "Bully for Jesus!" not in irreverence, but in all honesty. And when the speaker went on to state that when Jesus fell, bleeding at every pore, he turned to the stakeholder, and said, "It's all up! — I'm floored; but don't trouble 'em, it's a fair beat," and died, lo! a miracle, the blood was flowing all over the ground, and came to be, first a brook, then a river, then a mighty ocean that rose and swelled and lifted up all the houses, ships, and people, and floated them all to the gates of heaven, where they are all now waiting to get in. "Will you, my hearers, go in?" There came one vast shout from five hundred boys and men, "Of course we will, old hoss! Three cheers for Jesus, the man wot died game!"

Now, these people could not have been reached by anything half so effectively as by the use of demoralized social notions and talk; and just so it is, that not one of us but has a weak side, which side we are attacked on and suffer from, but the destined end is reached at last, provided "we die game."

In my search for knowledge of human character I have often gained what I sought by placing myself *en rapport* with the spirit of the person before me, in order to read the inner scroll of life, and never yet saw man or woman who had not points both strong and weak; never saw a perfect angel yet, nor have I ever seen a bad man or woman, wholly; yet I know God hath given us sore and tender spots, exposed to rude touches all the time, and mine own are plentiful.

Last night the president of the company invited the stockholders and myself to the opera, and we all had choice seats in which to sit and listen to the glorious Aujac, in Offenbach's Barbe Blue. Frequently I had been to the same theatre, but poverty compelled me to take a cheap upper seat; and I shrunk from peo-

ple's gaze, while I and my soul listened to the music. True, I could hear people say, as they pointed their glasses at me, "That's Randolph, the damndest fellow in Boston," and "That's Randolph, the king of humbugs," or, "That's Randolph, as good and noble a soul as God ever made;" in fact, a regular hash of pert and keen remarks, and I shrunk still closer into my corner-seat, 829. But last night I went as the peer of a man worth six hundred thousand dollars, and "That's Randolph, the wonderful author of twenty-nine volumes, the discoverer of phosodyn, and finder of protozone, and inventor of the magnetic bands, and the best fellow under heaven; let's go take a drink along with him, and John Ingots, Esq., his particular friend," and then I *larfed*, I did; in fact I snickered right "eout in meetin." I don't drink!

The same people couldn't see me rightly in my days of poverty, and were demoralized; and now they were equally so under the supposition that boundless wealth was in my grasp. Fools! Both times the man was and is the same, but Mr. John Ingots' known wealth, and my familiar seat beside him, operating chemically upon them, gave life to different appreciative powers, and for a while I became a hero, with a cash capital, a good long way short of ten millions, yet quite large enough to pay my board bill and washerwoman, and a little balance over. But the fact is, we all wear spectacles, and see things wrongly now by reason of Grundyisms, and I conclude that the millennium will arrive when we reckon ourselves up at our actual worth, our neighbors ditto, and concede all we can to the force of destiny. Why not eat our peck of dirt quietly? Answer slang with silence or satire? Laugh at folly? Hate no one? Love all we can, and keep all of it we get? Fight forty days and forty nights against the devil — circumstances. Strike straight from the shoulder — from correct motives. Take a drink — fortitude; when dry — fagged out. Sponge ourselves — with patience. Stick to the text of our make-up, even if all the world faces us; stick like Stanton, but longer than he did, even if we wait till there is good skating in orthodox hell, and then, after all, if we get knocked out of time, let us take it coolly, and, if we die, "*die game.*"

It ought to be known that the better-land is our real home; at present we are all in boarding-houses, living on hash, and being

hashed ourselves ; and be it known that whoever makes a business of boarding is sure to be demoralized, and sour cider and w(h)ine is the order of the board.

Algernon Charles Swinburne understood mankind better than even Shakespeare, Luke Burke, or Freeman Dowd, — an almost matchless trio, — for he wrote these thrice immortal lines, — lines worthy of a Shakespeare, Dowd or Burke : —

“ 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 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.”

Glorious Swinburne! No truer poem ever fell from human pen.

That the subject of love and marriage is beginning to create a profounder stir than ever in the world is conceded on all hands. Recently one E. F. Boyd, an iconoclast of no very gentle touch, has thrown a bombshell into the citadel of marriedom that has made it thunder all around the sky. He and I don't agree on *all* points, yet, nevertheless, I let him and his circular speak for themselves, which they do, as follows:—

“Proposition 1. A true social science cannot be reared upon a material basis (namely, upon property, industry, capital). Mere material interests, although primary when considered as conditions of life, are but secondary when considered in relation to moral principles. All true sociology must be based upon a moral or religious foundation.

“Ideas (moral or religious principles) adopted as axioms must constitute the animus, or directing power, of a true social order.

“Proposition 2. The reconstruction of human nature is an idle dream; a theological chimera; a natural impossibility. Man, in the constituent elements of his being, is absolutely perfect. ‘The image of God.’

“The lowest principles in man's nature are as indispensable to his existence and happiness as are the highest. The foundations cannot be removed without destruction to the whole fabric. Self-love, sexual love, and parental love, are each as necessary to com-

plete and perfect the human soul, and are as divine as the highest faculties of the mind or heart. To meditate and deliberately plot the eradication and extinguishment of these basic elements of man's being is not only self-destructive and suicidal, but sacrilegious, sublimely impious, and blasphemous.

“ ‘Call thou not unclean, untamable, or wicked, anything which the Lord God hath made.’ ”

“ Proposition 3. Sexology, a true philosophy thereof is the natural and only true basis of social ethics, and therefore of universal advancement and reform. Abstract rights are inherent in the soul or internal consciousness, and are independent of sexism, excepting that it tones and governs the individual in his or her recognition or apprehension of these inherent rights, and thus becomes the true basis of sociology, or guiding law of our nature and actions, respecting our appreciation and enjoyment of these rights. Hence, the political rights of females are just as real, as sacred, and as momentous as the rights of males. So long as political powers usurp private and domestic rights will women need, and they should have, equal political rights with men. Men can never have even their own individual rights fully and completely recognized and guaranteed by men alone. Such can only be attained through the goodness, and suffrage, and help of woman. Besides, human happiness and peace are a ‘moral impossibility’ so long as one-half of the race believe themselves underrated, unappreciated, and unjustly dealt with by the other. The equal political rights of the sexes is the only road to universal peace. Apply the golden rule. Why not, good Christians, practise what you preach? Why not, ye Christian voters, show your faith—in that golden rule—by your works?

“ Proposition 4. — Moral responsibility presupposes freedom of action. Coercion terminates moral accountability. Therefore without individual freedom there can be no individual moral responsibility in relation to practice.

“ Proposition 5. — Freedom being an inalienable right of every accountable individual, it follows as a logical consequence that all coercive systems, theological and legal, not imperatively demanded by the known truths of science, are in conflict with true social order and ethics, and an unjust usurpation of individual rights, and therefore not morally binding on those thereby aggrieved.

“All matrimonial evils, violations, and crimes are, in a great degree, excusable on these grounds, namely, the deprivation of natural rights and personal prerogatives.

“Proposition 6. — ‘There is one only and true marriage,’ and that consists in the union of internal and temperamental congenialities and counterparts. That true marriage, which is of the spirit, and pure, is forever beyond the power of legislative action to create. True marriage is dual, exclusive, and perpetual by the free choice and mutual desire of the parties thereto. Their mutual fidelity is instinctive.

“Proposition 7. — Every other marital relation than the true marriage is provisional, temporal, experimental, imperfect, and transitory, but at the same time necessary, when guided by wisdom and justice, to the attainment of, or in the absence of the true marriage.

“Mankind being of an endless variety in their physical and marital needs, temperamental requirements and inward aspirations, no single rule of rectitude and morality can be made the ‘law’ for all, except in the usurpation by the strong of the rights of the weak, or the practical recognition of the dogma that ‘might makes right.’ All statutory laws inhibiting or enjoining either celibacy, marriage, or divorce, monogamy, bigamy, or polygamy, are in defiance of nature’s laws of amative and marital manifestation, a perpetual curse to the commonwealths usurping such control, and must work their ultimate dissolution and overthrow.

“Proposition 8. — Every man and woman has an inalienable right to seek and attain, if possible, the true conjugal union of soul with soul. Legislation should rather aid, than seek to frustrate, such a social consummation. Bigamies are only a proof of false prior unions. Legislative laws do not punish the false unions, but do punish, with savage malignity and injustice, him (though not her) who, abandoning the false, attempts to form a truer union. Conventional society, through the operation of its legislative enactments, arbitrarily and despotically governs all persons in their marital affairs, utterly regardless of their individual consent, and of their most sacred and private rights. Although usurping the rights of individuals, and ruthlessly coercing an abject obedience to its arrogated authority, it nevertheless invariably shirks the responsibility of the acts of those whom it thus

robs of their private rights, and unjustly holds each individual to be morally, socially, and legally responsible for whatsoever sexual misfortunes, frailties, temptations, trespasses, mistakes, violations, woes, wars, and crimes await them, which, under such a barbarous system of laws, it is impossible for human wisdom and foresight to anticipate or avert. (What can be expected from such unnatural, unrighteous, ungodly institutions, but just that which society everywhere presents, namely, sexual and matrimonial perversions, misdemeanors and diabolism of every name and grade, to wit, a growing and significant unwillingness to assume the risks and burdens of legal marriage, celibacy, intensified and 'morbid amativeness, sexual madness, masturbation, seductions, rapes, and nameless extremes; prostitution, debauchery and profligacy, conubial aversion and disgust, marital infidelity and intrigues, elopements, jealousies, adulteries, hypoerisy, wedded misery, abortions, fœticides, infanticides, insanity, murders, suicides, etc., to the end of the chapter. Besides the propagation of natural-born criminals, foes to human good, and all, too, in the name, and under pretence of 'religion and justice.')

“ ‘Whatsoever ye sow that shall ye also reap.’

“ Proposition 9. — No possible relation can invest in one person the absolute ownership of another.

“ Proposition 10. — Nature comprehends all science, and is the only infallible word of God. Reason embraces all ideas, and is man's only trustworthy guide. Hence nature and reason constitute the tribunal before which all questions must be brought for solution.

“ The above ideas admit of the widest application, and the most varied relations. They do not enjoin, nor prohibit either marriage or celibacy, monogamy nor polygamy, divorcement nor marital perpetuity, neither 'exclusiveness' nor 'variety' as sexual 'laws,' but ever recognizing the central idea of the true marriage to be the guiding star of conjugal love, regard each and every phase of sexualism to be subordinate to that idea as a governing law. True marriage simply means the strongest, most inseparable and irresistible of any human attraction. The science of chemistry furnishes a philosophical sexology, namely, the law of indwelling similitudes.

“ To the question, 'Do you believe in, or advocate free love?'

no reply can be made unless the inquirers define what they mean by that term. It seems to be vulgarly used as synonymous with prostitution. It is hardly necessary to say, that the leading doctrine in the above platform being that of true marriage, nothing can be farther removed from its aim and design, than that 'social evil,' or anything tending to increase or encourage it. I would proclaim the gospel of true marriage, and advocate its attainment.

"The philosophical philanthropist sees no hope for the social and moral elevation of the masses, under the false institutions that now deform society. To educate the race up to moral purity is an impossibility. Besides, education is not morality. 'Knowledge does not save the soul;' but obedience to nature's laws alone will save. Sexual laws form no exception. Of natural laws God and nature teach this everlasting gospel: 'Believe (or obey) and ye shall be saved, believe (or obey) not, and ye shall be damned.'"

There! I think the Minnesota philosopher a pretty bold "image-breaker," and that the man who can successfully assail his position must be a better tilter at logic than it has ever been my fortune to encounter.

That there is a very wide-spread discontent with marriage as it is, our daily journals too plainly demonstrate; yet no apparent remedy for the evil can easily be found. Divorce was once the exception, now it is the universal rule; but even that does no good, for a divorcee has tasted of a dangerous cup,—is apt to be chronically cursed with discontent, and to reason that "the law once freed me, and it will again;" and thus a very fearfully dangerous state of social morals is inaugurated all over the land; and married people will not bear and forbear with each other as married people once did and still ought to. Divorce ought to be easy in really desperate cases; never in cases of mere caprice or whim; but, easy or not, it will never heal the social sore. It is equally certain that libertinage, concubinage, polygamy, "passional attraction," "eternal affinity-ism," or downright "free love,"—blasphemously so-called—nor any form of sexual promiscuity, will cure the marriage evils of the age; but, on the contrary, any and all of them will, and do, but exasperate them and exert a very devilish influence on the world. [For a paper covering this whole question, I beg the reader to consult my book called "After Death;

or, Disembodied Man.”] What we really want is *true* marriage, and that can only come of a general knowledge on the part of mankind of the difference, value, and adaptability of the temperaments to each other, for without temperamental and mental, therefore physical, there *can be* no social, amatory, hence marital, congeniality between man and woman. All that Professor Byrd Powell accomplished in teaching these truths, and helping people to make natural, therefore proper, choice of life companions was, in one sense, much; but, so far as the masses were concerned, very little indeed. All that I have done, and still do, in the same direction, amounts to almost nothing among the thousands; indeed all that any one man can do is inappreciable, and goes but a little way toward removing the evil and renovating society.

Nearly one-sixth of the deaths among the human race, on the highest scientific authority, — Professor Henry B. Millard, — occur from consumption. From statistics it is demonstrated that one death in every 5.7 is due to that cause; and it is still stronger in proof that seven-tenths of the deaths by consumption were, and are, the result of either affectional troubles, or else of infractions of the sexual law of human being, either in the case of the victims or their ancestry. Banish these infractions, and you drive the terrible consumption from the world; for it can be proved that consumption scarce ever exists in lands, and among people, where such excesses, infractions of the social law, and solitary indulgence does not prevail. Whoever saw a consumptive Arab, Syrian, Armenian, Greek, Turk, or native negro in Spain? I certainly never did, and I have travelled and lived among them all extensively.

In New York, from 1804 to 1820, one death in every 4.3 was caused by consumption; from 1820 to 1835, one in 5.4; from 1835 to 1850, one in 6.5; 1848 to 1859, one in 8.11. Of the importance of these facts, no one can have any doubt; nor of the vast necessity of arresting the terrible and decimating scourge, though whether it can be done upon any other principles than those laid down in these books is, to my thinking, very doubtful indeed.

An impaired, imperfect, abnormal, excessive or deficient sexuality, is alike fatal to human happiness, usefulness, genuine manhood, and womanhood too; while a vigorous and normal amative instinct and power are the foundations wherein alone true human

greatness and intellectual power *must* be built, or they cannot be built at all!

When that power lies dormant, is diseased, abnormal, lost or gone, there is but *one* normal, true, and efficient method of restoration known on earth to-day, and that is in the judicious and persistent following of the curative rules herein laid down. . . . Laughing is a good thing; but there is a vast difference between the rich and hearty guffaw following a good joke, and the hysterics occasioned by being "tickled" by one's fingers. Just that difference is there between the normal restoration of lost mental and amative power brought about by the splendid discoveries of the healing means elsewhere alluded to, and the fitful, spasmodic, hence unnatural, excitement and *strains* following the medicines and methods in almost universal use by patients and physicians *everywhere*, in cases of debility and *nervo-magnetic* exhaustion. Sexuality lies at the foundation of human health and power. Restore *that* fully, and the man or woman gets well right off, because you rebuild the foundation upon which all health and strength, mental and physical, depend. . . . The earths on which we human beings originate and thrive for a time, are all God's stock-farms, where he raises those who in the future are to people the vastitudes of universal space, where each man and woman is to round out and grow to the rich fulness of a perfected man and womanhood, — not one whit lower than the angels! It is meet, therefore, that we take good care not to utterly ruin our basic nature and powers, whereon depends our own and others' destinies; or if by ignorance they are impaired, to see to it that the wrong is forthwith redressed. . . . In consequence of impaired and perverted sexuality alone, the world has been cursed with untold amounts of disproportion, contortion, distortion, extortion, mock morals, and church-*ortion*, and the king curse, abortion, — all of which ruin the land, bringing faction, exaction, detraction, dissatisfaction, contraction, dejection, subjection, and infection; deception, exhaustion, and universal distraction, — few or none of which will exist to make life a weary pilgrimage and this world a hell, instead of the heaven it ought to, and should be, when Common-sense begins her reign. . . . The first thirty days of marriage are not inaptly called the "Honeymoon;" but if it don't turn out to be the poorest, most "fermentingest" sort of

sour molasses inside of the next six months, it will be the single exception to a general rule. What's the cause of this disenchantment? The answer is all too plain: Sexual excess and magnetic exhaustion! *She* experiences no joy, but something mighty like disgust; and *he*, no longer excitable by her presence and touch, appearance or caresses, thinks, if he don't say, "*Played out!*" and goes hunting for some one else, capable by newness, of stimulating his jaded senses, and blowing the dead embers of passion — outrageously abused gift of God! — into something like a flame, poor, weak, sickly, consumptive, lifeless, short-lived, counterfeit, amatory fire. Turn the page, and take a look at the girl of the period. She is made up of paint, jute, chignon, false hair, cheek, paniers, Grecian bend, serofula, night-blooming *serious*, candy, ice-cream, affectation, silk, cotton pads, hair oil, bad teeth, doctor's bills, corns, an apothecary's shop, a plentiful lack of lungs, breast, and heart beneath it, hysterics, aches, pains, and periodical fits of unconquerable gloom and depression, and, taken altogether, is a wretched counterfeit of what God intended a woman and prospective wife and mother to be! The girl of the future will be the opposite of all this, because she will be natural in her habits, modes of life and education; and this will mainly be owing to the fact that she will be rightly begotten in the first place, rightly bred in the second place, rightly born, and at the *right time*, of a properly *loved*, therefore, well-treated and loving mother. In that coming day, murdered wives will be out of fashion, and so will rum-drinking, saloon-lounging, tobacco-distilling, brothel-visiting, social-lying husbands too. . . . Marriage in 1970 will be, in more senses than one, "a feast of fat things," because it will be real and true, not a false and hollow, unmeaning and lust-compounded hell-broth mixture, as it too often is to-day; for then, unlike now, Love will preside, because Common-sense will have gained a footing in the world; and, I hope, the last priest will have preached his last sermon, the last professional politician told his last lie, the last ministerial and justice-ial formula of marriage been mumbled over, and the last woman have been swindled into consent, and the last man bamboozled by the last husband-hunting, heartless coquette; for truth and light in these matters, — science and justice will prevail, and the good time coming, *come!* All hail, and God-speed, that grand and glorious longed and

prayed for auspicious day : not when the lion may lay down with the lamb, and all that nonsense, but when married people may do so to sleep in love, and not to generate ruffians, and gestate murder ! . . . It is *very* hard to “ make the best of a bad bargain,” in the matrimonial line of life ; yet many have done it, many do it, and more are trying to, — albeit it is a very castor-oilish sort of business, — “ Sartin, sure ! ” I never heard or knew of but one real matrimonial philosopher, whose story is thus poetically told, and whose example I set up for all to follow — *who can !* But it is very difficult to *enjoy* the toothache, or the worse one of an unhappy matrimonial alliance, — and far more dreadful to the woman than the man. Talk about Job, the hero of the boils, who lived in the land of Uz, — why, his case isn't a circumstance to that of thousands of women in our laud to-day, who are *compelled* to undergo horrors unspeakable every day of their lives, which would have settled the business in twenty-four hours of the best and most patient Job that ever had a boil, — on his corpus, — or his temper either.

But to the story of the *Oue Happy Man* : —

I had a friend was married to a scold,
 He came to me and all his troubles told.
 “ She's like a woman raving mad ! ”
 “ Alas, my friend,” said I, “ that's very sad.” —
 “ No, not so sad,” said he, “ for with her true,
 I get both house and land, and money too.” —
 “ That was well,” said I. “ No, not so well,” said he ;
 “ For I and her own brother went to law with one another :
 I was east, the suit was lost, and every penny went to pay the cost.” —
 “ That was bad,” said I. “ No, not so bad,” said he ;
 “ For wo agreed that he the house should keep,
 And give to me fourseore of English sheep,
 All fat and fair and fine, they were to be.” —
 “ Why, then,” said I, “ sure that was well for thee ? ” —
 “ No, not so well,” said he ; “ for when the sheep I got,
 Each ewe, lamb, ram, all, all died with the rot.” —
 “ Ah ! That was bad,” said I. “ No, not so bad,” said he ;
 “ For I had thought to scrape the fat, and keep it in an open vat,
 Then melt it down for winter's store.” —
 “ Why, then,” said I, “ that's better than before.” —
 “ No, not so well,” said he. “ For I had told a clumsy fellow
 To scrape the fat and melt the tallow.
 Into the fat the fire catches, and like friction matches
 Burned, sir, burned my house to ashes.” —
 “ All that was awful bad,” said I. “ No, not so bad,” said he ;

“For, what is best, my scolding wife went with the rest.” —
 “That last I think was bad,” said I. “Not very bad,” said he;
 “For I found out a pretty widow, straightway to the altar led her;
 Cash she had, gave me the keys, and strives in every way to please :
 We now are wed, ill luck has fled, and now I rest my weary head.”

In concluding this book I cannot help characterizing those physicians and medical practitioners, who steadily refuse to avail themselves of all new scientific light, remedials, and appliances, as not only highly remiss in their duty to their patients and themselves, but wofully behind the stirring age in which we live. Especially is this true with reference to the microscope and its uses, in the examination and analyses of blood, saliva, semen, urine, mucus, and pus, for without such examination they proceed blindly, and all their efforts are mere hap-hazard guess-work, entirely unworthy of any man, who in this day presumes to call and take upon himself the sacred character and name of physician.

The facts embodied in the following narration, in connection with a recent murder trial, show the value of scientific acquirements and are of exceeding interest to a large class of my readers : —

A traveller was found dead in his bed one morning, at a country tavern. His throat was cut at the side, the instrument having pierced the carotid artery; the victim had been for some time wasting away by disease. The landlord was one of the most influential and highly esteemed persons in the neighborhood, was extensively and well connected, and had a large and interesting family. Having been seen very late at night passing through the hall into which the traveller's door opened, the suspicions of certain persons were aroused; and, upon being taken into custody, a penknife was found in his pocket with apparent blood-stains on the large blade, and something similar on the ivory handle. The knife was placed in the hands of an expert physiological chemist, for examination. The stain was found to be of blood, and not of iron-rust or paint, as it contained albumen and animal fibre. The blood on the ivory handle contained a large amount of iron, that on the blade comparatively little. As human blood contains ten times as much iron as that of animals, it seemed certain that the knife in question could not have entered a human body; still there was a doubt, because in slow disease there is a great deficit

of iron in the blood, which deficit is a not unfrequent cause of death.

But as the blood on the ivory handle had the full amount of iron for a man in vigorous health, it seemed to show that there were two different kinds of blood, one human certainly, the other possibly so. Hence another mode of inquiry was proposed. The blood of animals and men crystallizes, but in different forms, — that of man represented by a perfect square lengthened cube, called prismatic; that of animals, by the cube, tetrahedral, or several-sided hexagonal. This analysis entirely removed the doubts connected with the proceeding, for it demonstrated that the blood on the blade was that of a lower animal, and that on the handle was certainly human.

A third line of investigation was pursued. All the inner surfaces of the human body are covered with a glairy-looking fluid called “mucus,” which is differently constituted, according to the part of the body from which it is taken. As observed through a microscope, that which is found about the upper part of the throat presents the appearance of a pavement of bricks or square pieces, hence it is called “tesselated.” The mucus from some other parts is conical, looking like a pavement made of round pieces, flattened. A third kind, coming from the intestines, seems hairy, ciliated, waving as the tops of long grass under the influence of the wind. Examining the blood on the handle, which was now known to be that of a human being, it was found not to present the pavement-like appearance, but it did clearly show the wavy lines; it could not, therefore, have come from the throat, and as the traveller had no wound except that on the throat, and as the blood on the blade was clearly animal blood and not human, no part of the blood on the knife could have been that of the unfortunate traveller, and, therefore, the landlord was discharged when he gave the following statement: —

Some days before, while out hunting, he killed several squirrels, and stooped to cut a switch with a knob at the root, on which to string his game; the knife slipped as he cut upwards, and it penetrated the abdomen. In his haste he wiped the knife clean with some leaves, closed the blade, and in attempting to put it into his pocket, it fell on the ground; he picked it up and directed his steps homeward. In a few minutes one of the squirrels slipped

off; he pierced it through with his knife, strung it on the switch, and had not used the knife since. This was plausible, and he showed the wound, not yet entirely healed; but this could easily have been made to answer an object. The physiologist, therefore proposed, as a mere matter of curious interest, to examine the blood on the blade, and also that on the handle. That on the handle was wavy, ciliary, with the largest amount of iron, showing that it must have been from a man of robust health, and the mucus from the abdomen is always ciliary and never tessellated. Again, the blood adhering to a knife penetrating a living body coagulates; that entering a body already dead never does. The blood on the blade, already shown to be that of a mere animal, was now found to be incoagulable. Hence, that on the blade was shown to be the blood of a mere animal already dead; that on the handle was the blood of a man in vigorous health, and could not have come from the throat, and almost certainly came from the abdomen. When the knife fell on the ground, the handle touched some of the leaves with which it had just been wiped. Thus the chain of evidence for the landlord's innocence was unbroken and perfect. The real culprit was subsequently found, tried, and executed, confessing his guilt.

It is certain that in the progressive march of science and art, the unchangeable laws of nature will be better understood,—correcting the errors and fallacies of human judgment; and the testimony of science will thus aid justice in forming her opinions, and enabling her to give her decisions *with her eyes open!*

Now how many of the medical practitioners in our land are capable of conducting a really scientific inquest? Not over ten per cent. on the general average, if indeed so many. For this state of things there is no longer the slightest excuse, for not only can every M.D. provide himself with all the chemicals and instruments necessary, at a low cost, but every family can procure them and a text-book on chemical analyses of pus, blood, mucus, urine, etc., now being prepared by the author of this work, at such exceedingly cheap rates as to render it an offence against sound health and good morals to be without them. [See notice at end of this volume.]

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A vast proportion of those who, after passing through the career

of kept mistresses, ultimately come upon the town, fall in the first instance from a mere exaggeration and perversion of one of the best qualities of a woman's heart. They yield to desires in which they do not share, from a weak generosity which cannot refuse anything to the passionate entreaties of the man they love. There is in the warm, fond heart of woman, a strange and sublime unselfishness, which men too commonly discover, only to profit by, — a positive love of self-sacrifice, an active, so to speak, an *aggressive* desire to show their affection by giving up to those who have won it something they hold very dear. It is an unreasoning and dangerous yearning of the spirit, precisely analogous to that which prompts the surrender and self-tortures of the religious devotee. Both seek to prove their devotion to the idol they have enshrined, by casting down before his altar their richest and most cherished treasures. This is no romantic or over-colored picture; those who deem it so have not known the better portions of the sex, or do not deserve to have known them. Thus speaks a noble-hearted Briton, and I repeat and echo the sterling truths he utters. There is a something magnificent even in a harlot's self-abnegation, for we cannot help admiring the lofty and womanly traits that *will* rise to the surface and display themselves, in spite of her low and fearful calling. Thank God, they are all washed clean in the bath of death, and are purified beyond the grave! and there, too, they are righteously judged, — not hounded down to the bitter death, as they too often are here, and that, too, by the identical scoundrels who made them what they are; fallen, indeed, yet a thousand times better than the hypocritical wretches who loud-mouthedly flaunt their own untempted virtue by daylight, and when night falls pall-like on the world, crawl and sneak into the haunts and abiding-places of these self-same soiled sisters; and if caught at it, declare they were missionarying it, — visiting Babylon in order to preach and pray against it! and if not caught at it, keep repeating the visits until they are; and avail themselves of some poor creature's dreadful necessity to gratify their own brutal appetites. Bah! out on such! I can respect an open scoundrel, but your wolf and sneak-thief, canting hypocrite, I'd "*spiflicate*" him!

Let all who are interested in the subject of the sexes beyond the grave, and what becomes of the harlots over there, find out by

sending for and reading the book, "After Death ; or, Disembodied Man." That will soon enlighten them thereanent.

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The teeming millions need light in order to learn how and whom to love, as love should really be ; and the only feasible plan to give that blessing to the earth is to make the matter a common-school affair all over the land, and let anthropology, in all its branches, become an ordinary and every-day study by every child, in every school in the country. "'Tis education forms the common mind ; just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined." Begin with the children, and you will begin right ; and in training them up as they should be, in a knowledge proper to mankind in their childhood, when they grow up they will not depart therefrom. Some such plan as this, in my opinion, is the only true method, the only really effective antidote to the marital chills and fevers of the age, — a very abnormal one in that respect.

I am in favor of monogamic marriage, loyal and legal ; but I am also dead-set against the false sort, even when law-and-church-sanctioned ; and yet it will not do to utterly break it down, for there is as yet no substitute, no known better way. Bitterly hostile to all forms of libertinage and promiscuity, as I am to abortions and abortion-brokers, still under no circumstance would I compel a couple to live together as man and wife who bred nothing but ill-will toward each other, moral consumption, domestic misery, and badly organized children ; for to do so were to commit a crime against nature, therefore against God.

When light breaks on the world in regard to this subject, the greatest evils of the world, masturbation and onanism, will cease forever, instead of abounding and sapping the people's life everywhere as they do to-day. If proof were needed, it is to be found in the immense — literally *enormous* — demand for aphrodisiacs, medico-sexual tonics, and invigorants ; most of which, by the way, are rank poisons, and just as certain to permanently *destroy* the amative power as they are sure to temporarily excite it. There are two druggists in New York, whose sales of this one class of remedials exceed each a *million per annum!* and one of them counterfeited on a large scale my protozonic preparations, because they were the only perfect ones in existence, and doubtless would have continued the imposition had I not advised the public of the

cheat, withheld my own articles from the market for years, changed their names, and improved them. There are still counterfeits abroad; but as I have already warned the people against these heartless scamps, if they purchase them of others than myself, associates, and certified agents, they have no one to blame but themselves.

If people would take the following advice of the "New York Citizen and Round Table," they would need no medicines. The writer has common sense — large: —

"American girls, of all girls in the world, want brawn, muscle, red corpuscles; in other words, want exercise in the open air. Croquet furnishes an agreeable reason for taking it. Practically we all know very well that people do not take exercise without some pleasurable motive for it. We men may take a long walk, if its monotony is relieved by good company, fine scenery, or pretty women, fine music, and so on; but for the walk, pure and simple, few of us have any relish. The ladies will walk to see or show the fashions, to go shopping; perhaps to give their poodles exercise; but whoever hears of their walking merely for the sake of walking? There must be, in a word, an animus, a purpose to every human action, just as there is a soul to every human body, and the only salt that saves us from untimely corruption is the perpetual growth of incentives, passions, desires, which perish perhaps to-day, but spring up again, like the Phoenix, in full feather to-morrow.

"Whoever invented croquet was a genius of the first water. Only sticks, and rings, and balls, you say? As well say that Shakspere's 'Tempest' is only pasteboard, flapping canvas, stronchia, and Dutch metal. The poetry is unapproached and unapproachable, be the adjuncts as low and beggarly as they may; and the invisible or non-mechanical spirit of croquet is, in its way, as delicate and unsurpassable. Its virtues are not negative alone, but positive; and its good effects are for all time. If croquet only took girls out in the open air and kept them there, it would merit a blessing; but it does very much more than that. It calls into active play, nerves, muscles, senses which are commonly dormant, or nearly so. It makes the eye flash, the color rise in the cheeks, the step springy, the voice full and musical. It teaches what young women so often lack, and, lacking, come to grief, —

reliance on the powers of their own bodies ; and it furnishes them with the alertness and stamina to justify their reliance. More : it checks dyspepsia, scatters ' nervousness ' to the winds, and puts the baleful fiend, hypochondria, ignominiously to rout. And still more : it brings forth and develops in the figure the most picturesque and graceful action of which it is capable, and tends to make our women what the Greeks so cultivated and prized in theirs, — physically perfect and beautiful human beings, and so adapted to be wives and mothers. All this is of prime importance, and justifies our praises of croquet, and our apotheosis of its inventor.

“ But then, the girls flirt so ! Aha ! here is where the shoe pinches. The flush of health, the rush of spirits, the exquisite glimpses of symmetrical ankles and other charms almost too nice to mention, make the young ladies so fascinating that none can refuse to do them homage, and so comes flirtation, or, what is worse, coquetry. Well, and what then ? Reflect, O fearful moralist, whether the old Puritan idea of mortifying the flesh for the love of Heaven, or our own souls, was really a sound and wholesome one. Shall we study to make our women sallow, skinny, dyspeptic, morose, old women at forty, the type unhappily of American women of the last generation, — shall we strive to do all this so as to *prevent* them from attracting men's admiration, and so forestalling coquetry ? Or shall we come to the long-needed conclusion at last that *healthfulness* was meant by the Creator to be the normal condition of his creatures ? That joyousness, the animal vivacity that comes of clear heads and sound stomachs, must consequently be pleasing in his sight, and not the reverse ? If we arrive at these latter conclusions, we may be disposed to look upon even coquetry at croquet with toleration ; and to believe that even such enormity may be preferable to the morbid fancies and unwholesome appetites that are often born of French novels, sweetmeats, and hot stoves, to young ladies who don't flirt and don't play croquet, but bake their sluggish blood religiously in-doors.”

But failing to realize and practise upon the truths so well set forth by the “ Round Table ” writer, eleven-twelfths of the “ girls of the period ” require some sort of medication ; and the fact is a shame and disgrace to the age and our methods of living. American girls are by all odds the most intelligent on the planet, while

on the score of beauty they can discount anything on earth that wears the human form! but in the matter of health are as far behind the girls of England, Ireland, Scotland, and in fact any other nation on earth, as they are confessedly ahead of them in brain-power and nervous organization. Now, if the American girl could only exchange her surplus spirits and mental activity for a fair share of the flesh and muscle of her foreign sisters, our land would very soon rob ancient Greece of her boasted laurels in the matter of mothers, and the propagation of heroes!—the “finest race of men upon the globe.” I think every town, city, and State should attach a gymnasium and bath-house, especially for girls, in close proximity to every school in the country, and I suggest this thought to those legislators who really have the interests of mankind at heart.

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[In previous editions of this work, the following pages were devoted to the discussion of the intricate subject of “Seership and somnambulic vision.” Recently I have read and studied much upon that recondite matter, and have come across Cuilna Vilmara, the distinguished Armenian *savant*, a man of most extraordinary attainments. And as his theory of somnambulic sight is in advance of all others, I have concluded to withdraw the papers on that subject from this work, and publish them separately, adding an account of Vilmara’s world-famous Trine glass, or magic mirror,—a contrivance older than civilization, and a most rapid and extraordinary means for developing the well-ascertained and demonstrated power of contacting various knowledges by means aside from ordinary methods. Second sight, or mesmeric clairvoyance, it will not do to laugh at and denounce in these days. They are facts altogether too stubborn to be cast aside. In my own office I have seen it developed in less than ten minutes, in numerous instances, and always in persons who had bidden defiance to mesmerism; who were not Spiritualists or “Mediums;” and I have numerous letters from persons who have had similar experiences, and in each case by virtue of the singular means, claimed by the Armenian to be the best in the world. These facts induced me to withdraw the articles on Seership, from this book, and substitute matter pertinent to the topic of the volume. In the monograph on “Seership,” I have given a full description of

the instruments ; have laid down the rules for their use ; with hints toward the attainment of the strange power, and established a guide, which, if followed, will prove highly satisfactory to those whose weird aspirations and ambition urge them to the investigation of those recondite, abstruse, and mysterious subjects ; and the attainment of those singular mental powers, which have, in all ages and climes, challenged the wonder, admiration, and astonishment of mankind.

In the substituted portion of the present work, I have given matter, original, and, in a few cases, the appropriate thoughts of others, carefully selected from the heart-literature of the past and current decade of the century. In the concluding portion the attentive reader will find some *very* valuable matter on the proper topics of the volume, wholly my own. Those of my readers who want the monograph on Seership can have it by remitting three dollars to my address at Boston, Mass. P. B. R.]

Probably the most *enduring* affection on earth is that between a woman and her child ; nor is there in any language any title that carries so much meaning as the one little name of —

MOTHER. — Word of undying beauty ; thine echoes sound along the walls of time till they crumble at the breath of the Eternal. In all the world there is not a habitable spot where the music of that holiest word has not sounded. By the golden flow of the river ; by the crystal margin of the rock ; under the leafy shade of the forest tree ; in the hut built of the bamboo cane ; in the mud-thatched cottage ; by the grand peaks of the sky-kissing mountains ; the wide-spread valley ; on the blue ocean ; in the changeless desert, where the angel came down to give the parched lips the sweet waters of the wilderness ; on the altar where the father stayed the downward stroke of the sacrificial knife, warned by the voice of God ; between the billows, that like solid walls of ruby threw their crimson on the swarthy brows of Israelitish men, and lighted the dark eyes of the woman ; under the tent of the Arab, and in the bark-covered wigwam of the Indian hunter, — wherever the pulses of a human heart beat quick and warm, or float feebly along the current of failing life, there is that sweet word spoken, like a universal prayer — “Mother.”

And yet it is doubtful if ever that precious love between child

and mother gave, or is capable of giving, the soul of any man on earth, one half the exquisite bliss that rolls like billows of delight over the soul of the *truly* married man; because that love opens up ten thousand avenues of happiness and joy, which must, from the very nature of the relationship, be forever closed to the mother and son. The poet Middleton has expressed the idea here intended, in the most delicate and exquisite manner. In his unequalled portraiture of the wife he says: —

“The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the concealed comforts of a man
Locked up in a woman’s love. I scent the air
Of blessings when I come but near the house, —
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth! —
The violet bed’s not sweeter.”

MIND THE EYE. — A noted writer says that a woman with a hazel eye never elopes from her husband, never chats scandal, never sacrifices her husband’s comforts for her own, never finds fault, never talks too much or too little, always is an interesting, intelligent, and lovely creature. The gray is the sign of shrewdness and talent. Great thinkers and captains have it. In woman it indicates a better head than heart. The dark hazel eye is noble in significance as in beauty. The blue eye is admirable, but may be fickle. The black eye — take care! Such can be seen almost daily at the police-office, generally with a complaint against the husband for assault and battery.

Wedded life, with some folks, is a sort of postponed chronic funeral. They live in the kitchen — of their houses — and their lives; their best rooms are eternally shut up; their carpets never see the sunshine, neither do their souls ever feel his generous warmth; their furniture is always covered up, seldom used, and then only by way of showing off before some city visitor or country cousin, who, while protesting ever so much good will and respect for them, really, and at heart, don’t care a *dam-aged* apple for the whole “kit and bunch” of those who take so much pains to make a display for their edification. In such families “Old Hundred,” and “When I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies,” — totally heedless of the mansions here on earth, — is the life-tune. A smile is seldom seen; a genuine broad grin never permitted or

indulged in, and a hearty, uproarious laugh, a thing undreamed of, — which conduct is a humbug and imposition on the Creator. Out on all such, I say. Turn right about.

Heed ye all this command. Laugh while you may. 'Tis better to laugh than to cry. Tears are a crying evil. Don't cry for spilt milk. An ocean of tears wouldn't save a drop of it. Dry up and laugh. Laugh early and often. Laughing is catching. Laugh, then, and let others catch it, and thereby become a benefactor to your kind. I will wager this is good advice. A good laugh never has the dyspepsia, and lives to die at a good old age, provided he doesn't travel much on railroads. Methuselah was an incessant laugh, and he, so saith the Scripture, lived upward of nine hundred years; but then provisions weren't as high as now. There were no railroads in his days neither. Laugh — laugh right out, but not in meetin'. Don't choke a laugh; let it come up full, clear and hearty. Even the waters laugh. Didn't Longfellow write of "laughing water"? Don't you sing of the round, laughing moon? And then there are laughing hyenas. Don't be outdone by waters, moon, and hyenas. Resolve to laugh from this hour. If you can't find anything to laugh at, laugh at yourself. I warrant you have abundant cause. At any rate, laugh. I never knew a jolly, good laugh to be sent to State Prison or Congress.

FROM the state of the weather at the conjugal equinox when, after the honeymoon, the sun enters into the balance, we can, just as well, as from the weather at the meteorological equinox, prophesy what it will be for a long period.

A MAN can stand an occasional little dispute with his wife, but a long, gloomy, tearful, after-sulking on her part will, like a sirocco wind, blow out at last all his lights, thoughts, and joys, and, in the end, the light of life itself.

"I SELL only my landscapes," said Claude Lorraine, "and throw in the figures." Many a female possessor of broad acres, in getting married, simply disposes of her estate, throwing herself in as the figure.

GENIUS is not intoxication, and it is even more than rapture; it is capacity subject to the law of truth and beauty, — the intense action of the soul, exalted, harmonious, and illuminated.

A WEAKLY, affectionate heart must not be hardened, but its

sense of honor and purity strengthened: the daring spirit must not be rudely checked and made timid, but only taught to be prudent.

LOVE, like a sailor upon a wind-calmed sea, beholds no earth, but only heaven. Heaven opens above. Heaven opens beneath, and the water that bears it up is merely a paler heaven.

IN seizing his moments of happiness, man has as little time as the pearl-diver: perhaps two minutes only to seize his prize.

EACH of a happy couple is to the other, at the same time, sun and sun-flower; each turns and is turned.

A DOCTOR'S wife attempted to move him by her tears. "Ann," said he, "tears are useless. I have analyzed them. They contain a little phosphate of lime, some chlorate of sodium and water."

PROFANE language is abominable. Loud laughing is impolite. Inquisitiveness is offensive. Tattling is mean. Telling lies is contemptible. Slandering is devilish. Ignorance is disgraceful, and laziness is shameful.

THE MATRIMONIAL CAREER in these days is:—

Admiration, Flirtation, Approbation, Declaration, Hesitation, Agitation, Acceptation, Solemnization, Possession, Alteration, Irritation, Dissipation, Desperation, Separation!

And separation begets scandal and the meanest sort of gossip, and than *that* nothing can be much worse, or do more toward preventing a reconciliation.

"I have known," says a writer in "All the Year Round," "a country-society which withered away all to nothing under the dry rot of gossip only. Friendships, once as firm as granite, dissolved to jelly, and then run away to water, only because of this; love, that promised a future as enduring as heaven and as stable as truth, evaporated into a morning mist that turned to day's long tears, only because of this; a father and a son were set foot to foot with the fiery breath of an anger that would never cool again between them, only because of this; and a husband and his young wife, each straining at the heated leash which in the beginning had been the golden bondage of a God-blessed love, sat mournfully by the side of the grave where all their love and all their joy lay buried, and only because of this. I have seen faith transformed to mean

doubt, hope give place to grim despair, and charity take on itself the features of black malevolence, all because of the spell-words of scandal and the magic mutterings of gossip. Great crimes work great wrong, and the deeper tragedies of human life spring from its larger passions ; but woful and most mournful are the uncatalogued tragedies that issue from gossip and detraction ; most mournful the shipwreck often made of noble natures and lovely lives by the bitter winds and dead salt-waters of slander. So easy to say, yet so hard to prove, — throwing on the innocent all the burden and the strain of demonstrating their innocence, and punishing them as guilty, if unable to pluck out the stings they never see, and to silence words they never hear, — gossip and slander are the deadliest and the cruellest weapons man has ever forged for his brother's hurt."

A gossip is, after all, despised, and that, too, by the very ones who avail themselves of that sort of bad thing. The reputation of a gossip and tattler is a bad one. In pine-tree shilling days they used to duck those guilty of it, and it is a pity that this sensible punishment is not in vogue to-day. Good old Howell, in his "Familiar Letters," written in 1633, had this necessity of a good name when he wrote : —

"Be wondrous wary of your first comportments ; get a good name, and be very tender of it afterwards ; for 'tis like the Venice-glass, quickly cracked, never to be mended, though patched it may be. To this purpose, take along with you this fable. It happened that Fire, Water, and Fame went to travel together (as you are doing now) ; they consulted that if they lost one another, how they might be retrieved, and meet again. *Fire* said, where you see smoke there you shall find me. *Water* said, where you see marsh, and moorish low ground, there you shall find me. But *Fame* said, take heed how you lose me ; for if you do, you will run a great hazard never to meet me again ; there's no retrieving of me."

Some people can do things with impunity that others would not dare venture upon for their dear lives ; and "One man's meat is another's poison," is as true socially and morally as it confessedly is in table affairs. And this truth is remarkably applicable to women, for it is notorious that some women can say and do things and wholly escape censure, which, if said or done by some

one else of the sex, would consign her to the limbo of perpetual disgrace and odium.

It has well been said, that one man may steal a horse without offence, while another may not look over a fence without subjecting himself to an indictment for larceny. The character of an individual has much to do with this, but his wealth and position have far more. Your rogue by nature is suspected in advance, of course; your honest man inspires no distrust even under dubious circumstances. In a like manner, your poor man is always supposed to be in a frame of mind which tempts him to appropriate the superfluities of others, while your man of means, who is considered well-to-do in the world, is never so wronged as to be thought confused in regard to *meum* and *tuum*. When he is detected in petty abstractions, philosophy coins a word for him — swears he is mentally diseased; calls him a victim to “kleptomania,” and sends him home to the physician instead of to the lock-up.

So with women: — one may venture very far, and not excite jealousy, distrust, or suspicion, while a single step out of the straight line may utterly ruin the reputation and peace of mind of another woman.

Writing on the subject of healthy love as contrasted with licentious passion, a recent author — whom I never knew — has truly said: —

“The principle of love has been implanted in the human breast, by a beneficent Creator, for the wisest purposes. The divine sentiment is universal, pervading all classes of society, and making its influence felt by individuals of all ages. In early boyhood, we experience an instinctive yearning for the companionship of the opposite sex, and the feeling of delight with which we receive the approving smile of a pretty girl is equalled by no other sensation in the world. The fair creature becomes the idol of our worship — the source of all our joys; while we are with her, we revel in an atmosphere of unalloyed happiness; when absent from her, we count the moments that must elapse ere we can see her again. A single word of tenderness, though lightly spoken, and forgotten by the fair speaker almost as soon as uttered, will linger in our memory for years, proving an oasis in the desert of many a dark and bitter hour. The frown of the beloved one sheds gloom upon the soul of her adorer. A trifling gift from her — a flower or a braid of her hair — is jealously preserved, as if it were a jewel of priceless value. And then the first kiss of love — how ecstatic! Heaven can have no greater bliss — for there is celestial purity, as well as happiness, in pressing the rosy lips of a vir-

tuous young girl. We feel the answering thrill, and interpret rightly the chastened fire of her soft glance, and the rich, glowing blush upon her face. As the youth verges into manhood, he is better capable of understanding and analyzing those feelings of rapture which mystified but charmed him in his earlier years. If he deserves the name of Man, and has correct principles, he regards a pure woman as the fountain-head of all earthly joys, and seeks, through the medium of her virtuous affections, to realize the highest happiness which this poor world can yield. To love such a woman, wholly and devotedly, is to carry out the most elevated design of human destiny. No man can lay his heart at the feet of a good woman, without being all the better for it. When he approaches the shrine of virtue, he must himself partake something of its own innate excellence. Not a licentious thought enters his mind; not an immoral desire obtrudes itself into his heart. Her beauty fascinates, but does not inflame him. He would not, for the life of him, dare profane her ear by the utterance of a vile wish. He views her arms as the haven of his rest, her bosom as a sweet, soft pillow for his weary head. Marriage is the necessary and indispensable stepping-stone to the possession of so fair a prize. Cupid points to Hymen, and the passionate protestations of the lover soon subside into the calmer joys of the husband. Happy is the man who experiences a love like this, and enjoys its final reward! He need not envy a king upon his throne; and, truly, his life is crowned by a diadem of conjugal felicity, far more precious than diamonds.

“ Contrast a love like this, with the corrupt promptings of a licentious soul. How detestable, how hideous, is the character of a libertine! He would desecrate the beautiful temple of womanhood by the most obscene orgies. In the boundlessness of his wicked conceit, he looks upon the whole sex as mere instruments to contribute to the gratification of his base passions. He has no perception of the intellectual charm of refined female society. He cannot associate a superior woman with an idea of mental enjoyment. His nature is so gross and grovelling that he can only view her as an adaptation to the vilest purposes. Her loveliness inspires no pure admiration within him, but kindles baleful fires in the depths of his polluted soul. If she smiles on him in a friendly way, in ignorance of his character, he construes that smile into a shameful invitation; when she blushes beneath his impudent stare, he flatters himself he has made a conquest; and should her bosom heave with indignation at his audacity, he attributes her agitation to voluptuous emotions. The most careless expression, dropping from her lips, the *roué* tortures into a suggestion or a hint, pregnant with meaning. Her bare toleration of his company he considers a positive proof that she is dead in love with him. An opportunity occurring, he insults her by an improper freedom or a base proposal;— and then if he does not receive a horse-whipping, at the hands of some male friend of the lady, it is not because he does not deserve it. We regard it as one of the worst features of society, that a known and recognized seducer or adulterer is admitted into certain

respectable circles, and ladies will keep his company when they are fully aware that he is steeped to the very lips in licentiousness.

“How any virtuous woman can reconcile her principles with the presence of such a man, we are at a loss to discover. She should know that a person cannot touch pitch without being defiled, and that it is equally impossible for a pure female to come in contact with a libertine without being tarnished. A thoroughly good woman will assert the dignity of her sex, by studiously avoiding the society of the wretch whose boast it is that he has triumphed over some weak, trusting girl; led astray some frail, unhappy wife. The scoundrel who can exult in such infamy forfeits all claims to the title of gentleman, and should be shunned by every decent man and woman in the community. He insults the memory of the mother who bore him, and is a living monument of shame.

“We might speak of the immoralities of women in dress, conduct, and conversation. The infamy of such recreant fair ones fully equals that of the unprincipled masculines whom we have referred to; but their evil influence is infinitely worse. A woman who is handsome, immoral, and reckless, is a dangerous person to be admitted into any circle; ruin follows in her train, her charms are so many weapons to destroy, her smile is fatal, and her embrace is death. Her lovely bosom, formed by Nature to be a temple of holiness and a shrine of purity, is converted into a receptacle for wanton desires. Her wit and accomplishments are perverted to the basest uses. She breeds discontent, and infidelity in families, lures husbands from allegiance to lawful wives, and entices unthinking, impetuous youths to swift destruction. She is a moral pestilence, a constant peril, particularly if she has the assurance and address to obtain an *entrée* into respectable circles, where her evil influence can be more sensibly felt. Heaven preserve all well-regulated families from the designs of an enticing siren, whose greatest delight it is to produce domestic misery, and make desolate the hearth of many a happy home.”

What a lecture! What volumes of God's divine truth has the man expressed, who wrote those splendid lines! If he ever reads this book, let him accept my heartfelt thanks.

SEX IN NATURE. — When Emerson declared that an “inevitable duality bisects nature,” he expressed a great truth; but, like most great authors, it was plagiarized. Seventy years before, Emanuel Swedenborg, whom contemporaries stigmatized as madman, and posterity recognizes as a great philosopher, enunciated the doctrine of sex in nature. This doctrine has since come to be generally accepted, not only by poets, but scientists, who discover constantly increasing evidence of its truth in all the phenomena of organic and inorganic life. The subject was ingeniously discussed in a volume which we noticed some months since, and now

we have it further elaborated in an essay from the accomplished pen of Leopold Hartley Grinden, author of "*Life: Its Nature and Varieties*," and other semi-scientific works. Mr. Grinden treats the subject practically rather than sentimentally. While he is not insensible to its poetic aspects, he subjects it to the critical scrutiny of truth. He finds, on examination, the evidences of the sex principle in the affinities of plants, in the elementary substances of the chemists, in the evolution of heat in oxidation, in the composition of the globe, in the nature of the soul, in the binary configuration of the body, in language, — vowels being feminine, consonants masculine; in music, — tenor feminine; bass masculine; in ideas, in beauty, etc., etc. The materialistic reader will probably regard some of the author's analogies as somewhat fanciful, but he can hardly fail to be interested in a book written with such freshness and enthusiasm. We give some extracts below: —

"Wherever the marriage of light and matter is consummated, another phenomenon transpires. This is *color*, born of the same sweet intimacy as that which reveals the object itself. All color comes of the union of Light, as its universal father, with the several forms of matter in which color is observed. For in light, though colorless as we look at it in the sky, are contained the essential principles of all colors, blended so beautifully and harmoniously that not one of them prevails above another, while each is ready to manifest, at any moment, its presence and quality. This is done whenever the rays of light impinge upon any of those material substances (except white or black ones) which, by its illuminating presence, are made visible; that is to say, all known things except certain gases; and these, probably, would also be rendered visible could they be collected in sufficient volume. Every such substance has power to select and absorb a certain portion of the light which falls upon it, and to reject the remainder, which, being thus dis severed, appears in its own particular tints. These unabsorbed, separated tints lie, as it were, outside the object, and, reflected from it, form what we call its color. These wondrous and captivating hues, which we fancy to be portions of the things themselves, arise in reality from their behavior towards the light. The rose absorbs the blue and yellow rays, and every other tint of light but that which paints it red; gold absorbs all except the yellow rays. Emeralds and the grass, on the other hand, decline the green ones; the atmosphere declines the blue, and thus gives to the sky its lovely azure. White objects reflect all the tints, and thus return them in their state of perfect union. Black ones, on the contrary, absorb them all."

BINARY ORGANIZATION OF THE BODY. — Perhaps even the structure of

the material body is an illustration of the great psychological fact we have been considering. All the physical phenomena of our existence are representations of spiritual activities, which come, in their turn, of the play of the intellect and the affections; and to the same essences, as the constructive forces, may probably be ascribed that admirable binary arrangement of organs which obtains throughout the human frame. Expressed emphatically in the heart and lungs, on the combined action of which all life is dependent; the dual spiritual basis is next manifested in the cerebrum and the cerebellum, which together make the one brain; then in the instruments of the senses, the two eyes, two ears, two nostrils, and in the symmetrical halving of the two lips; then in the doubleness of the limbs, and in the twofold breast. The more secret illustrations developed by the anatomist, especially in woman, which from time immemorial have been associated with the history respectively of male and female offspring, will, if this theory be just, belong to the same grand series of correspondences between the organs of the body and the underlying soul; and by their harmony with the general principle come to be accredited with the truthfulness which modern physiology prefers to disallow. Certainly, in the earlier stages of foetal life, no distinction of male and female life is observable. Whence, however, should speciality of sex arise, as growth proceeds, but from an impress originally derived from the binary structures of the parents?

But man is not the only being presenting the binary principle of structure. It extends throughout creation, under some shape or other, and has one of its most striking illustrations at the very extremity of the vegetable kingdom, namely, among the exquisite little aquatics known to botanists as the *Desmidiææ*. Here we have plants of a bright grass-green, of matchless elegance of form, yet consisting of no more than a duplicated cell, and in size a mere speck. Art knows nothing so symmetrically beautiful as the twofold dish of the *Micrasterias* or the *Euastrum*. Such extension of the principle into the very lowest forms of living things, in no wise negatives the presumed cause of the binary conformation of mankind, namely, an underlying spiritual force, consisting of united intellect and affection. Man, though in production the last work of God, was in design and intention the first; and all other shapes of being, whether prior or subsequent in point of time, were constructed after the model so established. In a word, it is no arbitrary dictate of creative will that we are to seek the reason of the dualities of nature, whether we take the cells of the micrasterias, or the double seed-leaf of the acorn; or the two eyes, the two hands, the two breasts, of the human frame. That reason is the necessity there is that things should so develop themselves, by virtue of the duality of the human species, which is itself a necessity of the dual quality of the Father of all. So sublimely does God ever express himself in his offspring, filling the whole world with his figured miniatures; and ratifying to us that the higher we rise towards the true philosophy of the

universe, the more beauty and significance shall we discern in its minutest parts. The two great modes whereby man nourishes his body, namely, eating and drinking; and the composition of his body of fluids and solids; are facts originating in the same law. Drinking, by reason of this, is universally the metaphor for the acquisition of knowledge, whether spiritual or physical; eating, for the acquisition of things nutritive to the affections. The two elements in the Eucharist refer, for the same reason, to the Divine Wisdom on the one hand, to the Divine Goodness on the other. That the body should consist of solids and fluids is thus but one of the inevitable harmonies of nature. They are, in a word, in the microcosm of man, what the Land and the Water are in the great world or microcosm, which he epitomizes. Its rivers, streams, and innumerable rills are repeated in the arteries, veins, and capillaries; its fertile meads and pastures, in the muscles, bones, and sinews. Wherever the blood flows, as with the flow of water, it is to communicate life, to fertilize, nourish, and restore; wherever the mighty energy of either is experienced, immediately the maternal function is played forth, because on the one hand the action is as man, on the other, as woman. Earth, irrigated and impregnated by the waters, covers itself with living children; the muscles and their fellow-workers, saturated with the ever newly vitalizing blood, put forth the innumerable offspring we call our physical acts. In the ceaseless pulsation of the great central reservoir of the ocean, which we call the tides, is imaged the alternate filling and emptying of the cavities of the heart; in the flow of the unreposing streams, the splendid mystery of the circulation.

MUSIC. — It is because vowels are feminine, that into languages wherein they preponderate, music flows most easily and sweetly. For music is vitally correspondent with the affections, which, as we have seen, are essentially feminine, and whatever partakes of the feminine nature is a home and vesture for music. Every one knows the receptivity of the Italian language in this respect. What the consonants and vowels are to each other, such are words to the tones in which they are uttered. The former are the masculine or intellectual portion of speech, the latter the feminine or emotional. It needs no argument to show that tones are the natural and immutable expressions of the feelings of the heart, and that the significance of even the simplest words and phrases may be entirely changed by the tone in which they are spoken. Wherever we find the feminine principle of pure goodness and affection, or their symbols, as heretofore described, there also we find the essential spirit of music. Music, in a word, depicts to the ear all that is summed up in the goodness of God; as visible nature depicts to the eye all that is comprised in his wisdom. Neither, of course, to the exclusion of the other, but each in its pre-eminent degree. It is because of this sublime correspondence, that music is the universal, fundamental principle of all things; not so much *one* of the "Arts," as the underlying soul and spirit of them all, without which they are shapeless

and lifeless. The reverent eulogies of the ancients upon music; their ascription to it of the inmost, loftiest position in the scheme of the universe, came of no mere pleasure in listening to sweet sounds, but of their intuition that music and the affections are but two modes or expressions of one vitalizing essence. What woman is to society and to Home, what she is representatively in regard to the Church, and what the feminine half of the soul is to human nature, — music is to the fabric of creation, spiritual and physical. Gliding into all things of literature, science, and art, it gives to painting its “toute,” to architecture its harmony, to poetry its rhythm; and without its fulfilled expression, what is worship?

“Music,” says a gifted lady of the West, “is the feminine principle, the heart of the universe. What the tone is to the word, what expression is to form, what affection is to thought, what the heart is to the head, what intuition is to argument, what religion is to philosophy, what moral influence is to power, what woman is to man, — is music to the universe. It is not poetry, but the soul of poetry; it is not mathematics, but it is in numbers; it is not painting, but it shines through colors; it is not architecture, but the stones take their places in harmony with its voice, and stand in ‘petrified music.’ In the words of Bettina, ‘Every art is the body of music, which is the soul of every art.’ Soprano is feminine, and bass is masculine; or, take the woman’s voice alone, and it divides into soprano and contralto, as man’s into tenor and bass. Soprano is the voice of woman’s affections; contralto of her intellect. Tenor is the voice of man’s affections, and bass of his intellect. Soprano is an octave higher than tenor, and contralto an octave higher than bass; for the feminine principle, or that of the affections, is always higher than the masculine or intellectual principle, the character of which is breadth. The voice, in relation to instrumental music, represents the affections; instrumental music the intellect or thought. Hence the air in music is intrusted to the voice, because the air is the soul or essence of every musical composition.” Because of the same great principles, to elicit the finest melody, stringed instruments and wind instruments must be played in concert.

Theodore Parker once, among a thousand others, uttered the following touching truths concerning women: —

There are three classes of women: —

First, domestic Drudges, who are wholly taken up in the material details of their house-keeping, husband-keeping, child-keeping. Their house-keeping is a trade, and no more; and after they have done that, there is no more which they can do. In New England, it is a small class, getting less every year.

Next, there are domestic Dolls, wholly taken up with the vain show which delights the eye and the ear. They are ornaments of the estate. Similar toys, I suppose, will one day be more cheaply manufactured at

Paris and Nuremberg, at Frankfort-on-the-Main, and other toy-shops of Europe, out of wax and papier maché, and sold in Boston at the haberdashers', by the dozen. These ask nothing beyond their function as dolls, and hate all attempts to elevate womankind.

But there are domestic Women, who order a house, and are not mere drudges, adorn it, and are not mere dolls, but Women. Some of these — a great many of them — conjoin the useful of the drudge and the beautiful of the doll into one Womanhood, and have a great deal left besides. They are not wholly taken up with their function as house-keeper, wife, and mother.

RESTORE to me the freshness of my youth,
 And give me back my soul's keen edge again —
 What time has blunted. O my early truth!
 Shall I not you regain?
 Ah! mine has been a wasted life at best,
 All unreality and long unrest;
 Yes, I have lived in vain!

But no, no more in vain. My soul awake!
 Shake off the snare, untwist the flattering chain!
 Arise, go forth! — the selfish slumber break —
 Thy idle dreams restrain;
 Still half thy life before thee is untrod;
 Live for the endless living. Live for God! —
 I must not live in vain.

My God, the way is rough, and sad the night;
 My soul is faint, breathing this weeping strain,
 And the world hates me with the bitterest spite,
 For I have left its train,
 With thee and with thy saints to cast my lot.
 Ah! my dear Lord, let me not be forgot;
 Let me not live in vain.

Can we not, past in silence once, forever,
 This world and I, from scorn and taunt refrain?
 Must it still hate and wound, still stir the fever
 Of this poor throbbing brain?
 Ah, yes! It must be so. My God! my God!
 'Tis the true discipline, the needed rod,
 Else I should live in vain.

The foe is strong, his venom'd rage I dread;
 Yet, O my God! do thou his wrath restrain;
 Shield me in battle, soothe my aching head
 In the sharp hour of pain.
 But more than this, — oh, give me stirring faith,
 Large-hearted love, and zeal unto the death;
 Let me not live in vain.

Restore me to the freshness of my youth,
 And give me back my soul's keen edge again.
 Ah! let my spring return. Bright Hope and Truth,
 Shall I not you regain?
 No wasted life, my God, shall mine now be;
 Hours, days, and years filled up with toil for thee,
 I shall not live in vain!

LIBERTY IS HEALTH. — Liberty is to the collective body what health is to every individual body. Without health, no pleasure can be tasted by man; without liberty, no happiness can be enjoyed by society.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS — Are finely hit off in "Carrie's" epigram: —

"I deprecate much the mischievous opinion, —
 A wife should stand free of her lord's just dominion;
 My husband may scold till he is sour as sorrel,
 Provided *I* have the last word in the quarrel."

SOME one, speaking of a beautiful girl with enthusiasm, said he was almost in love with her, though her understanding was by no means brilliant. "Pooh!" said Goethe, laughing, "as if love had anything to do with understanding. We love a girl for very different things than understanding. We love her for her beauty, her youth, her mirth, her confidingness, her character, with its faults, caprices, and Heaven knows what other inexpressible charms; but we do not love her understanding. Her mind we esteem, if it is brilliant, and it may greatly elevate her in our opinion; nay, more, it may enchain us when we already love. But her understanding is not that which awakens and inflames our passions."

WHOM NOT TO MARRY. — A southern editor expresses himself annoyed in behalf of the fair sex at the reception of the following, and yet inconsistently publishes it: —

Never marry a woman whose love for you will depend upon the gratification of her wants, or of her love of power. For however ardently she may profess an attachment to you, or extol you to others, or take pride in hearing your good qualities praised, you may rest assured that the moment you interfere with what she considers her sole prerogative, even though it be in the discharge of a solemn duty, or an exercise of the rights, which, as a protector and provider for your family, you possess, both in law and

equity, then she will hate you as cordially as she loved, and not be at all backward in calling you very ugly names to your face. No matter for your excuses, or for disclaimers of malicious or spiteful intent — you are a lost man so far as your domestic peace is concerned — take my word for it.

WHAT a scoundrelly sort of a human animal is he, who, after a woman has done her best to please and gratify him, even at the dreadful sacrifice of her happiness, tastes, prejudices, and health even, — who, for his sake, endures what she *knows* is wrong, and which brings danger, disease, and even threatens *death* to her, — yet, appetite sated, wants supplied, passion extinguished for a while, turns his back upon her, and snores away his worthless life, and never gives her even an apology for one pure kiss of genuine affection! And women tell me as they wait for medical counsel, or to find out how to avert the disastrous inroads upon their physical health, that such “husbands” — Heaven save the mark, and God forgive me for calling them such! — abound in this, our civilized land. . . . But men are not alone in such villany. I have seen two women in my time, — one in New Jersey, the other in Iowa, both married to true gentlemen, so far as I could discover, — who were the quintessence of just such selfishness. Dog-in-the-manger women, who persistently were celibates — *to their husbands*, and yet stubbornly refused the slightest liberty to their *victims*. It is hard to imagine a more wretched life than those two families lead; yet to the eternal honor of the sex, be it known, that these two instances were the only ones I ever knew of; while the selfishness of my own gender is almost proverbial. In either case the term “marriage” is a misnomer; the union is really State Prison for life, at the hardest and most dreadful sort of labor.

FRIENDSHIP. — A word in every one’s mouth, very little understood, and less practised; but when both are, then this will be a very pleasant world to live in.

ONLY through the gateway of the beautiful
Can we pass into the land of knowledge.

NEVER fret about what you can’t help, because it won’t do any good. Never fret about what you can help, because if you can help it, do so. When you are tempted to grumble about anything, ask yourself, “Can I help this?” And if you can’t, don’t fret; but if you can, do so, and see how much better you will feel.

BEWARE OF CLOSED CAST-IRON STOVES. — The French Academy of Sciences has lately been discussing the unhealthy effects of these articles. It is said, — and experiments support the assertion, — that cast-iron, when heated to a certain extent, is pervious to some gases and vapors, and allows the poisonous products of coal-combustion to filter through it. So that a room warmed by a cast-iron stove soon has its atmosphere vitiated by carbonic acid. They who have to sit long in apartments so heated, often complain of oppression and headaches; henceforth they may know the cause. The Academy has appointed a committee of chemists to examine and report upon the subject.

IF women are allowed to vote, will it not occasion much trouble, on account of the many *shifts* there will be in politics?

LIP SALVE. — This is made by simmering together equal quantities of deception and soft soap, with a portion of essence of tin. Pour in a few drops of tincture of humming to flavor it, and strain through a cant sieve. It is excellent to correct crudities of speech.

A Boston philosopher says: —

“There is more or less of the animal about man; that nobody will deny. Plato’s delineation of man was, ‘An animal without feathers, walking on two legs.’ This was too much for Diogenes, who caught an old rooster, plucked it, took it into school, and scornfully asked if that was Plato’s man? We don’t know how Plato got out of it, and don’t care, as this has but little to do with the matter in hand. Though an animal, a man does not like to be called a beast; yet there are many known as ‘bulls’ and ‘bears’ that accept these appellations as rightly bestowed and properly belonging to them, though individually, in another sense, they would object to being called bears. There are many who would like to be known as ‘lions,’ and even tiger would be considered more complimentary than calf. Many a young fellow would like to be regarded as a ‘buck,’ and you may call a man a ‘dear fellow,’ but don’t think of calling him a moose. To be called a ‘duck of a man’ would please many an individual, who would take it to heart if called a goose, independent of the misnomer. Call a man a ‘puppy,’ and he’ll resent it; but call him a ‘sly dog,’ and you’ll rather please him. Don’t call a man a hog, even if he is a bore; nor an elephant, if he happens to be a ‘heavy weight;’ but you may call him a ‘fox,’ or a ‘coon,’ with impunity. A man doesn’t like to be called a shark, but you may call him a ‘queer fish,’ without offence. Never call a cross-eyed man, lynx-eyed — he’ll think you are ‘sarcastic.’ Call a man a jackass, and he’ll ‘talk back;’ but you may call him an ‘old rat,’ and it’s ten to one he’ll ask you to take ‘suthing.’ A man who wouldn’t feel complimented at being called a cormorant would smile at being called a ‘night owl.’ Don’t offend by calling a man a gos-

ling, but you may call him a 'gay rooster' without offence. Don't call a man a fool; call him a clever fellow, which amounts to the same thing, but sounds prettier. A man would be pleased to know that you said he was as keen as a razor, yet would object to your calling him a 'sharper;' to call a man a stone would be considered a reflection on his intellectual powers; but you may call him a 'brick' to his great satisfaction."

You see her in the merry dance —
 She seems to fly;
 But you don't see that rapid glance
 From her bright eye
 Flash through the long and crowded room;
He only sees that glance, to whom
 It brings extreme felicity, —
 That's *electricity* !

They dance *together*, full of grace,
 She clings so close ;
 And on his shoulder rests her face, —
 A blushing rose !
 Life in that hour seems doubly sweet,
 They see it through a rosy prism;
 Their hands so long and often meet, —
 That's *galvanism* !

The night has come to him, but still
 No sleep has brought ;
 To *her*, though quite against his will,
 Flies every thought !
 In vain a struggle is with facts;
 In vain is all such heroism !
 Too powerfully she attracts, —
 That's *magnetism* !

Our wives are as free of obligation to us as our mistresses. To bind them in the chains of duty agreeable only to *our* feelings is a crime and a profanation. To force or demand the consolations of love from one who cannot readily, freely, fully, and wholly yield them to us, is sacrilege, and a crime against the divinity and majesty of the human soul, — both that of the demander and the demandee.

No man has a right to exact the fulfilment of a promise obtained from a woman under the impression that she was beloved, or wrested from her generous charity and compassion. To do so

is to forfeit manhood, — an act no true male can be capable of doing. True, it *is* done ; but the doers are *things*, not MEN !

New love requires danger and *impedimenta* in its path, to round it out to fulness. Mature love revives, when we can no longer kindle a new flame in the souls of others.

Love is a result of good and bad instincts, placed in us by God himself for our punishment or perfection. Bad human laws — which always oppose, in all things, the will of nature and the designs of Providence — often make an inspiration of God a crime, and curse the sentiment he has blessed, while they sanction infamous unions (even legal ones), and do honor to those who live beneath the reign of their base instincts, — base as hades, false as untruth, although hedged about by law and panoplied in custom.

It remains for true statesmen and legislators, like the Fraternity of Rosicrucia ; but public, not hidden as are we, of the order, — secret constructors of a new society and a better state of things ! — to distinguish, as much as possible, legitimate, because natural and true, love from a vain and guilty passion : — For all true marriage is loving consent, and so should be pronounced in the name of a higher, purer, and more generous law than that which the civilized world has upon its statute books to-day.

The rights of a brother and lover are different. Those of a lover and husband are identical ; unless the husband consents to become a brother, in which case the law of marriage would be violated in its most mysterious, intimate, and sacred relation. The divorce would be perfect ; the woman be no longer bound, and the rights of her lover and herself fall into their proper places. Hence every man who fails to husband his wife, but only brothers her, has no claim whatever upon her wifeness or wifely offices ; but from that moment her lover unquestionably *has* ! For the brotherly relation is based on brain and mind ; the other upon heart solely, and heart, not mind, carries sex along with it. Nothing is more true than that when two souls yield and become bound to each other, their mutual possession becomes sacred, and as much a divine right as individual liberty ; for God himself inspires them, by the miracle of love, with all true human virtue, power and faith in each other ; which union no man, no human law, can rend or dis sever. ! Out, then, on mere formalisms, gross

laws, and impious oaths. God sanctifies the wedding, and will keep up the miracle, and the twain will demonstrate the glory of fidelity, and the sublime meaning of the words, Honor, Love, and Marriage, without a legal ring to bind them, or a social whip to keep them in the traces! Ceremonial marriage is a profanation to hearts that really love. Announce such marriage publicly, but ask no leave or license of priest or justice — ask it only of your souls and God! Such a marriage will develop its divinest joys. Its ideal realized is triplicate — Love, Faith, Eternity! and no human soul can scale the battlements of thought and heaven, like one winged and plumed with such a love, — one in which physical passion is as a cobble-stone to a frowning mountain, — a side-hill brooklet to the roaring sea; nor can it ever reach the crown of its lucidity and power so certainly as from the enthusiasm of a mighty love like this; for it is an ever-present revelation of the God, a manifestation of his divine presence, in and near the soul, kindling up flames too white and pure for wicked eyes; joys too vast for the sensualist's power of conceptive thought! — Why, as the subject unfolds before my soul, it seems to me that no man before has ever written of it, and that the height, and depth, and breadth thereof never hath been fathomed, nor a tithe of the wonderful story ever yet been told. God! how small the world looks! How pitiful and mean the ologies and ologists in this blessed light of Love!

And I say these things from my soul, because they are true. They may not be popular, yet are immortal; uttered in spite of the "Public," which is ever fickle, forgetful, cruel, and unjust, — I know it well, and yet say these things! What is a great career but a heavy cross? What else is glory but a crown of thorns? What are parties but plunder, and what are creeds but solemn amusements? The strong soul stands unawed by threats, unbought by bribes. I think *my* soul is strong. In renouncing human compassion and despising human glory, the true soul feels the influx of celestial aid. I think my soul is true. Death is bitter to the unjust. I am not afraid to die, because the devil is a chimera; hell a poetic fable; God, Love, and Immortality alone are true; hence let us laugh at Pagan errors, even though disguised in Christian garb.

People who have sublimity of feeling are accused of, and attacked by, madness, and their life is passed in complaining of that which they are forced most to admire. . . . Truth and free-speaking are out of fashion in these days; but this book, I trust, will bring them in again. . . .

A FASHIONABLE WOMAN'S PRAYER. — Dear Lord, have mercy on my soul, and please let me have the French satin that I saw at Stewart's this morning, for with black lace flounces and overskirt, that dress would be very becoming to me, I know. If you grant my request, please let me have a new black lace shawl also, dear Lord.

I kneel before thee to-night feeling perfectly happy, for Madame Emile has sent me home such a lovely bonnet! A most heavenly little *bijou*! — composed of white satin, with coral ostrich tufts. For this favor I am feeling very grateful.

Give me, I pray thee, an humble heart, and a new green silk, with point lace trimmings. Let me not grow too fond of this vain and deceitful world, like other women; but make me exceedingly gentle and aristocratic. When the winter fashions come, let them suit my style of beauty, and let there be plenty of puffings, plaitings, ruffles, and flounces, for I dearly love them all.

O Lord, let business detain my husband at H. — for he is not wanted at home at present. I wish to become acquainted with the tall, dark-eyed foreigner, who is staying at Colonel Longswallow's opposite. Bring about an introduction, I beseech thee, for Mrs. Longswallow will not. Bless my children, and please send them a good nurse, for I have neither the time nor inclination to look after them myself. And now, O Lord, take care of me while I sleep, and pray keep watch over my diamonds! Amen.

THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD'S PRAYER. — Good Lord, thou knowest I'm *some*; that I can make the single fellows git up and git, and the married ones feel queer. Thou knowest my teeth are made by the best dentist in town; and that my new patent palpitators carry desolation to the hearts of the chaps; that the way I sling jockey club, bouquet, and night-blooming *serious*, is a caution to country maidens; and that whoever gets my heart — what's left of it — and hand and glove — Alexander's best — will possess himself of a dam-*sel* of the first class, and rarest perfection in that line, — for I am posted, bless the Lord! and what I aint up to isn't worth knowing. Thou knowest I regularly visit the dry-goods stores *only*, where the signs read, "If you don't see what you want, ask

for it," — which means cocktails, gin slings, brandy smashes and eye-openers; and thou knowest my calves and hips are delightfully plump and full, as the best kind of cotton can make 'em. But, O Lord, thou knowest I've a devilish bad cough, with a crick in the back, that excitement won't hide, and that, if I don't fasten some rich fool pretty soon, I'll be played out; therefore, O Lord, send one along, right soon, — one with lots of stamps — *and little experience*; for it's as well he shouldn't be too sharp, you know, and ask impertinent questions after we're married, O *Lord!* for *that* wouldn't pay! *you* bet! Excuse my familiarity, if you please — but the fact is — well, *you* know the rest! — grant it, and the praise shall be thine — till I catch a flat. Respectfully yours, The Girl of the Period — Amen! — No, A Man! — suddenly.

THE MISERIES OF A BACHELOR. — What a pitiful thing an old bachelor is, with his cheerless house and his rueful phiz, on a bitter cold night, when the cold winds blow, when the earth is covered with snow. When the fire is out, and in shivering dread, he slips 'neath the sheets of his lonely bed. How he draws up his toes, all encased in yarn hose, and he buries his nose 'neath the chilly bedclothes; that his nose and toes, still encased in yarn hose, may not chance to get froze. Then he puffs and blows, and says that he knows no mortal on earth ever suffered such woes; and with ah's! and with oh's! with his limbs to dispose, so that neither his toes nor his nose may be froze, to his slumbers in silence the bachelor goes. In the morn when the cock crows, and the sun has just *rose*, from beneath the bedclothes pops the bachelor's nose, and, as you may suppose, when he hears how the wind blows, sees the windows all froze, why back 'neath the clothes pops the poor fellow's nose, for full well he knows, if from that bed he arose to put on his clothes, that he'd surely be froze.

MANY a man, for love of self,
 To stuff his coffers starves himself;
 Labors, accumulates, and spares,
 To lay up ruin for his heirs;
 Grudges the poor their scanty dole;
 Saves everything — except his soul!

THE simplest flowers, with honeyed sweetness stored,
 The smallest thing may happiness afford;
 A kindly word may give a mind repose,
 Which, harshly spoken, might have led to blows;
 The smallest crust may save a human life;
 The smallest act may lead to human strife;

The smallest touch may cause the body pain ;
 The slightest spark may fire a field of grain ;
 The simplest act may tell the truly brave ;
 The smallest skill may serve a life to save ;
 The smallest drop the thirsty may relieve ;
 The slightest look may cause the heart to grieve ;
 The slightest sound may cause the mind alarm ;
 Naught is so small but it may good contain,
 Afford us pleasure, or award us pain.

Oh, many a shaft, at random sent,
 Finds mark the archer little meant ;
 And many a word, at random spoken,
 May soothe, or wound, a heart that's broken.

WHAT are you good for, my brave little man ?
 Answer that question for me if you can, —
 You, with your fingers as white as a nun,
 You, with your ringlets as bright as the sun,
 All the day long with your busy contriving,
 Into all mischief and fun you are driving ;
 See if your wise little noddle can tell
 What you are good for — now ponder it well.

Over the carpet the dear little feet
 Came with a patter to climb on my seat ;
 Two merry eyes, full of frolic and glee,
 Under their lashes looked up unto me ;
 Two little hands, pressing soft on my face,
 Drew me down close in a loving embrace ;
 Two rosy lips gave the answer so true, —
 “ Good to love you, mamma ; good to love you ! ”

Elsewhere in this volume I have warned the reader of a hundred sources of disease, mental and physical, to be looked for in the air we breathe, food we eat, and water that we drink. Now, nearly all children, and most women, are inordinately fond of sweets, and most of them are utterly ignorant that nine parts in ten of modern confectionery are rank poison, either by reason of coloring matter, or the heavy proportion of *terra alba* (white clay) they contain. That is not all, for half the sugar consumed in its raw state, in this country, is literally swarming with pestilent life. If you doubt it, get a microscope and be convinced. The editor of the “ New

York Sun" speaks by the card in this matter: Hear him — and then go eat some more brown sugar — please do!

Last night we saw the hidden wonders of raw sugar, as they were revealed to us by a microscope of uncommon power and great detective ability, which will forever set us against all sweets in that form, with an intensity of horror such as no man can conceive who has not been behind the scenes. We saw the living hell itself, however, in less than a quarter of an ounce of raw sugar. There were myriads, apparently, of horrible insects as large as beetles, and having the appearance of crabs. Four dreadful legs, with claw-pincers at the end of them, jointed in four parts as with armor, and bristling with sharp-pointed spears, were in front of the monster, and his head was a long pyramidal form in two joints, with five finger-tips at the terminus, where the mouth ought to have been. The body was oval-shaped, and marked almost exactly like that of a crab, only upon the rims of an inner circle upon the back there were twelve more of those long, sharp spears, with two at the tail, and four snake-like tentacula, exceedingly fine in articulation, and no doubt intended, like puss' whiskers, to be feelers, to warn the hinder-end parts of contiguous danger. The reverse side showed the ugliness of the beast even more than the obverse, but it also showed the wondrous mechanical genius of the maker of it. Each limb was padded by a mass of muscle at the base, which gave the impression of immense (relative) power, and over the muscle there was a case of armor through which it showed.

Talk about lively beasts, and lively they were! Eager, restive, ravenous; always falling foul of each other, or attacking great joints of sugar, as large, in reality, as a mathematical point. With the pincers attached to the end of each proboscis they caught hold of one another, and tore one another, repeating in their small way the enormous tragedies of Tennyson's primal monsters.

The way these marvels came to light was this: A spoonful of raw, coarse sugar was dissolved in about three times the quantity of water, when, as with a conjurer's rod, the animalcules sprang to the surface and floated there, swimming about, and up and down, like the beasts that wriggle in soft-water tubs, and finally turn into flies resembling mosquitoes, but harmless. These sugar animalcules, or *accarus sacchari*, as the scientific men call them, were then gathered up in a spoon, and placed under a glass magnifying about two hundred times. They could be seen, however, with the naked eye, to begin with, but not in their entire hideousness until the object-glass brought it out. It has been proved that in every pound of *unrefined*, raw sugar, there are one hundred thousand of these acari.

SOME — and not a few men, so-called — enter the marriage state merely, and for no higher motive than to, unchecked, revel in a

saturnalia of lust, and that's why our graveyards teem with the coffins of the early dead, — young wives and their murdered children. On the other hand, hundreds of girls marry because they imagine it's always going to be fair weather in marriage-land. Both are disappointed in the reality. Their pictured bliss is seldom attained, and their paradise turns out to be a disastrous opposite; yet, nevertheless, both sexes persist in wilful blindness, and still imagine impossible things, and hope for yet greater ones.

A Hottentot once got up a painting of heaven. It was enclosed with a fence made of sausages, while the centre was occupied with a fountain that squirted pot-pie.

When the savage died he failed to realize his ideal. So of the civilized marriage. Passional license is *not*, and never will be, marriage, any more than pork-steaks and chicken-fixins constitute the joy of the "world to come."

It is well for the struggling soul to ever remember, that when all of God's gifts flew back to heaven, Hope remained behind.

The night is darkest before the morn:
When the pain is sorest, the child is born,
And the day of the Lord at hand.

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THERE is a real science of anatomy. There is none, whatever, of medicine; for what passes current as such to-day, is simply and merely pretension, and the crudest sort of guess-work. The standard works upon it are dead-set against each other, and systems, isms, and medical ologies are as thick as blossoms in the spring-time, each claiming to be *the* one only and true, and each doing its best to ruin and destroy the other, while, meantime, their patients die and are duly gathered to their fathers by the million; and all because there's so little real light in any of the pathies, and the pathists — all of whom, in their eager haste to demolish each other, have stumbled over the real truth a thousand times, without ever once dreaming how near they were to it, and to being enabled to cry, with the Syracusan, "Eureka."

One old woman nurse in a neighborhood is worth a dozen doctors. Why? Because *she* gives Nature a chance to work out her

problems of cure, while *they* mar and obstruct her every effort. A case in point: Recently a patient applied to a renowned, regular M.D. in Boston, for relief in a case of chronic gleet, induced by a strain and leucorrhœal infection, — as was demonstrated by his word, her word, and, better than all, the microscope in my own hands. The man walked to and from the doctor's office that night, took his prescription, and *didn't walk again for fifteen days*, because he couldn't. The M.D. blistered the perineum, gave an excruciating injection, inducing a fearful stricture, inguinal swelling, inflamed kidneys, and, in short, nearly slew his *victim*; ending the tragedy by advising hospital treatment. On that same day I prescribed for the man as follows: Get up out of bed; take a daily warm bath; beef-steak, rare; coffee and milk; fresh air and fruit *ad lib.*; discard all medicines but a spoonful of *Barosmyn*, night and morning; use a suspensoir; empty the injection in the slop-pail, and get well. The man did so, and in thirteen days was wholly rid of a pestiferous gleet of ten months' standing, which had cost him three hundred dollars. The price of his cure was just five dollars for the *Barosmyn*, half of which remained. Now there's the difference between nature and art. Another case in point: Mrs. George Lee, aged forty-three. Turn of life; consumptive; treated nineteen months by five different pathists; got worse, and got religion, preparatory to going home forever. I heard of her while passing a pleasant evening in the same house; was invited to call on her; did so. Began by throwing thirteen bottles of her medicine in the yard; ordered her to be hand-rubbed — *in the sunshine*, — every morning, and bathed and hand-rubbed every night; gave beef, very rare done, with sixty drops of phosphorous elixir in sugar every morning, with a teaspoonful of protozone at noon. Result: three weeks afterward met her in the Boston theatre, laughing "fit to kill" at the drolleries of the inimitable Aujac and Irma in "Perichole;" and that visit to the opera was a part of my prescription. Here again old Dame Nature was the doctress. My theory and practice was to give her a fair chance, — only that, and nothing more. As for the beef, she needed its powerful phosphorous energy to vitalize her nerves, and for fear she would not get enough in that way, I gave her the article in its best form, — namely, the solution I have pre-

pared under the name of Amylle [the strength-giver]. Mrs. Lee is a well woman to-day. The doctors nearly killed, but nature effectually cured, her.

Physicians and their books tell us that there exists a formidable list of distinct diseases, — about two thousand nine hundred! This is all sheer folly. There is but one disease in existence, and that is lack or loss of health, — a demoralization of some portion of the intricate machinery of the human frame, or else of its chemical constituents, in either of which cases the same results ensue, namely, sickness. Restore the normal action of the machine, and disease steps out, no matter by what name it has been called when in; restore the electric, magnetic, chemical, and mechanical forces of the body, and you extirpate disease.

Nothing is more true than that heat is life, and cold is death; yet it is *not* true that all the heat of the body is the result of oxygenic combustion in the lungs. Motion changes into heat wherever it occurs, whether in the lungs or at the ends of the finest hair or filament in the human or any other body. Wherever the due and normal motion of any section of the human frame is accelerated, there we have either fever or inflammation. No matter how many prefixes may be put to them, fever *is* fever, and inflammation *is* inflammation, and all the physician has to do is to aid nature to retard the action, and prevent normal motion and warmth from being changed into speed and heat; and it does not require the million nostrums of the pharmacopœia to do this, but some simple, natural means, *always* indicated by nature herself, if we are but sharp enough to take the hint, and act in strict accordance therewith. I believe we may safely discard all but about seven of the known medicinal agents, and that these seven will be found adequate to all possible or conceivable demands and exigencies that may arise. These seven I do not pretend to name; but am satisfied that I know *some* of them, and these are — independent, of course, of sunlight, fresh air, good water inside and out, rubbing with the hand, and inducing perspiration by artificial means — chlorine, soda, phosphorus, — Brexel's or my own solution, — iron, carbon, — in the form of charcoal as an antiseptic; and also, and better still than either of them, the new element phosphogen; so also will much good accrue from the judicious use of the

radical principles, phosphorus, pepsine, oxygen, and protozone, — as near an approach to the elements of vital life as man has yet discovered. But, it will be asked, will any or all of these elements combined, cure a case of syphilis, or any other gangrenous, corroding, eating sore? And I answer, Given in natural form — no; but suppose we know the plants that contain these elements in what may be called their signature form, and administer them by the stomach, by acupuncture, or subcutaneous injection, or by direct application to the offensive part — why, the cure is *mathematically certain*.

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No possible analysis of a dead body can afford light as to the *medical* treatment of a living one; nor can any amount of “auscultation,” “stethescopy,” sounding or pounding a patient’s body, teach the true state of the internal organs; while the much-vaunted “clairvoyance” is an errant fraud nine hundred and ninety times in every thousand “examinations,” simply because the professors thereof are no more clairvoyant than a brick wall; and they eke out a dubious livelihood by gulling credulous dupes. The remaining ten may be, five of them, tolerably good guessers, and the balance may really have the mesmeric faculty.

Indian doctors are another fraud; for no “Indian” has any knowledge of *causes*, the obscure origin, seat, or nature of disease; no chemical, physiological, anatomical, or microscopical knowledge whatever, and is therefore as unfitted to treat the diseases incident to civilization and the white man, as they are to teach us the truths of transcendental mathematics or astronomy; while, as for the “professors” who go about “curing” diseases by the “laying on of hands,” they are mainly successful in relieving the plethora of people’s purses and pocket-books. I know of but two — Newton and Persons — who are not *frauds*. Much and great good comes of laying on of hands if properly done, and by the right sort of persons, — not the mountebanks and charlatans who parade the country; but by persons who can do it properly, and by rubbing, kneading, and delicate tactual manipulations, impart magnetic tone to a weakened sufferer, — as Jesus and the Apostles did of yore, for the sake of the good, not of the gain.

I extract the following from another work of mine: —

Most people are sick because there's trouble in the *love nature*, and that trouble demoralizes the man or woman, destroys the family compact, and, disorganizing the foundations of society, engenders multitudinous hells on earth, and makes crime abound like locusts in a plague!

Scientifically, the cause of all this is, that by *manipulation* the nervous centres have been changed, and mechanical action and pressure have been substituted for *chemical* and magnetic agencies, which, under healthful conditions, result from the inter-commingling of the acid alkaline principles involved, pertaining to common human nature, and quickened and intensified by the mutual mental and spiritual affections of the wedded twain, under which conditions satisfaction, health, and strength result, but otherwise nothing but disgust and horror *can* follow. The philosopher's stone is found. Long have men sought to find the right road to happiness. A sin against woman is really against the universal motherhood. The subject is delicate; but people *must* learn if the race is to be perpetuated in health of body and wealth of mind.

It is a well-known fact, that by the constant use of one organ we draw to it much more than its share of vitality. By the loss of sight the hearing and touch become substitutes for the eyes. The same fact is likewise true, in one sense, of other parts of the human economy; for all victims of youthful error succeed in displacing the pelvic nervous centres, or special seat of nervous sensation, from their normal localities to other and more external positions, the consequence of which is, that a chronic numbness, electric insulation, takes place, and finally the nerves of sensation become effectually paralyzed to a greater or less extent. Of course, ruin and disappointment, disease and despair, are the legitimate consequences that follow. Such victims are indeed pitiable.

Twenty-five years of observation, as thinker and physician, have led me to the conclusion that *thousands* of unhappy homes are such for the reason that one or both parties to the marital compact have become *magnetically exhausted*, or demoralized. In many cases it results from the presence of depleting parasites and animalculæ in the system; spores producing morbid fungi throughout the body, and animalculæ which feed upon the electric life of human kind.

Another cause of unhappy married lives, I believe, is to be found in the use and abuse of passion; and the disturbing causes being removed and cured, a renewed and enduring affection can be established between the disaffected. Let those who would be surprised at a great truth and simple fact, with the means of turning a domestic hell into a charming heaven, learn it. I believe it possible to restore affection between the most widely opposite, and apparently mismatched couples, and that simply by removing the physical causes; and these causes are often no more than a non-electric state, — slime insulations, or other states that prevent due magnetic, electric, and nervous circulation. When I first announced this theory, and practised accordingly, the wise ones laughed at it and its

author; but the lapse of years at length turned the tables, and the laughing philosophers came to terms. Truth is mighty, after all; and, despite many defeats, *does* triumph in the end, and in her turn laughs at the laughers. As for the theory, *ça ira!* — It will go! Because it is true.

Sydney Smith said a good thing when he remarked: —

“Never give way to melaucholy; resist it steadily, for the habit will encroach. I once gave a lady two-and-twenty receipts against melancholy. One was a bright fire; another to remember all the pleasant things said to and of her; another to keep a box of sugar-plums on the chimney-piece, and a kettle simmering on the hob.

“Never teach false morality. How exquisitely absurd to tell girls that beauty is of no value; dress of no use! Beauty is of value; her whole prosperity and happiness in life may often depend on a new gown or a becoming bonnet; and if she has five grains of common sense she will find this out. The great thing is to teach her their just value, and that there must be something better under a bonnet than a pretty face for real happiness. But never sacrifice truth.

“I am convinced that digestion is the great secret of life; and that character, talent, virtues, and qualities are powerfully affected by beef, mutton, pie-crust, and rich soups. I have often thought that I could feed or starve men into many virtues and vices, and affect them more powerfully with the instruments of cookery, than Timotheus could do formerly with his lyre.”

It is said that “All’s fair in Love and War.” But that is a great mistake. For, as I have elsewhere demonstrated, it is possible to exert an influence over another, so entirely positive and overpowering, as to completely subject the will of another. I knew an old negro in New Orleans, — Voodoo John, — who so completely subjugated women — white, young, beautiful, wealthy — as to have his will of them whenever he chose to do so. I know a woman who, without the slightest real affection on her part, will bring any living man to her feet, and her victims number scores; — she does it for pecuniary gain, and also to deplete them of magnetism, upon which she thrives. I know one man who told me that this beautiful siren once hung upon his lips, till an ecstasy seized him, — not a passion, but a nervous one, thrilling his very spirit with a deathly joy, until he thought his soul would escape through his lips. This woman fascinates her victims magnetically, and, I am sorry to say, uses one of Vilmara’s glasses to aid her in her vampirical rascality. She is a consumer of souls. I have seen hundreds of similar occurrences in this country,

Europe, Asia, and Africa, and, knowing well their rationale, bid all men, and especially all women, beware of such vile magnetic villainies, for they lead to exhaustion, ruin, and death. Voodooism, of various grades, is common in the land; nor is it by any means confined to the ignorant blacks; for I knew wealthy, beautiful, and accomplished whites who believe in and resort to it. Nor women alone, but men also. It is resorted to for purposes of lust, love, hatred, gain, and revenge; and I never knew the devilish thing to fail in a single instance. Whenever such things are tried on, magnetic laws and persistent wills and purpose are at work, and the only means of deliverance is a resort to the same agencies, but of a higher, pure and holy grade. I extract the following from my work on Seership:—

People are wont to laugh at and deride all this, as superstitious folly and blind credulity, in spite of the fact that the loftiest minds earth ever held, from HERMES TRISMEGISTUS, and the ALCHEMISTS, down the ages, to the last elected members of the SORBONNE, have believed, do believe it, and I glory in being found in such august company, including ALEXANDER of RUSSIA and NAPOLEON III.

In corroboration of what I have written, I beg leave to introduce, without comment, the following article concerning "Voodooism, — African Fetich worship among the Memphis Negroes, from the "Memphis Appeal":—

"The word Hoodoo, or Voodoo, is one of the names used in the different African dialects for the practice of the mysteries of the Obi (an African word signifying a species of sorcery and witchcraft common among the worshippers of the fetich). In the West Indies the word 'Obi' is universally used to designate the priests or practisers of this art, who are called 'Obi' men and 'Obi' women. In the southern portion of the United States, — Louisiana, Alabama, Mississippi, South Carolina, and Georgia, — where the same rites are extensively practised among the negroes, and where, under the humanizing and Christianizing influence of the blessed state of freedom and idleness in which they now exist, and are encouraged by the Freedmen's Bureau, the religion is rapidly spreading. It goes under the name of Voodooism or Hoodooism.

"The practisers of the art, who are always native Africans, are called hoodoo men or women, and are held in great dread by the negroes, who apply to them for the cure of diseases, to obtain revenge for injuries, and to discover and punish their enemies. The mode of operation is to prepare a fetich, which, being placed near or in the dwelling of the person to be worked upon (under the doorstep, or in any snug portion of the furni-

ture), is supposed to produce the most dire and terrible effects upon the victim, both physically and mentally. Among the materials used for the fetich are feathers of various colors, blood, dogs' and cats' teeth, clay from graves, egg-shells, beads, and broken bits of glass. The clay is made into a ball with hair and rags, bound with twine, with feathers, human, alligators', or dogs' teeth, so arranged as to make the whole bear a fancied resemblance to an animal of some sort.

"The person to be hoodooed is generally made aware that the hoodoo is 'set' for him, and the terror created in his mind by this knowledge is generally sufficient to cause him to fall sick, and, it is a curious fact, almost always to die in a species of decline. The intimate knowledge of the hoodoos of the insidious vegetable poisons that abound in the swamps of the South enables them to use these with great effect in most instances.

"With the above as introductory, our readers will better understand the following, which we vouch for as strictly true in every particular. Names and exact locality (although we will say that it occurred within a few miles of this city) are withheld, at the request of the lady, whom we call Mrs. A. :—

"Some months since, the only child, a little daughter of Mrs. A., who had been left a widow by the war, was taken ill with what was then thought a slow, malarious fever. The family physician was called in, and prescribed for her; but in spite of his attentions she grew gradually worse, and seemed to be slowly but surely sinking and wasting away. Everything that medical skill could think of was done, but in vain.

"One evening, while Mrs. A. was watching by the bedside of the little sufferer, an old negro woman, who had been many years in the family, expressed her belief that the child had been 'hoodooed.' Mrs. A. was a creole of Louisiana, and, having been from her earliest infancy among the negroes, was familiar with, and had imbibed not a few of, their peculiar superstitions. In despair of deriving any benefit from the doctors, and completely baffled and worn out with the peculiar lingering nature of her child's illness, the suggestion of the woman made great impression on her mind.

"In the neighborhood were two negroes, who bore the reputation of being hoodoo men. They were both Congoes, and were a portion of the cargo of slaves that had run into Mobile Bay in 1860 or 1861. As usual with their more civilized professional brethren, these two hoodoos were deadly enemies, and worked against each other in every possible way. Each had his own particular crowd of adherents, who believed him to be able to make the more powerful *grigats*.

"One of these hoodoos lived on or near Mrs. A.'s place, and, although she was ashamed of the superstition which led her to do so, she sent for him immediately to come over to see her child. The messenger returned, and said that Finney (that was the sorcerer's name) would come, but that

Mrs. A., must first send him a chicken cock, three conch shells, and a piece of money with a hole in it.

“She complied with his demands, and he shortly afterward appeared with the cock nuder his arm, fancifully decorated with strips of yellow, red, and blue flannel, and the three conches trigged up pretty much in the same manner. Placing the conches on the floor, in the shape of a triangle, he laid the cock down in the centre of it on its side. He then drew his hand across it in the same direction three or four times. On leaving it, the cock lay quiet, and did not attempt to move, although it was loose, and apparently could have done so had it wished.

“After these preliminaries, he examined the child from head to foot, and, after doing so, broke out into a loud laugh, muttering words to himself in an African dialect. Turning to Mrs. A., who was all anxiety, he told her that the child was hoodooed; that he had found the marks of the hoodoo, and that it was being done by his rival (who lived some miles off, although considered in the same neighborhood), and that he (Finney) intended to show him that he could not come into his district hoodooing without his permission.

“He then called the servants and every one about the place up, and ordered them to appear one by one before him. So great was the respect and terror with which they regarded him, that, although many of them obviously did so with reluctance, not one failed to obey the summons. He regarded each one closely and minutely, and asked if he or she had seen either a strange rooster, dog, or cat around the house in the past few days; to which questions they made various answers. The chambermaid, who attended on the room in which the child lay, was one of those who were particularly reluctant to appear before him or answer his questions. He remarked this, and, grinning so as to show his sharply filed teeth nearly from ear to ear, he said, ‘Ha, gal, better me find you out than the buckra!’

“This was late at night, and after making his ‘reconnoissance,’ he picked up his conches and the cock, and prepared to go, telling Mrs. A. to move the little sufferer into another room and bed. Promising that he would be back early in the morning, he left the house. At an early hour next morning he returned with a large bundle of herbs, which, with peculiar incantations, he made into a bath, into which he placed the child, and from that hour it began to recover rapidly.

“He, however, did not stop here. He determined to find out the hoodoo, and how it had been used; so, after asking permission, he ripped open the pillows, and the bed in which the child had lain, and therein he found and brought forth a lot of *fetiches*, made of feathers bound together in the most fantastic forms, which he gave to Mrs. A., telling her to buru them in the fire, and to watch the chambermaid carefully, saying that as they had burned and shrivelled up, so would she shrivel up. The girl, who had displayed from the first the most intense uneasiness, was listening at

the keyhole of an adjoining room, and heard these injunctions. With a scream she rushed into the room, and, dropping on her knees at Mrs. A.'s feet, implored her not to burn the fetiches, promising, if she would not, to make a clean confession of her guilt.

"Mrs. A., by this time deeply impressed with the strangeness and mystery of the affair, was prevailed upon by the entreaties of the girl, and kept the 'fetiches' intact, and the chambermaid confessed that she had been prevailed upon by the other 'hoodoo man' to place these fetiches in the bed of child. She protested she did not know for what reason, and that afterward she wished to take them out, but did not dare to do so for fear of him.

"As soon as the family physician came in, Mrs. A., completely bewildered, told him of the whole affair, showing him the fetiches, and making the girl repeat her story to him. He, being a practical man, and having withal considerable knowledge of chemistry, took the bunches of feathers home with him, and, on making a chemical examination of them, he found them imbued with a very deadly poison.

"Meanwhile, he told the affair to two or three neighbors, and getting out a warrant for the arrest of the malignant hoodoo man, they went to the hut to arrest him. The bird had flown, however, and could nowhere be found. Some of the negroes had, no doubt, carried word to him, and he had thought it best to clear out from that neighborhood. The little patient, relieved from inhaling the poison in her pillow and bed, soon got well, and Mrs. A. has now in her possession the fetiches which came so near making her a childless widow.

"It may not be generally known to the public, but it is nevertheless a fact, that these barbarous African superstitions and practices prevail, and are increasing among the 'freedmen,' not only of Memphis and Tennessee, but of all the Southern States. It is the clearest proof of the inevitable tendency of the negro to relapse into barbarism when left to control himself."

So much for Voodooism. I believe this story to be true, for I have myself been a victim to the thing; but the "doctor" who analyzed the stuff, and found "poison," is both a cheat and a sham, to hide his utter ignorance. There *was* no poison about it. The whole thing is purely magnetic, as I can demonstrate at will, for I know this thing from end to end, and speak by the card.

The cause of all the misery, wretchedness, crime, abnormality, insanity, idiocy, war, gambling, — all and singular, the compound, and complex hell and damnation on the globe, is, was, and can only be, want of love; and the only possible cure is, that want

satisfied. Because where true love reigns, hell can find no foothold. True as God, that! Why do reformed harlots make the best of wives? Because they know the relative values of love and lust; and where a woman loves, there virtue dwells.

Physically speaking, no harlot, whatever, can give a man one-tenth the pleasure in wifely intercourse, as can the honest wife who loves him for himself. True, the harlot may excite him more, and sap his body dryer; but when all is over the joy has been a hundred times less, to say nothing of syphilitic risk, while it is certain the exhaustion is twelve times greater, for the wife has but drawn her tribute of semen; but the harlot takes that, and, from the excitement of strange men, quadruple stores of prostatic fluid in addition.

If a man *loves* one, no other can excite his passions. If a woman loves one, no other man can melt her. She is *dry* to all others, and only exudes her soulful lochia when touched by the right one, and intercourse without that melting exudation is a damnable profanation, — is onanism, no more nor less; nor will her vaginal glands secrete the powerful electric, thrilling fluid, unless the key of love unlocks the magazine. Of course I am now supposing the total absence of disease in the parts of either. If diseased, then comes the possible cure; and love-joys wait thereupon impatiently.

The more lust the less love, and *vice versa*.

A couple who love each other are already married, angels being the witnesses, and God the high priest. No other ceremonial is required by nature or demanded by God; and if humans interfere they are fools; for no amount of leave asking or ceremonials can marry those more whom Love and God hath already joined; nor can any human law make those married whom God and Love have not already joined.

No wife deceives her husband who has love at home, and a man is a fool who expects his wife to be true to him, when he fails in his love and duty towards her. "Watch her!" Watch and be — hanged! You can no more circumvent a woman determined to sell you, than you can make a flat-bellied halibut climb a persimmon tree tail foremost. Give it up. It's a bad job, and she's *sure* to beat you; as to catching her, it will be like the war-song,

“ We'll hang Deff Javis on a sour apple-tree,
As we go marching on.”

and ne'er hang, as the upshot of it all.

Sex is of the mind. If a man fails to have entire intercourse spiritually, and mentally, with his wife, as well as physically, he is a guilty wretch, unworthy of her embraces, and need not marvel if she accepts from another what she has a right to from him. Who blames her for it? Society! Does God? Never a blame, else God's wife (Nature) lies — Mental love, *not* Physical.

Bickering, fretting, scolding, kills love, because it deadens passion, and when that dies out between couples — good-by love. It's up and off and away — *quick*. Harshness and neglect chill a woman, and that causes death to love; and when it is chilled all its secretions are soured, and here you see the cause of leucorrhœa, — and also the cure. Unwifeliness chills his feelings and tastes toward her, and he will either run after some other woman or take to bad courses. Here you have the origin of brothels, and grog-shops, and seductions, and syphilis, and — hell on earth generally. You can't hurt a woman's feelings but she feels it in her womb.

All women admire robust, sexual manhood, — physical too, — but demand a mental and moral manhood along with it. Failing to realize this latter, every true woman turns with unutterable loathing and disgust from all who have the first, *only*.

An impotent, half-man, sexual weakling, is the most pitiable thing on earth; and so is a female in whom sexual passion is low, weak, dormant, inert, who has neither fire, snap, vigor, *vim*, *verve*, spirit, or anything else worth having, besides being wholly incapable of commanding the homage, respect, or championship of a loving, gallant, virile man.

Where love and passion are dormant in a woman, the sexual organs fall into paralysis; where in a man, or where either by continence or personal vice have gone too far, the organs become weakened and lose their sensitive powers; but a due degree of passion *with* love *ennerves* and develops them. I have known cases gone to such waste that the patients have had to take long courses of protozone before the normal volume and vigor could be restored. But love is better far than protozone.

. . . A breastless woman is a living proof that something's out of proper gear. She must get right, and bring them up, else the love she inspires will be short-lived. If she cannot get love, then let her get a due amount of protoplasm to fill out the vale where hills ought to be. . . . Very few women are irregular in their menses, when loved and happy; but let them be disturbed in affection, and we have any amount of uterine difficulties. Let her find real love again and she gets well right off. Bless your soul, reader, the love-cure is the best on God's green earth! It is God-pathy, cures leucorrhœa, prolapsus uteri, palpitation, breast-pang, constipation, dyspepsia, liver complaint, fidgetiness, sleeplessness, nervousness, — in fact, is good for all diseases. True, the body may need something to start on, but when so started love will push the complete cure. The best cure for an impotent man is a loving woman, and for a disordered woman a loving man. Certain it is that medicines are of very little use whatever, and none at all unless they are highly concentrated, oxygenic, magnetic, phosogenic, protoplasmic, or protozonic, — combining all the others; but even that will not “minister to a mind diseased.” . . . Were I called on to doctor a consumptive girl, I would cause her food to be given her at the hands of the *male* she loved best; and I would feed her on protoplasmic food, of which beef and mutton should be chief, — and rare at that; and give her protozone first handled by *his* loving hands. And so of the victims of solitary vice. I would begin with an emetic, followed by warm and cold baths, and wearing a suspensoir, and “starving” on a single meal a day for three weeks till the digestion was right side up again, — for invariably the victim of self-abuse is deficient in digestive power, and is wholly unable to eat properly; is so generally exhausted that he cannot extract one half the life from the food he eats, nor convert what he does extract therefrom into the highest and best form of protoplasm, which is, in this connection, but another name for *nervo-vital* energy. . . . Nothing is ever forgotten by anybody, and never will be. All things and experiences are hidden in the memory, and will come up for review when least expected — in this life or the other; and so no effort toward restoration but has its due effect and tendency toward a perfect cure of the trouble, whatever it may be. . . . Thousands of

wives never know the slightest sexual pleasure, because their husbands are premature, and the race of passion on their part is ended before that of the wife is fairly begun. The cause is plain, — early private vice. The cure is simple: Less haste, more love, less passion, cold-bathing, generous food, and protozone. And here, once for all, let me say that the cure of this class of troubles, in either sex, will be all the more rapid from gymnastic exercises, the best of all being morning bouts, at *striking*, dancing — naked, in the early sunshine — in all weathers, and best of all to end with lifting, by hands, arms, and shoulder-yoke. While a moderate amount of amatory pleasure unquestionably is a very powerful and absolutely essential aid; of course I mean this rightly, not in harlotry, but with the loved partner. If you have none, then get one, quick, for on it depends your salvation from complete damnation — *this* side the grave.

A lady and gent admiring a poplar-tree, the latter gallantly remarked: “If I add you (u) to it, it will become *popular*.” “Better us,” she replied, “and it will become *populous*.” — He took the hint, and married her soon after. And probably neither considered whether they were adapted to *populate* the earth with superior specimens of the race or not; for, after all, the true test of a man is his power to beget glorious sons and daughters, — babes without morbidity, angularity, weak constitutions, and whose sound minds shall be enshrined in sound bodies. And the true test of womanhood lies in her power to mother and train just such.

An enthusiastic admirer of the beauties of beautiful woman recently startled a friend: “Been to church this morning?” He assented. “To church? Yes; and such necks! Full and white, and good enough to eat — six of them in a row; watched ’em all through service. Oh my, what necks!”

That man was probably well sexed; for, after all, the finest points of a woman are not her teeth, face, hair, and garb, but in her eyes, neck, breast, and lips; and a woman who has these in perfection is capable of mothering heroes, angels, and demi-gods — who will one day and somewhere drop the “demi” and flourish in immortal — God-hood!

While writing the last four pages, I received the following letter, the original of which — save name and place — any one may see who doubts its genuineness. It is but a sample of hundreds every month, and I publish it so that some patients may know what ails them, — and the cure: —

Sept. —, 1869.

DR. P. B. RANDOLPH: —

Friend of Humanity, — I am in a sad condition, and need your services; my knowledge and will alone is not sufficient to raise me from the horrible pit into which I am plunged, and, if you cannot help me, I know of no earthly power that *can*; and must abide a long time in misery and degradation on the other side of Time before redemption comes. I have prayed often and fervently to God for help, and my soul points to *you* as my first duty to consult, because the thousands you have cured, indicate the only hope I have of ever being a whole man again.

I will give you a description of my case (as near as I can), and you can prepare the remedies accordingly. . . . I was born on the 4th of December, 1840. I'm five feet seven inches in height, dark complexion, dark hair, hazel eyes, rather spare, weight varying from a hundred and thirty to a hundred and forty-five pounds; temperament nervous (I suppose). I was born with a constitutional weakness of the generative organs, which manifested itself when very young, and from that weakness arose great sexual desire, which culminated in self-abuse at the age of ten years more or less; *no* school-boys or companions taught me the habit, it was in my nature, and at an age when I knew little or nothing of the uses and functions of the generative organs. This continued until spermatorrhœa set in, and then I was reduced to a fearfully weak state indeed; no one knew it, — I dared let no one know it; so I toiled on, worked hard physically, in awful misery, till I ran away from home. The change in my circumstances, and the shifting scenes, tended to draw my mind from such unholy lusts and desires, and consequently relieved me in some degree; then a relapse occurred; then another change produced *its* effect, and so on, at intervals; and although I have nearly outgrown the ailment, still most of the results and effects of it remain; and without help I can never triumph over it on this side the dark river; although my physical body is much stronger than it was, its other effects on my brain, my mind, my *soul*, my nervous system, remain to a fearful extent. Bear with me a little longer. Up to a certain period I was quite an apt scholar in some branches, quite acute in some things, and some kinds of knowledge; memory keen and correct, even when I was the lowest in degradation, until *that* period when I studied too hard, and would sit up nights till twelve o'clock, profoundly immersed in my studies; then went to bed, but sleep fled from my eyes; I was studying still; then I would

rise in the morning, and resume study, until my brain overworked, and, strained to its utmost tension, seemed to burst the bands of its faculties, and left it in darkness, weakness, and confusion, forever incapacitated from learning and improvement; perception and memory almost obliterated; *my studies were over*. This will do of my history; all that remains now is to describe my present situation.

My body is necessarily weak, though I am able to do much hard physical labor; my pelvic organs are weak and diminished, though they yet retain some power; my nervous system is fearfully shattered; I cannot sleep soundly at night, always dreaming; sleep is not refreshing. I am cowardly and nervous; my brain is large, but fearfully confused, beclouded and weak; memory and perception very poor, I might say almost gone; my *will*, of course, is very weak.

My appetite is good, and my lungs ample, and I have no other disease in particular that I know of, though I am somewhat addicted to the use of tobacco.

Dear friend, I will not tire your patience much longer. Thus I have given you a general description of my case. Imperfect and incoherent as it is, you may possibly gather the state of my condition from it. I cannot bear the thought of living in vain, of going down to the grave without leaving the world better for having lived in it, for I am totally unfitted for the duties of life; and if through your means, by the help of God, I can be redeemed from this awful thralldom, great will be your joy thereat, and the highest heaven of glory and happiness will be yours.

Please write, and let me know the price of the remedials necessary for a cure, and I will forward you the money at once on the receipt of your letter. Direct to — etc., etc., etc. With love and respect.

This case is a tame one compared to some I have rescued from desperation, suicide, and insanity. The line of cure is self-help, and the protozonic agents, society, music, human life in its sweet, loving, and purely manly phases, a total and instant abandonment of the habit, and wet cloths around the genitals at night, frequent cold pour-baths on them by day; bowels kept regular and free by water injections at *the same hour* daily, the lifting cure, and faith in one's own manhood and recuperative power. God and nature completes the cure.

The woman who accepts the embrace of a man she does not *love*, husband or not, is — unless *forced* to it — a thing without a name, and if that embrace is fruitful, she must expect the ripened crop to be villany, crime, and barbarism. She may cheat herself, but can't cheat Nature, for the old dame is sure to exactly fill the

mould you prepare for her, and what she turns out at the end of nine months will be the incarnation of the exact conditions obtaining at the start, for all children are exactly what the parents were at the very instant the seed whence they sprung entered the human matrix and begun an endless, immortal career.

If I were offered an empire's sceptre, the free run of a million women, on the mere sexual plane, be they beautiful as day itself, and on the other hand the genuine love of a plain, simple woman, with poverty in the bargain, I would — after the experience of all these years — unhesitatingly jump at the latter chance, for the love of a woman is the brightest diamond time and space affords; and all the wealth of earth is poor compared to the immortal value of one true woman's love; and the man who would first win that love, and then ruin her, is a devil too black for hell, and his soul — *damn him!* There, I've said, and by the Eternal — I mean it. If a man played that game on my daughter, now, it strikes me that he'd find his mother's son in a peck of trouble.

He who would reach and enjoy the divine in woman must be himself divine! There are depths of love and beauty, truth and goodness, in every woman's heart, that not even angelic lines can sound or plumb, — a perpetual garden of the gods, full of immortal flowers.

It is not strange that the finest women in the world, in grace, beauty, loveliness, and power, are to be found among the loose women of the world, — more of heart, and soul, and true human goodness, — for it is only the rich, ripe fruit that falls first! Every one of them are worth saving; for are they not our sisters, God's handiwork, and somebody's daughters? Well, then, stop hounding, and go to work and save, them, for heaven cannot be perfect while even one wandering, straying soul is outside in the cold.

They have good, full sexual natures, without which no woman can be *wifely*, and, if they are saved, are all capable of doing great service to the world; and every one of them sins far less than a celibate, — for 'tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all. A man who loves no woman is a *wither-all*, not worth his salt. — a moral cunuch, fit for — nothing.

Physicians, and patients suffering under nervo-sexual impairments, should remember that one of the very first and *best* principles of cure consists in alternating the food and medicines from

acid to alkaline, bitter, sweet, laxative, astringent, — fish, flesh, fowl, fruit, farinacea, nuts, vegetables; these changes induce chemical, electric, magnetic, phosogenic, and mechanical and dynamic changes promotive of health, and absolutely essential to complete restoration. Let all sufferers eat rare beef, — if *raw*, all the better. *Change* the meats, fish, fowl, fruits, farinacea, the breads, puddings, and cakes, the *kinds* of sweets and teas, chocolates, coffees, cocoa, shells. Eat mushes, rye, wheat, rice, barley, Indian. Change the soups, and continually **ALTERNATE**. Avoid rum, too hot or cold foods, drinks. Banish lard, ham, pork, pies, greasy food, or stale, and the patient will get perfectly well.

Walking through the streets the expert on-looker sees everywhere, in old and young, male and female, the unmistakable signals hung out, in eye and voice, step, gait, complexion, form, and manner, which read, plainly as if printed in letters a foot long, “I’m a masturbationist. I’m a Sodomite. I’m a passion-mad victim of sexual impulse. I hate women. I despise men. I love solitude. I’m laboring under leucorrhœa. My womb is diseased. I’m three-fourths crazy. I’m half idiotic. I’m totally impotent. I have seminal losses. I’m fidgety, nervous, sleepless, desponding, weak in the back, consumptive, neuralgic, dyspeptic; I’m a sexual debauchee, — and all of us, wretched, and all from sexual causes.” Surely this state of things, which is sapping the life of the race, and peopling the earth with idiots, criminals, and madmen, ought to be stopped. “True, but how can it be?” That’s the question; and I reply: “Let every teacher, parent, minister, — every true heart, — take the dreadful matter in hand. Let them cry aloud and spare not, showing the American people their mistake, and all mankind its grievous sin; for no evil on the globe begins to compare in enormity with those of which I am writing. There is no greater hell, and in one of its seven forms — self-abuse, concubinage, promiseurity, “*free love*,” celibacy, excess, and sodomy — it is doing more to damn the race, physically, morally, socially, mentally, magnetically, religiously, and spiritually, than all other things combined, because it unmans, unsexes, saps the life of the species, and opens the door to all the crimes earth groans under, among which is the annual murder of countless hosts of unborn infants.

Wherever you see a great man, or full woman, rest assured he or she was begotten with *vigor* on both sides, under the spur of healthy passion and true love. Whenever you see the reverse, — and their name is legion, — set it down that they were begotten of Hate on the body of Disgust, under the spur of rum-inspired lust, or a dose of Spanish flies, or some such damnable power-destroying excitant; for nothing is more certain than that a child is made up of the exact materials, and all the states of the parents in the act of generation; and if you have a strong power, a nobility, or a mean, lying, sneaking spot anywhere about you, it is just as sure to be crystallized in the child you beget or bear, as that God reigns, and his laws govern in the spaces. And if no child results from the union, then these palpable auras are sure to poison one or the other, and perhaps effect a change of poisons, mental or physical, ruining the peace and health of both, since sexual intercourse without love is a crime against the soul that does it, and that soul's victim or partner in the crime, and it is an open defiance of nature and of God.

The voice of a true man is round and full. That of a true woman, soft, sweet, musical, and mellow; and just in proportion as you find them quirky, sharp, screechy, *saw-filey*, brassy, husky, thick, glutinous, broken, pipey, like a harlot's, — you may "bet your life" there's trouble in the sex-nature, be the party man or woman.

The firm, right-ahead, solid step of man, or light, and tripping gait of woman, imply sexual health; but the shuffling, shambling, one-sided, uncertain, knock-kneed gait, indicates, in unmistakable language, that the party is an onanist or masturbator, and the down-look of the eyes demonstrates the same sad fact.

Many women, *because* they are such, carry it with too high a hand, and imagine that their sex is a license to do just as they please. All such will find the conceit taken out of them by the Rev. W. B. Wright, of the Berkeley Street Church, Boston, who in a lecture said, — from the text, 2 Kings ix. 30: "And when Jehu was come to Jezreel, Jezebel heard of it; and she painted her face, and tired her head, and looked out at a window, and said, Had Zimri peace who slew his master?"

Jezebel is the received type of supreme female depravity. Her name smells of sulphur. It is noticeable that while Eastern women in general have been insignificant factors in society, the playthings of men, oriental queens have surpassed all others in malignant influence. The explanation of Jezebel's superlative wickedness is indicated in the text. She neither demands justice nor pleads for mercy, but expects to overawe Jehu by her queenhood, or womanhood, or some personal accident, which lifts her from the pale of those obligations to which other human beings are amenable. Her history shows how this arrogant audacity was developed.

"Jehu saw in her only an atrocious sinner — treated her as such — would have had her thrown from the window had she been forty times a woman and forty times a queen. His conduct was approved by God." — [No! — P. B. R.]

"An impression prevails in society that women, simply because they are women, should be judged by different moral standards from men. The conduct begotten of this idea is called gallantry. The feeblest man should offer his seat to the strongest woman. A woman may say and do with comparative impunity what social sentiment would not permit in a man. Any virago may horsewhip or shoot any man, and be reasonably sure of public sympathy. To hang Mrs. Surratt seemed more inhuman than to hang all the men she incited to murder. Prohibiting women under penalty from insulting Union soldiers of New Orleans is still quoted as indicative of brutality. This sentiment of gallantry is closely allied to one of the finest sentiments in our nature, — that the strong should bear the burdens of the weak. But the perversion of it that regulates much of modern social intercourse finds no warrant in the Bible. There is no trace of it in the conduct of the Master toward women. He treated them with respect when they deserved it; with surpassing gentleness when they were weak and fallen. But so he treated men. 'Woman, what have I to do with thee?' shocks the modern feeling of gallantry. We find no trace in any Bible writer of the spirits which talk 'of kissing the ground beneath her feet' — 'worshipping at her shrine' — 'seeing heaven in her eyes!' This we do find in the nations which worship Venus and Astarte; gallantry puts passion in a temple, and calls it divine. Gallantry comes from paganism. It flourished most luxuriantly in the days when knights were trained to regard love to God and love to ladies as equally ennobling. Boccaccio and Froissart invoked the aid of God and lady's love in writing. The Mormons imported it from France to England. Yet no nation has shown so real little reverence for woman as France. The false sentiment is only less injurious to woman than to men. It gives a sugar-plum, and withholds a kingdom. It is not real. It teaches women that men regard them as angels, and prepares disappointments when after marriage they learn that men regard angels solely as 'ministering servants, sent forth to minister to themselves.' This false sentiment of gallantry tends to emancipate women from the pressure of universal moral laws. When we

all stand together before the judgment-seat of Christ, our weakness, our want of opportunity, our temptation, will plead for us before the great Judge. But let us beware of that lying sentiment which teaches that a woman should be judged by any other standard than a man."

Of course, in some of his latter conclusions, I, who adore women, disagree with him, and yet there is much of truth in what the eloquent man has said.

It is a pleasant thing to hear a man say that the most cheerful and soothing of all fireside melodies are the blended tones of a cricket, a tea-kettle, a loving wife, and a crowing baby.

It is not so pleasant to listen to:—

"Capital weather, Mr. Jones, capital weather. My wife's got such a cold that she can't speak. *I like such weather as this.*"

A good old lady relates that the doctor directed her to take medicine three mornings, skip three, and then dose three more. She obeyed the directions to the letter, and now says that though it was dreadful hard for one of her years and stiff joints to skip like an antic lamb, she believed that that part of the prescription did the business for her.

It needs no guilt to break a husband's heart. The absence of content, the mutterings of spleen, the untidy dress and cheerless home, the forbidding scowl and deserted hearth,—these, and other nameless neglects, without a crime among them, have harrowed to the quick the heart's core of many a man, and planted there, beyond the reach of cure, the germ of dark despair. Oh, may woman, before that sight arrives, dwell on the recollection of her youth, and, cherishing the dear idea of that tuneful time, awaken and keep alive the promise then so kindly given. And though she may be the injured, not the injuring one,—the forgotten, and not the forgetting wife,—a happy allusion to the hour of peaceful love, a kindly welcome to a comfortable home, a smile of love to banish hostile words, a kiss of peace to pardon all the past, and the hardest heart that ever locked itself within the breast of selfish man will soften to her charms, and bid her live, as she had hoped, her years of matchless bliss, loved, loving, and content,—the source of comfort and the spring of joy.

Let us now take a look at doctoring and doctors. That they,

generally, and current theories are nearly all wrong, so far as relates to disturbances originating in the love nature, is plain and clear. Let us see if this be so.

Disease is wrong electrical and magnetic action, nor will blood-drenching extirpate it. The sexual organs are one pole of the human battery, and the brain the other, with relays all along the spine. The M. D.'s doctor symptoms, with purges, plasters, and hosts of drugs, just as if the stomach was the organ involved. All that is wrong. The circuits between the physical brain and sexual organs are *interrupted*, — the wires insulated, — as are those between these grand centres and the peripheral ganglia. Now chemical medicines do some good toward getting the centres into proper trim, but magnetic and electric remedies and means do a great deal more, while *dynamic* agents, and food rich in protoplasm go right to the spot, and cure a patient while mere purgatives, etc., are making him or her deathly sick. Physicians, go to work to stir up the brain, and rouse the sexual nature into action, and you will cure ten where you did but relieve a single one before. Begin by vacating stomach and bowels of their slimy loads. This will prepare them for further arousing, and also open the myriad cuticular pores. Keep them so, and remember that warm water is magnetic and cold water electric. Now begin with moderate quantities of protoplasmal food, and then apply internal dynamic agents. If syphilis, cancer, or scrofula is in the way, remove it with Dr. Bowers' or some equally efficient alexipharmic. If the liver is at fault the same remedy will correct it. If the kidney and the bladder are in trouble use some form of Barosmyn (not Barosma — but a compound of gelseminum, Protozone, and long-leaved Buchu, and diet accordingly, not forgetting what I have elsewhere written in this volume, — in a word, throw aside all your pathies and ologies, and go in for natural methods and agents, and your curative work is done, and done as it should be.

A woman who is pregnant will perfect her child to an infinite degree, because she will carry every formative stage several steps farther, if she be loved, and cuddled, played with and cheered, caressed and fed right, by the beggetter; and by fed I mean protoplasmic provender, and human sympathy, and male magnetism — not passionnal fire — during the sacred process.

When the child is born, let her have plenty of albuminous and phosphoric food, and the baby will prove to be a regular loud-lunged, strong-limbed, hardy-brained stunner, worth his weight in diamonds of a pound's heft each; or if a girl, she will be so full of life and gorgeous beauty as to be the central sun of all the regions round about. Glory to God! *what* a woman! Why? Because she will have a deep chest, full breasts, large lungs, good-sized neck, swelling bust, small ankles, hands, wrists, large eyes, long lashes, full and even brows, full calves, arched foot; round, large and full hips, sides, and pelvis; regular and sweet menses, painless and quick over; full lips; high, broad forehead; a wealth of silken hair; elastic step; a perpetual and charming grace; she will need little, and use less, cologne, and her sweet breath, sound teeth, and perfect throat will need no perfumery save what God gives to every woman, and hides in every bucket of clean water; for this woman will be a Baptist, for she will undergo this rite twice a week with plenty of water and some soap. Why? again. Because her sex, and sex-charm and power will be perfect. And if *she* bears a child to a corresponding man — wake, snakes! and sing, ye minstrels, sing! for a hero is among you — the coming man arrived! — and that's just the only way he ever will get here. The eyes of that mother will never look sodden, leaden, yellowish, nor black-blue shades beneath them; but there will be pure, clear skin, and peach-blow cheeks, cherry-ripe lips — *Ah*, Lord! *what* lips! and eyes! Good God, sir! there's a world of magic and of meaning in their soft and loving glance, so that whatever male sees them, he forthwith calls for the "rocks and the *mountings* to fall onto him," and runs round asking, "What shall I do to be saved?" — because the chances are ten to one he hasn't half manhood enough to win and wear her, — the peerless queen of glowing human love, close verging on the celestial and divine.

"Randolph," said a visitor, looking over my shoulder as I penned this page, "how can you write so? Whence do you get the power?" And I replied, "Because I preserve my manhood; and my soul, and body too, is filled with love, — not lust, but love, sir, planted in me while yet within the womb of Flora Beverly, — God bless her evermore for this luxuriance of love within my soul! And this mother-mark, too, it is, not only that gave me

what power of speech and pen I have, for although thousands there be who declare that I got all power from ghost-land, yet they lie, for it was all mother-given here on earth, and not a whit from over the river, — not a line, thought, or sentence, but all the flowers of the love current in Flora's soul when her womb received the germ it afterward fashioned into P. B. Randolph; — but she too, her love in my body, brain, spirit, soul, alone it was, and is, that during these long and bitter years, hath given me courage to move up stream, — right squarely in the teeth of every tempest, come from whence it may. It gave me courage to speak the thought within me in spite of party, sect, creed, color, law; — courage to breast the storm, vindictive, bitter, and furious, hurled at me for twelve years by thousands of spiritualists, because I dared to expose the frauds of reasoning and cheats of practice passing current as spiritual truths. This love from my mother, it is, and was, that enabled me to laugh to scorn the “philosophie” dogs who tried to hound me down to the bitter death, because I dared to be myself, and speak my honest thought. This it was that gave me strength to live when some of these self-styled reformer-spiritualists — rotten, sexually, to the core — broke up my household, and vilified my name, because her love said: “Live on. Victory is just ahead, and all pure and honest people, whether spiritualists or not, will applaud you; and — I have lived to realize the truth. Of course I have met many true hearts among spiritualists, — people who believe as I do, that if a man die he will live again; and I thank and bless them for the kind words spoken in my dark hours. As for the rest, I laugh them to bitter scorn at times, until I call to mind that no scandalmonger is a man, no gossip a true woman; and then I withdraw my contempt, and substitute pity and commiseration, because all such people are monstrosities and abortions, — badly begotten and worse brought forth. There's a multitude of half people in the world.

At this point I may as well settle a vexed question: “Mr. Randolph, what are you? — a spiritualist?” And I reply: In religious faith, I believe wholly and fully in the religion of Jesus Christ, as lived, preached, and died for, by him; as proclaimed in the Lord's prayer and the sermon on the mount; and I do not

believe in sects, or in creeds, ologies, or isms, but in up and down unmistakable manhood, — the pure and undefiled religion of the man of Nazareth. I believe also, that occasionally the dead appear, that man may be quickened into a sense of his value and imperishability; that these supra-mortal visitations are rare, professional mediumship a deliberate fraud or a psychical delusion, to which good and bad are alike liable, and that the tricksters who exhibit spirit-hands, photographs, et cetera, like the Davenports, whom I once believed in, are *deliberate impostors*; and are backed up and sustained by thousands, — the press included, — who know they are such, but who, for party's sake, dare not speak out the living truth, and are therefore guilty of misprision, of fraud and swindling. These are plain sentences, no beating the bush, and I *mean* exactly what I say, every word of it, and have said a good deal more to the same purport in my work on "Seership," especially in regard to the Davenport Brothers' rascally jugglery, palmed off as spiritual manifestations. . . . I believe in seership or somnambule vision; that it is developable in very many, by simply observing a few plain rules, which in that work I have briefly epitomized; but I do not believe that the thing called mediumship, even when real and genuine, is either good or healthful. I believe it saps both life and manhood, and that all automancy is both fatal and degrading. I believe, so to express it, that one ounce of the religion of Christ, as he lived and delivered it, is worth all the sectisms, churchisms, and spiritisms, capable of existing, or that ever did exist; and I here throw down the gauntlet to any man or woman, and will make good this my defence and championship of the religion of Jesus Christ against all comers, by speech or pen, within the limits or bounds of the seas that wash our American shores; and the challenge shall lie open till I die, to *any* and *ALL*. There! that's my belief, implanted in me by the mother who gave me being. He who fails to understand me now is a fool. Let the topic of this book be now resumed.

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Onanism, masturbation, and sexual excess or promiscuity emasculates and "spays" both soul and body; while temperance in normal uses increases courage, bottom, stamina, and force of

character. . . . A man may not do what he likes with his own, for wives have rights which every husband is bound to respect.

When a woman is full of sexual magnetism her temper is sweeter than a rose. Exhaust her of that, and—well, I'd rather not be around, that's all! for in such a case it is perpetual washing-day.

A man whose body is filled—*not* inflamed—with that power, is not easily beaten at any game of life he may engage in. But how much mental, moral, or physical endurance,—how much courage, steadiness, *character*, evenness of temper, has your debauchee! no matter whether he wastes himself upon harlots, or murders his wife month in and year out. A woman thus victimized becomes blue, spleeny, cross, snappish, sullen, dowdy, morose, irritable, gossipy, slanderous,—God knows what else beside, simply because she's exhausted of the wine of life. Let her or him, either, get full again, and the blues take wing and buoyancy of soul takes the place of morbid growling.

An ounce of blood lost weakens, say 1. An ounce of saliva weakens, say 5. An ounce of semen weakens, say 61. An ounce of prostatic fluid, or female lochia, from the vaginal parietes weakens, 211, because it takes that number of ounces of oxygenized and phosphorized blood to make one ounce of either of these most costly and precious secretions.

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 An enthusiastic Frenchman once declared the human leg to be the most philosophical of all studies. "Show me the leg," says Gautier, "and I will judge the mind;" and it does seem quite as natural that the leg should indicate the disposition as the shades of the hair should indicate the temperament. What sloth, for instance, does the limb betray! What a shrew is the possessor of a limb like a walking-stick! But what a gentlewoman is she of the arched instep, the round ankle, and the graceful pedestal, swelling to perfection, and modulated to lightness! What dogged obstinacy the stumpy leg with the knotty calf exhibits! What an irresolute soul does the lanky limb betray! How well the strong ankle intimates the firm purpose! How well the flat ankle reveals the vacant mind!

Young men about to marry — observe. The dark girl, with a large leg, will become fat at thirty, and lie abed until midday. The brunette, with slender, very slender limbs, will worry your soul out with jealousy. The olive-skinned maid, with the pretty round limb, will make you happy. The blonde, with large limbs, will degenerate at thirty-five into the possession of a pair of ankles double the natural size, and affected with the rheumatism. The fair-haired damsel, with thin limbs, will get up at half-past five in the morning to scold the servants, and will spend her nights talking scandal over tea. The little rosy girl with a sturdy, muscular, well-turned leg, will be just the girl you want. If you can find a red-haired girl, with a large limb, pop the question at once. The short lady should always possess a slender limb; the tall lady should possess a large and ample one. No doubt these hints are reliable, and the prevailing fashions make them quite practicable and available. On the other hand, the woman is a fool who entrusts her happiness to a spindle-shanked Nicodemus of a husband, for such a fellow isn't half a man, and never can be in this world, for if he's no calf in his leg he is calf all over in other respects. But if he runs to calves overly much, then avoid him, for he's a brute inside and out, and will ruin the peace of the best woman that ever wore hair upon her head!

WITS AND WEDLOCK. — A letter from Mr. Charles Dickens to a friend, giving in detail the causes of his separation from Mrs. Dickens, has been lately revived and republished. It tells the old story, with which the world is so familiar, of a sensitive, preoccupied, and studious man of genius mated with a woman possessed of every *virtue* under heaven except that of comprehending her husband's character. From the days of Socrates to the days of Lord Lytton Bulwer, there has been a succession of just such unfortunate examples, by which we are sorry to say there is no probability that men of letters in the future will profit. Poet and painter, dramatist and novelist, philosopher and linguist, will go on — the Molières, the Albert Durers, the Miltons, the Scaligers, the Bulwers, marrying and quarrelling in the future as they have married and quarrelled in the past. Too often the literary man rushes to the altar in haste, that he may repent at leisure.

But before we speak further of this somewhat discouraging fact, let us, in justice to many great men to whom the gratitude of the ages has been secured, point out how thoroughly happy and poetically beautiful the domestic lives of not a few votaries of literature have been. Fielding, in

the exquisite character of "Amelia," has left an indelible record of the grace, the sweetness, the devotion of his wife, and (to use the language of one of the ablest of his critics) "of the smiling resignation with which she 'bore the consequences of his errors.'" In more modern times, the domestic lives of Scott, of Wordsworth, of Moore (to mention no others), have been disclosed to the world only for its admiration and delight. There have been writers whose characters were disfigured by most of the vices to which fallen humanity is prone; who have misused talents which it would have been better for mankind to have hidden in a napkin; who have still kept fresh and warm their love for the wives of their bosoms, as if those wives were still the girls of their hearts. The woman who is married to a man of genius, originally of a warm and generous nature, but who has waded into the devious paths of dissipation, if she be patient, loving, and forgiving, need never despair of reclaiming him. At some unexpected moment, in some hour of unusual reflection, touched perhaps by some common bereavement, he may listen to her gentle entreaties, and all that is left of the man within him will rise to the rescue of his life. But this is a change which harsh rebuke and bitter upbraiding can never effect. Impatient of restraint, sensitive to censure, yet disinclined to acquiesce in its justice, conscious that he is really better than he may appear to be, and with an ideal world in which he can constantly take refuge from the austerities of his actual existence, the man of letters resents coarse blame as something which should be reserved for those of meaner clay, and declines to be judged harshly even by a wife, when he feels that she understands nothing of his temperament or his temptations. He asks for sympathy not merely with his misfortunes, but with his weaknesses. In half that concerns the business of life he is merely a child; and, like a child, he is more easily to be won by love than by severity. A man like this may be easily guided, if the guiding-hand be that of one who is dear to him; but with all his seeming softness he will not be driven, and the attempt to drive him always ends in domestic disaster. During the last dreadful year of Sheridan's life, when the ruin of that remarkable man had become utter and hopeless; when fortune, friends, office, respectability, home, almost personal liberty, were gone, his wife addressed to him some sharp words concerning his dissipation. There was an infinite pathos in his answer. "Never again," he wrote, "let one harsh word pass between us during the period, which may not perhaps be long, that we are in this world together, and life, however clouded to me, is spared to us." The man who thus felt could not have been all bad. There must have been chords even in his worn and worldly heart which would have responded to the caressing fingers of affection, while they remained mute, or answered only in the jargon of passion, to a harsher handling.

The attention of the world has recently been re-directed to the domestic tragedy of a poet, who, if not great in the highest sense of the word, was in

the very first rank. Most persons who have heard the story have been quite ready to pass judgment upon its probability. Yet it may possibly assist the equitably disposed to observe how Mr. Dickens complains that there has been coupled with his separation from his wife the name of a "young lady." "I will not repeat the name," he says; "I honor it too much." "Upon my soul and honor," he adds, with energy, "there is not on this earth a more virtuous and spotless creature than that young lady. I know her to be as innocent and pure as my own daughters." But suppose Mr. Dickens had been in his grave for half a century before the circulation of this idle and malicious tale!

We have alluded to the Byron Scandal simply for the purpose of illustration, and without the slightest intention of discussing it. Our only desire has been to remind the reader that men of letters are not always to be harshly judged when their marital adventures turn out anything but fortunate. Genius has often contented itself, has, indeed, been supremely happy, with a silly wife, if she had but the qualification of good temper; but genius harassed, tormented, perpetually reprovèd, and treated with studied disrespect, is likely enough to betake itself to erratic courses, which in charity may be extenuated, however sternly they must be condemned by morality.

This, from a "Tribune" writer, is sound and good, because fair and true. Many a wife has destroyed her literary husband, and her own peace of mind, because she did not understand him — and, what is worse, took no pains, or even tried to; but instead of that, did her best to expose his faults, and hound him down to bitterness and disgrace, merely because her brains were at fault, and under the lead of her mother and "friends," every one of whom set her on from envy of his talent, or jealousy of his fame, and by no means because they love her. My own bitter experience certifies to the truth of the "Tribune" writer.

While on the general subject — embracing Byron's alleged sin — which by the way is, in my opinion, a most damnable slander as ever fell from a human pen, or rather *inhuman* one — for it seems to me that this raking up the ashes of the dead, to heap obloquy upon them, savors strongly of malignity the most infernal; and for this attack upon a dead man's fame Mrs. Stowe merits the contempt of the literary world now henceforth and forever — a disgrace to letters — a fester in the fair body of the world's literature. Mrs. Stowe writes for pay; I wonder how much per page she got for this wholesale butchery of the name of a dead man?

How much a line does the "Atlantic Monthly" pay for such nasty, dirty, horrible, and offensive stuff? Is it fond of bad smells?

Here is an able paper on the general subject of incest!

The filthy Byron story which Mrs. Stowe has set afloat, not only has excited considerable interest as well as strong, and in some cases angry, partisan discussion, but has given rise in certain quarters to curious physiological and ethical speculations concerning the alleged offence of Lord Byron. The question is raised how far the "crime" of incest as an offence against the moral law which is unalterably existing in the very constitution of man, and how far it is an offence simply against social regulations arbitrarily established by society for its own ends. Under some governments the marriage of a man with the sister of his deceased wife comes under precisely the same category as marriage with his own sister, while in other countries it is not only allowable under the law, but is considered perfectly proper in all respects. In our own country, the union of uncles with nieces, and of nephews with aunts, is in some of the States forbidden by penal statute, and in others recognized as legal, as it always has been among the Jews, while the marriage of cousins, though the subject of considerable objection on supposed hygienic grounds, has never been prohibited by law. In considering the matter of marriage as effected by consanguinity, a recent and very logical writer arrives at some conclusions which will strike most readers as quite new, and shows, — from a purely material stand-point — that Byron's alleged crime is no greater — nor even less — than those committed daily under the sanction of society and with the blessing of the church.

The following is the argument:

We start with the principle that the child has half the blood of its father and half the blood of its mother. Shall we call this the first degree, meaning that it is the nearest possible relationship? We may do so, if we refer to the relation between the child and *both* its parents considered as one; for the whole of its blood is the same as theirs combined. But if the question refers (as it always does) to the relation between the child and *one* of its parents, we answer, No; there is a nearer relation. The son has but half the blood of his father; but two brothers have absolutely the same blood. To state the cases accurately, half the blood of a man is the same as the whole blood of his father; but the whole blood of a man is the same as the whole blood of his brother. When Blackstone asks why Titius and his brothers are related, and answers, "Because they are both derived from the same father," he tells but half the truth. They are related, because they are both derived from the same father *and the same mother*. This addition doubles the relation, and brings them nearer to each other than they are to either of their parents. If we say that a man

has fifty per cent. of the blood of his father, we must say that he has one hundred per cent. of the blood of his brother; for they both have fifty per cent. of the blood of their father and fifty per cent. of the blood of their mother, making in each one hundred per cent. of the same combination. We dwell on this point perhaps repetitiously, because it is the starting-point of our system — the beginning of our scale of degrees. And herein we agree with the scientific breeders mentioned by Darwin, who consider the fraternal relation the nearest of all, and generally avoid matching brother and sister, though they freely match father and daughter for several generations. The relation of brother and sister, being thus that of identity of one hundred per cent., the question may properly arise, what will be the relationship resulting from their interbreeding? Evidently, continued identity of blood. The whole blood of the children of a brother and sister will be the same as the whole blood of each, as well as both of the parents, and so of all generations that keep within the stock thus begun. Hence, if Eve was taken out of Adam, as we are taught, so that they had one blood, and their children bred with each other or with their parents, and so on exclusively, it must be literally true that "God hath made of one blood all nations that dwell on the face of the earth." The only possible method of introducing new blood would be by crossing with a distinct species. What is the next degree of relationship? Probably it is the best to call the ordinary relation of parent and child, in which there is one hundred per cent. on one side, and fifty per cent. on the other, of the same blood, the second degree, as there can be none nearer (except the fraternal) without closer interbreeding than the law generally allows to mankind. In the case of lower animals, we have seen in our extracts from Darwin, that a male, by matching successively with daughter, grand-daughter, etc., produces offspring having seventy-five, eighty-seven and one half, ninety-three and three fourths per cent. of his blood, and so on, approximating indefinitely to identity of blood, or one hundred per cent. But these degrees are so unusual that we may leave them out as exceptional. But now observe an important consequence of our first position, that brothers have absolutely the same blood. The uncle, having the same blood with the father, has the same relation to his nephew or niece as the father has. Let us state the matter in the most exact manner. Half the blood of the child is the same as the whole blood of his father; but the whole blood of the father is the same as the whole blood of his brother; therefore half the blood of the child is the same as the whole blood of its uncle. This is startling, — to say that a father and daughter are no nearer relatives than the uncle and niece! But, so far as blood is concerned, this must be true. As the offspring of a father matched with his daughter would be seventy-five per cent. of his blood, so the offspring of an uncle matched with his niece would have seventy-five per cent. of the same blood. Thus an indefinite

approximation to identity of blood might be carried on by an uncle matching with his niece and her offspring, as well as by a father matching with his daughter and her offspring; or father and uncle might alternate in any of the steps of the progression. What is the next degree of relationship? On the same principle as before, we answer, 'that of cousins; for though intermediate degrees might be created by especial interbreeding, the usual progression is from brothers to their children by foreign mates. The precise amount of consanguinity between cousins may be stated in this way: Half the blood of a nephew is the same as the whole blood of his uncle (as we have before proved); the whole blood of the uncle is the same as half the blood of his son; therefore half the blood of one cousin is the same as half the blood of the other. The offspring of a match between cousins will of course have the same proportion of the common blood as they have, namely, fifty per cent. And now perhaps it is time to inquire what is the relation between half brothers, or half brothers and sisters. The question is made specially interesting at this time by the excitement about Lord Byron's alleged incest, which is understood to have been between him and his half-sister. Proceeding as before, we say that half the blood of a child is the same as the whole blood of its father; and half the blood of another child by the same father, but not by the same mother, is the same as the whole blood of the same father; therefore half the blood of the one child is the same as half the blood of the other, which is exactly the same relationship as that between cousins, or what we have called the third degree. This, again, is startling. Can it be that while the relation between own brothers is perfect, exceeding that between parents and children, the relation between half-brothers is less than that between uncles and nephews, and only equal to that between cousins? So it must be if our previous reasoning is correct. A father, having children by two wives, is just the same, for all purposes of blood, as two brothers having children by two wives, because the two brothers have the same blood, and therefore may be considered one.

Not five men or women in a hundred but are diseased some way sexually; and when doctors learn that staring fact, and address themselves to its correction, their practice will be more successful.

When a couple find that there is no real reciprocation of pleasure between them, let them abstain, and obey the great law until there is, — and then — don't push nature too far, for she won't endure it. In this affair the male is acid, she is alkaline. Now if they love, the union generates a magnetic aura that blends these opposites into one, — hence the child resembles both. But if they hate, then she becomes not only acid, but acrid. Result, — domestic hell.

Males are readily ready, females slower. Male's business — never approach till both *are* so. Result, — domestic heaven ; otherwise — hope deferred creates disgust ; that induces universal morbid action, stops the proper action of liver, spleen, stomach, kidneys, and the skin ; result, active poison in the blood, culminating in what is known as prolapsus, gravel, blotches, morpew, ulcers, leucorrhœa, neuralgia, rheumatism, tumors, piles, fistula, headache, dizziness, fainting, hysteria, heart-ail, and ache also ; breast-pang, loss of hair, premature grayness, and loss of manhood on his part, in both cases necessitating an almost entire making over, for both need new brain and new body, and this can only be had by being born again of temperance on the one hand, and common sense upon the other.

Extremism renders a man, but especially a woman, costive, because it robs the muscular fibrous coating of the stomach and bowels of their normal tone and vigor, and open goes the door, and in comes dyspepsia with a hundred aches in his ghastly train. Scrofula takes a leap outward if perchance he has been lurking in the granules of a bone planted there by a syphilitic ancestor ; and if gout, rheumatism, paralysis, dropsy, fever, and another host of ills do not dance attendance on the victim, it is more by good luck than good management. And all from infractions of a love law !

If wives would only put in forceful play the second, fourth, and seventh intra-magnetic powers, and steadily work them for a few short weeks, they would not only escape the weakening effects of their husband's extremisms and pigness, but absolutely gain complete and perfect control of their wandering, straying, home-neglecting lords. All affection, of whatever nature, is magnetic, therefore polar, in its character, which mystery being once fairly mastered, all the rest is plain sailing ; for no man lives who can resist the intra-magnetic attraction, if it be well backed by an unvarying will and desire. If they find themselves unable to work these principles alone, then let them procure *one* helper and one *only*, to make the result certain and sure. Of course the helper must be of the opposite gender. I believe that now, as at this day in Judea, there is room and rich rewards, in every town, for a good woman to exercise these powers. Certain am I that with a good and pure female assistant, in this branch alone, I could gather wealth with amazing rapidity ; but I have neither time nor

such assistant, and therefore can only teach women this marvellous secret of a strange and mighty power. I have given an outline method of these laws and their operation, in the Monograph on "Seership" (fifth edition), but of course could not do so to the extent of teaching every one, because each case of neglect, abandonment, etc., etc., differs from every other in many of its elements, requiring different applications of the principles involved; still a great deal more than ever yet was told will be found in that book, while those who need special advice and training will be compelled to apply in proper form. I expect to teach many ladies this science, and thus do a deal toward transforming domestic hells into social heavens.

The reason that solitary vice is so destructive is because there is no electrical, magnetic, or chemical reciprocation — no natural leverage, all is lost and nothing whatever gained; it is all intensity, no diffusion, — and the effects are analogous in the case of either sex, for each alike are guilty of this mode of self-murder, and are both rushing down the same declivity to — ruin; and both lose more life and vitality in such a debauch than in *ten* normal intercourses; and I deliberately make this statement because I have it from the lips and experience of over *six thousand* patients whose illness had that infernal origin. . . . The reason onanists don't have many children, and those they do perfect weaklings, is because the seminal vessels are so inflamed that their seed never ripens, but as soon as it is generated, agitates its own unnatural expulsion, before half perfected. Its victims are never warm, seldom perspire, and are cold and chilly in body, soul, and manner, distant, abashed, shy — sad, pitiable indeed; and yet thousands of the best and noblest of earth are writhing beneath the terrible spell; and to save such is why I have written this work, and been a close student of the means of cure for seven-and-twenty long years. I have found it, and here present it to the longing victims — ay, victims; for even after they marry, the curse attends them, directly, or in its effects. You can always tell when one has been guilty of the sin. Its telltale proofs are too palpable to be mistaken; nor is there any salvation in the myriad quack nostrums advertised by medical swindlers. The true and *only* means of cure I have already stated in this work, —

and in one line repeat it here : — Total and instant abandonment of the habit ; judicious food and protoplasmic medication. In desperate cases I order an electric disk to be worn on various parts of the body. There are a variety of them made by various artisans, and a perfect apparatus costs but five dollars anywhere, and a better investment was never made. But unless the mind, as well as external agencies, be brought to bear, the time and money will be worse than wasted. The cure must be moral as well as material.

Victim, don't forget that ; to do so is — fatal.

Let all who want to realize the awful consequences of this sin upon the human soul read my work “ After Death ; or, Disembodied Man.” They are even more awful than any therein stated — ten thousand times condensed.

The man who fondly loves his wife must have dearly loved his mother. . . . Fault-finding kills love dead as a door-nail ! and the woman who scolds when pregnant, wrinkles the soul of her babe. It is her duty to as much feed it with the milk of her spirit before and after its birth, as it is to let him take the nipple when able to.

The meaning of every woman's fine dress is : Am not I beautiful, lovely ? — that is to say, capable of giving great joy to man ? Reverse the sexes, and you find out the meaning of every well-dressed man's apparel.

The reason why so many wives literally *hate* their husbands is because — they deserve it — for making marriage a pandemonium and saturnalia of beastly lust. Not one of this vast host of women but would enjoy *with* love, respect, and tenderness, what, from the brutality of their legal lords, they turn shudderingly away from in unutterable, inexpressible, unquenchable loathing. And that's just why so many wives have a private lover, whom they meet when they've a mind to, and whose society and embraces they enjoy in spite of husband — and any other man ; and a skilful observer would, often, find a stronger resemblance in these wives' children to their mother's friend than to their legal husbands. If married men will be fools and play the Oliver, they are double-dotted ninnies if they think their wives won't find chances to play a Roland thereto. Why, the thing is done in sultans' ha-

rems even, and the man don't live that can outwit a woman. Hence, the only reliable insurance against cuckoldom is *love* at home. No woman, save the professional harlot, ever yields her person, except her heart precedes it, and if a husband has no heart to give her, and another one is offered, it is just as certain as that God lives, that opportunity is all that prevents her from letting her body go along with it; for a woman is love incarnate — any woman, *all* women, and love means to make its idol happy, no matter what the sacrifice may be. Husbands of unhappy wives this is a fact, — just put it in your pipes and smoke it.

I think I *see* some wives who read this smile audibly. But stop a bit. The rule works both ways; for if a husband don't get love at home, he's bound to find it *somewhere*, — or at least as near a substitute as he can scare up. If you want to keep him pure, feed him on good, rich, wifely love. Let both remember that love begets love. That's all. If either party goes astray, the true and real wife or husband is the one who calls forth and gives back the most real love. They twain are the real married pair, maugre all ceremonies undergone with the "other party." Why? Because God and nature sanctions one, and only human law the other; and I rather think that God and nature are nearest right. I may be mistaken, but guess not! If she hates her husband, and cohabits with him, she sins against her lover, therefore against nature, and therefore against God. Now the question is, Shall she be true to her husband, and lose her joy of earthly life; or to her lover and gain it? I shall not answer either one. Still I can't help thinking that a man's claims to a woman he loves and whom he is loved by, are greater than are his who hates and is hated, but whose tenure of possession is based upon one of the quibbles of modern civilization, — poetically based, as we all know, upon the might-makes-right principle, while claiming to be founded upon the direct opposite. I repeat a former opinion: No man has a right to a woman's person who does not hold her love, and give it back with fervor. Human institutes say I'm wrong. God and my soul say I'm right. We're in majority! Why? Because every man will decide with us when adjudicating his own case. The golden rule steps in at this point, and we carry the day with flying colors!

By inference and suggestion, if not in direct terms, I have, in this exhaustive work, given the whole philosophy of the cause and cure of jealousy, by stating the underlying principles of the master passion in all its many phases.

The poet who said that "every woman is at heart a — nameless thing," — was a lying thief; for every woman is at heart an angel; and I say this who have suffered greatly at their hands — and tongues. But that came of my ignorance of myself and them. As it is, happiness reigns in my soul, even though clouds are sometimes dark and heavy; but how much fuller would it have been, had I known, years ago, the priceless value of a woman's pure and holy love! In all my life I have known about forty really bad men; but have met only few bad women: a virago in Wisconsin; a she-fiend in Louisiana; a meddling Mitchell in Chicago, and a vain demon in Boston — and that's about all. Conclusion — there are more bad males than females.

Stephen Pearl Andrews, the Passional "philosopher" declares for variety in love relations. Now I think my observation of women exceeds that of any living man, and as a result I declare that that variety business is fatal to affection, and, more than that, that no man can *love* two women at the same time. He may *like* them; but if he loves one, he cannot love another, and if he has passion for both, then he loves neither, — Pearl Andrews and the whole erotic host to the contrary notwithstanding. Now, what is true of the human male, in this regard, is doubly true of woman, deny it who may.

The man who cohabits with a woman under an express or implied promise of marriage, — and the very act is itself both implication and proof, — is by the law of God married to her, and human laws that fail to recognize the validity of such a marriage are at fault, and ought to be immediately amended; for if she is good enough to give him pleasure, and run the risk of motherhood, she is good enough to be honorably recognized and husbanded the balance of her earthly life, and all courts whatever ought to be legislatively empowered to declare the marriage good and binding upon proof that he hath known her in the flesh. If he refuses, clap him into safe-keeping, there to remain till he who danced *shall pay the music*. When the race enjoys perfect sexual health, doctors,

lawyers, priests, and all other provisional powers and authorities will disappear, because there'll be no use for them.

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 Writing of marriages among men of genius, that clear and vivid writer, himself a man of rare genius, whose pennings flow like silver-tided rivers, bearing golden freights down to a sunny sea, — James Grant Wilson, — in "Hours at Home," says: —

Are literary men good husbands? Numberless cases, from Socrates down to our day, have been cited, in which the concurrence of genius with domestic happiness failed to exist, in order to prove the negative; and the large number of names paraded of authors who have been celibates has led many to believe that men of genius are not fitted for the enjoyments of matrimonial life, nor literary ladies likely to make the best of wives. In this belief I do not share, and I feel confident that for every instance which could be given of conjugal unhappiness existing among men and women of genius, an equal number of cases could be cited where the greatest amount of happiness has followed them into the matrimonial state.

The proportion of unhappy marriages among poets and other literary characters is not any greater than is to be found in the lower developments of human existence. It is not, however, my purpose to enter upon a discussion of the subject which has already engaged the attention of D'Israeli, and other eminent essayists, but further to furnish the readers of "HOURS AT HOME" with a little pleasant gossip concerning authors, married and single. I shall begin with some illustrations of connubial infelicities among the *genus irritabile*, and then turn to the brighter and more cheerful side of the picture.

Few intelligent readers will require to be reminded that Socrates caught a Tartar in Madame Xantippe, though, if Plato is to be believed, the illustrious philosopher's fondness for those charming court beauties. Aspasia and Diotima, was enough to excite the jealousy of his *cara sposa*, and so put aloes into his cup of domestic happiness. The energetic character of Dante could neither control nor soften the shrew to whom he was wedded; and when the illustrious poet lived in exile, he had no wish to see her, although she was the mother of his six children.

"Shakespeare, on whose forehead climb
 The crowns of the world! Oh! eyes sublime,
 With tears and laughter for all time!"

deserved his unhappy fate for marrying Anne Hathaway, a woman eight years his senior, with neither beauty nor mental graces. Lord Bacon, like his famous legal adversary, Coke, seems to have enjoyed little domestic bliss, and speaks, for, as he says, "certain grave reasons," disapprovingly of his partner. Milton carried nothing of his greatness into the choice of his three wives. His first wife was disgusted with his solitary habits, found his house gloomy, beat his nephews, and ran away, after trying the experiment thirty days; while his celebrated antagonist, Salmasius, is reported to have written his defence of royalty during a term of imprisonment to which he was doomed by his "amiable Alecto." Domenichino, the distinguished artist, married a lady of high birth and great beauty, who proved such a virago that it is generally believed she poisoned him. "So perished," says Passeri, "amidst a thousand heart-breaking, the most excellent of artists, who, besides his worth as a painter, deserved as much as any one to have lived, for his excellence as

a man." Montaigne, when a widower, declared that "he would not marry a second time, though it were wisdom itself," but the airy Gascon has not disclosed how far *Madame* was concerned in this anathema. Molière himself experienced all the wedded woe which he has introduced into his matchless writings; Rousseau was united to a low, illiterate woman, with whom he lived a most wretched life; La Fontaine separated from *Madame* and Beanmarchais lost two wives, with both of whom he led a miserable life, — one being such a termagant that he is charged — let us hope mistakenly — with having poisoned her. The wife of Whitlocke often destroyed his MSS. The marks of her nails have come down to posterity in the numerous *lacerations* still gaping in his "Memorials;" and the learned Sir Henry Saville, who devoted more than half a life, and nearly ten thousand pounds, to his magnificent edition of St. Chrysostom, led a very uneasy life between the saint and Lady Saville. Dryden

"Married Discord in a noble wife,"

and Addison sold himself to an old, cross-grained countess, whom he described under the stormy character of "Oceana." Speaking of this ill-assorted marriage, Dr. Johnson remarks: "Holland House, although a large house, could not contain Mr. Addison, the Countess of Warwick, and one guest — Peace." In John Wesley's letters are found many pathetic allusions to his domestic trials: "Will not some men of the world say, what a wretch is this, first to rob, and then to expose her own husband?" he asks in a letter charging Mrs. Wesley with having taken some of his papers from his bureau. In another epistle he alludes to choosing his own company, which had been a bone of contention between him and his shrewish wife for seven years. Steele's, Sterne's, Churchill's, Coleridge's, Byron's, and Shelley's first marriage were all unhappy, and the unfortunate conjugal infelicities of Bulwer and Dickens, of our own day, are familiar to all.

Of the gifted poet, novelist, and statesman, and his divorced wife, we have the following picture from the pen of a recent German writer: "Bulwer lives in his beautiful villa in Fulham, a quiet, lonely villa above London. A tranquillity, disturbed by nothing, reigns in the house. Notwithstanding the warm spring day, Bulwer sits near the fireplace, where a bright coal fire is burning. Outside, the branches of a cherry-tree, covered with an exuberance of blossoms, hang down on the window, and the low, chirping notes of the birds penetrate into the room. The celebrated author — a tall, slender form, wrapped in a sky-blue, soft-lined, silken morning-gown, which is fastened with a strong cord around the waist — sits at his large, empty table, and has before him only a blank-book, in which he writes his new novels. His large, light-blue eyes cast longing glances out of the window; his auburn hair flows in ringlets down on his high, narrow forehead; the large, slender nose hangs over his small mouth, and his red whiskers fall from his long and narrow chin on his breast. The whole face looks decidedly too long. He has a sickly appearance, and is abstracted. His family affairs are at the bottom of his melancholy, which no one can fail to perceive. His little daughter died; his son, the heir to the baronetcy, is estranged from him; and his wife, Lady Bulwer, has long since been separated from him, and lives in the city

"Let us enter her room. She sits at her writing-table, for she is likewise at work upon a novel. Her corpulent form, her round face, her radiant, deep-blue eyes, her raven hair, everything forms a striking contrast with the appearance of her husband. She contemplates the portrait of her son; she charges her husband with being another Lovelace, and

refusing to pay his debts. Her large eyes look at us languidly; her full cheeks contain a number of dimples, such as Rubens liked to paint; her lips are still as swelling, fresh, and red, as those of Titian's daughters, and yet she is much over forty. In thinking of this, our suspicions are aroused; the crimson on her cheeks is too fragrant; the heavy braids surmounting her forehead are too black; her manners are decidedly too kind and polite, and cannot be sincere; we escape from her, bearing in mind the bleeding heart of her melancholy husband, and the mournful tone of his novels."

After living very happily, indeed, for many years with one whom he wedded after the first full burst of literary applause had come up from Great Britain and America, as "The Sketches of Boz" and "The Pickwick Papers" appeared, Charles Dickens and his wife separated. Speaking of the sad event, some one has written: "Nine years ago this home was destroyed. Its heads went forth from its shelter, in different directions, each surrounded by some of the children; each holding tightly together lips, which, as if closed by iron bands, then and since, steadily refused to gratify public curiosity as to the cause of that separation. Whatever were the elements which contributed to this sad termination of a union which stretched through twenty years, none who have partaken of the hospitalities of that home can feel aught but the keenest sorrow and grief. No wreck of empire, no field of ruined columns covered with friezes, capital, and plinths, with empty shrines and broken altars, is so touchingly, overwhelmingly sad. A home whence death draws some of its members to the silent churchyard only lends new attractions to those who remain, towards the heavenly home, and only sheds a more tender sympathy and a deeper love among the survivors. But a home whence the inmates go — all living — with faces sternly averted, and at whose portals the angel points the flaming sword, gathers around it all the gloom of a pagan burial; for the past is not, *and there is no future.*"

I cannot but admit that many men of genius have, from some cause, repudiated matrimony altogether. When Michael Angelo was asked why he did not marry, he replied, "I have espoused my art;" and when a young painter told Sir Joshua Reynolds that he had just taken a wife, and was preparing to pursue his studies in Italy, that great painter exclaimed, "Married! then you are ruined as an artist!" It was an axiom with Fuseli that the marriage state is incompatible with a high cultivation of the fine arts, and such appears to have been the feeling of many distinguished painters and sculptors. The great metaphysicians, Hobbes, Locke, Bentham, and Butler, are as solitary as Spinoza and Kant, and the celibate philosopher Hume conducts us to the other bachelor historians, Gibbon and Macaulay. The account given by Gibbon of his first and last love is exceedingly characteristic: "I hesitate from the apprehension of ridicule when I approach the delicate subject of my early love. . . . I understand by this passion the union of desire, friendship, and tenderness which is inspired by a single female, which prefers her to the rest of her sex, and which seeks her possession as the supreme or the sole happiness of our being. I need not blush at recollecting the object of my choice; and though my love was disappointed of success, I am rather proud that I was once capable of feeling such a pure and exalted sentiment." The lady was afterward Madame Necker, and though Gibbon "might presume to hope that" he "had made some impression on a virtuous heart," his father would not hear of it. "After a painful struggle, I yielded to my fate. I sighed as a lover; I obeyed as a son." The application of such a style to such a subject paints the man almost as well as the black paper figure snipped out by Mrs. Brown's scissors, and exactly corresponds with the notion of him which his History suggests. The bachelor Bishop Butler brings us to Barrow, Chillingworth, Hammond, and

Leighton, — princes of English divinity. The poets, Ariosto, Akenside, Beranger, Collins, Cowper, Gay, Goldsmith, Gray, Herrick, Lamb, Petrarch, Pope, Swift, Shenstone, Tasso, Thomson, Voltaire, *et cum multis aliis*, were all celibates, not however from belief in the truth of the ancient scandal, that

“Marriage, as old men note, hath likened been
Unto a public feast, or common rout, —
When those that are without would fain get in,
And those that are within would fain get out.”

Among our own countrymen, Washington Irving, Edgar A. Poe, Henry Thoreau, Fitz-Greene Halleck, and many lesser literary lights, never married. [Isn't that a mistake about Poe? — P. B. R.]

I have just stated that the author of “Alnwick Castle” was a bachelor; but the following brief extract from one of the last letters which I received from the venerable poet would seem to refute the statement. It refers to the annexed paragraph which he clipped from one of the newspapers of the day. “STUDENT. — Fitz-Greene Halleck was the author of ‘Marco Bozzaris.’ It was written on a wager with his wife that in a given time he would produce a first-class poem, containing a certain number of lines. He won the wager, and the result of his inspiration was that grand versification that will live and be admired as long as the English language is written and spoken.”

“MY DEAR GENERAL: — In conformity with my promise made you at our last pleasant interview, I take leave to inclose herein the certificate of my being, or having been, a married man. I have not the slightest recollection of the happening of such a happy event, but as the announcement of it comes from an infallible source, that of the pen of the editor of a party newspaper, there can be no doubt whatever of the fact; and I delight in congratulating myself upon my long-enjoyed matrimonial felicity accordingly. My position in the premises seems to be the reverse of that of the gentleman in ‘Joe Miller,’ who, when a friend of his said to him, ‘I was not aware, my dear sir, until recently, of your having been horsewhipped by Mr. — last June,’ answered, ‘Indeed! why, I knew it *at the time!*’

“FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.”

The long list of sturdy bachelors above mentioned is, however, no argument against the marriage of men of genius; nor yet does it afford any evidence that they deemed themselves disqualified for the enjoyment of married life; *au contraire*, we know that the Amandas and Delias of many of those enumerated were the shadows of real objects; for, as Shakespeare's experience told him,

“Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs.”

The poor heartbroken author of “Gerusalemme,” whose irritable temperament certainly carried him beyond that “fine madness” which we are told *ought* “to possess the poet's brain,” worshipped for seventeen years the lovely Leonora D'Este, who, there is good ground for believing, reciprocated Tasso's passion, but she, a princess of the proudest house in Europe, could not marry a poor poet. She, who was seated “where he durst not soar,” died of a cureless disease,

“And left him on this earth diseonolate.”

Shenstone's unhappiness was occasioned by the death of one to whom he was tenderly attached. His heart was not locked up in the ice of celibacy. It was in parting from her that he first sketched his "Pastoral Ballad;" and his plaintive love-songs flowed from no fictitious source. Even Pope was enamored of a "scornful lady," and, as Dr. Johnson observed, "polluted his will with female resentment." The amiable author of "The Seasons" met a reciprocal passion in his Amanda, but his biographers fail to inform us what impediment prevented the happy consummation of their wishes.

Dear Charles Lamb was one of the world's greatest heroes. There were two events in his life, neither of which were known while he lived, except to his dearest friends, — the insanity of his sister Mary, and the terrible tragedy which it produced; and his disappointment in love; both of which must have been keenly felt by his sensitive nature. Of the latter event little is known, except that in his early verses she is commemorated as "the fair-haired maid," and that he suppressed his love, like the brave, good man that he was, that he might devote his life to the care of his unfortunate sister, whose malady proved fatal to Mrs. Lamb. How many in the beadroll of fame have been immortalized as heroes and saints for less virtuous and heroic acts! The sweetness of Lamb's character breathed through his writings, and was felt even by strangers, but its noble and heroic aspect was unguessed even by many of his friends till the publication of letters, after the green grass was growing over his grave and the grave of his sister, revealed an example of self-sacrifice, than which nothing more lovely in human action and endurance can be exhibited. Wordsworth, contemplating the career of "Gentle Elia," expresses his grief

"That he had been an Elm without his Vine,
And her bright dower of clustering charities,
That round his trunk and branches might have clung,
Enriching and adorning."

Another literary character, no less beautiful than Charles Lamb's, — our own Washington Irving, — cherished to the last day of his life the sweet, sad memory of her whom he lost in life's green spring. Her Bible, containing a lock of her auburn hair, was found under his dying pillow.

I will now cite a few instances where there is a concurrence of genius and domestic happiness, thus showing that a poet or philosopher may be as happy in the married state as a ploughman or porter. Why should it not be so? The verdant have an idea that literary people are always under the influence of "the divine afflatus;" but, like the female Paul Pry, who gazed through the bars of the doomed man's cell to gloat over his situation, and was told by her victim, that, although the gallows was impending, "he couldn't cry all the time," they are doomed to disappointment. Pliny the younger thus speaks of his wife, the susceptible Calphurnia: "Her affection for me has given her a turn for books; her passion will increase with our days, for it is not my youth or my person, which time gradually impairs, but my reputation and glory, of which she is enamored." After a courtship of three years, Edmund Spenser, the English Ariosto, won the proud Elizabeth, promising her all the immortality his verse could bestow: —

"Even this verse, vowed to Eternity,
Shall be of her, immortal monument,
And tell her praise to Eternity!"

Spenser's married life was never clouded by any domestic disquiet, the haughty beauty becoming one of the tenderest and most faithful of wives.

Sir Walter Raleigh, a man of genius only second to Shakespeare and Bacon, married a beautiful woman, eighteen years his junior, and the union was one of unalloyed happiness, which only ceased with his execution.

Catherine Bora, the lady whom Luther chose for his wife, was a nun of good family, left homeless and shelterless by the breaking up of her convent. She was an ordinary, unimaginative body, plain in person and plain in mind, in no sense whatever a heroine of romance, but a decent, sensible, common-place *haus frau*. The age of romance was over with both of them; yet, for all that, never marriage brought a plainer blessing with it. They began with respect, and ended with steady affection. "The happiest life on earth," Luther used to say, "is with a pious, good wife: in peace and quiet, contented with a little, and giving God thanks." He spoke from his own experience. His Katie, as he called her, was not clever, and he had humorous stories to tell of the beginning of their adventures together. "The first year of married life is an odd business," he says. "At meals, where you used to be alone, you are yourself and somebody else. When you awake in the morning, there are a pair of tails close to you on the pillow. My Katie used to sit with me when I was at work. She thought she ought not to be silent. She did not know what to say, so she would ask me: 'Herr Doctor, is not the master of ceremonies in Prussia, the brother of the Margrave?'" The Two Zappi, minor poets of Italy, both highly gifted, devoted their talents to celebrating each other. To these married lovers we owe some of the most elegant among the lighter Italian lyrics. Buddæus enjoyed the good fortune to retain the full measure of matrimonial happiness conjoined with the pleasures of literary pursuits, and found in his wife an invaluable assistant in his arduous studies; ever at his side, assiduously collating, comparing, or transcribing, she contributed essentially to the reduction of his literary toils. In one of his letters he represents himself as married to two wives, one of whom blessed him with pleasant little ones, the other with books. Evelyn was no less felicitous in this respect, for he was indebted for much of his success to his amiable wife, whose refined taste and skill were equal to any emergency, and whose breast was fired with the same passion that inflamed her husband's pen; it was to her ingenious pencil the embellishment to his translation of Lucretius owed its origin.

Dr. Johnson, whose wife was old enough to be his mother, with several years to spare, found nothing displeasing in the married estate, and, says one of his biographers, "he continued under the illusions of the wedding-day till the lady died, in her sixty-fourth year," the husband being but forty-three. The wife of Klopstock relates to Richardson the novelist, in her German-English, the manner in which she passes her day. She tells him that she "is always present at the birth of the young verses, which begin by fragments here and there, of a subject with which his soul is just then filled. Persons who live as we do have no need of two chambers; we are always in the same; I with my little work, still! still! only regarding, sometimes my husband's face, which is so venerable at that time with tears of devotion, and all the sublimity of the subject, — my husband reading me his young verses, and suffering my criticisms." Gessner, another eminent German poet, declared that, whatever his talents, the person who had most contributed to develop them was his wife. She is unknown to the public; but the history of the mind of such a woman is discovered in the "Letters of Gessner and his Family." Poor Parnell lost his lovely wife after enjoying many years of unalloyed happiness. Her death drew a touch of deep feeling from Swift, who says in his journal to Stella, "Every one grieved for her husband, they were so happy together." The poet died "a martyr," as Goldsmith tells us, "to conjugal fidelity." Wieland, whose conjugal felicity has been almost as celebrated as himself, says in a letter after his wife's death, that if he knew she was

in the room, or if at times she stepped in and said a word or two, that was enough to gladden him. Buffon acknowledged to a friend that his wife had a great influence over his compositions. "Often," said he, "when I cannot please myself, and am impatient at the disappointment, Madame de Buffon reanimates my exertion, or withdraws me to repose for a short interval; I return to my pen, refreshed and aided by her advice." Sir Walter Scott was a genius of the very highest order; a man who tried many departments of literature, — poetry, history, and fiction, — and succeeded in them all. He made a love-match with a dark-eyed daughter of France, and lived happily with her until her death, a period of thirty years. Southey was also a happy husband. Home was all in all to him. He married a second time, and was equally fortunate with his second wife, who was a literary lady. Moore's wife was one of the noblest creatures that ever lived, and the poet never tired of singing the praises of "Bessie," with

"The heart so warm, and eyes so bright,"

who first taught him the value of domestic happiness. Allan Cunningham was equally fortunate in his marriage with "Bonnie Jean," whose destructive charms he so pleasantly portrays: —

"Sair she slights the lads —
Three are like to dee;
Four in sorrow 'listed,
And five flew to sea!"

It was this rural beauty who first made a poet of "Honest Allau," as Sir Walter Scott lovingly called him, and who inspired that beautiful effusion of conjugal tenderness, "The Poet's Bridal Song." This exquisite poetical wreath, wove by the Scottish poet to grace his Jean, —

"Whilo waters flow, and woods are green,"

was an especial favorite with Fitz-Greene Halleck, who was as fond of repeating it as Rogers was of reading "Aluwick Castle," or "Marco Bozzaris." Helen of Greece is not more surely immortalized than this simple Scottish peasant girl, and Burns' plebeian wife, who bore the same beautiful name — Bonnie Jean.

In the life of Sir William Napier, author of the "History of the Peninsular War," who was most happily married, he pays the following tribute to the admirable zeal and ability of his wife: "When the immense mass of King Joseph's correspondence taken at Vittoria was placed in my hands, I was dismayed at finding it to be a huge collection of letters, without order, and in three languages, one of which I did not understand. Many, also, were in very crabbed and illegible characters, especially those of Joseph's own writing, which is nearly as difficult to read as Napoleon's. The most important documents were in cipher, and there was no key. Despairing of any profitable examination of these valuable materials, the thought crossed me of giving up the work, when my wife undertook, first, to arrange the letters by dates and subjects, next, to make a table of reference, translating and epitomizing the contents of each; and this, without neglecting for an instant the care and education of a large family, she effected in such a simple and comprehensive manner, that it was easy to ascertain the contents of any letter, and lay hands on the original document in a few minutes. She also undertook to decipher the secret correspondence, and not only succeeded, but formed a key to the whole,

detecting even the nulls and stops, and so accurately, that when, in course of time, the original key was placed in my hands, there was nothing to learn. Having mentioned this to the Duke of Wellington, he seemed at first incredulous, observing that I must mean that she had made out the contents of some letters. Several persons had done this for him, he said, but none had ever made out the nulls, or formed a key, adding, 'I would have given twenty thousand pounds to any person who would have done that for me in the Peninsular.'

If Shelley's first marriage — the marriage of a boy and girl, who knew nothing of life — was unfortunate, his second marriage may be quoted as a model union. Wordsworth, like Walter Scott, made a love-match, and their loves were lasting as their lives. The wife of Wilson — glorious Christopher North — is said to have exercised more influence over him than any other person. Her death was the greatest misfortune that he ever knew. Lamartine is well known to have made a fortunate marriage, and to have received very great aid in his literary undertakings from his amiable wife, who died May 21, 1863. A more lovely character I never met. She devoted herself wholly to him; attending minutely to every household detail. She — herself so gifted, so brilliant a writer, and so admirable a painter — magnanimously and contentedly watched and waited upon the intellect of her husband. Her goodness of heart was most remarkable. She had always a gentle word, to let down softly the disappointed young authors, who sent trashy verses for her husband's inspection. In her own home she was always gracious and charming; for idle people she had always amusements in the garden, and lively conversation. With deep thinkers she could quite as readily engage in philosophical discussions. The very type of activity, she also climbed into garrets, and visited hospitals, and carried medicine and food wherever most needed, by means of a secret dispensary which she had established. It appears that she copied with her own hand all of Lamartine's works, except "Les Girondins." All of the "copy" supplied to the printer is in her hand; she kept the poet's own manuscripts as a precious treasure, which she knew posterity would value as highly as she did. He wrote the poem "Jocelyn" in a large album which he used for an account-book. The obverse face of the leaves contained the accounts of the laborers in his vineyards; the reverse was covered with poetry. After the poem was completed, and negotiations with a publisher were carried to a successful issue, Lamartine, pointing to the album as he mounted his horse to make one of his usual long excursions, asked his wife to send it to the printer. She opened it, and, seeing at first nothing but the accounts of the laborers in the vineyard, thought there must be some mistake. She examined further, and found the reverse face of every leaf contained "Jocelyn." She laughed, took the album to her desk, and resolutely set to work to copy the poem. M. de Lamartine thought his work in the publisher's hands until a week afterward, when, as they were sitting down to breakfast, she gave him the album and the unblotted manuscript of "Jocelyn." The poet was so deeply touched that he took a pen and wrote the three dedicatory strophes to Maria Anna Eliza, which are to be found on the first page of that work.

Across the happy threshold at Chelsea, near London, so graphically described in the following extract, the dark shadow of death lately passed, leaving the great writer wifeless and disconsolate: "But let us pass on. We reach another quiet village, Chelsea. On the lawn, in one of the small gardens, sits Scotland's celebrated author, Thomas Carlyle. He has a book on his knees, and gazes thoughtfully into vacancy. He is a dry, gaunt form; he wears a morning gown and cap, and draws heavy clouds of smoke from his short clay pipe; he is the Diogenes of Chelsea. If you converse with him, he is at first dry and laconic. He conducts

you then to the pretty sitting-room of his wife. Mrs. Carlyle is a lively, pleasant creature, and a world of thought beams from her dark eyes. She has learned a great deal; her father gave her a most profound education, and she is possessed of a keen, yet mild judgment, of which her husband himself is afraid. But there she sits now, sewing, with her handsome fingers, a new cravat for her Diogenes. She wears an elegant morning costume. In these surroundings we begin to feel at ease. The portraits of Goethe, young and old, and Jean Paul are looking down upon us. Carlyle becomes talkative and witty, and displays his whole famous eloquence. But he is decidedly one-sided. You like to listen to him, but you must beware of interrupting him, and, above all, of contradicting him. He resembles a clear-sounding bell; you touch it and it resounds, but only to itself. Nevertheless, we Germans are always well at ease in Carlyle's presence, for, if there is an Englishman who esteems and reveres our poets, it is Carlyle."

As said before, and here repeated, the rule of human genius is, — enormous power in a given line, with an exactly corresponding weakness in some other direction, and ten thousand to one but that weakness is in the passional or love section of the man or woman. No human being can be either good or great, unless their souls and bodies overflow with love, for it is love and love *only* that makes one either great or good. Now, I have no patience with the "philosophic" whelps, no matter of what ism, ology, sect, or creed, who are eternally finding out the flaws in the character of genius, forever barking, yelping, howling, about the "angularities" and so forth, et cetera, of a man or woman of genuine mental activity and power, — dead-dog philosophers, sap-headed, soulless, addle-brained, regular whack-Moses ninnies, incapable of appreciating either the value, or the struggles, of those whom God has charged with a specific message to mankind. If the shoe fits, wear it. If it don't, then thank God you are superior to such brainless calves; — fifty to the square inch, souls five hundred to the half-ounce; — things who fatten on the toils of genius, yet starve or damn with faint praise the poor but glorious worker in a garret, whose brows are cloud-crowned, but into whose soul streams God's rich fulness of light-tipped, fire-born, heaven-forged thought. *Vivat!* — a man like Hargrave Jennings, for instance, from whom I have elsewhere quoted before, or Freeman Dowd, of Davenport, Iowa, who quotes from God himself, because he can read his handwriting on all the walls that hem in the universe in which we live and move.

Now, genius in either sex seldom finds its true mate, yearn and groan howsoever it may. It marries, meets what disagrees with it; gets into a state of chronic unrest; becomes attractive to others of opposite sex; falls before the magnetic gale such meetings usher into being; yields, — keeps on doing it; hasn't resistive force enough to stand firm and be a genius still; and so gradually sinks — in love respects — into a permanent unfixtude, sometimes degenerating into one of chronic cussitude, and then, yelped at, hounded down to the bitter death by the dogs who call themselves philosophers, when they are only fools, — rush into evil

courses, die, and when well dead and nicely buried the world parades their virtues, forgets their faults, and charitably overspreads them with a mantle of forgetfulness; whereupon the aforesaid dogs yelp louder than ever, swear by this and that they always knew and appreciated the dear deceased; help sell and circulate his or her works; erect monuments, and deliver high-sounding eulogies over the bones of the victims of their stupidity, but the vehicles, for all that, of the divine affluence.

I regret the angularities of geins, but when love goverus marriage and they are born right, there will be less of these and more of steady power. Whatever of good these people have, they possess in spite of bad conditions precedent to mortal birth; whatever of ill they manifest is not theirs, but the legitimate fruitage of the evil seed sown when they were launched into life — is the protest of God against morbid lust, and the clamor of love for a place in the wedded world — the world over.

I always thought woman more divine than man since the day my mother left this earth and winged her way to heaven. I shall always believe so. If asked why, I can only reply: I really couldn't help it, and *don't want to*.

Elsewhere I have come down heavily on — fools only — who ought to be wise, but will not. It is their folly, not them wholly, I denounce.

Humankind only, of all created beings, love *face to face!* Why? Because all others of God's creatures are lower in the scale, — animals, and only animality can be demanded of them. But man is an immortal soul, and soul-love, as well as physical passion, was by God ordained as a condition precedent to the generation of beings worthy of immortal life; therefore let love, pure as God's best thought, prevail, and then full, not partial, genius, will be the lot of humankind, and error, deceit, envy, wrong, crime, and all the host of prevailing evils will be confined to four-footed brutes, and be known in the human world no more forever. *Amen!* with all my heart, and all the force of my weary, but trusting soul, — soul so full of love to man, and overflowing with the fire of the God. *True* manhood! What a word! and what a world of radiant glory this will be when it shall be the rule.

Reader, never measure a man or woman by the speech of people. Have faith in your species, have hope for the good time coming, have charity, — for the greatest of these, say what you will, is charity!

A very effective way to remove an aching tooth, is to tie one end of a long string to it, and the other end to a ten-pound weight, and then throw the latter out of a fourth-story window; but it is a rough method. So, also, is it to attempt by harsh means to cure the social ills of life, especially those incident to love and its relations.

The best way is the easiest, and the easiest is to begin *right*, failing in which, the next best plan is to have charity, and win and teach the transgressor back to virtue and good morals, — a work almost any true and gentle woman can do, but a task wholly unfitted for the strong-minded

of the sex, for when a woman meddles with politics its time to put your trust in God!

.

And now, reader, my present task is ended, and I trust you will concede that this subject of Love and its Hidden History has been well ventilated, and that I have indeed raised the curtain on the play of the master passion. *My* purpose was to handle the matter without gloves, and spread all the light on this thing that in me lay. Nothing has been purposely said to offend, but all has been done under the influence of that sweet love bequeathed to me by the darling authoress of my being, — the quickening power of a mother's love.

NOTE. — In the last part of the work on “Seership” will be found a full explanation of the sexuo-magnetic laws — a series of Rosicrucian secrets never before revealed to the outside world. They must be *studied* to be understood, and, when mastered, if any wife fails to win back her husband's love from any other woman; or a woman fails to regain a forfeited affection; or a seduced girl fails to bring her *soi-disant* lover to terms; or any woman fails to impress herself ineffaceably upon the man she feels for, and gain thereby the true end of her and his creation, — an uninterrupted and absolutely perfect coalescence of his soul with hers, or his, as the case may be, — it is their, his, or her own fault, that's all. I do not believe the human being lives who can resist the almost infinite power of love when wielded in accordance with the seven magnetic laws laid down in that book. That is not all; for I believe that in every town and village in the land there is not only a vast and wholly unoccupied field for doing incalculable good, but that an honorable and exceedingly lucrative one besides, for at least *two* persons, a lady and a gentleman, who, if well posted in this science, and that of healing the disorders physical arising from love disturbances as well as affectional, could not merely “make money” rapidly, but do an incalculable amount of good besides. Why, I know one woman in a New England city, who devotes but a tithe of her time to these two sciences, — which I taught her in less than three weeks, — who, in less than three years, has lived better, and dressed better, than she ever did before, besides purchasing a fine property, which to-day would bring twenty thousand dollars under the auctioneer's hammer. But mere money is not her only guerdon, as can readily be seen.

Space will not permit me herein to give the essential knowledge of the seven magnetic laws, or how to exercise them in matters of love; but in "Seership" will be found the whole story, and, what is of special interest to wives, the methods by which an Oriental woman secretly wins back her straying husband by magnetic methods; how she as secretly punishes the woman who has stolen her husband's love; how a widow finds a new husband; how an unmarried girl secures a partner for life; and why there are but few old maids in all Islam, Hindostan, China and Japan; and why the white woman should imitate her Syrian and Hindoo sisters in the study and practice of the esoteric, magnetic laws of love, which they comprehend, enforce, and are married, while the white woman's ignorance thereby condemns millions to celibate lives, old maidhood, and renders her miserable when married, because she does not understand the secret of winning, and, what is more, retaining her husband's love when won. I would gladly have printed the matter bearing on the above subjects, were it not that the book is already a great deal larger than I intended it to be; but, for the satisfaction of my readers, I have published the whole thing in the volume concerning Seership, — a work, by the way, published and for sale exclusively by myself, — seeing that it was written and intended for the few, not the many, for the *thinkers*, not the fools, for the heartfelt, not the heartless, for private use and study, — in short, for those who realize that there's more between heaven and earth than is dreamed of in modern philosophy. To such the book is addressed and dedicated, and to such only; for I had rather sell one copy to a true man or woman, than fifty millions to those who have neither heart nor brains to appreciate its truths.

Its price, for the above reasons, has been placed at three dollars.

.

And now a final word, — concerning venereal diseases. It is considered disgraceful, and *infra dig.*, for a true physician to attend to such cases, and that, too, in spite of the awful fact that such diseases do more harm, cause more and a greater variety of intense agony and wretchedness, moral, physical, social, and domestic, than any other under heaven. Myriads of infernal quacks, who put drugs, of which they know little, into bodies, of which they know less, wax fat and thrive upon the people to whom they go, because it is regarded disreputable for regulars to meddle

with them; the consequence of which is, that many a fine man, young and old alike, suffer incredible agonies for fear of exposure. And here let me say, that any physician who would expose the patient who consults him in any case or in any way is — a *scoundrel!* — be that patient a victim of syphilis, onanism, gleet, stricture, gonorrhœa, leucorrhœa, or masturbation.

Thousands of honest men, husbands who in a weak moment have lost self-control and become infected away from home; thousands of honest wives whom these erring husbands have infected; and thousands more, wives ruined by scoundrels who have first seduced, falsely, and then poisoned their victims; still more, thousands of good young women who have, under marriage promises, yielded, and lost peace of mind and health of body,— these, all these, deserve the best efforts of every true physician to heal and restore. Ay, even those whose trade is harlotry deserve to be healed to stop the spread of the infernal pestilence. I did not always think so. But when my London friend, the famous Dr. Bowers, talked with me and showed the dreadful havoc of this terrific scourge, as he placed the mighty secret of his venereal antidote in my hands, to bear to America, the land of my birth, I changed my mind, and at this date have already furnished over three hundred physicians with Bowers' formulas, and copies of the subjoined interrogatory circular, to be filled up by their inquiring patients, and returned to them for prescription; and I advise all other M.D's. to adopt the same practice, because patients can thus have their cases scientifically treated without their identity being disclosed, seeing that they can fill out answers to the questions and be corresponded with, and have remedies sent to any other than their own true names. My circulars interrogatory are, word for word, as follows:—

Patients who desire advice can enclose a small fee for my time and trouble, and inform me plainly as to the following points. A prescription will be returned by mail and medical agents for the cure of the case, when ordered.

1. AGE — Complexion — Spare or Stout — Married or Single?
2. MODE OF LIVING — Whether Temperate or Free — Animal food, if used in quantity — Pork, and if in quantity?
3. OCCUPATION — In or out door—Active or Sedentary?
4. What previous Diseases? — Describe them distinctly.
5. If of a Scrofulous habit? Is it inherited?

6. Have you Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, or any other Skin Eruption, or Piles?
7. Had your parents either of these Skin Eruptions, or what were their maladies?
8. What is the condition of your Liver, torpid or otherwise?
9. What is the condition of your Kidneys and Bladder?
10. What is the condition of your Stomach and Bowels, whether Constipated — Indigestion — Bilious, Irregular, or Relaxed?
11. Have you a Chronic Cough? Do you expectorate Mucus? Are your Nostrils, Throat, Ears or Eyes, Hearing, Smell, Taste, or the Memory or the Mind affected?
12. Have you Semial Emissions, and was Onanism the cause? If so, how long?
13. Were you ever afflicted with Gonorrhœa. or with Syphilis?
14. Have you had any Gleet, and have you any now? — any stricture?
15. Do you Chew or Smoke Tobacco?
16. Do you use any Alcoholic Drinks?
17. Have you taken Calomel (Mercury), or any other Minerals or Drugs?
18. Have you ever been Salivated?
19. Have you any Affection of the Genital Organs?
20. Have you any Affection of the Urinary Organism?
21. What are the most prominent symptoms of your case, and what is their supposed cause?
22. What is the period that your diseases have existed?
23. Whether any, and what, treatment have you adopted hitherto?
24. Are you sexually excitable or cold?

 *Please reply in the same rotation.*

IF A FEMALE, please answer the questions numbered **1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24**, and, Have you ever masturbated? Have you been extreme in sexual usages?

Of course each M. D. who adopts this circular, must state his own fee for consultation and prescription. Without medicines (which in all cases are extra), mine are from \$1.00 to \$5.00, according to the difficulty of each particular case, while a course of remedies varies in price from \$10.00 to \$12.00 and upwards owing to whether it be large or small, special expensive, or simple and regular, and they are always sent by express. I seldom respond to letters without return stamps and register, and consultation fees, because my medical and literary business is too large to afford the time, and I never employ clerks, because I object to any one reading what passes between me and my patients. Others may not have such scruples, but I do have, and abide by the rule, *inflexibly and in all cases.*

None of my remedies are kept on hand, as the combination suited to one case will not do for any other, but is prescribed and prepared for each according to necessity and temperament, hence each prescription must be paid for when ordered, to secure the laboratory from loss. I prepare them as a physician, not as a seller of medicines.

In conclusion, if in this, or other of my books, aught has been written that gave offence, it has been wholly unintentional ; for I have tried to espouse the cause of woman, on whom alone depends the weal or woe of all who wear the human form now or in ages yet to be. If, on the contrary, I have lifted weight from, and given hope to, any yearning heart, I have much to be thankful for. Of course there remains much unsaid and unwritten that could not well find a place within a printed volume, owing to the wretched hypocrisy of the age, which strains at a gnat and privately swallows half-a-dozen elephants, tusks, tails, trunks, and all. But if there *are* questions that need answering, why ask them. There's the post-office and the mails, and I can have no higher pleasure than that of — as far as my time and the already vast range of my correspondence and medical practice will admit — responding to all such queries. Of course letters intended for the author's eye alone should be marked "private," else they may be opened by a clerk or writer in the establishment, but, if thus marked, will be sure to reach my private post-office box, 3352.

Respectfully,

P. B. RANDOLPH.

BOSTON, Mass., Nov., 1869.

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The dear, warm mouth of those they love,
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