

# LOVE ! AT LAST !

THE SEVEN MAGNETIC LAWS OF LOVE.

The Philosophy of Fascination, The Increase of  
Woman's Power, The Solution of the  
Problems of Love Charms, Love  
Spells, Love Powers, and  
"Love Powders,"

BEING A PORTION OF

LOVE AND ITS HIDDEN MYSTERY.

BY

DR. P. B. RANDOLPH.



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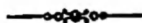
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**P. B. RANDOLPH, M.D., Boston, Mass.**

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# LOVE! AT LAST!



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

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

" But, clear as amber, sweet as musk,  
Is life to those whose loves unite!  
They bask in Allah's smiles by day,  
And nestle in his heart by night."

Thus sang Fatima; thus singeth every true soul.

I know that men ever fail and die, mainly through *feebleness* of WILL. Herein I will teach the adept how to strengthen it. The WILL is one of the prime human powers, and it alone has enabled Man to achieve the splendid triumphs that mark all the ages. If it sleep, or be weak, fitful, or lethargic, the man amounts to a mere cipher. If it be strong and normal, there is no obstacle can successfully impede its sway. We know that the sick are healed by its strength; that homes are made happy by its power; that love itself comes to man through its divine agency; that woman can realize her hopes, *in many directions*, through its resistless force; that God is WILL, and whoso hath it fullest and finest, most resembleth him! *Steady willing will bring lucidity of vision, and of soul!* By it, also, those who love or would love may find. Especially is this true of that large class who seek the occult, and

strongly desire to reach the cryptic light beneath the floors of the waking world,—I mean the sons and daughters of Sorrow, Anguish, and the Light; the loving, unloved ones of the earth; the lonely pilgrims over desert sands; the heart-reft mariners now sailing and surging over the stormy waters of the bitter sea of Circumstance,—for these are the God-sent, and they travel over the roughest paths. To all such, WILL is a boon, a true friend, saying, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will point the road to rest!"

What a man or woman eats, drinks, is clothed with, inhales, or is surrounded by, has a direct effect upon the entire being. What shall be partaken of or avoided, in order to purify the person, and create the best possible personal conditions? What chemist can answer that question? Who among them all can tell the precise magnetic, electric, or dynamic state of a man at any given moment of his life? Not one. But the clear WILL can do all that and more. What shall be taken or avoided in order to strengthen the will? the love nature? the flagging appetites and natural passions? the entire nature? principle? courage? fortitude? faith? persistence? Mental lucidity alone can reply. Nothing is more certain, than that in certain things you have undertaken, disastrous failure has been the result. And why? You cannot tell; but lucidity will enable you to find out, and render you master or mistress of the situation. There are THREE THINGS only that we strive for in this life, as times go, and these are Love, Money, and Position (Power); but we often fail in reaching all or either, only because we are ignorant of the true road to them, as determined by our respective organizations. What but WILL can remedy all this?

Again: It may happen with the best of us that we have forfeited love, or lost it. That we are stranded midway on the rocks of distrust, jealousy, incompatibility.

Does passion lie smouldering? Do you love, and find that love unreturned? Are you forced to "eat your own heart," and languish all your days and nights in hopeless gloom, as I have in years gone by? Have meddlers destroyed your peace, broken up the dearest and tenderest ties, wrecked you on the hard rocks of life's roughest paths, deserted you, and left you all alone in the terrible trial hour? Have you been wrecked on life's journey, and

seek dry and solid footing? Do you seek communion with the higher magic of Power? Here is Rhodes, and here leap! Hope! Persistence! Is it worth while to know what your faults of character are, and how the defect may be remedied; to know the reasons why you fail in many of your undertakings? and what will lead you on to success? If man or woman hath lost hope, and love and passion are smouldering wrecks, is it worth while to know how they may be resurrected from their premature graves? All this my book and books will instruct you how to accomplish.

When it is asserted that there is no inner world of mystic forces under the sun; that there are no mysterious means whereby ends both good and ill can be wrought at any distance; that the so-called "spells," "charms," and "projects" are mere notions, having no firmer foundation than superstition or empty air alone, — then I flatly deny all such assertions, and affirm the conclusions arrived at, are so reached by persons wholly ignorant of the invisible world about us, and of the inner powers of the human mind. Although I am not called upon here to explain the *rationale* involved in this special department at full length, yet elsewhere I have clearly indicated the direction in which they are to be found. As well tell me that the sun don't rise, as that there are no means whereby two dissevered persons cannot be brought in contact; or that methods do not exist by means of which one person can assuredly so work upon another as to gain desired ends (of course said ends ought always to be good), no matter whether said ends be those of love, affection, jealousy, revenge, or love of gain and of power. I have seen too much of that sort of thing in Asia, Africa, France, California, England, Long Island, and New Orleans, to doubt the evidences of my senses, and the experience of years of attentive study of this branch of the great magnetic law, to doubt it. Indeed, so thoroughly convinced was I of the truth, that I spent years in travel and association with experts, in order to become master of the processes and the rather unpleasant secrets of the lower (as well as of the higher) kind. In New Orleans, nothing is more common than for both men and women to employ the dreadful *VOUDOU* to effect contact with loved or desired ones. I have seldom known a failure, albeit some experiments of acquaintances of mine were rather expensive. A man loves a woman, and

cannot reach her, or *vice versa*; then comes in the Voud. I have a personal story to tell on this head, with living witnesses in Boston, that would convince the most sceptical person living. More than that: in this matter of sympathetic art I know that a pair of twin rings, containing each other's hair, one worn by the loved, the other by the lover, will blend the two in magnetic rapport to an astonishing degree. The whole thing is magnetic (another word for magic), and so it is also of the "love-powder" business, for, although most of the charlatans who pretend to deal in them are conscienceless swindlers, *yet it is possible to prepare and charge certain materials so that they will retain the nerve aura of one person, and impart it to another, kindling up magnetic love between them, just as a little yeast will leaven a whole barrel of flour.* Again, it will not do to tell me that one person cannot throw a spell upon another, and affect them favorably, or the reverse at any distance! Hundreds are living witnesses to-day of my public exposure and defiance of the whole tribe of VOUDREUX in New Orleans, at the School of Liberty, in 1864-5, and it was from one of the VOUDREUX queens (Alice H—n), and Madam D—s, a victim, that I gained much of my knowledge in these occult points. I have known it to be practised for purposes of passion, love, revenge, and pecuniary speculation, and nearly always with a strange and marvellous success. Again, we are told that powers of evil guard hidden treasures, and successfully obfuscate and confuse the would-be finders. I believe it; and also believe that said obfuscation can easily be overcome by a timely resort to powers of a higher grade. 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 SARBONNE, have believed, do believe it, and I glory in being found in such august company, including ALEXANDER of RUSSIA, and NAPOLEON III.

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 husbands' 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, any good man or woman could gather wealth with amazing rapidity; but I have neither time nor such assistant, and therefore can only teach this marvellous secret of a strange and mighty power to a comparative few, here and there. 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 now 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, 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 I not beautiful, lovely?—that is to say, capable of giving great joy to man? Reverse the sexes, and you will 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 the 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' harems 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 afforded, 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 sanction 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!

Enforced celibacy, continued singleness, is, in the vast majority of cases, an unmitigated curse, besides being an outrageous swindle on God, and fraud upon Nature, alike to be dreaded and shunned by all men, and especially by all women, who were never created or intended to

"Waste their sweetness on the desert air,"

by any manner of means, for which reason I fully justify any and every woman in getting a husband by any art or means within her power, — magic, magnetic, sympathetic, or, if she can do it, by the magnetic love-charms, amulets, or the mysterious magnetic Phluph, — not of the modern tricksters, but of "La Petite Albert," which, however the wise ones may laugh and sneer at, have, for one hundred and fifty years demonstrated their astonishing magnetic power in affectional directions.

[People, — those who live on the surface, and believe only in what they can see, touch, smell, hear, and taste, but in whom the soul of all sense lies *perdu*, or sleeping, — your matter of fact persons who, not comprehending the power beneath its symbol, fail

not to giggle, sneer, and jeer at all which pertains to the wonderful and vast inner world of sympathetic, solar, astral, lunar, electric, magnetic, and ethereal laws, principles, powers, energies, and forces hidden just a little beneath the surface, yet all too far off for either their searching or understanding. And yet, strange to relate! at the very moment such people laugh at "love powders," and broadly grin at the idea of a sympathetic ring or a Phlupha affecting the love, nature, or fortunes of a person, yet actually accept the still stranger marvels of homœopathy, and devoutly believe that a pinch of sulphur will both cause and cure the feeling of despair of eternal salvation (Page 210, *Jahr's Manual*), and that pulsatilla cures the fit. The wise ones laugh at the idea of a drachm of *Phluph* strangely affecting one to whom it is given to handle or to wear, and yet openly admit seeing scores of people made stupid drunk with clean water; water turned into oil, wine, vinegar, nectar, or nauseous potions, on the stage of the mesmerist operator!! And yet not one-fortieth the controlling power exists in all that ten mesmerists could produce in a month as resides in half an ounce of genuine Persian *Phluph*! Why? Because it, alone of all other earthly things, is perfectly retentive of the odyllic, magnetic, ethereal, and volitional energies wherewith it is charged. Like everything else it is graded. There are seven degrees of power in true *Phluph*, and none but that of the first grade has ever been out of the possession of the only two who know its real composition in America. I do not regard myself as at all superstitious, because I believe in the occult principles and forces in nature; nor because I am positively certain that a strange protection has been mine since the hour that an Egyptian girl on the banks of the Nile, in parting, placed round my neck an amulet, one portion of which consisted of a few grains of *Phluph*. Laugh if you like, or who likes, — I believe, I *know*, just as I do that Time and God are living facts, that the strange amulet then placed by *Zuliela* around my neck is a direct agent in my extraordinary good fortune in *all* matters, money included. They may laugh, but I can produce unquestionable proof, of one woman whose life had been a failure, both in love impressment and money matters, entirely changed for the better from the moment she procured it,— a portion of a quantity which I was induced by a gentleman to compound for his special use; and of a score of others

(among whom I shared a small box of that which I procured in Egypt in 1861. In a word, I believe—no matter who calls me superstitious—that the curious compound of magnetized ingredients that enter into that self-same *Phyluph* of the Persians, and the formula of which I obtained in exchange for that of a syphilitic cure, contains within itself the combined magneto-electric (latent till roused) force of will, not only of those who compound and mingle it, but of the love powers, forces, and divine energies of the aerial spaces; that its influence is magnetico-ethereal, and hence irresistible, and that it is the real oriental talisman of success. I am an orientalist, and of oriental blood and lineage, and, despite what the numskulls of Western so-called "civilization" may say, I know there is a mighty power in magnetism and will, and that results are reachable through this occult and holy magnetism not reachable otherwise. It was through this divine power I defeated the infernalisms of the Voudoos of New Orleans in 1865, and can do it again. The formula belongs wholly to me, has never been given or sold to any one, and never will be. I brought it from Egypt, and never compound it save for such as truly need—not merely want—magnetic aid. This true oriental mystery is mine, and mine only, and any attempt to foist counterfeits should be laughed at, as from my secret alone can it be made, for it is *never* kept for sale, seeing that it is useless unless charged by the sender and the sendee. All letters on that subject must be marked "Private," and contain a fee, to receive the slightest attention, as I charge *nothing* for the article, but \$5.00 for my opinion and my time.

On my table lies a copy of a work in old French, printed at Lyons in 1758, full of strange secrets on the points here mooted and which book it would take a large sum to buy from me. I fully agree with that author, that any man or woman is fully justified in resorting to any crimeless means in order to retain or regain the love of wife, husband, or friend; hence my advice in this book, but more especially that contained in my works "Love and its Hidden History," "The Master Passion; or, Curtain Raised," and the forthcoming reprint of "The Great Secret; or, Physical Love, its Mysteries Revealed," which I intend to incorporate in the two first-named books in future editions. Meanwhile, those who want special information,

GOLDEN SECRET!" can enclose a fee of \$5.00 and write me for it, at Boston, Mass.

It is disheartening, not to say disgusting, to read the nauseous advertisements in the papers of conscienceless wretches, who have "love-powders" for sale, which have no more virtue than a piece of chalk. And yet the idea involved is based upon a truth as eternal as the universe, which truth is, that peculiar substances can be charged with the efflux or aura of the human being (witness the science of homœopathy, to say nothing about haunted houses, etc., and the startling facts of spiritual mediumship). The substances thus chargeable are few, rare, and costly; yet such *do* exist, and (it takes two persons of opposite sex to do it) they can not only be filled with the specific magnetism of a person, but can be filled with the aura of heatan lust and passion, just as the Voodooes effect their incontestable magnetic spells; or they can be charged with divinest love, and be impressed spiritually with a mission to any soul with whose body they shall come in contact. It matters not to me who denies this fact of the magnetic universe; *I know it*, for I have seen a deserted wife bring to her feet her recreant lord; I have seen a great actor re-win the love of his wife, whom another member of the same opera troupe stole from him, and I have seen a betrayed and almost ruined girl arrest the career of him who first betrayed, and then left her out in the cheerless cold of an infernally hypocritical world. To save people from being victimized by charlatans, it is as well to inform them that in no case can anything be charged with the power by one person alone; hence money sent for such things is worse than thrown away. *Two persons of opposite gender, one of whom must be the party who desires to affect a third one, must conjoin in the process of infiltrating, by will, by hope, by the breath and finger-tips, the neutral substances with the specific power, and magnetic quality designed; nor can it be done in any other way whatever, because there can be no magnetic evolution unless the magnetic law of minus and plus, positive and negative, magnetic and electric, be observed.*

But what are the materials that can be charged with a specific human magnetism? I reply,—The negroes of Africa and our own land know of and use hundreds,—herbs and roots mainly; but science in the hands of the late Baron Von Riechenbach,

whose researches into the mysteries of light, heat, odics, chemism, and magnetics cannot be overvalued, has thrown a flood of light on the subject, so that now we know what substances are the best; and fine steel-filings, iron by hydrogen, sugar of milk, chloride of gold and lactucarium, well manipulated together in proper quantities, and exact proportions, by two persons in a glass mortar, can be charged so powerfully as to exert a specific influence upon even a dumb animal, much more a human being. Perhaps it is well that such a preparation is costly, requiring much time, trouble, and expense, else wrong uses might be made thereof. And, besides that, it is absolutely essential that certain ingredients must be furnished from the person of the individual who proposes to be benefited by its use; and without this the thing is useless, because the specific magnetism will escape. It is to be sewed in the garment, or worn by the party to be affected; not swallowed, or taken inwardly. Albeit there are substances that may be, to the same end. I do not propose to name the something else.

There are millions of "old maids" in America and Christian Europe, but I doubt if as many can be found in all Turkish Europe, India, China, Arabia, Japan, Syria, and the Islands of the Seas, as exist within the limits of New England alone! Why? Because the white woman, everywhere, is ignorant of the foundation laws of love; the wonderful measures of magic (magnetic) forces underlying the master-passion of the human soul; while the white man, as a general thing, is altogether too surface in the matter; is not properly struck or impressed by the immense value and importance of children, nor of the principles which subtend the laws of their proper and normal generation. They are too much absorbed in dimes and dollars, political and other perishable ambitions; too fond of place, power, and *éclat*; their love for women is tempestuous, sensual, intermittent, superficial, based on physical organization mainly, without either a mental or moral *élan* to give it soul and substance. They win easily but wear badly; to correct which evils, so far as possible, is why I write and publish edition after edition of my works: "Love and its Hidden History," "The Rosicrucian's Story," "The Master Passion; or, The Curtain Raised," "After Death," "Ravalette," and others bearing upon the general subject, any,

or all of which, if the lessons they convey be well observed, will smooth the surface of Marriage-land.

For the benefit of those who specially require cerebral or brain magnetization, I have made arrangements with an artisan here to furnish an invention admirably calculated to exert a specific and positive electro-magnetic power on the brain, directly above the eyes, and right on the frontal region of the head. There can be not the slightest doubt that these plates will prove extremely useful in the direction indicated, and serve as an electric curative power as well, in catarrh, headache, neuralgia, sleeplessness, and general nervous unrest. The cost of these fine head magnets, as well as those alluded to elsewhere, will be FIVE DOLLARS. The head plates should be bound over the eyes and forehead at night on retiring, and be worn there an hour or two, or all night long. The body magnetic plates may be worn over the breast, sides, back, abdomen, or limbs; and these especially are a curative agency for *all* forms of disease, especially such as originate in disordered nerves,—not surpassed, if equalled, by any other in existence.

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!*

Now, genius in either sex seldom find 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 unfixeness, 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 over-spreads them with a mantle of forgetfulness; whereupon the afore-said 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 afflatus.

I regret the angularities of genius, but when love governs 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 it's time to put your trust in God!

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 feticide!* . . . *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 juriconsult 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 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 Christs, 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, kaleidoscopic 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 whereof 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 recreant 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 America, for these are mainly errant cheats and swindles, and when they do apparently succeed the thing is accomplished by other means.

And, by the way, it must make an oriental laugh to see the ridiculous substitutes for, and imitations of, the *Phluph*, circulated in this country, when it is well known that not one single ingredient of the genuine is indigenous, and but two persons in the country either know what they are or how mingled. I have never seen this celebrated thing used as a means of gaining love, or subduing a refractory heart, albeit I *have* known of many reports affirmatory of its weird magnetic power. For money purposes I have known it to be used with astonishingly favorable results after its use, that were not prior thereto; as elsewhere stated, I make not the slightest hesitation in saying that I believe a strange and extraordinary magnetic power, imparted thereto, and for any given specified end and use, resides within every grain's weight of thrice annealed, charged, genuine Persian *Phluph*.

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, and between three and eight A. M., than at any other hours. . . . Men are most powerful 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—wary; 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. [See the "Golden Letter."]

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 preaching."

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.

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.

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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." But it is contained in the "Golden Letter," which see.

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 offered 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 scandalize 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.

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 macloomatic, — 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 women, man's period of love is renewed at least three times as often.

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 Mystery," 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 us 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 most magnificent possible success in moulding and shaping the destiny of the world!

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!

There are seven distinct magnetic laws, which, when obeyed and enforced, cannot possibly fail of producing given effects or results; and the first of these, and without which but little can be done, either with reference to one's self or another, is PERSISTENCE OF PURPOSE TO A GIVEN END, AIM, AND PURPOSE. My own career is a proof-case in point. Many years ago I made the discovery, elsewhere announced, that most of human ills, social, domestic, mental, and moral, were the result of infractions, by excess, entire continence, or inversion, therefore *perversion*, of the sexual passion and instinct common to the human race. But there was no known cure for those evils, and I was therefore compelled to search for one in the regions of the unknown. With certain speculative and transmitted data to start from, I began, and for long years continued, the investigation of the matter, with a persistence, patient research, and strength of will that shrunk at no obstacle, admitted no possibility of defeat or failure. The result of that persistence

I

is before the world, which this day acknowledges that I have perfected a series of nervo-vital remedials, better than have yet been produced on the globe, to relieve the nervous troubles of mankind, no matter whether they resulted from excess or inversion of the sex-instinct of mankind, or from prodigal waste of life from over-study, sedentary, in-door life, or excessive mental, moral, or nervous toil.

II | The second law is that of **ATTENTION** — condensed, steady, concentrated attention to, and upon, the person, object, principle, purpose or thing intended or attempted to be achieved. The exercise of this power will increase the general mental strength *rapidly*.

III | The third law is, **CALMNESS**, quietude! Nothing can be gained by ebullition, hurry, excitement, especially in matters pertaining to Loving, by any means whatever, because it destroys the direction and volume of the magnetic currents, and scatters to the winds what ought to be a steady, waving flow of power.

IV | The fourth magnetic law is that of **WILL**; not persistence in, or of, it; but will itself — the *It-shall-be-as-I-want-it* power of the soul. It is the central pivot about which all the others rotate, and receive their impulsion toward the ends aimed at.

V | The fifth law is that of **INTENSITY**, which needs no explanation.  
VI | The sixth law is that of **POLARITY**. — the most important one of all, because without it not much can be done; with it, there is no human being but can be reached and influenced, to a degree perfectly astonishing, as I have demonstrated in a hundred cases, one of which shall serve as a lesson: —

Mrs. A., for instance, having heard that I sometimes give lessons of a psychical character, comes to me with the old story, that her husband's love has grown cool, that he is attracted elsewhere, and she is wretched in consequence, and wants to draw him back by magnetic, or any other equally sure, innocent and certain means. If she already possesses a good magnetic mirror, all the better; if not, I tell her to borrow one from a friend, and use it as herein-after directed; and I begin by inquiring the height, complexion, color of eyes and hair, approximative weight, and build, and age of her husband. This, to determine his temperament, with *reference to her own*. Suppose she is a blonde and her husband a brunette. These are the proper *relative* temperaments, and such *ought* to be a happy union, and they twain disagreeing, I conclude that the

fault is mainly her own. She is, very likely, too cold, exacting imperious, disobliging, heedless of him; non-caressive; and I tell her to *correct* these faults in herself to begin with, for such a man with such a temperament will be quick, impulsive, passionate, restive, and full of angles; yet, armed with love, the blonde wife can not only subdue him, but win him from any *brunette* woman under the sun. How? Blondes are electric, brunettes magnetic, and very susceptible to influences *steadily* brought to bear upon them. *His* weakest point, and therefore greatest want, is *caressive* love. Let the blonde wife play *that* card, and her game is won; and that's what is meant by Polarity. Let her sit before the mirror, bring up his image before her therein, and when it is steadily fixed before the soul's eyes, let her bring all the other six laws to bear upon it—*him* crowning all, as she looks upon him with true, pure, wisely, DESIRE—the seventh law, which all understand.

But suppose *both* parties are blondes. It is evident that *caressive* love won't do there, because both are of the same *electric* temperament, and the straying husband, nine chances in ten, has become fascinated with some dark-eyed, dark-haired, olive-hued, passionate woman, whose warm, magnetic nature is altogether fascinating, and chains him with bands of triple steel. Well, in that case, the wife must attack him through the door of his higher nature, and prove to him by her steady, unchanging treatment of him, that soul is superior to body, mind to mere beauty, solicitude and interest in his affairs of more worth than whole oceans of mere passionism. His brain and sense, then, is the *point d'appui* in that case—is the polar point. Reverse the sexes and circumstances, if you choose to do so, yet the law is still the same.

But there is another principle here, that is of equal importance; in all cases where a love-sundering is the result of a third party's intrusion, influence, and power. Repulsion is precisely as powerful as Attraction, and we will suppose that the fault lies neither in the wife nor husband, but in a female rival of the former, who of course is just as susceptible to magnetic influences, hatred, dislike, etc., as any other human being. Well, to illustrate this very important point: Once in Cairo, Egypt, I conversed with an educated Arab on this very topic, and learned that it was a common custom for an injured wife to bring before her the image of the recreant husband—by force of will—frequently using, for want

of a better, either a glass of water, or such a magic mirror as is described in Lane's "Modern Egyptians," and in Mrs. Poole's "English Woman in Egypt," or in my work on "The Mysteries of the Magnetic Universe;" but as there are plenty of Wulees, Kutbs, and dervishes all over Egypt, it is quite an easy matter for such to gain an hour's use of a genuine glass or jewel. In this mirror, no matter whether a common one or a diamond, she invokes the Simulacrum, or magnetic image of the woman who has stolen her husband's affections. "But suppose she don't know who the woman is?" That makes not the slightest difference; all she has to do is to will *the* woman, and no earthly power can prevent her image, wraith, picture, or spiritual form and face from appearing. When she does so: "*Back on thy head all the misery thou hast heaped upon mine! Back to thy heart the pangs thou hast made me endure!*" In the name of Love, whom thou hast disgraced; in the name of Him who is omnipotent, I turn the love my (husband or lover) bears thee, into its opposite — dislike and hatred; and in Allah's name I change thy mutual passion into foul disgust and horror. In the name of God so may it be!"

Now your *practical* people will probably laugh at such a method, such means, and yet in so doing they laugh at God, at human love, breaking hearts, and the irresistible magnetic laws of the entire universe of the great Supreme; and I had rather face the "devil" than the solemn prayer of an injured woman; for I *might* escape *his* clutches — if he had any; but it is certain that such a message, from such a woman, under such circumstances, and in such a cause, would find me and fang my soul with horror wherever I might hide; because woman's love is the strongest force on earth; her cause is the purest, strongest, and most just; and all the good powers of the universe are in sympathy therewith. Nor do I believe it possible for a failure to occur, provided the woman be in *dead earnest*, and follows up her blow day by day, till her (magnetic) victory is achieved.

But injured wives are not the only ones in Syria, Egypt, Turkey, and Arabia, who have recourse to magnetic means in love affairs; for widows resort to the identical methods, save only a change of *formulas*: "Gracious Allah, thou hast declared it is not good to be alone; wherefore grant that I may (herein) behold *one* suited to me." This, supposing she has no *special* man for a husband in view. If she has, then she brings up his image, and



directs her force upon *him*. I have heard of many successes; I have known of no failures; nor do I see any reason why the white women of Western Europe and North America should not be quite as powerful and successful in these matters as their Arabian and Egypto-Syriac sisters, or the quadroons of the South, who notoriously practise the same things to the same ends. If one of these women has no special man in view whom she desires to have for a husband, then she continues the experiments until a series of psycho-visual phantasmal faces flit across the strange, dark face of the magnetical glass. When one appears toward whom her soul yearns, as only a woman's soul *can* yearn, and she feels toward it as love alone can feel, she holds the simulacrum there, firmly, steadily, brings into active play the law heretofore explained, and forthwith impresses—wherever, whoever, he may be—the living original of that phantom picture by a magnetism forceful, irresistible. The next thing is to find the man; to bring the two together; and this is done by the same means; for the lucidity has often revealed localities, places, names. Seldom, however, is there a case like the above; for generally the woman already knows of the man she wants, and then her object is to inspire him, and the meeting afterward is a very easy affair.

Of course this whole thing is nothing but pure and simple, entirely magnetic from first to last, only that it is Oriental, instead of Western, and is reached by methods differing from those in practice by Europeans and Americans generally—if we except a few of the Wandering Zingaras, and Southern Octoroons.

[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 remov-

ing 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!

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 called the GOLDEN SECRET.

NOTE. — The contents of this pamphlet are but mainly a few extracts from the author's large works, "Love and its Hidden History," "The Master Passion; or, The Curtain Raised," and "The Mysteries of the Magnetic Universe," advertised in the back pages hereof, by consulting which the reader will find that they contain immensely more and extremely valuable information on the mighty subject of LOVE, in both the sexes, and numerous items concerning human decoration and the increase of Beauty, Life, and Vigor, with the sublime power of prolonging Love, not to be found in any other work in any language, many things therein having been acquired by the author during his travels through Egypt, Arabia, Turkey, Greece, and other Oriental lands.

The value of the work first named is immeasurably enhanced from the fact that it tells the *whole story* about the life, waste, death, and revival of Love and the amative passion, as well as the chemistry of the human form. In it the poor victim of a husband's brutality, or a wife's coldness, finds the road direct to a better state of things, and the senile, worn-out, blasé and totally nerveless and impotent man or woman are shown how, — by wholly abandoning the use of pernicious stimulating druggery, which leaves the victim far worse than ever, — they can, by the use of the element known as PROTOZONE, renew both life, mental power, and physical stamina and vigor; for the glory of MAN is his strength and living power. They will learn *how* that great dynamic agent restores the exhausted, nervous, blue-hued, sickly woman, to her pristine glory, and thus, by re-

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constructing the nerve fires, rekindle the flickering, worn-out, burnt-down lamp of love. Because mental, emotional, and chemico-physical states and moods are demonstrably interchangeable and reactionary one upon the other. For these reasons PROTOZONE, above all other elements, is not only perfectly innocent, but is also *the* positive dynamic force of nerve in material form. The despairing, sad, and gloomy, the victim of extremism and self-abuse, the hysterical female and worn-out wife, the subjects of mental, moral, emotional and *amative* paralysis, those in whom chronic torpor has succeeded unwise activity, the sterile, impotent, despondent, semi-insane and suicidal, will in the above book and in Protozone find what will restore them, and its fruit, — health and happiness.

Until now, the strange and wonderful discovery in reference to love matters — alluded to on pages 27, 69, and elsewhere, in my larger volumes, and also in this monograph, under the name of the GOLDEN SECRET — has rarely been imparted to any one, for reasons set forth in the larger works, and only then at a charge of twenty-five dollars for writing it out. Now, however, that so vast a number have become interested vitally in my works on Love, and in Love itself, a great demand has sprung up for the very strange and valuable information alluded to. Five dollars is its price, sent securely sealed, to any address. But it cannot be had save direct from myself, viz., Boston, Mass., box 3352. — P. B. R.

NOTE. — In the last part of the work on "Scership" will be found a full explanation of the sexuo-magnetic laws, — a series of remarkable 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, and herein. 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 enlarge upon the knowledge of the seven magnetic laws, or how to exercise them in matters of love; but in my works 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 more 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.

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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 aloe 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!*

There's many such "Sultans" right here in Yankee land!!

Now comes the practical application of the principles laid down herein, and elsewhere in my works upon love.

It has already been shown that the nature of love is, to all intents and purposes, entirely magnetic. In other words, the most magnetic man or woman will be the most successful in all affairs involving the affections; while he or she who is *not* magnetic, no matter how educated, wealthy, good-looking, or accomplished, will fail to impress him or herself upon the object of affection. And the sole and only reason why so many young men stoop to the lowest and vilest of habits and associations, and why so vast a multitude of young girls go astray, and lose themselves in the sinks and purlicus of vice and infamy, is because they do not possess that personal and positive magnetic power and presence so essential to the winning of hearts, — the attainment of enduring and genuine love. There can be no success so long as they refuse to put in practice the only possible efforts whereby they can overcome the deficiency named. They *must* become magnetic; and the only way to do so is to put the magnetic laws into immediate and constant operation. Writes Franklin Smith, a man of rare intuitions and profound thinking abilities, — the same to whom I resigned a portion of my medical business in Boston in 1870: — “Since I have read your later works, I think that love — human love — is the greatest thing on earth; for what else were human beings made for, but to associate, blend, and mingle with each other; and this blending, mingling influence is love! It is *the* one grand theme, — inexhaustible, infinite!” And Franklin Smith is right.

Now, there are certain laws to be understood and followed; therefore I now proceed to give a perfectly clear and plain account of LOVE AND ITS HIDDEN MYSTERY (BEING THE TRUE ORIENTAL SECRET); OR, THE LAWS OF HUMAN LOVE REVEALED. *Study these Golden Words profoundly: do not merely read them.*

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 got 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! When I travelled in Syria, Arabia, Egypt and Turkey, in 1861-2, I 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 secret has never been given to the American people, nor has the real Persian Philuph; but a red powder has been foisted on the people by impostors, who claim it to be the real secret, but which is an imposition, — in other words a compound, value three cents, sold at one dollar; besides the name under which it is sold is a false one, — no such person 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 two hundred million votaries! There is not as many of these fearful crimes committed among all the Moslem, in ten years, as disgraces Boston, New York, or Philadelphia in 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 imperiling 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 passional 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 a week!* 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 principle obtains 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 Protozone, or some equally powerful 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, 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 that Protozone will remove. 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 vampirized, and a vampire 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 vampire is selfish; is never content, but in handling, fondling its object, which process leaves the victim 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 ever 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 vampirism 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 amateness, 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's 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 real soul can never be. I therefore lay down these rules, 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 soul will tell the true story with unerring certainty. At this point let me give

*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

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LOVE AT LAST.

the forbidding scene. The moral of all this is: *Stick to homes and your families.* "A house divided against itself ca 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.

Let us resume the statement of the laws and rules:

VI. The power of inner perception of the truth of a love 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. This subject will be found treated more at length in "Love and its Hidden History," and "The Master Passion;" for which address this office.

VIII. 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 train of evils 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, while Protozone will tone their bodies, and give them new life, energy, and the power that begets power in return.

IX. MARRIED MEN's lives will be happy and pleasant when they learn: 1st, That a woman is a woman, — not a softer sort of man. 2d. That *wives appreciate forbearance.* 3d. That occasionally a woman's organization becomes so deranged that she needs sympathy, love, tenderness and great patience on his part, for she cannot help her vagaries. Bread thus thrown upon the waters will return a harvest of love ere many days. 4th. A wife is a truer friend, even if homely, than the most beautiful *outsider* that ever lived. 5th. Take your wife into your counsels: the place of amusement, walk, talk, and be pleasant with her. Attentions pay

large interest. 6th. Never bring *all* your troubles home to saddle them on her; and 7th, 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 relations, 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."

X. It may chauce that lover, sweetheart, wife or husband may desire to operate *secret*-magnetic power, holy, pure, and strong, upon the beloved object, either to attract that other, fasten his or her affections upon him or herself, to put a magnetic barrier, strong and insurmountable, between the loved one and whoever else may have stepped in between, and interrupted the stream of affection, — as in the case of a wife whose husband has been drawn away by some pretty butterfly, or artful woman. In either of which cases direct magnetic means must be resorted to, not in a bad or boastful, but in a good, pure, and well-wishing spirit; for in that case victory is certain, but not without: and I may here state that what follows is entirely Oriental. 1st. A small bag of crimson silk, two inches long, one inch wide, each side padded with clean floss cotton. Between these two sides, before they are quilted together (either to be worn around the neck of a lady who desires to be loved, to be magnetic, to exert a particular charm upon others; or sewed into a pocket pincushion by a lady, to be presented by her to him she wants to rein, keep constant, or increase the affection of, toward herself), between these two halves is to be sprinkled a little of the magnetic combination known as *Phluph*, along with clippings of something worn by the party to be affected, as a lock of hair. The magnetic pillow is another mode: In the pillow where rests the recreant husband's head, the wife sews a much larger amulet than the above; and he or she who sleeps upon it can no more help thinking of and being drawn to him or her, whose hair is sewed up with *Phluph* within it, than the sun can help being hot. The reason is *not* a superstitious one, but strictly scientific, and in direct accordance with the known laws of human magnetism. And here let me say once for all, that it is not at all reasonable to suppose that I, who am known the wide world over as an author, speaker, and physician, — I, who am quoted as supreme authority on the laws of love and passion, in all four quarters of the globe; I, who have made these laws the

study of a lifetime, — would descend to the petty, infinitesimal, contemptible meanness of publishing what I believe to be an untruth. No. I am not yet so necessitated and shall never be. There are those who perhaps will laugh at what I declare to be a scientific system, but I challenge all such to an open discussion of it at any time and any place. Nor is the sale of *Phluph* my aim, for I never yet sold an ounce, and never will, but I give it away, charging five dollars for my time and trouble in its preparation. Where parties desire to make a business of dealing in love affairs, I give a course of personal instructions for twenty-five dollars, and purchase the materials for them to prepare *Phluph* with at cost: namely, for first grade, twenty dollars the pound; second grade, twenty-five dollars; third grade, thirty-six dollars; fourth grade, fifty dollars, and special instruction for each degree or grade, twenty dollars extra. For particular information relative to the increase of life-power, knowledge of the passional laws of human life, to fit ladies or gentlemen to travel or teach, I charge one hundred dollars for each person, which includes the right to my system of treating these complaints originating in abuse of the love-laws of human nature. At present I am alone, not yet having been successful in finding a gentleman or lady, with both brains and capital (five thousand dollars), to join me; but have had hundreds with the money, and scores with the brains, but as yet no one with both combined. When I *do* find such I shall expand my business, already large, until a knowledge of the laws of love shall be so widely spread, that the chronic cursedness and and regnant hells on earth in the married state, shall be the rare exceptions to the general rule, instead of the opposite, as is now the case. There's a good time coming! Let us wait a little longer. Meanwhile I shall wage relentless war upon all shams of love, alone and single-handed, if need be, in the future as in the past; or with a partner, if I find the right one; or, as now, with scores of pupils all over the land, who are doing good and helping themselves to money as a partial guerdon. For I believe in love, all the way through; I believe it is the noblest, best, purest and sweetest thing on earth; and while I live will help every man, woman, and the betweenities to win, obtain, intensify, deepen, purify, strengthen and keep it, and I will help all others to do the same! There! That's me! I mean it!

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