

THE GRAND SECRET;

OR,

PHYSICAL LOVE

IN

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

BY DR. PASCHAL B. RANDOLPH,

AUTHOR OF "DEALINGS WITH THE DEAD;" "IT IS N'T ALL RIGHT;"
"DHOULA BEL, OR THE MAGIC GLOBE," ETC., ETC.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

PILKINGTON & RANDOLPH.

1861-62.

~~REVISED~~

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THE GRAND SECRET.

"WHAT IS LOVE?" — *Everybody.*

"IT IS — IT IS — WELL, I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS." — *Everybody else.*

Love is a glorious thing for old and young,
_____ for high and low,
_____ for all below —

The Mecca of the heart all bards have sung.

The poor are rich if love with them abide;

The rich are poor if he dwell not with them;

The monarch oft would give his diadem

For such sweet company at even-tide.

Love is a glorious thing, I do rehearse —

A burning fount more potent than the god

That rules the day and vivifies the clod;

It is the spirit of the universe —

Th' attraction by Eternal Wisdom given,

To keep souls in their orbits, both in earth and heaven.

There is a book in me on the subject of Human Love, not in its theoretical, sentimental, or lackadaisical aspects, either; but on its practical, matter-of-fact, passional and every day side. That book, like Sheridan's pent-up speech, "must come out," and go forth to do good in the world.

In performing this task it will be necessary to use bold terms; rebuke not a few of the current follies of the people, and attack some of the modern theories—especially certain ones put forth and sustained by people claiming to be "Reformers." The fact is, there is too much awkishness, and not a little prudery extant on the general subject of romantic affections, which needs to be corrected; while on the other hand there is much license to be restrained. In doing my duty on the other hand there is much license to be restrained. In doing my duty in these respects, nothing shall purposely be written that can offend good taste, or the soundest morals, for I shall ever keep God before my

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THE GRAND SECRET.

soul's eye as I write ; and while the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, shall be given, yet it shall be done after a manner totally inoffensive, albeit my *meaning* shall never be covered up in orthographic cloaks, nor stilted in the least ; for the aim throughout shall be to instruct, and to enable the student to discern the difference between the current moonshine of the day on the subject of Love, and the clear sunbeam of common sense.

I purpose to introduce what follows by first giving you, sir, or you, madam, a few bits of advice, adapted, doubtless, to your acceptance, if not to your condition. First, then : The greatest tendency we of the present age have is the tendency to WASTE ourselves. By all means, PRESERVE yourself : conserve yourself. Make up your mind to do this, and this book ~~will show you how~~ and will prove worth a hundred times the price you paid for it.

The Americans, for whom I write, are like untamed horses, constitutionally needing very little, if any, whip or spur, but a great deal of curb-rein ; and, even then, sometimes the passions, especially the amorous, gets the bit, and away goes somebody to ruin, — frequently moral and intellectual, as well as bodily, — at a very swift rate. Young Americans, and not a few old ones, forget that Passion's tide will one day ebb as well as flow, and that, unless care be taken, its waves may leave their bodies stranded high and dry upon the rocks of disaster, and physical impotence and ruin, ere life's voyage be normally half over. Let those who doubt this look around upon the ten thousand "splendid wrecks" of men and women, to be met with any day — regular walking spectres, scarce forty years old, dolefully wending their way through the world.....Be mistress — be master of yourself ! It is a difficult, but essential service, to perform thoroughly.....Ninety

very hundred are bound slaves to some dominant power — money, fame, position — Amorousness. Talk about resisting the Devil ! That were an easy task — provided he came in proper form, with hoof, etc. — all complete : but when he attacks a man or woman through amative-ness, great Heaven, what amount of courage, persistence, stamina, does it *not* require to successfully beat back this formidable enemy to human peace and virtue — especially when, as of late years, it attacks us panoplied in "Philosophic" armor — backed by never so many "scientific" reasons, axioms, historic parallels, ancient examples — and examples more modern, too — drawn from our barn-yards mainly ! Yes, indeed : the devil can be defeated by one or two pater-nosters ; but when for bullets he uses the amorous glances of a right down handsome

God, or man, God help the poor besieged! Yesterday a resolution was taken not to yield to the control of some tempting, besetting sin, again. To-day there was a slight fall — like the servant girl's baby — it was *only a little one!* To-morrow it will be the same old story — so strong is human weakness. Nothing but the grace of God, spare diet and cold water is effective in such cases — the two last are very excellent, and are more easily reached than the first. True, prayer is a very good thing, but then a great deal of watching must needs go along with it. "Lead us not into temptation" is capital, so far as it goes, but "run straight away from temptation;" provided you *do it*, is a great deal better, provided, again, that you *keep away*; for just as sure as a tempted man or woman stops to "consider about it," or to "argue the point" — your case is done up completely, and you'll just as surely "fall again" as that ducks will swim if there's a chance. There's a little concupiscent devil running loose about the world, busily intent upon getting up cases of crim. con. and divorce. We are told that if we resist the devil he will flee from us; and so he will, but he'll come back again. When he comes in a certain shape the best thing you can do is to flee from him. If you don't, you'll rue it. There was a man, rather weak in one respect. He knew it, wept over it; and, in order to cure this evil tendency, adopted a novel, but successful expedient. When the tempter beset him, no matter under what disguise of beauty or accomplishments, by an effort of mind he pictured her before him utterly denuded of cuticle, and oozing blood from every pore, as if flayed alive! — an awful spectacle — a horrible expedient — but a successful one!

Common sense is the best medicine ever taken, provided it be well shaken and digested. Be reasonable; yield to no excitement, either physical, religious, or mental. Be true to the instincts of your own common sense. That's all God or man requires. Failing in this duty, you cease to be human, but become the tool and slave — the automaton of impulse — the sport and plaything of passion, a mere automaton of impulse — the sport and plaything of passion, a power without a conscience, whose purpose it is to use you up in every sense, and then remorselessly whistle you down the wind, land your body in a hole in the ground, and your soul where it is not wanted. No soul can be wanted in the higher worlds unless it be pure, clean, sound and ripe, fit for transplanting in the gardens of our God on the other side of Time. Ever remember, never forget, that if you are driven by impulse, instead of being guided by common sense, you may, under its sharp and cruel spur, be caused to do many a foolish

thing, and afterward, when looking back upon your whim and its consequences, wring your hands in anguish, and wonderingly, weeping bitter tears all the while, exclaim, "Who'd o' thought it!" Keep the lines of individuality intact and distinct. Ever be strongly yourself. Fail, and there's no telling where the baneful results may end. A little common sense, even an ounce or two, is worth a great deal of "Philosophy," even whole tuns thereof. Very few philosophers have common sense enough to last them over night. They preach a deal, but practice very little. Reader, there are millions of people in this busy world, quite as good as you or me, who have been victimized and ruined, soul and body, just because they failed to "keep cool" a moment, and in that moment lost sight of prudence and common sense in the murky haze of "highfalutin," philosophy, transcendental, physical, metaphysical, falsely harmonial, and positively harm-only. They fell, acted foolishly, got bit; and then—"Who'd o' thought it? Ah, me!"

Passion and its offices are good in proper places. When kept in leading strings, passion—the passion—is an excellent servitor at life's banquet; but let it loose, unfasten its moral leash, and it soon gets the upperhand, and becomes an inexorable, insatiable tyrant and master. Keep wide awake, and it ambles beautifully along life's Broadway; but let it once catch you napping, and before you can say "scat" you will find yourself astride a steed desperately bent on galloping its rider to Gehenna, in the briefest possible space of time.

Of late years, there have sprung up certain "philosophers," who declaim eloquently in favor of what they call "Free Love," or promiscuity, and many a well meaning man and woman have been deluded by their specious sophistry. Doubtless the reader has perused scores of arguments in its favor, and hundreds of long-winded diatribes against it—a thing so palpably silly in conception and results, as to be really unworthy of any argumentative refutation, for the breath spent in doing so is wasted, and had better far be employed in cooling certain bowls of porridge. The strongest argument against Free Love is to be found in six little words: It isn't Right; it won't pay! Why? Because the physical interest is altogether too usurious; and because it infracts the Golden Rule. The material, cerebral, and organic excitement, consequent upon its practice, causes such an expenditure of vitality, that, especially in America, no one, even if of an iron constitution, can maintain health over one year, or self-respect—or that of any one else—three weeks; for every month spent in that sort of soul

and body suicide, is at least one year deducted from the sum total of the transgressor's life — that's all! — and Heaven knows that's quite enough.

The jewel of life is health, and there can be no health either of body, mind, morals or affection, if the organs of either sex be so deranged as to vitiate their secretions (of course I now allude to the apparatus situated below the ribs; particularly to the prostate gland of the male, situated on the neck of the bladder, and to the glands of Duvernay, of the female, situated in the fore part of the *parietes vaginalis*—in some respects the most important organs in the physical system of both sexes). The organs named secrete from the blood, and elaborate from the nervous fluids another fluid, which in this book goes by the name of Physical Love, and will hereafter be abbreviated thus: P. L. No one can be pure minded, sound, healthy, or even perfectly sane, in whom the little organs mentioned are diseased.

* * * We have been told by certain teachers, that love is in no wise connected to, associated with, or influenced by, passional desire. These teachers are both right and wrong. Right when they elevate the sentiment of friendship and call it love; wrong when they confound the amicable or friendly feeling, with the amative passion. Affection is an attribute of the soul *per se*, and is altogether independent of magnetic attractions, personal appearance, sex, or condition. Intensifications of Friendship probably constitute the rapturous bliss of the souls in Heaven. Love is the attractive chord, chain, substance, which connects the two universal sexes together, and of them constitutes one grand unity, Man. It is entirely different from that other thing which binds together persons of the same gender; illustration: A eunuch is notoriously capable of the grandest, deepest, most intense and self-abnegating *Friendship*, but is totally incapable of feeling *Love*, for the reason that his mutilation not merely deprives the organs

secreting the seminal lymph, but prevents the due chemico-magnetic change of the blood and nerve-aura into P. L. — not only lays an eternal interdict on all loving, but also arrests the normal action and office of the prostate gland, so that the physical love element, on whose presence depends much of the soul-love element, can no longer be elaborated therein; nor can that viscus change the material already in it, to its higher, æriform and ethereal state, in which form it pervades the body, and gives the energy, manliness, grace, fortitude, beauty, pathos and nobility, which characterizes the full, true healthy man and woman. In consequence of his irremedia-

THE GRAND SECRET.

As, the unfortunate castrato becomes completely emasculated in spirit as well as body; his voice changes from a manly bass or baritone to a high and sharp falsetto—squeak, or to a rough and harsh grating sound, resembling nothing on earth, or in the sea or air, but itself. His manliness takes flight, never more to return; his animal, brutal nature, increases; *misanthropy* grows apace; generosity takes wing, except when he conceives that wonderful liking for a single person, which in a measure redeems and keeps him within the human pale. The eunuch's bones become knobby, his flesh flabby, skin loose, puttyish, and his person exhales an almost insufferable odor, requiring daily ablutions to keep him bearable at all. The most unconscionable scoundrels in the streets of Cairo and Stamboul are the eunuchs; made so on purpose to keep them honest—in one direction, at least.

Now, be it known, that your regular rake, and out-and-out libertine—philosophic, scientific or religious—(*a la* the Perfectionists of the Noyes school in America, and the Agapemonites of Britain)—all those who fancy that the gratification of unbridled lust constitutes the *summum bonum* of human bliss, after a short career become first moral, then intellectual, and, finally, by early impotence, a sort of physical eunuchs as well: and all such manage, after a few years, to make themselves a hell-bed, whereon they must inevitably writhe in this life, and that which many of us feel assured is yet to come. Look at your fast man after ten years of fancy "life," and if a more loathly and forbidding human wreck can be found, I know not where to look for it, and may the Infinite One prevent me from ever beholding it. * * * *
No matter what speculators may assert to the contrary, I assert that physical desire is an ingredient in the "love" which every man bears towards woman; nor is that love worth much that is divested thereof. I would not believe the man who should say he *loved* a female, not his blood relative, in whom the amative element was not active.

own blood relative, in whom the amative element was not active.

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

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

There's a mighty deal of domestic trouble in the world, most of it springing from ignorance, sometimes malicious, of proper human conduct and duty. The man who can, but will not render due respect, affection and homage to the woman deliberately chosen as a wife,—whose nature is so perverted that he can not mingle with other women without losing his self-respect and desiring to debase them,—and who neglects his wife for others, has discovered the express route to damnation and utter ruin,—has found out the speediest method to bury all of heaven and raise a dreadful hell beneath his roof-tree! And the wife who can, yet fails to give of *will*, as well as of word, to the lord of her choice, will not tarry long for the "pleasure" of knowing that she has half driven her husband from his fireside, to seek for solace—where the poor fool can never find it if he looks twelve thousand centuries—in a woman's ~~vest~~ ~~arms~~. * * * * * Diseased morals, brains, heads, hearts, intellects, and passions abound wherever civilization has opened its marts or erected its standards, and nowhere else. If human progress means the advancement of science, art, literature, and international traffic, then we of Christendom have "progressed" immensely. But if it means the advancement of human happiness, why then—so far as I am concerned—I am unable to "see it." We have lots of metaphysics—which means physics in a mist—and lots of sorts of physic, but still suffering abounds; nor will transcendent ~~light~~ ~~and~~ flickering taper at best—at all illumine us as to the ~~subject~~ happiness has not kept pace with material advancement.

reason why happiness has not kept pace with material advancement. We are bored to death with long rigmorole platitudes about the "conflict of ages," in the vain endeavor to account for the wide-spread devilments of all sorts now rampant through the world; just as if Tom and Betsey cared a fig about, or were at all affected in their personal interests by the conflict of all the ages. Their own squabbles and conflicts are what interests and disturbs them; and how to end them finally is the thing the aforesaid Tom and Betsy want most to find out. There's a good many Toms and Betsies in the world; and to set such right is my purpose in writing this book.

The philosophers have written and talked until we are sick, about the "origin of evil," and the cure for it. They have explained it so clearly that we are just in the precise spot and degree of knowledge on the subject, that the world was forty centuries ago. The fact is, that the

THE GRAND SECRET.

"explanation" of this "evil" mystery, as usual was, and is to be found right under the noses of those far-seeing and very sage people, who, in strict accordance with their old bent, are forever taking the longest way about for the shortest way home. * * * * The moral or immoral tone or habits of a man, woman, community or nation, depends upon physical causes almost entirely. Climate, locality, geographical position, the form of food, houses, nature of the clothes worn, the degree of recreation, amusements; the water drunk, the quantity of stimulants, tea, coffee, wine, beer, and a thousand other physical things, all of which act and react normally or otherwise, upon the bodily organs, especially the sexual, and the conditions, healthful or otherwise, of these organs, must react upon the mental, moral and social man. I state facts, facts which any one can see; and these go farther toward settling the questions of free will, chance, destiny, morals and religion, than all the hyperphysical or metaphysical stuff ever printed, or hatched in the brains of lonely students in pent-up chambers redolent with burning lamp oil. I affirm that no man can be perfectly virtuous in a dirty shirt, and that even the lowest troll in the streets, or the biggest blackguard in the shire, feels elevated to good and virtuous deeds, and noble thoughts, under the inspiration resulting from a cold bath and clean linen. Deduction: the moral tone of a community, depends upon the health or unhealth of the pelvic organs, the sanitary condition of the vital apparatus of the individuals comprising the community. Why? Because individuals make up society, societies constitute the nation, and the nations give form and tone to the ages. Rome fell because her people became licentious, sensually corrupt. Modern Romes are following in the same old wake.

If the pelvic apparatus be disordered, even slightly, and the whole mental, moral and physical, will quail and tremble beneath the spell, just as surely as that one and one do not make twelve. When they are badly deranged, torpid, or unduly active, the tower of human nobility and strength—social, domestic, moral and physical—inevitably begins to crumble and topple over towards the fast accelerating fall. We suffer often when we ought to enjoy, we languish, when we ought to thrive and be happy. We are—Americans, especially—too excitable, nervous, anxious; and have, as a general thing, seen more of life, lived longer, in fact, at forty years, than Methusaleh did when his last year was ended. Very few people in Civildom, old or young, male or female, are healthy. Most of us have a failing, a weak spot—morally, physically, intellectually or passionately—nor can we enjoy

life unless these failings are overcome, which can not be unless by the grace of God and practical common sense. The physical and moral man is closely connected. A sound mind can dwell in an unsound body, but only for a season. Insanity and the erratic mental flights and explorations of so-called genius, is, in the majority of cases, the result of, or is associated, in both sexes, with derangements of the sexual apparatus: and health can only be restored by bringing the organs back to a normal condition. Food swallowed, is rapidly converted into chyme, chyle, blood and nervous fluid, prostatic lymph, semen; and then, by the action, mysterious and wonderful, of the glands prostatic and Duvernayan, into P. L. In society, not over one in seventy of either sex but in whom the organs last named are, to a greater or less extent, diseased. Those persons are the most joyous, healthful, kind, Christian, affectionate and obliging, in whom P. L. is the most pure and abundant: while those who are diseased in those organs are never healthy in any other respect; for this disordered state eventually effeminates the mind, and is productive of vagaries and positive insanity. The loss or waste of semen beyond a certain amount, unmistakably impoverishes the blood and body; while the unwise expenditure of the P. L., from the prostate (and its correspondent, the glands Duvernay in the female), a certain amount of which is voided in venery and its infernal counterfeit, self-abuse, directly affects, not only the active intellect, but the deathless soul itself unfavorably. When the organs are healthy the secretions correspond; if they are chilled, fevered, or in any way diseased, they inevitably carry the dis- along with them (the secretions prostatic). These secretions in male's body become part of the body of her future child, if she and it is thus that transmissions of disease, and other accomplished. Illustration: A drunken man begets a qualities, are accomplished. Illustration:

child, and just as sure as he does so, the chances are that the alcohol will in some way so impregnate his fluids, and the child resultant, that it will either be idiotic or imperfect, else will come forth with a penchant for stimulants, almost irresistible.

Proper expenditure and interchange is necessary, but when excessive, is ruinous. In normal life and loving, the superabundance of this precious element, after undergoing a change from the lymphy to an æriform state, is sent along the telegraphic nerve system to all parts of the body, but in greater volume to the brain by day, and to the solar plexus when we sleep, whence it is distributed all over the body, vivifying it and increasing its vigor. Thus is verified the saying, that

THE GRAND SECRET.

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

The conjugal emission is composed of about six parts of the secretions of the testes, to four of that of the prostate gland. In the female there is likewise two fluids — that of the parietes, and that from the glands of Duvernay. In the terrible counterfeit, self-abuse, the figures are exactly reversed, for which reason the effects are far more dreadful. One hundred ounces of blood lost is scarcely equal to that of one ounce of the secretions of the testes, or vaginal parietes; while a loss of one hundred ounces of these, in turn, is far less-depletory and exhaustive, than would be that of one single ounce of the product of the prostate and Duvernayan glands. * * * * The diseases of this

are mainly such as spring from derangements of the pelvic apparatus — in consequence of which people are old at forty years, instead of

youth. This results not only from personal folly and frailty, but is

heredity, handed down by those who preceded and begat us —

and many of us have to atone and pay a dreadful penalty

for sins for which many of us have to atone and pay a dreadful penalty.

“Free Love!” — No man is free who has not command over himself, but suffers his passions to control him. The principal excuse of the class of persons who advocate promiscuity, is, that not being well mated, they are obliged to go from home to seek the supply for which there

is a demand in their souls [bodies, rather]. This is all sheer twaddle. Such folks, very imperfect themselves, demand perfection in their

mates. They “don't see it:” hence logic and everything else is

twisted to suit their turn, in the vain hope of making themselves believe that their erotic course is the right one. Their morbid desires and special pleadings are accepted as God's warrant, authorizing a

woman to destroy any other woman's peace and break up her family, by robbing her of her husband; and for any lecherous man to do as his erotic nature may suggest. Not a few people imagine their domestic difficulties spring from natural incompatibility of soul—a mal-adaptation between them—whose only relief is death or divorce. Now, in ninety-nine cases of discord out of every one hundred, such a conclusion would be very erroneous, for probably not one-eightieth part of all the matrimonial infelicity extant has a deeper seat than mere physical ill health, which a very little dose of common sense would speedily cure: for disease of the pelvis is sure to affect the mind, religion, morals, and “philosophy” of the patient, quicker, deeper and more formidably, than ailments of any other sort under heaven.

To the jaundiced, all things wear a sickly yellow hue. When the heart is full of love and affection, and the body full of vigor, all things look serene and beautiful. To the victims of leucorrhæ and seminal weakness, the world appears clad in indigo raiment; and the male victim contemplates with a sort of wild satisfaction, the various methods of reaching the other world by express; while to the female sufferer from leucorrhæ and gravid womb, all nature seems to be one vast graveyard, and her life-paths to be strewn with dead men's mouldering bones. To the person with torpid pelvic viscera, or those who have become impotent, the system of Shakerism—one of the most infernal systems ever concocted—appears delightful. There never yet was a sane shaker, or an honest one—for the system produces—can in nature of things, produce nothing but onanists, masturbationists, libertines, and chained and sworn harlots—whose personal appearance, glazed skins, lank bodies, and secret filth demonstrates this

True, there may be exceptions; so there are white black
 assertion. True, there may be exceptions; so there are white black
 birds, but they are very scarce. Where the opposite physical states prevail, Perfectism and the Mormon code is the creed of creeds. People with livers chronically torpid go in for hell fire of the most approved griling incandescence; not for themselves, but for all who have active livers, and a good digestion,—who for that reason do believe in universal salvation. Certain sorts of revivals happen most frequently in regions where pork is most abundant, and the water comes from limestone deposits.

Bad health is unfavorable to healthy love; but then a lean love is better than none. “Why Sarah! you've gone and married since last saw you. But la, what a little man you have got!” “Yes: but

then you see, a *little* husband is a great deal better than no husband at all." Sensible Sarah! That's a poor specimen of humanity who don't love *some* body. * * * The life of the pelvic secretions may be injured or destroyed in various ways; it may be burnt out by inflammations, acute or chronic; it may be injured by lust, alcohol, tobacco, syphillis, gonorrhœa, scrofula, habitual acid or alkaline drinks; strong tea, coffee, diseased bladder, womb, kidneys, rectum, fistula, and by too frequent use of the organs; by absolute continence and idleness, or too excessive work. When the male fluids are dead, of course *that* tree is barren; when the ovaries are diseased, there can be no perfect conception. No female can be what she is capable of, while she is diseased; nor can any man be truly great so long as either testes or prostate are in an abnormal, unhealthy or unsound state.

The solitary habit is unquestionably as much a disease as a vice. This, or the embrace of a hateful nature, in the female, produces induration of the clitoris, ovaries, mouth of the womb, and vagina. If you ask well educated physicians what diseases are most prevalent, the answer will be, "those of the generative system — uterine difficulties, and inability to retain the semen; and those, of all others, are the most difficult to cure. Not over ten in every hundred are free from these disastrous complaints; and not ten in fifty can be permanently relieved:" a terrible answer, but a true one, so far as ordinary medical practice is concerned. I have seen thousands of victims to the two great follies of life. I have seen a beautiful young woman become pale and vacillating, morbid, fickle and false, even to her sworn oath at the altar; I have seen a strong man shattered and wrecked at 30 years of age. The one was goaded on to protracted self-murder, by an inflamed clitoris; the other ruined by diseased prostate glands. To prevent like calamities in future, these sheets are printed.

clitoris; the other ruined by diseased prostate glands. To prevent like calamities in future, these sheets are printed.

Women are often averse to yield, what only brutes claim as a *right*. They are not to blame. It is the voice of nature herself, protesting against murder!

Tenderness and attention, long-continued tenderness, only can overcome this aversion, and whosoever resorts to harsher methods to gain an unwelcome sacrifice, is a wretch too mean to exist among civilized communities. Women are often wretched in spirit, and sick in body, worn down, hopeless and desponding, from the fact that one or both the belts which sustain the womb, are loose and relaxed. This often

mes of unwelcome personal connection. When only one is relaxed, the organ hangs; when both are so, she suffers from "bearing down."

To whosoever sets a proper value on health, happiness, long life and beauty, the information I herein give, will prove the trifle invested in its purchase, the best for the amount they ever yet received. MAXIM 1st. Let all parents *love as they should*, and nature will take especial pride in giving perfect offspring as the result. I have no patience with that class of reformers—Heaven save the mark!—who teach that children should be begotten on *purpose*, and by *rule*, just as any mechanical task is performed. These teachers call their system "philosophy," but I call it "nonsense"—prefixed with a dash and two D's. 2nd MAXIM. Love, when healthy, is always pure; in which case it is always tender, considerate, gentle, kind, *appealing* and *should be mutual*. Healthy love is *never* harsh, hasty, brutal, *merely* lustful, selfish, importunate or demanding. 3rd MAXIM. Too great devotion at love's altar is deeply ~~injurious to all concerned~~; it ceases to be a virtue and a *pleasure*, but degenerates into a worse than beastly joy. Too much of a good thing spoils the taste, and with regard to the marital function, proves exhaustive; it inevitably defeats the end sought—happiness; and if persisted in, the body becomes drained of its best, richest, purest and most valuable elements and juices; the blood is robbed of oxygen, and loaded down with carbonic acid and urea. The lower brain becomes rigid; the top brain softened, the lower passions *enforce*, the higher ones fade out, affection is changed to lust, *violence* and hatred; the health becomes sapped and precarious, the offspring *weak*, puny, imbecile, short-lived and vicious; the heart is robbed of its *generous and holy treasures*; the capacity to feel affection, *emotional nature is killed out*, tears are strangers to the

grows dull, the emotional nature is killed out, tears are strangers to the eye, and the rich garden of the human soul becomes transformed into an arid wilderness of misery and woe. 4th. Doubt it who may, too frequent personal intercourse is the prolific source whence spring forth the myriad hells upon the hearth-stone which so disgrace the nation and the age. Nor is this all; for the very soul itself becomes dwarfed; it parts with all its finer feelings, all its brightest hopes and joys, and the fountains of domestic bliss become transformed into well-springs of Bitterness and Horror, for the true fire has gone out; Love is sick and haggard unto death; and where holy flowers once bloomed, only fierce red passions reign in desolation, oh! *how terrible!* Better have separate couches, if you cannot be noble. The office of the true physi-

cian is to *prevent* as well as *cure* disease. Therefore, I say, "There's a time for everything," but especially for the celebration of Love's sacred ceremonies, believing, as I certainly do, all the flippant prattlers about "Physiology" to the contrary, notwithstanding, that most unquestionably the Great God intended that, in the human species, the marital embrace should be a fountain of perennial joy, and a *solace*, as well as a spur to propagation, and consequently the act is justifiable within proper and legal limits, on that ground alone, aside from other considerations. But it can never be justified, even in wedlock, except the parties are in the highest social, physical, moral and affectional vigor and health—*then it is a joy indeed*—otherwise, it is a dreadful mockery. This great rite should not be celebrated at night, when ~~toil, care, strife and trouble have fagged out the body, and soured the mind; nor at noonday, when the blood and passions are at high tide.~~ The children of Night are very apt to grow up in *twilight*, and choose dark paths in life, but the ~~Babes of the Day~~—the children of Aurora, have greater Beauty, Power, better Forms, fuller Minds, keener Intellects, profounder Judgments, clearer Perceptions, nobler Aspirations, for reasons that I have just shown. The proper season of Love is on the SABBATH MORN! Why? Because then the soul looks forward, upward, onward; and the actual and prospective season of rest, quietude, religious worship and devotion, peculiarly fits *the Spirit*; while at the same time the *bodies of both* are recuperated from the fatigues of a week of labor, and the fearful strains of money-getting. Then, if ever, the mind is calm, trustful, filled with bright and joyous hopes, and the blood and nerves in better plight and vigor! and the sympathy between the sexes at such times is greater than at any other. The ~~fruits of such timely loving, if fruit there be, must, of necessity, be~~ ~~SUPERIOR in every sense and respect, and therefore have a better~~ ~~chance for victory in the impending battles of life.~~ Reason, Nature, ~~SUPERIOR in every sense and respect, and therefore have a better~~ Common Sense, all sustain the original position here assumed on these important points.

Be temperate and moderate in all things; and above all be tender, kind and affable in all the trifles of life, for, after all, it is the *trifles* which make or mar existence.

By the action of certain ganglia, a limpid fluid secreted from the arterial blood is changed into an impalpable ethereal aura, which enters the nerves and veins, and invigorates the system. Occasionally these changes occur with wonderful rapidity, in which case the æriform love

element rushes through the body and brain as doth the typhoons upon the sandy desert. If it enters the higher organs of the brain, our actions and manifestations correspond; and so with the lower organs. When you are in the presence of certain persons, their magnetic emanations reach and penetrate your body, and evoke therein peculiar and strange excitements. If they are healthy and you are the same, so will be the effect in you, if not, and they be diseased in this love department, then all the apocalyptic plagues may follow as a consequence. Here is the rational solution of the "Affinity" and Passional attraction business! Love being a physical substance, as such, is liable to disease, like any other material thing, and the presence of diseased or vitiated love in the blood, and nerves, and brain, is the grand prolific source of three fifths of the diseases in Christendom.

Avoid all excitements; they destroy life. Let no one think that the mere nursing, and taking of a medicine, will *alone* affect a cure of the body, or the mind which is so dependent upon it, unless they themselves do all things possible besides towards that great end. To expect any medical preparation whatever, to make a sick man or woman well, especially such as are diseased in the organs whose function is the evolution of that divine nervaura, which my investigations have demonstrated to be the element of love itself—to expect any medicine, I repeat, to place such a man on the pinnacle of health, unless that man assists in own cure, is to expect water to run up hill. The age of miracle is come; for any system of medication, no matter how highly lauded, its object the cure of any disease of the pelvic region, inevitably fail, unless the patient bring to his aid the other great wants, viz.: proper food (salt pork not at all) taken at

natural adjuvants, viz.: proper food (salt pork not at all) taken at proper times, in proper quantities—thoroughly chewed—not washed down with floods of liquid, and eaten in the lightest room in the house. Fresh air comes next; use it freely! Never get angry! Do not place so great a value on a man or woman's body, as you should upon the immortal soul within it. Remember the agonies of the soul of a murderer, gambler and suicide in the world to come can scarcely equal in intensity those of the man or woman, who, free from these sins, have yet been guilty of a great crime, namely, the wilful waste of semen, and the love that associates therewith, either by self pollution or debauchery. Virtue is its own reward; the wilful waste here, begets a woful want hereafter!—for of this fine love the soul elaborates its immortal body, and if you throw away the bricks, where-with shall it build? If a soul can be blotted out of being, onanism

debauchery are *the* means best adapted to that end; for the loss of semen wastes away the body; but the waste of love impoverishes the VERY SOUL ITSELF! It is the sin against the Holy Ghost! Both sexes commit it, and both alike must pay the dreadful penalty, here, or in the great Hereafter!

Patients must,—*all* should, use the bath with soap once a week— with clear water the same. Music, exercise, and a *comic paper*, are excellent doctors! Go into an upper chamber, strip, and let the glorious sunshine stream upon you, all over!

The American Indians are well known to be the most healthful people on the continent; and the reason why the women of the pale-face are, in physical health, always inferior to the red-skinned females, is, that the Indian woman is absolutely sacred from touch or pollution from the moment she is found to be with child, until sixty days after the child is weaned, ~~and seldom less~~ than three years intervene between the births of Indian children of the same mother.

Study, continued for years, has brought the firm conviction to my soul, that whosoever celebrates the rite oftener than each alternate Sabbath, violates a law whose penalty is severe. If it take place weekly, it is dangerous to domestic peace; but if oftener than that—it ceases to be human, and sinks below the level of the brutes of the field. It blunts the nervous joy; it robs the person of a day's life for every violation, and lays the solid foundation for still more solid Aches, Pains, Gouts, Rheumatisms, Consumptions, Cancers, and Dropsies, as old age looms up before the *Victim*. Reader, these words may make you laugh ~~now~~; but go on sinning in the *Popular* way, and in twenty-five years the laugh will be *against* you.

PART II.

At this point I have something rather curious to offer:— Why may not what Darwin says of animals be also true of man? If so, then the notion that a child ought always to resemble its father, is not scientifically orthodox. Again: Is it possible that a man may *not* really be the father of a child, to whom nevertheless he may have given animal life. These questions are by no means so stupid as they may at first sight appear. Says Darwin:—

“When a breed has been crossed only once by some other breed, the offspring occasionally show a tendency to revert in character to the foreign breed for many generations; some say for a dozen, or even a score of generations. After twelve generations, the proportions of blood, to use a common expression, of any one ancestor, is only 1 in 2048; and yet, as we see, it is generally believed that a tendency to reversion is retained by this very small proportion of foreign blood. In a breed which has not been crossed, but in which both parents have lost some character which their progenitor possessed, the tendency, whether strong or weak, to reproduce the lost character, might be, as was formerly remarked, for all that we can see to the contrary, transmitted for almost any number of generations. When a character which has been lost in a breed re-appears, after a great number of generations, the most probable hypothesis is, not that the offspring suddenly takes after an ancestor some hundred generations distant, but that in each successive generation there has been a tendency to reproduce the character in question, which at last, under unknown favorable conditions, gains an ascendancy.”—*Origin of Species*.

Now if this be really a law, it is not difficult to see two things: first, how the impress of a first coverture may mark the product of subsequent ones by other males; and second — I advance the notion myself — that the germ of a child, a monad if you please, lodged in utero, yet from some inexplicable cause being enfolded so as to retain its life, yet in other respects remaining nascent during a first marriage, may still slumber on until aroused into active life by the magnetic or electric shock, received during a second coverture or marriage. Now if this be a possibility — and why not? — since a child has been dissected in whom was found a tumified infant, of course he who merely awoke the latent energy of the already implanted germ, could no more be regarded as the *father* of that child, than an electric battery, or the man in the moon. It is a curious speculation. Another idea: A woman was with child which she swore point blank was the result of a first folly on ~~her~~ ~~part~~, — that advantage had been taken of her, and that A. B. was ~~no man~~. Well, time wore on and the child was born; and her part, — that advantage had been taken of her, and that A. B. was the sinning man. Well, time wore on and the child was born; and, sure enough, it was the very image of A. B., features, marks, complexion, and all; and everybody believed her story. But, lo, it was subsequently shown: first, that another man was really the father — a married man, whom she wished to screen by complotting against A. B. As to the latter, an injury received a long time previous to the occurrence, *demonstrated* completely the falsity of her tale. Whence then the resemblance — sure enough! Can you tell?

Another idea: I have often wondered if it were not possible for a woman to bear a child, the body of which might be attributable to one

man, and its spiritual part to another? A case is now before me of the daughter of a courtesan, whose mother had two intrigues. One man was a German, the other an Italian; and the girl, *physically*, is the image of one, and in a hundred things, *mentally*, the exact counterpart of the other! May it not be possible for a woman to bear the body of a child to one man, and yet draw the spiritual elements—indeed everything except the mere flesh and bone—from some other man, or men, and that, too, altogether without coverture by the latter, but by virtue of a certain deeply mysterious sympathia, analogous in some degree to that other wonderful principle by which certain peculiar physical marks are impressed upon the child by the mental states of the mother. Here is a nut for the Philosophers to crack, if they can. Certainly the thing is not *impossible*, however *improbable* it may be.

Ill health, cadaverous faces, yellow skin, aching bones, pains, nausea, domestic trouble and grief, are, among American women, the rule, while good health is ~~ever the~~ exception. In a measure this state of things results from too much of *certain kinds of exercise*, and too little of other sorts; in consequence of which they suffer in every way; for the mind and body sympathize, to an extent at times perfectly marvelous. American women—if we except the Indians and Blacks—do not get enough sunshine; nor exercise of the muscles of the back, shoulders and abdomen: neither do they breathe deeply or often enough to thoroughly vivify and oxygenate the blood, or to mechanically expand the lungs and thorax. The remedy suggests itself: In the cool season, people—women and children particularly—inhale altogether too much hot, rarefied air; air rendered deleterious by those abominations before God and man—closed stores—every one of which ought to be ~~sunk in the salt sea ten thousand fathoms deep~~, and their places supplied by open grates, or, what is still better—the good, old-fashioned Franklin. I pledge myself to dispose of one thousand of the invention of some genius, that shall combine the excellencies of cook, parlor, range, and Franklin stove—nay, more, will agree to pay \$1,000 premium to the inventor thereof. * * * * To resume: Civilized woman is altogether too careful of her crinoline; too careless of her neck and feet. Too much weight depends from her waist, too little from her shoulders: she is too fond of wafer-soled shoes, too heedless of the advantages of heavy foundations. Many females live to eat, instead of eating to live—are too fond of concentrated sweets, edible but indigestible flummeries, pies, cakes, strong tea, knick-nacks, and preserves. Besides all this, many of them labor too incessantly, in a *double*

sense; have too little play, too many frowns, too few smiles, too little tenderness, too much lust forced upon her, too little sympathy, too many embraces, and too few *caresses*. An ounce of genuine affection and love shed from a husband's manner, goes a great way toward filling the void in a poor wife's heart. Per contra; many a woman, undeserving of any husband at all—judging from the notorious fact that every tenth man regards his home as above all places the spot where he enjoys himself the least. If it were not so, the brothels would not be so well sustained, as they unquestionably are, by *married men*! Thousands of wives practically believe that, so long as they keep the house and occasionally yield to the wishes of the husband, they have performed their whole duty. Women complain, and justly, too, that they are forced to accept unwelcomness; but they forget the unwelcome homage their husbands are obliged to pay, is heart-breaking to the man, and that its effects on him are to sour his soul, and make him anything else but what he ought to be. Woman, woman, the rule works both ways, and a husband has as much right to expect warmth, as you have to expect tenderness and affection. * * * * Woman was made to love; yet few know how to do it. She was made to be loved, and might be, by her husband, if she only took pains to teach him how. She has a right to be respected and admired for certain qualities which are infinitely superior to mere physical sex. Mental sex is what men love most. She is ever wronged unless she is admired by those around her, and by all the world. It is her intuitive sense of this heaven-born right, and her natural and spontaneous determination to obtain it, that from the year ONE, till to-day, has prompted every female, from Dahomey upward, to set off her charms to the best advantage. Show me a woman who despises dress, and I will show you a female monster, with a bad spot in some corner of her mind. I have been amongst Shakers, and of three thousand females whom I saw, there was not one who possessed the elements of even half a womanhood; and my daughter of mine should die the most miserable death I had rather a daughter of mine should die the most miserable death at twenty years of age, than live three years amongst such a people—nay, more,—I had a son spend six months with them, and that six months ruined them more completely than if he had associated with the vilest strumpets, thieves and vagabonds within the four seas of Britain; and now, were the alternative left me to have my family reared among them, or take their chance with the savages, I would not hesitate an instant in selecting the latter. From what I saw, and what those tell me who have quit the Shakers, I have not the least

doubt but that they are onanists and masturbationists of the most diabolical stamp—that is, if physiological, physical, and facial marks and indications are of the least value in helping to a correct judgment.

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

Where a wife finds herself regarded as a drudge, slave and plaything; where and when she sees no comfort and joy; feels not a warming, genial ray of life's sunshine; has no friendly bosom in which to pour out the aching fulness of her heart—the great flood of her gathering grief; has no one to “kind” her, and speak and act lovingly to her, what wonder that she revolts at times, and not only forgets her “duty,” but her own personal dignity and self-respect, under the blandishing but destructive influence of that lying and “salacious” philosophy now so current, under the name of the “All Right” system, which teaches that disobedience to the marriage vow is obedience to the commands of God. What wonder that she occasionally becomes blinded by philosophic mist, when she is offered that, which from her ignorance of the real article at home, where she ought to find it, she mistakes for true heart-felt, heaven-sanctioned love? There is no cause for marvel, nor that so many have fallen so low that it is difficult to rise again;— but there is a marvel, and a mighty one, that such vast numbers, such untold hosts have triumphed, not merely over temptation, but achieved a nobler task—the victory over self. Per contra: What marvel that many a well-meaning man has been driven by his wife's coldness, *offishness*, petulance and vinegar disposition, from the home he tries to love, but cannot on that account? What marvel that such a man—and God knows there are thousands—should be blinded by the sophistical

but cannot on that account? What marvel that such a man—and God knows there are thousands—should be blinded by the sophistical special pleading of Satan's vice-gerents, the “All Right” philosophers,” and come to the conclusion that he is justified in seeking in the arms of a female All Right-ite, that solace which his wife will not give him? Taking the average of men, and estimating them at their true value and positions in the great scale of the race, there is but little room for wonder that they thus exemplify their human weakness; but there is room to marvel that so many men, under such provocation, and surrounded by so many and potent temptations to err, still remain true to their wives, still labor for the household, still fight the

world for bread, and die without tasting one single drop of the exquisite honey of Home Love! * * * * One great and fatal mistake that men make is, that they deem it beneath them to either study or yield to a woman. Not one man in twenty thoroughly understands a woman; not one husband in fifty really knows his wife. A woman is a mine—exhaustless—the deeper you go, the larger diamonds will you find. Most men live on the surface—feed on the edges of the marital pasture. Men *think* they know woman, but really are entire strangers to her nature. They underrate her importance, intellect and will. As for me, I had rather face ten men, with the devil at their back, than to enter the lists with a woman determined on my defeat and ruin; and, on the other hand, I had rather take the *word* of a woman who was my friend, than rely on the sworn *oaths* of a whole battalion of men; for men have a bad trick of saying much and performing little, while a woman says little, but does much, when the time for action comes along. * * * * The majority of men practically regard woman as a softer sort of male; treat her as such; square their conduct towards her as if she were a man in all respects. In all things save one she is mainly looked on as if gender extended not beyond the physique. Wrong, wrong! She is of finer mould and material, and converts her food and drink into several materials and juices more than man does. She has finer and acuter sensibilities, and is infinitely more susceptible, not only to the same things which affect man, but experiences whole classes of sensations to which the male must forever be a stranger; and from the cradle to the grave she moves along a path parallel to, but never once merging into that which man travels. Go where you will, find her where you may, you will discover that she is ever disgusted with many things which constitute the solace and delight of the male; while she at the same time enjoys the acme of felicity in things totally insipid to a man. * * * * Woman is every where an instrument of music, capable of giving forth strains divinely sweet and soothing; and sensible men seek to evoke and profit by it.

where an instrument of music, capable of giving forth strains divinely sweet and soothing; and sensible men seek to evoke and profit by it. Properly played on, the tones called forth are sweeter than ever came from any other source; but if the chords be harshly struck, as, alas! they too frequently are, what wonder that they are dissonant, crackling, harsh and grating?

The human being, but civilized woman especially, is

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

Woman, standing everywhere as the synonyme of gentleness, tenderness, affection and trust, should be treated accordingly. Even the harlots who infest the purlieus are women still, and therefore deserve just such treatment as Jesus Christ gave them,—not such as they receive from most of those who claim to be His followers. Dr. Mayo G. Smith of Newburyport, Mass., United States, said in a speech, that he could imagine such a thing as a virtuous prostitute. His opinion was doubtless predicated on the fact that very few people in this world are exactly what circumstances compel them to appear to be. Take it as a general thing, harlots are denounced the loudest by those who have fallen in God's sight, not only lower, but ten times to the harlot's once. That's gall. * * Deep down in every cyprian heart, far away beneath the physical structure, which poverty, the biting north wind, wintry tempest, shelterless head and griping hunger compels them to barter off piecemeal to ready purchasers, there lies a pearl of great price; just such pearls, Sir or Madame, as shines in the coronet of Heaven, and sparkles in your ~~little daughter's~~ breast. True, it is soiled, yet still *it is a pearl!* * * Every one of these "social evils" has an immortal soul to be washed clean in the infinite stream of God's great river! Every one of them can *feel*—they dare not stop to *think*—and they have a boundless capacity to love—and love purely—which proves that God has neither driven them from beneath the brooding wings of mercy, cast them off forever, forgotten, nor despised them. Why, then, should you or I? why should anybody? It strikes me that many respectable persons who see these women going to ruin, yet are so full of "damning" as to have no time to save them, would, if analyzed in ~~Heaven's~~ crucible, not yield so much pure human gold as would many of these fallen ones.

Says a newspaper now before me:

"During the past season, a family residing outside our city limits have been suffering great privations. Strangers and poor, they knew not where to apply for relief, and the fact of their existence has only just become known, and with it the intelligence that they have been kept from absolute starvation during the summer by the poor girls in a house of ill-fame near by! It seems that they gave the woman, who was able to work, washing, paying a dollar for work worth only half that sum; and when sickness visited the lowly hut, the girls went there and nursed the sick, and ministered to their wants with untiring charity."

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

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

Extremes abound in the world. We have the damnable system of Shakerism on one side, and the "Freedom" of Noyes and Smith on the other; while there is a third class, led by a fanatic of New England, who declare that human commerce is on a par with that of field and farm-yard beasts. Such reasoners deserve to have no better audiences than the farm-yards produce, for certainly they are not fit to teach human beings, since common sense, no less than common custom, since the world began, lays them and their reasonings in the lie; for the reason that beasts are solely led by the blind procreative instinct; ~~while~~ ~~kind~~ ~~being~~ ~~a~~ ~~triplicate~~, Soul, Spirit, Body, is moved by corresponding triplicate motives or impulses: 1st, the selfish desire of personal joy; and all marriages consummated on such grounds mainly — and many such there be — can but result in unhappiness — the man in haste, repent at leisure, affairs which abound on all sides. The man whose principal merit lies in his passional prowess, soon renders himself distasteful, to even a coarse wife, and unendurable and disgusting to a delicate and refined one. The woman whose chief recommendation is her physical charm, would very soon exhaust the patience of even

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Extremes abound in the world. We have the damnable system of Shakerism on one side, and the "Freedom" of Noyes and Smith on the other; while there is a third class, led by a fanatic of New England, who declare that human commerce is on a par with that of field and farm-yard beasts. Such reasoners deserve to have no better audiences than the farm-yards produce, for certainly they are not fit to teach human beings, since common sense, no less than common custom, from the world began, lays them and their reasonings in the lie; for the reason that beasts are solely led by the blind procreative instinct; since the mind being a triplicate, Soul, Spirit, Body, is moved by corresponding triplicate motives or impulses: 1st, the selfish desire of personal joy; and all marriages consummated on such grounds mainly — and many such there be — can but result in unhappiness — the man in haste, repent at leisure, affairs which abound on all sides. The man whose principal merit lies in his passional prowess, soon renders himself distasteful, to even a coarse wife, and unendurable and disgusting to a delicate and refined one. The woman whose chief recommendation is her physical charm, would very soon exhaust the patience of even

THE GRAND SECRET.

the Archangel Michael, much less a common son of clay, and speedily find herself a grass widow of the true New England, Californian or Australian stamp. 2d, Mankind, like brutes, are moved by this passional fire, and also by the mental motive of offspring — which beasts are *not*: And, 3d, last, highest, Mankind are moved in the direction indicated, by the deep desire of interchange of well-meaning and good — a love between souls as well as grosser selves — a love all truly human. For these reasons the man is a fool who places the human commerce on a par with that of brutes. He can be nothing but a fool or knave who asserts that propagation alone should draw people together, — for if the world should never be peopled save by those brought here by rule and plummet law, — by intention and purpose — *a la* an army contract, or a colt or calf, — then this world would not be crowded *very* fast. * * * Too much of a good thing palls the taste; and so, too, if a couple who really love each other, *make fools of themselves* on that account, and neglect their physical interests, they will find it don't ~~pay in the long run~~; for after a while the supplies will be cut off, — for, as said before, P. L. is a substance that can be wasted just as can the saliva by tobacco-chewers.

Rapid Americans are *au fait* in the art of destroying life, especially by passional and gustatory excess; but are not remarkably efficient in the modes of preserving and prolonging it. In fact there's a national *leakness*, and a national weakness too. To stop the former, and correct the latter, is my design herein, but it is up-hill work. * *

Young people, and older ones too, are unwise, — forgetful that too great familiarity breeds contempt, and *used-upness* too. Why? Because ~~the body~~ becomes prematurely drained of its wine of life; the true fire dies out, and the fitful gleams of morbid passion take the place of Love's steady torch; while what was erewhile a holy sacrament, degenerates into a worse than beastly sacrifice. How many wives are yearly ~~immolated~~, how many husbands destroy themselves on Lust's accursed

altars! * * * Disease, Sin and Civilization travel together — at least they have 'till to-night, — but there comes a divorcing morrow. Why? Because the first two are parasites of the last, which last, when washed clean in the river of Common Sense, will get bravely cleansed, and thereafter a better record will be made. Presently, society will suck at the healthful paps of Common Sense — a rare old nurse, and then no longer will black mail be levied by disease on the universal species. * * * In my opinion disease and voluptuousness came of the same mother. Banish the latter, and the former

will disappear. * * * Divorces are quite too common in these days. Many a man and woman worry each other's lives out in the hope of driving their marital team through that gate. Let marriage be indissoluble, by all means,—and then, people finding that they must either lay quietly on the bed themselves have voluntarily made, or else not lie at all, will take good care to render it soft as possible both for the partner and self. But just so long as there is the least chance for a legal separation, just so long there will be a premium on adultery and ill-usage. I would not divorce a couple on any but three grounds: First, where one party was insane; Second, cruelty; and, Third, impotence.

Diseases of mind and body are transmitted through scores of generations; and we of this age have not only to pay for our own sins, but must also wipe out a long score run up years ago by our jolly, wasail-drinking ancestors. We have to face the music, and pay the fiddler for *their* dancing, just as our successors will pay and damn us for ours. The disorders of to-day unquestionably spring from the waste of strength and loss of stamina consequent upon infractions of the sexual law, the false modes of life, and indiscriminate use and abuse of the amative function. This sapping of life's fountain has opened the door for the entrance of all the apocalyptic plagues. Why? Because the power to resist disease departs in the precise ratio of human disobedience of the great preservative law, departs as the P. L. is wasted, or the glands become involved in disease, and their action becomes morbid. From sexual filth sprung the syphilis—the most infernal scourge the world ever saw—the plague not excepted. In my opinion, the serofula is but a modification of this pest, that has crept into the veins of people through the secret sins of those long since away. The notion that serofula in swine and in man is the same is all bosh; it more nearly resembles equine glanders, and that is the original serofula in the human, I have no more doubt, disease, is all bosh, &c.

this latter is the original serofula in the human, I have no more doubt, as a practical physician, than that one and three make four. Hahnemann said, that all diseases were but forms of psora, (itch.) He was not exactly right. I say that all diseases are but forms of staminal vitiations, the original cause of which must be looked for in the personal habits—sexual mainly—of the sufferers, or their progenitors. Strengthen the constitution in one direction, and disease can no more remain man's scourge, than holiness can exist in Gehenna!

Medical professors are not seldom regular numsculls; as a general thing they fret and fume at their inability to master disease. The

cause of their failure is, that they attempt to go too deep: they fancy that the fountain lies afar off in the intricacies of physical being, when in fact it lies right square before them, as I have already shown. They doctor effects: causes go untouched. Medical science (surgery aside,) is very unscientific after all: there's too much guess work about it. The Spaniard's epitaph is true of more dead men and women than himself—

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

Six feet beneath his mother earth's bosom.

The consumptions, dyspepsias, liver diseases, syphilitic affections, epilepsy, fits, tape-worm; female difficulties, as chlorosis, rheumatism, neuralgia, gout, fallen womb, leucorrhæ, piles, head-ache, suppressed menses, flooding, together with seminal weakness, nightly emissions, cancer, and ulcerated testes, womb, vagina, and all serofulous affections, are the curses of this age; they are treated in the wrong way, and the remedies are often worse than the diseases in their effects upon the patients — and their patience. True, I admit that all the above, except the fourth, are mainly external proofs of internal mental bad states; true, I do not believe it possible for these diseases to exist in the home where pure love reigns, any more than for ice to exist in a heated furnace, because love antagonizes them, and they cannot remain: Yet for all that, nature needs art's assistance to restore the proper balance, and that the systems of medication usually resorted to for that purpose, are worse than nothing, are as certain as that God lives.

I have no faith whatever in lust, in any form, but I do own to a mighty confidence in the LOVE CURE — the means above all others to which resort all mothers — brute or human alike, whenever the young ~~is~~ sick or imperilled. See that young matron! how tenderly she ~~the~~ the little bruised nose, and breathes upon the precious burnt fin-

gers. Why, even yonder old blue hen is *au fait* in the sublime mysteries of the Love Cure! Just mark how tenderly she *broods* her chicks when they are wet or cold. Well, we humans are all chickens when we are sick, and need just such brooding in order to get well. A good old granny or a nurse in a neighborhood, is usually worth about as many doctors as she weighs pounds. When we are well, we need just such brooding by our wives, sisters, brothers and husbands to keep us so. But of course such would be fatal to the M. D's.

I have stated that Love, the sentiment and passion of the human soul, is dependent upon Physical Love in the body. This P. L. is first

a liquid, and that changes to an aura, and this aura radiates from our bodies, just as heat does from a stove or grate. Let those who doubt this, just note the exhaustion consequent upon holding the hands of a sick person, especially if that person be of the opposite sex, and one of those who plods broken-hearted on their way through the world, hungry for love, starving for three grains of affection. * * In my day I have seen many persons, particularly females, who practice "clairvoyance" as it is called, and who sit for communications from what some folks believe are dead people, and the majority were literally used up, because they were sympathetic; and hence are easily drained, through hand-holding and tactual impression, of their last drop of vitality, the last drop of P. L. in their bodies. What wonder then, that many such people soon degenerate physically, grow queer, eccentric, deranged, morbidly sensitive and melancholy? * * * The Love cure is performed rapidly or not, in exact ratio of the moral purity and physical health of the operator. A bad man or woman may be *healed* by this process, but they must first become pure themselves ere they attempt to heal *others*. The ~~Love cure is higher than~~ mere mesmerism, for it acts magnetically, electrically, chemically, emotionally and dynamically. The process is simply stroking the forehead, breast, arms, spine, and over the ailing portion, at the same time loving, wishing well, and praying earnestly to God that success and health may follow. * * *

Many a man has only found out how well and tenderly he loved his wife, at the dread moment when the Death-Angel hovered near her pillow, ready to bear her soul to God; and then, when the ice around his heart has melted, and he has discovered how priceless she was, how *dearly* near and dear, that after all she was something higher, nobler, ~~better than a mere pleasure barge, has the power and the will~~ ^{supremely near and dear, and}

nobler, better than a mere pleasure barge, has the power and the will gone forth on the love-tides of his soul to beat back Azrael, and recall her into life again; then has Love worked such miracles as made the doctors gape with surprise at his power and their impotency. This is the Love cure, and by it a man may heal his scrofulous wife, and the mother save her darling babe. Through it a husband or wife may cure not merely the physical, but the passional and moral ills of the partner; all that is requisite is PURPOSE, PRACTICE, PERSEVERANCE. These three will rescue from the grave, yearly, millions of suffering people. There is one drawback to this system of treatment, which is, that men are generally so morbid that they cannot mingle in woman's sphere without being tortured with the hadæan flames of unhallowed passion. ~~There are a few who are superior, but these are exceptions to the rule.~~

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

Every disease that may be lurking away down in the deeps of your body, or in the recesses of your spiritual part, is proprietor, fireman and engineer of a railway leading directly thence to all your nervous centers, and is absolutely so wide awake as to NEVER miss an opportunity to send a pretty strong representative delegation to the sexual congress. The cars go back to their stations when the trip is over and the voyage up, but the delegates *always* remain; and every one of them, be their names scrofula, consumption, fits, venereal, or whatsoever, ~~will~~ be sure to be seen, heard and felt, sooner or later, from the tribune of your children's souls and bodies. * * * Your only hope of escape lies in charging every drop of your blood and procreative fluids with a triple portion ~~of honesty, manly,~~ womanly, noble, pure and human Love!—Love whereof blood-fire is the smallest integrant. Thus your babe will come hither with one enemy, but with a thousand potential friends.

Most children are accidents. What then? Why, be ever on the safe side, nor run the chance of such "accidents" unless soul, body, mind and morals be in such a normal state that none but good results can follow. No one on God's earth has the right to run the risk of a *bad* accident. Enough said on that point—a word to the wise is sufficient. If, on the contrary, Love be denied, and mere lust performs the procreative work, and people go on in the old way, and produce ~~monsters~~ instead of men—children whose chief end will be the bringing of gray heads with sorrow to the grave, why, whose fault is it? The great lesson of life is self-denial—the accretment of temptation—resistant power. Few successfully learn it. Civilized man-
 tion—resistant power. Few successfully learn it. Civilized man-
 kind are very weak. We swear to "go and sin no more," and ten to one we straightway go and sin.

Once on a time—so says the legend—two philosophers of the Western Athens, before an enraptured audience, discoursed eloquently in favor of Stoicism and the heroic Virtues. Each declared himself invulnerable to all sorts of attacks—especially from woman's eye, or Physical Love. Half an hour thereafter one woman conquered both of these savans at once—which provokes the exclamation, Love, thou'rt irresistible! Philosophy, thou'rt more than half—Humbug!

Men can stand great troubles, but the perpetual recurrence of small ones, especially such as many men experience from their wives, soon wear out the strongest man, and plunge him into sheer despair and madness. It is in a wife's power to render her husband's life a scene of constant joy; but many of them transform home into a hell.

* * * She said: "You offer me love,—but what *kind*?—ah, what kind?" And he answered: "Love all truly human: Listen!

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

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

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

I will love thee as the spirits love,
Who, free of earth and heaven,
Wreath white and pale blue flowers
For the brows of the forgiven:

And are dear to one another
 For the blessings they bestow
 On the weary and the wasted.
 In our wilderness of woe :
 By thy good name with the angels,
 And thy human heart's evangel,
 Shall my love from holy silence to thee go.

That's the way all lovers talk ; it would be well if more married people *acted* it out. They *don't* ; for reasons shortly to be shown. Almost any woman will do well if well done by, and men the same. There are exceptions—but rare ones. * * * * Love, Physical and Sentimental alike, hath, as doth everything else, its regular tides—tides high, low, spring and neap, just like the air, sea, and rivers. * * *

Those couples whose feelings toward each other are always on a dead level, like a prairie or a still lake, are never the happiest. In fact, their love is stagnant ; they don't realize what the word really means.

* * * The man who is all sympathy, feels no antipathies or repulsions ; never gets angry or "obstropolous," to use an inelegant Americanism—never feels indignant, passionate, excited—don't amount to much, and never makes a mark on the people or the times. The woman who either feels too much or too little, seldom makes an *enduring wife*. Unless love, like a landscape, has its rises and falls ; like the sea, its ebbs and flows ; unless it has its petty estrangements, coolnesses, and delicious makings-up, it, like the pond behind the barn, is apt to grow stagnant and produce unsightly and unsavory things ; and at best, is but a milk-and-water affair, having little of the honey of life to flavor it. * * *

The use of Love consists in increasing the sum total of human happiness, through its several sacred rituals, when all things indicate a fitness. Its abuse consists in over-tasking nature, and forcing her generous energies. * * *

Where amative love exists not, is very feeble or lost altogether, discord and distraction enter the mansion, pitch affection, peace, quiet, trust, geniality, out of the window, and introduce in their places envy, malice, distrust, jealousy, deceit, bicker, and contention, a hell-brood of seven as infernal spirits as ever left the Pit for a gala-day on earth.

When Common Sense, amatively, restores the function, the way these harpies disperse is quite surprising. P. L., like music, has many degrees, notes, and octaves. Illustration : There lies my violin, whereon I sometimes wake the symphonies after my dull fashion. See, here come three of my friends. "Good morning, Dr. Randolph !" "Good morning, gentlemen." "Ah ! a fiddle, I see !" says the first

—the stupid—to call my Katarina a *fiddle*—my darling cremona, worth more golden ounces than he is worth farthings—the wretch! But he sticks to it—that she *is* a fiddle. He takes her up; plays what might at a pinch pass for a tune—such airs, fatal to all bovine females. “Stop! stop! for God’s sake!” I cry. He looks astonished, and obeys. And now the next man tries her quality. What a difference! He plays, and his music has collected a great throng under my office window, here, in Kearney street, San Francisco, every one of whom feels the notes go in at the ears, and come out at the heels—a dance-compelling whirl of good feeling. He ceases to play on Katarina and the crowd; whereupon the third man takes her up—my darling with the pine belly! This one plays no stated tune, but just expresses his soul in random phrases; but, somehow or other, his tones enter the very souls of his auditors. His every note is a shaft of feeling; under his spell each hearer becomes tame, holy, patriotic, religious and subdued. Full many a tear rolls down furrowed cheeks; many a heart palpitates beneath the emotional tide, and every one feels that he is born to a high and magnificent destiny. Just so is it in affectional matters. Every one of us is like that violin—but many of us are treated like *fiddles* by those who ought to know better. No tongue can tell, no pen describe, but souls and hearts only can *feel* the intense music latent in us, and awaiting to be evoked and called out by the right handling of the strings and the bow! Let us all try to be good soul-musicians.

As times go, but few experience as deep joy-thrills after, as before the first three months of wedded life; except after one party returns from a long journey. Then, love for a time is tempestuous, but soon subsides into a dreadful calm—till the next return from another journey—a calm exceedingly dead sort too! Now there is no good reason why love should not increase from its morning till death seals it. Generally, like a good fish-pole, “grows small by degrees,” and

Love, generally, like a good fish-pole, “grows small by degrees, and horribly less. This follows because married people wear themselves sexually out in their relations to each other; and for this reason brothels flourish like so many green bay trees. Why? Because there’s no fillip to love at home—that’s why! During the first period of wedded life, the parties interested

Give every appetite too loose a rein.

Push every pleasure to the verge of pain.

and suffer the inevitable consequences.

Pleasure owes its greatest zest to anticipation. The promise of a shilling fiddle will keep a schoolboy in happiness for a year. The fun

THE GRAND SECRET.

connected with its possession will expire in an hour. Now what is true of schoolboys is equally true of men. All they differ in is the price of their fiddles. But married life is not a fiddle; it is a magnificent cremona violin! By the amative principle the world is moved to good or ill. All virtuous people may not be good; but all good people are virtuous. "He comes too near who comes to be denied."

The good man or woman may be weak — tempted till they lose self-command. When tempted it is the best policy to run; *run* as if the devil was after you — for he is! Many a well-meaner has played with the sexual fiend till they have got scorched, badly; and then "who'd o' thought it!"

A man can do everything but steal, and yet the world will say he is virtuous. A woman does as she pleases *once*, and the world calls her desperately depraved. She is bad, doubtless, but then she is judged by a world quite discriminating, not at all pharasaical, hypocritical, unjust, dodging;— ~~of course not!~~ Oh, world! Oh, monstrous world! I thank thee for the use of thy spectacles, by means of which we are enabled to discover that virtue is physical, that it dwells not in the soul, but consists in a membrane, which being destroyed, the soul is past redemption, and all the virtues are *non est!* Glorious world! Magnificent logic!

Physical Love is the *Primum mobile* of human life. Blot it out from human hopes, and but little is left to struggle for. Not one man in ten thousand but would rather be hung than maimed,— woman the same. What will a man not dare, inspired by Physical Love? What will not the woman go through — child-birth, for instance,— for the man she loves; but the worst of it is, that many go through it for the men they hate — most confoundedly too!

Physical Love is the master passion—over-riding all others—wealth, position—all else. It rules alike Cuffee and Carlyle. Most people live for, struggle for, work for, labor for, fight, and untold millions have died for it; while festering hecatombs of human bodies proclaim its resistless might. In face of this tremendous fact, what's the use of whining because we can not prevent infractions of our laws wherewith we seek to hedge in the morals of the people. * * (It were far better to appoint competent persons in our schools, whose office should be to enlighten children on the subject, so that they shall grow up masters of their passions, instead of being mastered by them.) Nor would it be a bad idea to have fewer vindictive punishments for sins

whereof fathers and mothers are quite as responsible as the sons and daughters who err and are punished therefor. * * Amativeness wields a greater power as a motor than any thing else on earth. Friendship, Hatred, Wealth, Fame, Place, Position and Ambition have been sacrificed for its sake, more times than there are stars in the sky. Many a one has fallen before its gigantic strength, even in the knowledge that to do so, was to risk imprisonment and even death itself. In view of this resistless fact, the question before the world to-day is, not how to stop this forceful engine, or cripple its energies; but how best to render it orderly, less impulsive, discipline, and learn it to move in the harness of Moral Principle; for there can be no question but that sexual commerce, thus reined, is the source and spring of the most exquisite joy earth can bestow; and if we still be human after death, it, in a modified form and sense, will doubtless constitute one of our sources of bliss on the other side of Time. * * So much for pure sexuality: now for the other side. Impure, or in cases where either or both parties are passion-driven, blood-fiery, there is no doubt that every day adds to their woe.

How any sane being can endure, much less procure, the services of a professional wanton, male or female, is inexplicable to me; being somewhat cold blooded naturally, perhaps that accounts for it. Such desecrations of the human being is the evil of evils of the world to-day, and that the consequences are to be reaped on both sides of eternity's shore, I believe as sacredly as that God governs the suns in their course through space. * * Man will fearlessly brave death in any form; reap garlands of fame on gory fields, and shrink never an inch before the storm of lead and iron hail, the clash of murder-forged steel, the thundering of martial squadrons; he may face all this unmoved, and yet that man before a pretty woman, and were he forty thousand condensed into one, she will attack him on all sides, confuse his strongholds, dismantle his batteries, route his garrisons, storm his strongholds, dismount his batteries, rout his garrisons, and make him strike his colors before he can fairly say "Jack Robinson." * * * All men do not believe in a God, but do believe strongly in woman. All men are not interested in politics or religion, but all are in the sexual question. Earthquakes, the roar of battle, the tempest's howl, have not terrors equal to unmanning him; he may flinch and tremble, but only to stand firmer afterwards; but a woman will in ten minutes reduce him to the consistency of cup-custard. Ambition and glory may beckon him, and he may prove invulnerable, but let one of those women with a devil in her eye once get fairly alongside

of him, and lo! she twists our gentleman around her little finger, "*just as easy!*" for before the blandishments of a shrewd woman, or one who has tapped the fountains of his love, the strong man becomes as clay in the potter's hand; as many a Delilah or Milwood has led many a Samson or Barnwell ere now. Quite as many men, married and single, are bilked, deceived, ruined by the women, as the reverse of the case; only the world hears of the latter, but no newspaper tells of breaking hearts under male breast-bones. While nearly everybody listens to and believes the story of a woman, even the most perjured harlot, no one pities the male victim of female victors; and this arises from that self-same morbid amativeness now desolating the world in so many other respects. Some one spoke of woman being the weaker vessel. "Call a woman weak!" said a bystander; "by the Eternal! She is stronger than man any day. She moves the world, pulls the wires, and makes everything dance and wriggle as she pleases. She has done it from the first day, for Adam successfully resisted apples, hunger and the devil, but no sooner did Eve attack him than he knocked under." There's a great deal of homely truth in the observation.

Once there was a pilgrim who wrote a letter to the sage Benredin Eli, a philosopher of the rare school of NOMMOC ESNES, desiring certain information. In reply the sage wrote back the following

GOLDEN LETTER IN FIFTEEN GRAINS.

Valley of Content, Nommoc Esnes, Season of Flowers.

PILGRIM;—Thy letter is before me. I salute thee. It is difficult to convey in thy cold language of the west, the flowing maxims of the Orient; yet as our motto is "Try," I shall essay the task.

1st. *The wife*: she is ever to be sacred *from thee* while she giveth suck. This caution neglected once, is bad; if often, then thou, thy babe, and its mother will not smack the lips of health or gladness; for if the flame of her love for thee burneth fiercely even once, the love,—physical love for it, waxeth dull and dieth out, and thou and she will, for thy folly, train up a weakly but precocious babe, and thou wilt hug the phantom of remorse and ride the nightmare of heavy sorrow.

2d. Thou shalt never press thy love when *her* moon waxeth full. Thou shalt keep the tongue of silence, nor speak the act of importunity before it waneth. Thereafter together thou mayst ascend the hills of excellent health, and drink the sherbet of wonderful joy.

3d. The physician would seldom, save in child-birth, in his medical capacity, enter the woman's apartment, if she who lieth there would carefully bathe sitting, ere thou *cross the threshold*. If she faileth in this healthful duty, then, by the blessed Husein, it is time to put your trust in God! for an uncleanly wife is the scourge of Love, and the tempest-fountain of a husband's life.

4th. Neither shalt thou escape, either if thou shalt fail to impress upon thy wife the third rule, or provide utensils for that purpose. Cleanliness fostereth affection, and thou should'st teach thy wife to dress herself for thy satisfaction and walking joy. Nor shalt thou ever presume to claim the celebration of thy life's great joy, unless previously thou, too, art clean in body as well as soul. Thou shalt bathe in Allah's pure water from thy head downwards. Thus shalt thou be mutually pleased and happy, and no disgust ascend from the light of thine eyes. If thou observe this rule, thy soul shall dwell beneath the canopy of a well-ordered brain; thy wife be a Venus in the sky of thy greatness; and thy Talieh (Star of Fortune) shall ascend toward the zenith.

5th. The true khanum (wife) despiseth perfumes, save those which water giveth, or those slight odors wherewith she sprinkleth her garments; and then she useth the waters of Gul (roses.) It is the kadum herself, and not the chemist's product, that smelleth grateful to the lord of the household! Art-perfumes destroy the far sweeter airs breathed out from every pore of the woman whose soul is full of love! and none but a Jassaf (cyprian) needeth perfumes; and only an *Abu Jakel* (father of asses) can endure either!

6th. Allah be praised! fresh air beautifieth the woman, and whiteneth the face of her virtues; it adorneth the neck of accomplishment, openeth the garden of her mind to bring forth the fruitage of desire, and if she and her husband shall daily and freely beat the air (gymnastics—calisthenics) by the light of the sun's first rays, they shall find that Nature hath for them spread the table-cloth of hospitality, and so whetted the edge of chaste desire, that it shall never more be dulled upon the sides of disappointment, for fresh air imparteth more than the wealth of Hatam Tai; it maketh the household bask beneath the rosy canopy of contentment, situated in the vale of domestic bliss, overshadowed by the vine of satisfaction, where their shadows will ever increase, and lips of honeyed love distil forever the drops of purple music, the ravishing melody of tinkling hearts! Therefore let the Fresh Air bring thee all his blessings, let him enter thy chamber

by night, and admit his brother, Sunshine, by day, for these two carry healing on their wings; and health bringeth Beauty, who ever beareth to thee the flowers from her bowers; sheweth Affection the way to thy home, and she will lead thee into the arena of goodness, and Goodness is the father of Wisdom, who bringeth LONG LIFE, and long life beareth the keys of Paradise! All these blessed wonders dwell upon the sunbeam, and dance upon the atoms of the air.

7th. A goose is the father of fools; alive, he carrieth great loads of feathers and of down, whereof other fools rob him and fashion thereof strange cushions of luxury and — DEATH! The wise men love to husband strength; but fools delight to waste it. The former sleepeth on the hair of the stalwart ox, or on the bed of chips or straw; but fools who listen to feathery counsels of "Ease, Ease!" instead of "Health, Health!" will presently chew the cud of shame and impotence beneath the veil of their own folly, and such shall drink patience from a bowl, and it shall be sweetened with grief before they learn to wash in the waters of Wisdom, to cleanse themselves from the mire contracted in their wanderings through the swamps of Pollution, ONE OF WHICH EXISTS IN EVERY COUCH OF FEATHERS.

8th. If the legs of thy couch resteth upon lumps of wax or squares of glass (insulated,) thou wilt be protected from the Skeeven Pah, (nightly flows of malarious electricity,) nor can the shivering genii (ague) ever reach thee, especially if it standeth while thou sleepest, away from the wall, or in the center of thy chamber.

9th. O, husband! in all thy wooing, *never forget that thy mother was a woman!* See to it well, therefore, that thou ever respectest the womanly feelings and modesty of thy wife, and that no act, word or look of thine, has the least tendency toward breaking down that delicate barrier of coyness, propriety and reserve, which is the brightest charm of woman, — without which she may be liked, but can never be loved, honored or respected, and which, like an eggshell, is very brittle, and when once broken can never be repaired!

10th. The wise husband delighteth in self-control, for his wife's sweet sake; he forbearth often, nor presseth his passion-suit in seasons of rejection; for he loveth to prove himself *manly*, as well as a man, and he never desireth to begin a race, unless the keeper of the course be ready, and feeleth gratified to gratify.

11th. The wise sailor will not begin his voyage if weary at the

time; nor when half asleep; nor when waking up at night; nor will he ever mistake the pressure of the waters for the presence of the power; nor if he be angry with his vessel, himself, or any one of Allah's children!

12th. The wise man remembers these rules, and knoweth that he can *justly* know, only when his soul and affections are at high tide, as well as his passions and his blood. If this rule be well obeyed, he putteth out the fires of Jehanum, kindleth the torch of Paradise, and never sits in the shadow of shame, beneath the banks of Degradation, in the darkling valley of Humiliation.

13th. No good gardener will shake his pomegranate or his apple tree while the fruit is forming. Who can eat green grapes and not suffer for his folly?

14th. The race is not ever to the swift nor the battle to the strong, for it sometimes happens that the slower the pace the longer will the steed endure! The spring of love, well and truly managed, lasts all the year. The year hath thirteen moons, and each moon hath a period of thirteen days wherein Love awaketh in woman's bosom, for Nature then hath ceased her sacrifice, (evolution of an ovum—the catamenial epoch,) and the best and tenderest emotions prevail. And O, Pilgrim to the Court of Happiness conjugal, when thou art about to pass through the delightful meadow lands laid out by Allah (God) on the paths of thy double being, it will not be wise for thee to rush through them like a hunted deer, for there are many places on the road full of thy stopping—many sweet springs of joy worthy of thy Pass, therefore, quite leisurely on thy journey, for so shalt thou enjoy long thy dreams of bliss, and know a truly human joy, unattainable to the swift runner on that lane of human life!

15th. The Flower of thy Garden, O, husband, may not be so fair as that of thy neighbor, but to thee it is, or should be, infinitely more dear and precious. Therefore watch it, tend it, nurture, cherish, guard, protect, love and respect it, and when it sees thy care, and feels thy tender goodness, it will upraise its head in thankfulness and love to thee, and the exhalations of its soul will be grateful perfume in the nostrils of thy spirit. That flower is thy wife.

— A wife!—whoever hath a wife
Is doubly armed 'gainst all the ills of life!

The sky hath but one sun, the earth but one great glory, and that

is—Woman! Life, light and prosperity, joy, mirth and gladness attend them both. The one warmeth man's heart by day; the other enricheth his soul at eventide; and each exhalet perfume sweeter than all the roses of Gulistan! The Hakim (Doctor) may say "My Physic is good," but what herb, O, man, is equal to the touch of woman's hand? What tonic equal to a single glance sent love-beaming from her eye to dance the dance of renovation in the parlors of man's soul? What is spikenard? What is manna? What is Irakwek even, or all the drugs of Ind, compared to the twinkle of a woman's eyelash when her soul is ripe with love? * * * * * Whoso hath a loving wife under his roof-tree, is richer than a king! What are the smiles of courtezans? What the embrace and pressure of a wanton's arms, compared to the noble loving of an honest wife? The husband of such an one hath a specific for every ill. Shut up your Galen; burn your Hippocrates; put all Physicians in a corner, for the mistress and queen of them all is there, and lurks in every loving woman's smile! Who will take cassia when an eye is to be had, or writhe under a blister when a loving wife's smile can heal him? Every true man cherishes, adores and respects thee, O, woman of the loving soul, and the prayer of every honest heart is that Allah will forgive thee all thy faults, and take thee to himself at last, when all thy labor and thy cares are done. Heaven bless thee, O, woman, increase all thy joys, strengthen thee in all thy perils. "May thy shadow never be less!"

A cunning woman who has a man's affections, holds the long arm of the most powerful lever in existence, for through his love—a love not of the Miss Nancy, Platonic, rose-water sort, but one based on the solid realities of physical beauty—and *adaptedness*, the strong man falls as powerless as an infant, and she can, if she so wills it, triumphantly lead him whithersoever she pleases—devote him to the highest Heaven, or plunge him headlong into the deepest, blackest, most fearful Hell! Such has been the history of life since the first man fell in love with the first woman, and tumbled out of Eden in consequence, and the likelihood is, that such will be the case some time longer. 'Tis said that

— Man's love is of man's life a part,
'Tis woman's whole existence:

and just as long as her physical charms are capable of raising a tumult beneath his vest, will he be at once her victim, dupe and master—for I think—and beg pardon for daring to disagree with some folks—that

on the whole, quite as many males are involved in trouble by the women, as these latter by the other sex. It is very near an even thing between them, albeit I first declare the fact.

Satiety in a natural marriage is not possible; true love is inexhaustible. But then, true love's major element is common sense.

Be delicate, sir: *never*, never in any way expose her. Even in the dreadful hour of childbirth remember this. Procure a female doctor. Never call a male until the last hope is gone. If she lives, she will love you all the better for your kind consideration.

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

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

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

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

How difficult it is, with the best intentions, for a woman who lives in the world to steer entirely clear of suspicion or misrepresentation,

unless there exists between her and her husband a frank and cordial understanding.

Every one knows the height of virtue to which he may attain; but no man can anticipate the depth of depravity to which he may fall.

"Seven hours to sleep,
To healthful labor seven,
Ten to the world allow.
And all to Heaven."

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

Shall my lips refuse thy kiss
 Tho' its deep, exquisite bliss,
 Fade the moment after?
 Storms arise, and clouds may lower,
 Shall the earth refuse its dower—
 Joy and light and laughter?

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

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

AN EXPERIMENT.

The author of this work became convinced of the correctness of the views advanced herein, long before he ventured upon their public expression; particularly of that part of his theory which claims that the entire mind is dependent upon the condition of the generative system of either sex. As previously stated, so now the assertion is repeated, that the love element—the fine fluid-liquid, liquid-fluid, elaborated in the glands so frequently alluded to, is in very truth the GENITAL part—the fountain of life, *primum vivens, ultimum moriens*; is, in fact, the very center whence emanates all of power, mental and physical, that man possesses, while embodied here below.

The functions of the testes and ovaries are nearly identical. The human being probably comes originally from God as a MONAD, down to the male, (I speak of the mystery—SOUL)—passes to the brain-center, clothes itself from the substance of *His* spirit; passes thence to the prostate, there remains until it finds another garment—the mi-

nute head of a zoospere, in the *act* of emission. Up to this instant its life is negative, and though it be now *wasted*, it can never be *destroyed*, but, escaping its thrall, again becomes a free monad, floating about in open space, until it again becomes incarnate, and finally achieves the end for which Eternal God designed it. Up to a certain point, then, its life is negative; but at the very instant it—the monad—comes in contact with the spiritual egg, concealed in every female ovum, its life becomes positive, and whosoever then destroys it, after the womb has once fairly closed upon it, is a MURDERER—and so I pronounce in the awful presence of Almighty God—a murderer, just as truly as if a knife were drawn across a full-developed throat! So much, in brief, on that point. Now for another. There are certain little openings just within, and on each side of the vagina, called the glands of Duvernay; and these secrete a thick, grayish, odorous fluid, totally unlike that secreted by the mucous follicles situated all along the vaginal parietes, and the use of which is merely lubricatory to the parts. Well, these ~~glands of Duvernay~~ play a very important part in the economy of life, for they, like the prostate of the male, are the safety-valves of the human system. And yet, while this is so, these very glands, under certain conditions and habits, become the outlets of both life, spirit, and essence. It is no rare thing to find a man in whom the amative desire is altogether dead; this resulting from atony of the spécial viscera. When this is the case, the man counts but as a pawn—and a poor one at that—in the chess-game of existence and practical human life: so, also, when the glands of Duvernay are diseased, and fail to secrete the sacred lymph, the woman—God bless her!—is but the mere semblance of what her form represents. Love to her is the Seventh Sealed Book; nor has she any more idea—even when she is the Seventh Sealed Book; nor has she any more idea—even when she is familiar with the endeavor—of the joys of Physical Love, than has the unborn child. Many a man becomes unhappy, and finally miserable, because his wife is a perfect stranger to the slightest conjugal reciprocity. Why? Because these glands are either diseased, wasted, or else are abnormally active. When the last condition is the case with the male prostate, there can be no perfect conjugal joy, for the reason that the sperm vessels and the prostates empty themselves before the love-joy has fairly begun. So with woman; only that she loses *her vis* by slow degrees, nor ever reaches a condition parallel to the excited but half-impotent male.

I said to her—(she was an educated lady)—can you tell me any thing from your experience, concerning the connection between the

body and the mind? And she answered "Yes." And this is what she told me—her name was Helen. "In early life I became passionately fond of anthropological studies, and made it a point to acquire all possible information on questions connected with sex. The study soon engendered in my mind a fear and dread of marriage. One result of it I shrunk from as from any horrible and disgusting thing; and would rather have died by slow poison than be a wife. I am fifty-four years old, and this dread lasted till I had turned twenty-nine. Having by education become duly qualified for the profession, I went through the necessary examinations at a Medical College, and received a parchment warrant to practice Medicine. Many of my patients poured out their domestic sorrows in my ear. I pitied, condoled, gave physic, and—did not cure them. Scores of women I found laboring under a peculiar but common disease—hatred of their conjugal situations. At first, and for years, I attributed this to incompatibility between husband and wife, until the cases became so frequent, that at last I began to suspect that ~~physical and not moral~~ causes, were at work producing this domestic misery. There was Mrs. Amidon. Her husband as fine a man as ever lived, yet she hated him. I determined to find out why. * * After a while I instituted a careful series of examinations and medical experiments, and soon obtained the following results: 1st, Her womb was perfect and perfectly healthy. So were the ovaries. There was no apparent scrofula, and yet she was constantly under a doctor's hands, and had been for years. 2d, I found the clitoral viscus the usual size, and quite healthy. 3d, I found the glands of Duvernay *scaled over*, as it were, to such an extent that scarce any of the usual lochia was at any time apparent. (She always loathed the embrace, yet had borne five children.) It now occurred to me that I would *doctor these* ~~glands~~ *glands*—and these alone. I did so. In a short time the microscopic scales came off; her health and temper improved, and with this state of things was born a strong *amative* desire. The wife now finds as many glories in her husband, as she had previously discovered faults.

This I regarded as a profound discovery, and so whenever I heard those tales of woe thereafter, I began to treat them as a symptom of *physical disease*, and in the majority of cases have become satisfied that the trouble exists mainly in a diseased state of those important glands. Moreover I feel assured that this general diseased condition is often congenital, else comes of sexual commerce during pregnancy and lactation. Yes, I suspected that my own terror and disgust of sexual-~~ism~~ *ism* sprung from no deeper source. *What cured others, cured me.*

"My husband and I are happy; you know what our children are."—
Three of the finest boys in Maryland.

Since learning Helen's experience, I have profited by it in my practice, and with the best results.

Lovers, as a general thing, are *too fast*. Many a girl has been frightened out of marriage by the *goat-ishness* of their *gallants*, for *lovers* they are not worthy to be called. Such persons lose sight of the principal charms of woman in the mere idea of sex alone; they are eaten up with desire, and totally forget that a "steady dignity of mind and demeanor can alone counterbalance the passions"—especially the one of which I treat. The great mass of people seem to be unaware that a pure and perfect love cannot exist in one who is filled with the fires of morbid lust, or in a heart that has lost the true and meek dignity of innocence, manliness and truth!

Hafiz, the Poet-king of ~~India~~, has left some very suggestive verses behind him, and these being patent to the issue before us, I will quote —

"What bliss is like to whisp'ring love,
Or dalliance in the bowers of Spring?
Why then delay my bliss t' improve?
Haste, haste, my love, the goblet bring.

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

The links which our existence bind
Hang not by one weak thread alone:
Of man's distress why tease the mind?
Sufficient 'tis we know our own.

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

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

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

Aye ! by my faith, he might have added, "and so will everybody else as well as Hafiz," and all "despite my good lord cardinal," priest, potentate or penalty, judges, justice or Boston juries, statute laws, rules, regulations, moral codes, and everything else besides. And why? Because it's human nature so to do. Perverted human nature, it may be, but human nature still. The question, therefore, amongst people of Common Sense at all events is, not how we shall put a forcible stop to what we choose to call "illicit amours," for we *can't* stop *them*, try as we may:—the world has been essaying that Quixotic enterprise these last ten thousand years, leaving off just where it began the work — and not one inch further. But the question is, how shall we get over the difficulty in the easiest and safest way? It's of no use to send a boy to State Prison because he is caught in a brothel. You must first remove the brothel, and you can't do that until you change the action of a certain little phrenological organ situated just back of the neck of the *Body Politic*! How shall we discipline this universal organ of amativeness so that it shall no longer run riot in the land, first making harlots, then establishing brothels near every populous center, and then building prisons and houses of correction for — ITS OWN VICTIMS? Bah! The self-righteousness of legislators stinks in the nostrils, not only of God and angels, but of every honest man. The question of greatest moment to us is, how shall we so discipline and train this unruly amativeness, so as to offend the fewest and benefit the many — help along the cause of the truest civilization, and conduce to the best interests of the wide, wide world? That's the question! That's the problem of the age, one, too, that has puzzled the world for centuries, and yet one that can be solved in twenty lines; aye, half the number. Thus: Prove to every man that *Interest*, self-interest has been, ~~is,~~ and ever will be the cardinal policy of men and nations — a very easy task with plenty of illustrations all around us; — then show them that *Virtue* is and ever was the highest interest of every human being. Plenty of illustrations are at hand. Do this, and your work is done, and harlotry goes by the board. This question must be met and solved according to the logic of facts, and the principles of Common Sense — which after all, is much better than "Philosophy."

What a deal of cant exists in the world in regard to sexual vice and virtue. One would be led to think, from hearing the sin so vigorously denounced, that adultery, and other illicit amours were worse than stealing, cheating in change, taking unfair advantage of the poor, and a host of other sins about which we don't hear half as much.

True, I hold that *all* these are infractions of the laws of social order, yet believe it would be better to bring about a universal reform, by each one reforming him and herself—for the work belongs to society—than making such an ado about them, yet practically doing nothing to change the condition of things. I believe in virtue, most devoutly, yet I cannot accept as true the usual definition of that term, when applied to woman.

I proceed to give the reasons of my dissent: “Eloi, eloi, lama Sabachthani?” groaned the dying Christ, when the terrible death-agony swept in relentless pain-billows over his quivering form, and along his rack-tortured nerves. And “My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?” comes up from many a poor girl’s heart, and through many a pallid lip, as she feels that she stands upon the brink of some unknown danger, while her lover pleads with her and racks the logic of heaven, earth and hell, for arguments to carry his point. “My God, my God!” she cries, ~~and then, unable longer to withstand the triple~~ storms of passion, love and importunity, she yields, and the world says she “falls”—but by the eternal God, the world lies! Not one whit of God has she lost; not one fleck of dust hath fallen on her soul to mar its beauty, as hereafter she roams adown the glades of Jehovah’s starry islands. Virtue don’t consist in a membrane. Some people say it does, but some people are fools! Our bodies are like houses—liable to leaks. But, sirs, the soul is waterproof, nor can all the Vice-showers of earth or hell once soak it through. It forever remains pure. Last night I saw a woman, who to my soul-glance was as pure as spotless snow;—ah, would that I were half so good as that poor, tender, suffering soul—so true, so sensitive, so aspiring; and yet did the world ~~the tale she poured into my ear, while the hot tears of her telling~~ ~~fell thick and fast upon the floor, and there mingled with the tears of~~ hear the tale she poured into my ear, while the hot tears of her telling fell thick and fast upon the floor, and there mingled with the tears of my hearing—the world would call her impure, not virtuous, because she had loved both wisely and well! If she was deceived, that’s the deceiver’s fault, not hers. I listened to the tale, and I cursed the hypocrisy of a world which, with a deal of preach, has a very little practice; and when that world says that such a woman is not virtuous, again I tell the world it lies; for if virtue be any thing, it is the intent to be and do good. Poverty compels a woman to exchange herself for the current coin of the land. Purchasers imagine they have bought her, but they mistake; she keeps herself, but sells her cloak; and I apprehend that there’s no more virtue in a cloak than there is in a membrane! And I wept with her; and finally went home, and soon

lay me down with my baby in my arms, and I slept, and lo! a vision. I was free. The soul had divorced its bridegroom, the body, for awhile; and up, up, up, through God's star-flecked azure, will-borne in a thought-shallop it sailed, until it reached the plains of Vernolia in the rosy Morning Land, and took its stand hard by a shining gate, near which stood the veiled throne of the Infinite OVER Soul. And now a voice said, "Sound the trumpet!" and forthwith a mighty seraph blew a blast, and ten million echoes awoke the stillness of the vast infinities with the startling cry, "Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment!" And then I trembled, for I knew that many a secret sin had left sad marks upon my garments; but I prayed, ah, God, how earnestly I prayed! and as every prayer went up, one spot, and then another, disappeared, and my soul became pregnant, grew big, and presently a child was born, and its name was Hope; and it grew apace, and soon changed its name to Faith, and again to Charity, and once more, to Certainty—and I was happy for the first time since Time began. Soon I saw a vast ~~spectral army, all the~~ dead nations marching up toward the gate whereat sat the recording angel with the book. And as the troops of priests and philosophers came up to pass through the silver portal, the Veiled Voice said, "Stand back! The weakest first!" And so they stood back, and made way for the harlots, and slaves, and beggars, and many a poor thief; and as they came up, the angel selected the feeblest, called them by name, ran his eye over the book, and with a "weak in execution, strong in intent," or "weak in flesh, strong in spirit," or "foul without, but pure within," bade them pass into Heaven. At last came the woman whom I had conversed with in the afternoon. She passed the sentry, was told to enter the starry land; but she could not; a cord was around her, and around me also; seeing which, the angel said to me, "Pass in with her, for it is written against your name in this Book of Life, 'Even as ye did it to the least of these servants, ye did it unto me!'" And so I entered the golden

my servants, ye did it unto me!" And so I entered the golden country. Presently I returned to earth, firmly convinced that good deeds are the coin of heaven—the silver; but that sympathetic tears are the gold, one of which outweighs a score of others. If such is virtue, then its effect on humanity must be for the healing of the people, the nations and the age.

Let no man construe what I have said into a defence of vice of any sort. Take me as I mean!

When so much cant and nonsense is afloat upon the sea of Literature, especially such as relates to the sexual question—whole cargoes of

which are floating up and down the tide of letters to-day—it requires no small degree of courage either to write upon the subject at all, or to honestly speak one's mind after beginning the task. When a Public so large and intelligent as that which for some years I have been accustomed to address, is to be spoken with on a subject so delicate as the present, it requires a nice taste, judgment, and discrimination so to select words and phrases, as shall carry the meaning home to the understanding and the heart, even of the most stolid and dull of apprehension, and yet avoid the use of terms that can offend even the most fastidious. In what follows, I shall endeavor to do my best in both these respects.

The world of Intellect is in labor to-day, and the sweet child now being born is Common Sense. Its father is Science, its mother is Philosophy, and its mission is Reform. Both parents have erewhile made a great deal of bluster and pretension. Each has in turn asserted a great deal, promised more, and achieved less, until at last, like a very wise couple, they have abandoned talk, in a great measure, and gone to work in real earnest. COMMON SENSE is the result. People are getting weary of platitudes, and hunger for real food, and in the humble effort to furnish even a very little, this book has been produced.

This has been called the Age of Gold, Silver, and Iron, by turns. I call it the age of "Brass"; for certainly the "Philosophers" have proved it so, and that not a few of them have striven to make it the age of "Tin" is proved by the fact that just as soon as their exchequers have been well stocked, their philosophy suddenly demised. Loudly have scores of "Reformers" talked about bettering the condition of the People, yet how much better off are these same people to-day? Not much, I trow. A few short years ago we were told that Free Love was THE thing to make people happy. But are these people half as happy now, as they were before they accepted that doctrine, and run the chances of a tremendous experiment? I fear not, and have told many so, but the ever-ready answer is: "The experiment has not yet been fairly tried. Wait till it is, and then decide." Yourself may have suffered from this thing—yea, have seen men and women apparently ruined by it; but these are exceptional cases. Wait awhile, and we will show you magnificent results." Well, perhaps it is so; but I don't believe a word of it. Let us patiently await the "Results"—we shall see what we shall see!..... At present I have strong, rather strong objections to seeing my daughter, or my wife, or my friend's

wife and daughter — members of — well, never mind — I will skip the hard words just dropping from my pen.

Unquestionably, all things considered, we are now living in the very midst of the greatest revolutions the world has ever seen. Around us, on all sides, the signs of the times proclaim this fact, and the crumbling ruins of human folly are rapidly disappearing. The dust of the debris partially blinds many of us; but presently the clear breezes of rationality will spring up: we shall then see plainer, and amongst other things that we shall behold in this new and cryptic light, with clarified vision, will be the general subject we are now discussing — namely: the sexual question in all its bearings, both “legal” and “illicit,” or in and out of wedlock. We shall then discuss the theme, void of prejudice, and solely on its own integral merits.

Old foggy notions of all sorts, sizes, shapes and kinds, that have long usurped the popular throne, are, some how or other, growing smaller by degrees, and ~~beautifully~~ ~~how~~ — Presently they will all quietly fall to earth, and on their former site in men’s minds, shall be upbuilded true ideas of human life and human justice. The Temple of the true God shall yet be builded of human hearts, and therein shall the Supreme be daily worshipped, — the Temple of perfect Physical Health. Till this comes to pass, and at best it is slow work, we must wait and watch, and in rightful actions ever pray.

During the last decade, we have had scores of books on the subject of which we herein treat, and yet not one of these has succeeded in making its mark, or creating a durable impression. Why? For the reason that not one of them has treated the subject from the only standpoint that could command public attention, and popular sympathy, namely: that of COMMON SENSE.

People will, in the afternoon, read a book on “The Perils of Incon-

People will, in the afternoon, read a book on “The Perils of Incontinence,” go to a lecture against “Licentiousness” in the evening, will applaud the speaker whenever a rap is delivered on the devoted head of Amativeness; they will leave the hall brim full of the deadliest virtue, and in less than two hours thereafter will fall victims to the first temptation — just as easy — merely by way of proving that human nature is a very queer sort of thing, and that the whole matter is governed by a law outside of, and above individual likings, longings, tastes, volitions or resolves, unless and until the man within obtains full control of the man without, and by rigid self-discipline, has learned to direct the Passion-tide, and properly keep it within limits.

A TOO TRUE PICTURE.

See! the husband has just brought his tender and virgin bride from the altar to their home. They are very joyous, and think themselves happy, but as yet have no proper notion of what happiness is. True, a heavenly smile plays in mischief amongst the roses of Jennie's cheeks and the coral of her lips; and yet, somehow or other, there comes ever and anon a furtive look, betraying half doubt, half fear, and a deeper crimson, than a maiden's modest blush, rather pales this coral and these roses occasionally, and momentarily overcasts the sunshine. Why is this? Some will say, "It is the natural result of her new position; the modest maiden's entree on the fuller and higher life of womanhood!" But I say it is, in nine cases in every twelve, no such thing. It is the deep intuition of her woman's soul prewarning her of nameless horrors yet to be. Look at the groom. A fine specimen of a physical man; full of vigor, blood and youth. What fervor and what animation! How ~~exultantly he gazes~~ on the treasure he has brought! Yet I don't like the *sort* of look: there's something I don't like about it. He is all aglow—his breath is rather thick and husky—has suddenly become so, as he finds or thinks that for the first time since the ceremony, they are alone—not quite—for God is there, though he knows it not. The solicitude he manifests smacks of something less noble than true affection, and the peculiar tones of his voice savors far more of physical passion than of noble, manly love. Good night. * * *

Good morning, sweet bride! I'll call in a month to see you as I pass along this way. * * * Next month has come, but all her roses have forever gone!—fled, alas! and fled forever! Poor girl! She fondly imagined she was about to find a MAN, and a Husband. She found only a—brute! * * * How pale she is: her lithesome, tripping gait has given place to a nervous step. Evidently something

is wrong. * * * Months have fled. She is *enciente*—but not of the child of her own and husband's vigor. Oh no! but the immortal house within her bosom is being builded of the last dregs of two exhausted human bodies. * * * Ten years have fled, and this couple keep all the time wondering why their eldest born is such a little, measly, nerveless, scrawny, morbid child. They are paying for their folly, in long doctor's bills, and the heart-wrung, tears they both will shed next month as little Harry's form is forever hidden by earth heaped on his coffin by the sexton's friendly spade, are portions of the penalty. * * * Come, let's go up the road—into the village tavern,—the little boy that died is there, listening to the trial, before

Justice Goodman, of a wretched scamp who went and bought a splendid three-year old colt, and then actually so ill-used it, by over-driving, that the poor thing died on the road—right under the lash—for which deed the culprit has been arraigned. He defends himself, and says—

“Let me alone. let me alone!

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

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

How often, could we listen to connubial talk, would we hear things like the following:—TENDER HUSBAND: “Hang it! you're always and forever grunting—always sick, sick, sick—and have been ever since I married you.” There! that's *just* it, to a fraction—“ever since he married her.”—No, not that either, for after all, marriage is something more than a priestly ceremony. He didn't *marry* her; no man can talk in that style to the woman he has *married*—in the full, deep sense of that prostituted word; no, not that—but she has been sick ever since he cheated her into a contract, just as London Jews cheat young spendthrifts out of reversions and post-obit bonds. A man can not treat a wife ill, in any respect, albeit *husbands* may, and do thus, and otherwise ill-treat the women law-entrusted to their charge. When a couple are ~~MARRIED~~, the woman grows spiritually younger as years roll on, and time plows his furrows very slowly in her cheek and on his brow. * * * How often it happens that couples come together when life is all a calm, and the first year or so is sweet and balmy to their souls; yet, alas! how soon comes, first, the low and distant social growl, speedily deepening into hoarse mutterings, soon to break into fierce tempests, and domestic storms and strifes. This is

common; this is an every-day story; this is true of ten thousand families. But why is this so? we ask, and COMMON SENSE responds: Because every one of these ten thousand couples started wrong at the outset. Because, during the first six months of wedlock, Lust held the reins, instead of calm affection. These words are true as God is true. The mistake, the folly, the pernicious oversight lies right there. Instead of planting a bed of roses, whirlwinds are sown—ruthlessly, foolishly sown, and what marvel, in God's name, is there, that Hurricanes, the fruitful crop of such peculiar seed, should be the harvest naturally reaped? What a pity that these ten, aye, these hundred thousand couples, had not previously studied the deep significance of the words: "Keep cool." What a pity the grooms of all these half-murdered brides had not learned that mighty, yet very simple lesson! What is the result of this state of marital discord? Why, simply,—aye, notoriously this: The husband soon grows exceedingly sensitive and susceptible to the peculiar charms and attractions of ermine, when worn by almost any other woman than his wife. What's the upshot of it all? Why, out of this common, very common state of things, come bickerings, hatreds, jealousies, elopements, adulteries, and the whole frightful catalogue of social and domestic miseries, which so ineffably disgrace the age in which we—stay; for live we certainly do not. Why? again: Because the love-fountains between couples are too often dried up during the first year of married life. In many cases, by far too many, the domestic hearth grows altogether too hot to hold the twain. They separate. She takes her half-reared, half-begotten children, and ekes out a livelihood as best she can; while the husband embarks on a voyage in search of Common Sense, which, if he find, ere it be too late to amend his folly, will prove more valuable than forty thousand golden fleeces, such as Jason went sailing after, just subsequent to running off from *his* wife and two children—the camp!

Reader, let you and I, so please us both, now talk a little on a cognate branch of this deeply interesting subject, namely, Propagation.

Children are, and ever should be the work of Nature, not of Art—for Art is out of her element when interfering in this business—excepting in so-far-forth as that her rules are applied to perfecting the physical health of those who would, or may become parents—for instance—a cold bath at the side of the bed,—which bed stands in the center of the best room in the house, and the best furnished one besides—with a beautiful picture or statue so placed over its foot that it shall ever be

the first object beheld on opening the eyes after God's sweet agent, balmy Sleep, has fulfilled her recreative office. I knew of a pregnant woman who had a picture of the young Christ in her chamber—bye and bye she bore a child which was the living embodiment of the Artist's canvas master-piece. Go and do likewise:

Children are procreated, gestated and born, by processes altogether too deep for you and I, dear reader. All these mysteries must in their essence, remain mysteries forever. We know that this and that takes place, but the how? is what man will never fully know. Suffice it that the means are arranged, carried out, and certain ends attained by the inscrutable power and providence of ever-present and all-wise God.

All human aids are therefore secondary, and none but fools will either claim all knowledge concerning the processes, or usurp the prerogatives of God and nature by attempting to achieve impossibilities. If we people act well our physical, mental and conjugal part, Eternal God will take good care of ~~His~~ ~~children~~.

Now the greatest obstacle to the birth of the right sort of children, is nothing more nor less than sexual excess.

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

~~Licentious Freedom~~—mere amative liberty, inevitably breeds three bad things, bad health, loose morals, and worse business habits!

Because that which in itself is a good thing, is suffered to take a leading position in the human economy, instead of being restricted

Why? Because that which in itself is a good thing, is suffered to take a leading position in the human economy, instead of being restricted to its legitimate and subordinate place.

Let this thing be properly disciplined, and be brought into healthful normal case, and the obverse of the above sad catalogue will obtain.

*It is possible to entirely separate the amative from the propogative in the sexual relation; * and when this great truth is once generally under-*

* The method of course cannot be given in a book. The system is operationless, drugless, and can only be sent in letter form as a safeguard: the price of the information is placed at so high a figure, that it can never become widely known, as each person is bound to keep the secret. To the few it will be sent by addressing me.

road, and practically carried out, as it ought to, and will yet be, dead babies in the suburbs, and foundlings on the door steps will be scarcer than they are to-day.

* * * The governing principles of the civilized world are rapidly changing for the better. We are now emerging from the old-established order, at least so far as the subjects of my present treatise are concerned; and we are arriving toward an improved condition of things. At present, civilized Christendom frowns upon the open practice of sexual promiscuity. Doubtless this is "All Right"; but what strikes me as *rather* curious, is this: The frown isn't honest; it is Policy, rather than Principle. I love the latter; I try to respect the former, but it's hard work. What troubles me most is this: Why don't civilized Christendom stick to its own text, and quit breaking all the rules of the decalogue—the seventh, especially?

What a holy horror society has of the female who gives a loose rein to her amative instincts. ~~And yet,~~ how luxuriously this self-same society supports that very identical woman! Curious, isn't it? Very!

Reader, your humble servant devotedly adores the Christ of Nazareth. That was a Godlike saying: "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more!" Now these divine words forever ring glorious Charity-changes through my soul. What's the consequence? Why, simply that your humble brother in life finds it utterly and totally impossible to regard a woman with more disfavor than he would a man, simply because she has done once, what a man may do a hundred times without losing caste. If men desire that women shall be faultless angels, let us all insist that they themselves shall set the example. Then, ~~but not till then,~~ will a brothel become a rare blotch upon Society's

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

own and society's conscience. For instance, the Mormons practice wholesale concubinage, *a la* his Black Majesty, the King of Dahomey, who has the moderate number of 3333 *wives*.—rather overreaching another

Mighty King; who'd in one hut
Seventy wives as black as soot,
And thirty more of a double smut—
The King of the Cannibal Islands.

They—the Mormons—practice concubinage on the ground that the demands of a sanctified saint-hood requires a superior race of mortals. The Oneida Perfectionists practice it "for and by the grace of God"—

truly a grace which passeth all understanding! They remind me of the boys whom the teacher caught smoking segars; one excused himself by the plea that his "stomach ached;" the second urged—"biles;" the third one said "I—I smoke—for *corns*!" So with all natural and unnatural Passionists—they smoke for corns. Others of the same ilk, urge various excuses to cover up from themselves their own contempt.

As for me, I hate these subterfuges, and heartily despise the wretch who attains his end by resorting to such puerile excuses as the above. I found it not impossible to respect Turks, Arabs and Hindoos, with polygamous tendencies when I was among them. It may be possible for some people to respect an honest, out-spoken, undisguised Free-Lover; respect him even when I may forever demur from him on the one vital question. Why? Because such a one hides not behind a pseudo-scientific, philosophic, or religious excuse; but openly professing to be what he is, gives us a chance to put caution on guard, and play a Roland for his Oliver. Not so with your sneak thief Free-Lover, who at best is but a ~~sensual sensualist~~ sensualist in disguise. I would speedily put a stop to his "fun," but would remorselessly hang—by the heels, the infamous moral coward who practices Free-Love, *a la* the "All Wright" method, on the plea of "social expediency."

Still, we all know that Amativeness is the lion of this Yankee tribe, and that the Age is vastly troubled with sensual tendencies and most decided proclivities toward sexual freedom: nor does it matter in the least whether these be accredited to the normal or abnormal side of human nature, for in either case the *fact* is patent; and this fact, these facts are not by any means to be treated as unaccountable irregularities, for they are the genuine expression of a law of human nature—~~human~~ human development, possibly; but in either case I do not like the ~~manifestations~~ manifestations, for in ultimate results we are frightened by them. So in human history, Amativeness has triumphantly laughed at all ~~unsuccessful~~ efforts at limitation—all legal enactments for the suppression of its activities, for the more laws you make to put it down, the more it won't stay put down. What then? Why, instead of spending time in the fruitless endeavor to restrict and restrain this passion, *vi et armis*, we had much better turn our attention to the laws which govern it, and do our best not only to understand *them*, but make a judicious application thereof toward properly disciplining and civilizing it; which can only be done by teaching every human being that every violation of the Passion law of Nature is a direct sin against the Sinner, and must inevitably result in his or her positive distress and misery in the end.

Centuries and generations have fully demonstrated that it is utterly impossible to prevent practical Free Love. What, then, shall we do? is the question; to which I reply: "Throw all possible light upon the general subject, at home, and leave the event with Omnipotent God."

You can not make a man love his wife; nor a woman love her husband, if neither chooses to resort to the only means that can engender true affection, namely: mutual and long-continued endeavor to please. If they don't choose to, or if, after repeated trials, they have been forced to conclude that mutual love can not be accomplished, wherein is the justice of attempting to compel such persons to endure their constantly accreting misery and discontent? (except always the mutual protection and care of the children.) If there be justice in thus compelling them, I, for one, am unable to discern it. Evidently in cases of such desperate aversion, soul not body-founded, it seems reasonable to conclude that such people should be apart, for to make them stay together, under the ban of disgrace if they shall separate, is to set a premium upon harlotry, libertinism, misery, violence, and murder, and all other crimes misguided man is capable of enacting. And yet the bond itself should be indissoluble, to prevent *future mistakes*.

Sexual love is not, never was, and perhaps never will be restricted to pairs. I am sorry for this, but it is a fact, nevertheless; and if it be true that whosoever looketh upon another with amorous eyes, is guilty of adultery, I'm afraid there'll be a very long string of one sort of sinners at the judgment-seat. For my part, I wish it were not so, and that it were possible to make John love Sarah; but it can't be done, for people *will* love who, when, how, and where attraction may compel, despite all the statutes in creation. All we can do, is to teach people the divine art of self-control; and that's all we want to do. In good-time coming, we devoutly hope that people will marry according to the canons of common sense, as well as those of law and gospel. One man to one woman should be the Rule.

There is a doctrine rendered somewhat popular by a modern so-called Philosopher, and men of his peculiar notions, to the effect that somewhere or other, in this-life or the next—of which he claims to know so much—every man and woman will find his or her true Spiritual affinity—the better half. Once upon a certain time, I believed that doctrine—and it may be true—yet I find many objections to the theory—of which is, that the Philosopher himself declared that his first ~~was~~ his eternal t'other half; but scarcely was she dead than he

forthwith discovered his error, and in a short time found that the wife of another man was his eternal affinity. Evidently he made a mistake—but in which case? Which of the women whom he took to his bed and board was his real companion, if either? Now if a man who in effect lays claim to be a Philosopher, falls into errors matrimonial like that, how are ordinary mortals to get along—what are the poor “mudsills” to believe? I cannot yet believe in the eternal affinity notion; and still it often strikes me that I am wrong on this point, and that the Philosopher, despite his confessed error, is right after all! It often comes to me with great force in the moments when my soul is at high tide, that the wonderful hypothesis may be the truth. At all events my intuitions are decidedly in favor of the union of pairs in accordance with a dynamic law of nature—and this notion carries as much weight, if not more, than the deductions of my reason. Perhaps a man, struck between the two opinions, will in the end prove to be the correct one. If so, then marital unions hereafter may last for ages; and it may be that ~~Hereditary~~, to us, may consist in a perfect blending of A with all and every of the rest of the infinite human alphabet, and thus the cycle of human destiny and happiness be rendered full and complete.

One thing is certain, and that is: Every one is capable of giving and receiving joy from every other within the limits of Time and Space. I used, erewhile, the phrase, “Perfect blending”; now by this expression I do not mean a mere passing union of one person with every other, but I do mean a cycle—be it long or short—of thorough experimental, disciplinary friendliness and sympathy with every other. This may not be probable, yet is far from impossible. If it be true, what joys await us all in the Great Hereafter! What an awful lengthening out of eternity at once presents!—indeed, it is only by such speculations as these that we are enabled to form even a proximate notion of the tremendous year of Infinity. At this point it is very hard for me to restrain my brain and pen—so tempting is the lure before me. Still, I forbear to enlarge on this portion of our subject, until another time.

Some of the marriages of to-day work out a great deal of badness to the surface; not a few of them provoke to adultery, secret and open. Notoriously the institution of marriage, as it exists, brings unmatched couples together, keeps them so, and sunders and keeps asunder those which are in accordance with the dicta of a superior law. Out of this state of things, when it unmistakably proceeds from the natural an-

tagonism of the general make-up of the married parties, and is not the result of mere whim, or physical disease, — spring the vices of avarice, soul-poverty, corruption of taste, affection and judgment, jealousy and secret crime. I therefore say that the laws which compel *such* couples to stay together, are not the laws of Heaven, but are rather sulphurous in their odor. Monogamy is the *theory* of civilized life, but, owing to amative ignorance and abuse, polygamous habits are notoriously the practice. What a pity that Christendom is not more consistent!

It strikes me that common sense alone can remedy this code of abominations. As for me, I had rather die a martyr than in any way sanction a law compelling a woman to cohabit with the man she hated, no matter though the binding ceremony was performed by priest or justice. Society has no right to force a woman to live with a man whose presence and embrace brings illness to her body and grief to her heart. Let them part, and thereafter avoid all similar risks. Some people, who claim to have been there—seen for themselves, and to know all about the matter—tell us, how correctly I can not pretend to decide, that the state of the saints in heaven is one of complex marriage. Practically, this is far from being untrue of many earthly societies, albeit, theoretically, the opposite notion obtains; and yet how often, as we take up the daily papers, do we read of practical protests against the accepted rule and theory! Not a day goes by but the *practical* army is augmented by new recruits from marriage-land. Nor are these recusants—these declarers of monogamic independence, all from the savage tribes of civilization—the huge paws and mud-sills of society; for it is notorious that the yoke often rests quite as heavily on the “higher orders” as upon the lower, in consequence of

we are often treated to the type-recitals of escapades by an Underdnok, Kalak, Hale, Pomeroy, Gardenier, Morton, and many another right-reverend father in God, proving that, after all, human nature will be human nature still, whether beneath a surplice, cassock or tire of linsey-woolsey — and proving, again, that there's something rotten at the bottom of society, which needs the application of a moral antiseptic, the best possible sort of one being simple common sense and common honesty, in equal proportions, constantly applied.

* * * * *

How curious some of the notions are that have grown up of late years, especially amongst that large class of persons known as spiritualists. Not long since I had an opportunity of questioning a medium

in the trance upon several points connected with our general subject. Some of the answers elicited were so curious, that for the life of me I can not resist the temptation of transferring a few of them to these pages. Of course in so doing I do not endorse nor deny, but merely give them as I received them from the lips of the so-called "best" trance medium in America."

QUESTION.—"Do we retain all our feelings, desires and impulses, passional and otherwise, after our transference to the other worlds?"

ANSWER.—"Man is man and woman is woman wherever they may be; whether in heaven or in hell, they are essentially the same, and are moved by the same agencies wheresoever their lot may be cast."

Q—direct.—"Is there sexual intercourse in the spiritual worlds; and are children born as a sequence thereof?"

A.—Love lies at the bottom of the human soul wherever it may be: sexual union is the natural expression or manifestation of that central love. Death does not radically change us in any respect, and therefore sexual union *does* constitute one of the joys of the other world; and it is likewise there, as here, the source of a deal of misery, in exact accordance with the normal or abnormal condition of the person and the passion. God is love: Love is creative energy; its office is to call into being new forms of beauty and of goodness. Its functions are never performed in vain. Fay souls are God's ideas; they come down from Him to His creatures in the soul-world; they are developed and first incarnated in the spiritual organs of spiritual beings. There are children born in the spiritual worlds—ærial spirits—and these are good or evil as are those through whom they are changed from Fay to spirit. Of the good comes the good; of the evil comes the bad. This is the source of good and ill to man on earth; for these ærial spirits, according to the great law of Metempsychosis or the Transmigration, enter into man in the form of Monads—afterward invest with flesh and blood, becoming good men and women, or devils in human form. Again, philoprogenitiveness is an attribute of soul; so is sexuality: remove either, and we cease to be human. They are not removed by death. Offspring and sexual union are demands—high demands, of the human being. No demand exists but there is a supply therefor; and, accordingly, these demands are properly, and improperly met, on the other side of time and space!"

These were the answers. Curious, reader, are they not?

How curious it is, that, as a general thing, the stronger a man is,

intellectually, the weaker is he in his sensational or amative nature! The man who can stir a nation to its profoundest depths by the magic of his mind and speech, can easily be reduced to the pliancy of a sick kitten by a pair of sparkling eyes, or the wanton play of a couple of death-dealing ringlets.

That's the operation of the Law of Compensation; and is one of the ways by which Dame Nature squares her books and balances her accounts.

If a husband sins against his wife, he is apt to put on a long face for a day or two; half-repentantly asks for, and quite confidently expects, pardon. Nor in vain; for it is woman's nature to forgive. But on the other hand, if she sins even once, he, ah! he regards it as a high crime, not only against his own particular peace or comfort, but against the entire moral code.

Many a true heart that would have come back like a dove to the ark after its first transgression ~~has been~~ frightened beyond recall by the savage character of an unforgiving spirit.

What a splendid lesson, that of Charity—no! but Justice will it be when man shall learn the golden rule.

THE DIFFERENCE.

—
MAN.

If he wears a good coat.

Lift him up, lift him up:

Though he be but a bloat.

Lift him up.

If he has not common sense.

And can boast a few pence.

Lift him up.

If his face shows no shame.

Lift him up, lift him up.

Though crime is his name.

Lift him up.

Though crime is his name.

Lift him up.

Though their disgrace be his sport.

Let your daughters him court.

Lift him up.

Though he brings some disgrace.

Lift him up, lift him up.

And the blush to your face.

Lift him up:

Society him heads—

Never mind his black deeds

Lift him up.

WOMAN.

If a woman once errs,
 Kick her down, kick her down ;
 If misfortune is hers,
 Kick her down :
 Though her tears fall like rain,
 And she ne'er smiles again,
 Kick her down.

If a man breaks her heart,
 Kick her down, kick her down ;
 Redouble the smart —
 Kick her down :
 And if in low condition,
 On, on to perdition,
 Kick her down.

I know that this is not the theory, but it is most notoriously the practice. Reader, let you and I hope, and work for better things. Fairness, if nothing ~~deeper~~, ~~requires~~ that as much lenity should be shown to erring woman as to erring man. Woman will forgive man nine and ninety times over when he sins against *her* peace. Let but the recreant whine a little, and say he's "sorry," and forthwith she cleans the slate, to her eternal renown be it said. Why, then, should not man be quite as noble?

I rather like Daniel E. Sickles, not because he took such a terrible means to wipe out a sorrowful blot—but because he did once in his life, what many a woman does fifty times a year—forgave the truant, and took her to his heart again. May the God of Heaven forever bless ~~thee~~, Daniel Sickles, for that one noble, manly act! In the Day of ~~that~~ one noble deed will, in God's balance, outweigh a million

Days that one noble deed will, in God's balance, outweigh a million sins.

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

"here's the penny's worth of wit I bought on the day we sailed for the Indies. Let's see what it is. Ah, here it is:

"Your Mistress loves for lust and gold;
Your wife—she loves ye for your soul.
Believe me not—but try and see
Which of the twain will truest be—
When sorrow comes, and woes descend,
See which will prove the truest friend—
Which heart is round thee truest knit—
This is 'your penny's worth of wit!'"

"By the great Hook block! well said—I'll try it on!" said the captain.

Well, in due time his ship arrived. He dressed himself in a splendid suit, over which he threw a sailor's coarse and tarry garb. Then he went to the police—told of his intention, had officers properly posted, and then went and knocked at the door of one of his own sumptuously-furnished houses, in which resided—maintained by the seaman's-gold—the seaman's mistress. She came to the door—he entered. "What in Heaven's name have you come in that dress for? Pah! You smell badly—tar and such filth, oh! Are you mad?" "No, my dear—not mad but unfortunate—wrecked at sea—not a dollar left—besides I care not for dollars; this is my house—this my furniture—you are my best beloved; come save me!—hide me; in a quarrel I have killed a man, and!"—"Oh, you bloody minded villain—that will do! Who are you? Where did you come from?—Oh, I shall faint! Police! Police! Police!" The officers were close—~~they~~ they entered the house, and "arrest that ragged sailor man! murderer! Oh! Oh! I shall die with fright. I don't know what he has killed a man!"

He's a murderer! Oh! Oh! I shall die with fright. I don't know him—except that he has killed a man!" The officers smiled. The captain tore off his disguise, and stood revealed in fine attire. He laughed, "Ha, ha!" threw down bag after bag of solid gold upon the table, at sight of which she laughed too. "Dear me, what a joke! I knew all the while you was funning," said she. "I loved and ever will love you dearly. I knew you hadn't killed any body, and!"—"Vile strumpet, leave this house. Officers, put her out!"

An hour later he knocked at the door of another house: told the same story, and—"For God's sake, my poor husband, let me hide you in the cellar!" At that moment several officers came to the door enquiring for a sailor man charged with a dreadful crime. The wife hid the husband—then admitted the officers of the law. "Yes, such a sailor man

had been there—but had run through the house, escaped by the back door, and if they'd hurry after they might find him." Why continue the tale? The captain was satisfied with his purchase—the best penny investment ever made. The old woman in after years felt glad that she had sold her wares so well, and you and I, dear reader, perhaps will be wiser hereafter than we have been; at all events we will never forget the captain, the mistress, the faithful wife, the double trial, nor

The penny's worth of wit.

Last night I asked a Philosopher what constituted the popular charm of modern belles. Said he, in reply: "Man readily yields him to the charm of woman: I have been often puzzled to know whether the charm resided in her divinity or in the dimity. I have weighed the subject, and concluded that the dimity has it by a clear vote!" This is too often too true!

Women in these days dress so well that they dress very badly. In exceeding bad taste is much of the flaunting ribbon, gay colors, and Passion-driving crinoline; while your fairy-bell skirts are anything but conducive to rigid morals. Each and all of them are beautifully calculated not only to inflame her own, but to fire the passions of the opposite sex. I don't think that beauty unadorned is adorned the most, but I do think that most of it is altogether over-adorned and overdone, and consequently a great many are undone. A little common sense in regard to dress would greatly tend toward the elevation of private morals, and the depression of public scandal. I say that eight dresses in every twelve worn by ladies *en promenade*, are directly calculated to make the heart of any susceptible man beat strangely-wildtattoos, and suggest thoughts not healthful to his soul by any means. A female should so dress as to excite a man's admiration and respect for

male should so dress as to excite a man's admiration and respect for her more solid characteristics; but, instead of this, passion rules the hour, and she so arranges her toilet that the man who beholds her speedily loses sight of the woman in the sex alone, and, though he expresses it not, indulges in insane dreams of passional emotions, and feels that he would readily dare all things to obtain what, if obtained, would prove a dearly bought whistle, inasmuch as the reaction upon himself, when he came to look the matter over, would make him despise his mother's only son, and consider himself in anything but a favorable light.

Amativeness is the Emperor of all the social affections. It is a thing by, in and of itself. Propagation is a secondary concern altogether.

Theoretically, half the wisdom of the world is against me in this view of the subject; but practically, all the wisdom is committed to my position, for not one in a million will deny my statements.

Amativeness run loose, kills quickly, but if well ordered and trained is conducive to long life.

Many persons mistake excitement—perhaps a chronic one—for virile and amative demand and power. This is fatal. In order to the highest joy of any sort or nature, the highest possible state of health is an indispensable requisite—not merely physical, but social, mental, moral health—in the which condition there *can* be no chronic fire, no morbid action. No mere libertine can enjoy his so-called liberty, for he is a victim, nor, while remaining such, can ever be A MAN.

Not a few reformers make a great point by urging the claims of unborn and unbegotten children, as if child-begetting and child-bearing were the sole business of married people. The fact is that these reformers shoot wide of their own mark. People do not now, never did, and never will marry for the sake of a family of children. These are but the accompaniments of the sacred institution, at once holy and peculiar, so peculiar, indeed, that not one in ten properly comprehends either its significance or its obligations.

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

When a couple respond to each other in all departments of our nature, as a matter of course, perfect reciprocity and unanimity

I doubt if many such unions exist. What then? Why as great numbers of us are unable to find our
exists. I doubt if many such unions exist. What then?
nothing earthly is perfect, and as most of us are unable to find our exact counterparts, and probably could not get them if we should, it is decidedly better for us to endeavor to adapt our spheres to each other, than to spend our time in grumbling at our respective lots; for it is possible to kindle a lasting union and a happy one by studying ourselves and each other; by bearing, forbearing, and in systematic adaptation and conciliation.

Physiologists tell us that the pelvic apparatus fulfils two functions

THE GRAND SECRET.

only—propagation and urination. I demur, and assert that there are three. 1st, the organs serve as conduits for the contents of the bladder: 2d, for the uterine, seminal, and prostatic flow: and 3d, for the socio-magnetic, or nervo-spiritual element, which I call Physical Love, for want of a better descriptive name. Therefore the organs fulfil a triple function: 1st, a merely Physiological one: 2d, a propogative one: and, 3d, a purely humano-social one—the means by God adapted to bring about a positive junction and fusion of the soul-elements of the sexes that cannot be effected in any other way. The testicles and uterus are the organs of reproduction certainly. Yet both are totally distinct from the organs of union, which union does not necessarily involve impregnation. The communication between the seminal vessels and the uterus, which constitutes the act propogative, is distinct from, and subsequent to, and by no means an essential part of the conjugal embrace, unless, of course, the parties concerned desire it to be so. The flow of semen is absolutely essential to propagation, but not at all to the conjugal joy. ~~There need never be an emission to crown the act. It is not essential.~~ This is demonstrated in two ways: First, by the experience of hundreds who have attained the coveted power, by dint of purpose and perseverance; and, Second, man's organization proves that there is a vast difference, physically, so far as the copulative law is concerned, between himself and the highest of the brute tribes. *They* cannot restrain the orgasm; man can; which proves that he was intended so to do, and that they are not. "Copulation," says Benjamin Blood, the author of "Optimism, the Lesson of Ages," "is a bodily excess; the body is immediately weakened thereby; and perhaps no brute is at any time the better for it. But man is. Perfect continence is good for a time; yet in a few months the mind is injured thereby; the spirits lose elasticity; a source of joy, anticipation, and memory is cut off; and the body suffers in the want of this exercise of the mind." Now here is the text for a sermon. Every

body admits that this author has stated facts in the latter part of his proposition, if not in all. Copulation ending in orgasm *does* weaken both mind and body. ~~Proof~~ exists that monogamy, or one man to one woman, is the natural law. A woman can have but one impregnating a year: Continence destroys health: Orgasm does the same, beyond a certain point; the sexual union is essential to man and woman oftener than once a year: Nature is a system of Economics, and never could have intended the inordinate waste of vitality now going on from a ~~single cause~~; Therefore she intended the human being to control the

flow propagative, yet to enjoy the holy pleasures of pure connubiality—which is to be obtained only in the direction indicated. The author of these pages has studied well this subject, during many years, and as the result thereof unhesitatingly affirms that it is quite possible, not only for any man to perfectly control the orgasm, and therefore increase his joys by many degrees, but also be enabled to preserve the health, and thus retain the respect, homage and love of his wife; while the same knowledge places woman in a position to perfectly control herself and prevent conception, yet without resorting to any drug, wash, or indeed any means hitherto known. Both parties are competent to learn this secret in ten minutes time.

Somewhere in the foregoing pages, we have read what every married man and woman in the land is perfectly familiar with, namely: that in the great majority of cases,—aye! in ninety in every hundred embraces, the act is productive of satisfaction to the *male alone*; and even that itself is of a fifth rate sort—seldom amounting to more than a spasm—which being over, leaves a sort of sting behind—Nature's great protest against the desecration of her holiest altar.

What the mental agony of the female must be, who has to act the part of an unwilling priestess in this *orgy*, for sacrament it is not—only a woman can know—and its terrors not even she can verbally express. Could we read the scroll of many a woman's mind, we would find lines expressive of unutterable loathing; while in others we would find not a few secret resolves to bear the burden, and to pay it off with interest upon some suitable occasion. "Don't believe it, ha?" Well, sir, tell me the source of the numberless adulteries, elopements and suicides. Explain this thing on any other ground than that of conjugal barbarity, affectional thirst, and passion's starvation, and I will admit the view here taken is a wrong one. But until you do this, every

that the view here taken is a wrong one. But until you do this, every third woman will tell you that I am right. Male sexualism is selfish as a general thing, because it is unhealthy. Woman's passion's nature is not so. She is never selfish, but from Eve down to the last woman, is anxious to give a thousand fold more joy than she receives. Men seldom consult the desires or convenience of their wives in this respect. Their passions are piggish. Now I lay it down for the benefit of every body, that none but a human brute would constantly force—as too many do, an odious embrace upon any woman—even a professional courtesan,

*The desired information on this point is contained in the "Golden Letter, or Chart of the Polarities of Physical Love," already alluded to in a previous note on page 54.

THE GRAND SECRET.

much less upon the woman he has deliberately sworn to cherish and protect—(she needs most protection from himself)—and whom he calls by that most sacred title, wife. None but a brute, I repeat, will be guilty of an act so supremely—so detestably mean. The connubial banquet is a feast fit for the immortal gods,—but is, alas! too often partaken of by immortal pigs, who are unwilling to appreciate this truth, else we should see the evidence of their reformation in the bright eyes and rosy cheeks of their wives, where we now behold sunken orbs, sullen visage, uncertain step, and hectic cheeks.

The rule of Right is the following: Love's holy ceremonies should ever remain holy: They should never be attempted, much less consummated, unless both parties are inspired with health and healthful love, both for self and each other. Otherwise the draught will, in the finale, prove to have been a bitter one. If these normal conditions be observed, they twain start out upon Affection's journey as they should—together. And no husband has any right to do otherwise. The woman is his wife; ~~nor may he, even in thought, wrong her of a single right.~~ She is part of himself, and ought to share his pleasures, as she certainly does his sorrows and his pains. Failing in this regard, man desecrates her and himself. Selfishness, however, produces its own punishment; first, in a deprivation of joy, and second, by positively injuring his own constitution,—mental, physical, moral, and sensation. If people would think more of marital Rights, and less of marital rites, the world would be much better for it.

As a general thing, men are too impatient to reach the sought-for goal—are too fast altogether—too wrapped up in self, too inconsiderate in all matters pertaining to conjugal life. Reader, there's a whole volume in these last three lines. Please read and ponder it well, for my ~~book~~ says there's wisdom in it.

Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat," and whoso would be ~~at~~ attain that end by making others so happy must attain that end by making others so.

I quote: "By all the happiness, O, woman! which you are capable of bestowing and receiving in married life, I beg you to note well every invitation to Love's banquet, and to cordially respond: [provided they don't come too often, and when prompted by mere lasciviousness. —Author of this Work.] Coldness and squeamishness on your part, will dampen his pleasure, and therefore his love." [A word just here: If a man's love to his wife depends upon her readiness to yield to his caprice, then I beg leave to dissent, and to quote the remark of a

daughter of New England, who said to the author: "Doctor, most men are, on the subject of love and women, utterly crazy—or worse. If a female gives them an inch, they will claim, not an ell, but five hundred yards! They will draw out our affections, repay us in flatteries and compliments, and then demonstrate their honor and manhood by the most disgusting advances and direct proposals, teeming with infamy up to the brim. They call this hateful thing Love! Oh, Heavens! It may be love, but if it is, then I say, Excuse me, sir. But I say, blast such love—forever and for aye!" I agree with the lady. I resume the quotation: "Your cold repulse or petulant refusal, persisted in, will prove the death-blow of conjugal felicity to you both—a blighting wind to his fondest hopes; for it will force upon him the dregs and lees of the marriage cup, in lieu of the delicious nectar, the joyous wine of life, which every man has a right to drink from the hymeneal fountain."

There's considerable ~~common sense~~ in that. Let us continue the strain a little longer, and add: But if you watch the rising tide of love and dalliance, and meet it as it only should be met, with the true, heartfelt and welcome response, you at once rekindle Love's pure flame, and crown your blessed union with the green garlands of human happiness, full, complete, and unsullied. "But remember, O, wife, that nothing will strain the cords of his respect for you, as unwomanly treatment—which will bring a shock of disappointment that will soon ripen into hatred." Why? Because the normal and pure rite is the natural physical expression of love; and this is the very fountain of all human attraction, beauty, energy, and might. It underlies every manifestation of human power; and if you wantonly, wilfully choke off, strangle, or poison that, you inaugurate disease, contention, and living death upon the very throne of Life itself. If, on the other hand, you purely, normally, healthfully, can and will respond to his ~~unworded~~ wish, and gracefully permit that noble homage which true ~~affection~~ ever seeks to pay the object of its adoration, you will speedily cure his love of the chills and fevers to which it is sometimes subject, and bring back to health both the man and his passions. This rejuvenescence of marital love will go on intensifying, deepening and spreading, until both his nature and yours will become divested of all irregularities, and life prove a garden of perennial joys. Properly controlled, the instincts of nature can produce none but good results. If people will only make a persistent effort toward self-subjugation, the amative instinct will become disciplined, orderly, and developed. But it, like

every thing else that is at loose ends and unruly, needs a taut rein and steady efforts. Under this training it will soon shape itself aright, and all fierceness, disorder, brutality and obscenity which now, alas! so often mark its operations, will cease one by one, and finally disappear forever and forever.

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

“What do you propose in cases where one party overflows with love and the other is ~~totally without it?~~” asks the reader. I reply: The superabundance of love, instead of being eternally directed to this one poor physical consolation, should manifest itself in the ten thousand little trifles of every-day life, until at last a spark from the one will, nay, *must*, kindle the flame in the other. The kind word, the loving glance, the silent praise, the tender kiss, the affectionate embrace—in short, the “cuddlings” of admiring affection, will speedily balance accounts and equalize the circulation of this divine principle. Fire in one and ice in the other will produce warmth in both; for, although reciprocity does not exist at first, yet it can be achieved. “Where there’s a will there’s a way.” It only needs a little “try” to work wonders in this regard. It is not difficult to so conduct one’s self as to inspire love, respect, and even veneration. The effort is well worth making. * * * * *

All women, wives especially, demand homage, and whoever refuses to grant it is not wise. There are no ugly women. All are good, beautiful and true, only that some wear life-long marks. If a man appreciates his wife, and lets her find it out, the man don’t live who can by arts, fair or foul, reduce her from her dignity to herself or allegiance to her lord. There’s no mistake about this matter. If there is, then my life-long study of the sex has been of no avail. No woman likes the man who is insensible to her mental worth, moral and domestic excellence, or to her charms of person.

Potiphar's wife is an illustration. We read that that lady hated Joseph tremendously after that circumspect individual refused allegiance and homage to her charms. Why? Because the reaction on her part was in strict accordance with a fundamental law of human nature—that of self-esteem and love of admiration. We seldom forgive those who, wantonly or otherwise, offend our *amour propre*. Perhaps this common human trait is the result of abnormal education and surroundings—but it is a positive trait, nevertheless. We know that this thing will change with time, and be better in the good future now winging its way hither. But at present "human nature is a very crooked stick," and probably was no straighter in Joseph's day.

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

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

In a work like this I am expected to treat on every branch of the subject; and, therefore, the task now nearly completed, would well done were not a few words written upon the subject of ~~and abortion~~. I shall do so.

In reference to this last, I say, that to procure abortion, except at the dicta of a medical council, of well qualified physicians, accouchers and surgeons—and then only to save the mother's life—I regard as a crime of the first magnitude; one infinitely worse than ordinary murder; and I hold the being who would either do, or procure it done, ~~as altogether~~ brutal, and unfit to cumber Christian or any other ground. And as for the villains who daily advertise in our public journals their

willingness and ability to assist those, for a certain sum, who are anxious to bury one shame in a grave of still deeper infamy—such wretches, I repeat, ought to be strung up like so many dogs at the gate of every city. In the other world they *can't* practice their damnable trade, here they can and do; and I think their removal to the other side would be to prevent *wholesale* slaughter of the innocents—bastards, perhaps—but human innocents, still—and at the same time be doing God a service. As for the woman who would resort to such a hazard, except to save her own life—I—I pity her—that's all I have to say; and these are my opinions regarding the practice of abortion.

The question has often been asked me, "Is it ever justifiable to prevent conception?" My answer has already been given. I believe it wrong to lose one single drop of semen, except when the matter of offspring is not a disturbing question. That settles it so far as I am concerned. But many physicians believe that it is justifiable to prevent conception. Their general logic is as follows: "Prevention is justifiable when the female pelvis is so shaped, naturally, or as the result of disease, that she could not permit gestation to proceed even half-way without positively endangering her own earthly existence. 2d, If the pelvis be so formed that she could not possibly give birth to a living child. 3d, When constant illness assures her in a way not to be mistaken, that it would be criminal in her to entail her own suffering upon the child which she might bring into the world. 4th, It were not advisable to bear children when afflicted with uterine displacements, such as prolapsus, ante and retro-version, for under such circumstances, gestation will prove one long agony from beginning to end. 5th, Many are of the opinion that no woman should ever become a mother, if of such a weak and sickly constitution as to utterly preclude the possibility of her imparting the necessary amount of vitality to her unborn child, as to enable it to survive birth. 6th, It is generally conceded that a woman should control this function whenever warned thereto by the too fast accumulation of the pains, cares, and troubles of maternity—never bearing oftener than once in four years. 7th, What normal mind, say these M. D.'s, will deny the right of a woman to prevent conception when she cannot give birth to other than the child of a sot, debauchee—brute? 8th, Should a woman ever bear a child to a man tainted with leprosy, cancer or syphilis?"

To effect the end desired, medical men recommend "cold vaginal baths—when occasion demands." I object to this only as a preventive

I encourage it as a sanitary habit. "Safes and hoods," worn by the male are highly extolled. I say that the man who wears them is—a fool! and guilty of Onanism besides—and that, too, of the most injurious and diabolic kind. Another favorite preventive is not only injurious to the woman, but is destructive to the male; inducing strains and spermatorrhæ, cancer and dropsy of the testes and scrotum, are a few of the baneful effects of this habit.

A sponge shield inserted in the vagina; a cotton pellet in the male urethra; injections of alum and soda, are all highly extolled, and are all most damnable contrivances to destroy human health. The first two are bad, but the latter is dreadful—for they are to the parts a corrosive poison. There are preventives that are perfectly safe, innocent, and effectual, and those only should ever be resorted to. There is one method especially, which I feel that thousands ought to have, and should, only that there are those perhaps who would unwisely use the knowledge. I will ~~not give it here~~, for the reason that none but sickly women should ever need it. In fact, prevention of conception can never be justifiable for any one, save perhaps such as are above described. To prevent conception is always wrong, unless the act is performed by the one means only and alone, as already stated. Of course the knowledge alluded to will not be withheld from those who *really* need it, upon proper application to me in capacity of physician. Yet let me here again repeat, that all popular methods, washes, mechanical means, chemical liquids, and violent terminations of the orgasm are murderous—ruinous, deadly in their effects upon both male and female, body and soul.

While here and there may be found a diseased or deformed woman who has a life interest in avoiding impregnation, there are hundreds who pine and languish for the supreme joys of maternity. Their disappointment may result from a variety of causes; as physical weakness, diseased uterus, imperfect or impaired ovulation on their own part, or lack of vigor on that of their husbands. In either case the defect may be easily remedied by a fair observance of the hints already thrown out in this book.

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One fruitful source of sterility and other miseries in wedlock, results from the fact, that husbands, as a rule, sacrifice *strength* for *speed*.

All the essential information on these points is contained in the Golden Letter.

Now such a man is not only a fool, but is cruel and unjust, selfish and inconsiderate. Female physicians say that nearly every third woman is in a degree miserable from this one cause alone. It would be well for all men to practically realize that JUSTICE is akin to Mercy: that swiftness is not vigor. That no woman whose secretions are imperfect, vitiated or suspended — whose nervous system is shattered — whose muscles are relaxed or flaccid — whose organs are deranged — whose blood is foul, or whose general health is poor, is fit, either for the holy offices of a wife, or the still holier one of mother.

Sometimes corn, potatoes, trees, and various other vegetables, run all to stalk, leaves and blossoms, producing no fruit whatever, else a very poor sort. Just so there are men, and not a few of the other sex, who run to passion, lust, and physique, just like over-thrifty pumpkin vines; and there are those whose constitutions not only permit, but triumphantly carry them through all sorts of personal excess; whereas there are others who would perish from off the earth with one quarter of the excess which to their opposites would be a mere bagatelle or laughing matter. Now this results from the fact, that in those who are strong in these respects, the testes in the male, and the corresponding organs in woman, are most strongly developed; and only the grosser fluids, the semen in man and the vaginal lochia in woman are expended, and they soon recuperate; for the drain is on their bodies, and not upon their brain or inter-nerval system. Their pleasure is of a low, dull order. On the contrary, there are those who are soon exhausted by amative excess. In such persons the prostates in the male are developed in a greater degree than the testes, and therefore they part with far more of the finer fluid than the grosser, and of course require a longer time to recover their stamina. Their joys are infinitely greater. Such persons possess and manifest more "Soul" than any other sort ever do or can. In the females of the finer sort, the expenditure of vital life—which is love (from the glands of Duvernay) is the lochia vaginalis. This is a fact worthy of every man and woman's attention.

Negroes, Indians, coarse men of all nations, can stand the sexual drain ten times more than a nervous, fine-boned man. And it is also a fact that the man of coarse body, habits, and tastes, can resist sexual temptation fifty times easier than the man of finer body and intenser nature. And for this reason we find less sexual peccadilloes among the coarse than amongst the finer nerved, for in the latter case the person is beset with an appetite ground on lightning and tipped with ethe-

real fire, against which only the loftiest human will can successfully stand; and, as elsewhere said, the only hope of such, when attacked, is flight, instant flight from the tempter and temptation.

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

I think that old bachelors are a nuisance, and old maids a worse one. Only when a man has lived as husband and father, and a woman as wife and mother, can the truest human development be achieved and human joys be tasted; for the joys of parentage are infinitely dearer to man and woman than any other pertaining to earthly existence; and I regard the man who hates babies, as a cannibal, and a woman who does so, as a soulless monstrosity.

Before I conclude this condensed essay,—really containing matter which might easily have been amplified to five hundred pages, I purpose to speak concerning a few of the diseases having their seat or taking their rise in the pelvic region: and, First, Seminal weakness, spermatorrhea, or loss of seed, ending in impotence or mental disorders—the bad, worse, and worst results of youthful folly or ignorance, and mature stupidity. Second, Hematuria, or bloody urine—frequently the result of excessive indulgence, and the consequent straining of the organs involved, especially the kidneys. Third, Strangury, or stoppage of the water, which, from the same causes, frequently results by reason of the thickening of the walls of the urethra. Fourth, Diabetes, too well known to need description. Fifth, Disuria—difficult, painful and scanty micturition. Sixth, Fistula—a festering state of the rectum and adjacent parts. Seventh, five separate and distinct forms of disease attacking the prostate gland. Of these, the first is far most frequent, and the most difficult of cure when of long standing. Spermatorrhea is of two forms, first, a dribbling away of the seed drop by drop, with occasional spasmodic losses in sleep, or when

men drop by drop, with occasional spasmodic losses in sleep, or when excited, and second, a continual leakage of the thin white fluid from the prostate gland. The first form of this disease causes the body to waste away; while the second form thereof is infinitely worse, inasmuch as it impoverishes both body and mind, makes the victim morbid, melancholy, “Blue,” nervous, depressed, idiotic, and more or less insane.

Surrounding the neck of the bladder there is a gland, the prostate, like the two halves of a chestnut, and lying on both sides of this body.

THE GRAND SECRET.

and resting on the apex of the bladder, are a couple of very small sacs. Leading from the testicles to these sacs, there is a pipe or conduit, through which the seminal fluid reaches and flows into them. From these sacs a little conduit passes to, and opens into the urethra just forward of the prostate gland, at which point also, this last viscus discharges its peculiar secretion, while that secretion retains its liquid form. This secretion is a fine, pure palish limpid fluid, under which form, as well as after its change into a gaseous element, I denominate the Physical Love of the human body,—a substance which, while confined to its cells does not apparently possess any extraordinary magnetic or chemical powers, but which when liberated therefrom moves the human temple from foundation to turret. The importance of this precious fluid is faintly recognized in this: that whenever the prostate is so diseased that it can from the arterial blood no longer secrete it, the man becomes sour, morose and misanthropic. *Au contraire*, when it is healthy and active the man is said to be full of "soul," and, as a general thing, is inclined to be noble, kind, generous, gallant and agreeable to every woman, and amiable in all his relations. When the prostate is too active, it is extremely liable to void its contents on the slightest provocation, the milk of life oozes and dribbles away and misery results, for excessive venery and solitary vice inflames these organs and conduits, and the perinium becomes heated. The fluids named, semen and prostatic, pass along the tubes until they reach an expanded portion of the urethral canal—the exact spot wherein the semen is gathered from the testes during the sexual ibulation or its counterfeit. Around this bulb is a strong muscular band, which is acted on electrically and mechanically at the same time; for no sooner does the amative excitement reach a certain point than this muscular band contracts spasmodically and electrically, with a series of perfectly convulsive movements, ejecting and injecting its contents with a degree of force more or less great, in exact proportion to the man's stamina and virility. Indeed, so great has this been known to be, that the

fluid has been found in the fallopian tubes, whither it had been thrown in a rape of a virgin. I have said, and here repeat, that it is possible to prevent the loss of this virile fluid, while still free to celebrate the rite; for the spasmodic contraction of the ejaculatory muscle can be controlled, just as some men can control the muscles of the eye or ears. He who learns this lesson (practised by the three thousand Perfectionists of America and the seven thousand Brothers of the Agapemone of England), exerts a force whose direct tendency is not merely to increase the nervous pleasure, but to prevent waste, conception, and to

prolong human life; and therefore prevents much sin in the way of child-murder, pain, sorrow, mental torture, and fear of consequences to the sickly wife. In the embrace void of semination, the fluid from the prostate alone reaches the parietes vaginalis, where it comes in contact with the lactea Duvernay—and no sooner do these positive and negative fluids combine than they blend, mutually act and react chemically, and, together, constitute the element whereof is instantly formed an ærial fluid, quite analogous to that of the nerves, but infinitely finer and more subtle, and this flows through all parts of the human body, spirit, soul, and on its journey begets a joy that no tongue can ever tell, no pen can ever write!

Sappho knew this great truth, for she says:

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

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

————— moderate his joy,
 Nor in his pleasures all his might employ:

which can never be done perfectly while either of the pestiferous diseases named exist, or while various forms of venereal disease are, under the colder name of scrofula, poisoning the fountains of beauty, child-innocence, youth and manhood, as it most unquestionably is in some parts of the country; while, to add horror to the world, diseases of the most noxious character are hidden by the innocent, for fear of betrayal, or from a lack of confidence in medical men, who will still persist in drugging, when they ought to know that the herbs and flowers of the field alone are Nature's remedies, and the only effective ones. In this connection, I may state, that I have prepared a sheet of advice, containing a list of foods and drinks calculated to restore sexual health and vigor, where they have been from any cause impaired, together

with directions for the preparation of certain remedial restoratives for the use and positive cure of the majority of such cases as I have incidentally described in the last few pages. The price of this is five dollars. It is distinct from the Golden Letter, but is sent along with that.

With a brief glance at the chemical constitution of the human body, I shall conclude this treatise, merely remarking, *en passant*, that if the advice herein given be followed, it will unquestionably deprive the grave of many prematurely dead.

Before proceeding, I desire to transmit the following, for the especial benefit of those who are fond of pork. I hope when next they partake of that succulent flesh they will have this before them — as an appetizer :

“ A French correspondent says: The Academie des Sciences has just received a communication which has literally caused the quills upon that fretful porcupine to stand on end with horror. A savant of Wurtzbourg, M. Virchow by name, has announced the fearful discovery he has made of the existence of a dreadful microscopic animal, the *Truchina sparatis*, in the flesh of hogs, no matter how prepared, whether you call it pork, ham, sausage or polony. When an individual happens to eat of this animal in abundance, he is observed to grow pale and emaciated in a few days afterwards; his strength deserts him, and he dies at the end of the sixth week. A post-mortem examination shows the muscles of the body to be filled with *Truchina sparatis*, which proves that death must be occasioned by muscular consumption, owing to the attacks of this horrible little monster. Moses knew well what he was about when he forbade the use of swine's flesh to his countrymen.”

is evident that any system of medicine in this age, to be effect-
 not merely be Chemical, but Dynamical also. It must not
 to effect certain chemical changes, but be adapted to the
 higher, a deeper and more intricate portion of the human

demands of a higher, a deeper and more intricate portion of the human being—that hitherto unrecognized section which bridges matter, and connects the body with the immortal spirit, which is its final self. Herb teas no longer serve their olden offices of renovation, because our bodies in these days are not in the same condition as were those of our ancestors years ago. Allopathy has done good service, and so have all the other pathies, but their day is ended, and we need something POSITIVE that shall take the place of those partial systems hitherto in vogue.

The principal, if not all the primates of our globe, the ultimate

principles of matter, enter into the human composition. These elements are divided into metallic and non-metallic substances. The metallic substances are Potassium, Rhodium, Calcium, Magnesium, Aluminum, Iron, Manganese and Copper. The non-metallic substances are Oxygen, Hydrogen, Carbon, Silicium, Phosphorous, Sulphur, Chlorine, and a few others. Potass (potassium united with oxygen), is found in the blood, bile, perspiration, milk and semen.

Soda (sodium combined with oxygen), exists in the muscles, and the same fluid in which potash is found.

Lime (calcium combined with oxygen) forms the principal ingredient of the bones. The lime in them is combined with phosphoric and carbonic acid.

Magnesia (magnesium combined with oxygen) exists in the bones, brain, and in some of the animal fluids, as milk, &c.

Silex (silicium combined with oxygen) is contained in the hair and in some of the secretions.

Iron forms the coloring principle of the red globules of the blood, and is found in every part of the system; its absence is fatal.

As metallic or mineral substances enter into the ultimate elements of the body, the assertion that *all* minerals are poisonous, however small the quantity, is untrue.

Oxygen is contained in all the fluids and solids of the body. It is derived partly from the inspired air, and partly from the food and drink. This element is expelled from the system in the secretions and excretions.

Hydrogen is found in all the fluids, and in some of the solids. It is most abundant in the impure, dark-colored blood of the system. The bile, fat and oil contain this element. Hydrogen is derived from food and drink, and is expelled from the system in the same manner as oxygen.

This gas sometimes accumulates in the stomach, and causes pain.

When combined with sulphur, it produces fetid eructations.

Carbon is an element in the oil, fat, albumen, fibrin, gelatin, bile, and mucus. This element likewise exists in the venous blood in the form of carbonic acid gas. Carbon is obtained from the food, and discharged from the system by the secretions and respiration.

Nitrogen, or azote, is contained in all animal matter, but is abundant in fibrin.

The peculiar smell of animal matter when burning, is owing to ni-

THE GRAND SECRET.

trogen. This element combined with hydrogen forms ammonia. (harts-horn,) when animal matter is in a state of putrefaction.

Phosphorus is contained in almost every part of the body, but more particularly in the bones. Its loss in diseased states of the pelvic apparatus is ruinous, for insanity may follow. In general, it is found combined with oxygen, forming phosphoric acid.

There are well attested cases of the spontaneous combustion of human bodies, particularly among the inebriates. It is assumed by some that this is owing to the accumulation of phosphorus in the system. I doubt it.

Sulphur exists in the bones, muscles, hair, and nails. It is expelled from the system by the skin and intestines.

Chlorine is found in the blood, gastric juice, milk, perspiration, and saliva.

The term Proximate Elements is used in speaking of the organic composition of the ~~human body~~. The proximate elements are mostly from a combination of oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and azote. The most important compounds are albumen, gelatin, mucus, and osmazone.

Albumen is found in the body, both in a fluid and solid form. It is an element of the skin, glands, hair and nails, and forms the principal ingredient of the brain. Albumen is without color, taste or smell, and it coagulates by heat, acids, and alcohol.

The white of an egg is composed of albumen, which can be coagulated or hardened by alcohol. As albumen enters so largely into the composition of the brain, is not the impaired intellect and moral degradation of the inebriate attributable to the effect of alcohol in hardening the albumen of the organ?

Fibrin exists abundantly in the blood, chyle, and lymph. It constitutes the basis of the muscles. Fibrin is of a whitish color, inodorous, and insoluble in cold water. It differs from albumen by possessing the property of coagulating at all temperatures.

Fibrin may be obtained by washing the thick part of blood with cold water; by this process, the red globules, or coloring matter, are settled from this element.

Gelatin is found in nearly all the solids, but it is not known to exist in any of the fluids. It forms the basis of the cellular tissue, and exists largely in the skin, bones, ligaments, and cartilages.

Gelatin is known from the organic principles, by its dissolving in

warm water, and forming jelly. When dry, it forms the hard, brittle substance, called glue.

Mucus is a viscid fluid secreted by the mucus membrane, which it serves to moisten and defend. It is found in the cuticle, nails, and hair. When dry, it is insoluble in water.

Osmazone is a substance of an aromatic flavor. It is of a yellowish-brown color, and is soluble both in water and alcohol, but does not form a jelly by concentration. It is found in all fluids, and in some of the solids; as the brain, in which Phosphorus also abounds.

There are several acids found in the human system; as the Acetic, Benzoic, Oxalic, Uric, and some others not of importance enough to require a particular description in this article.

Now when one or more of these elements are absent from the body, or exist therein in too great abundance, diseases occur, nor can they be cured positively with Herb teas or any of the poisonous nostrums vended by illiterate ~~medicines~~. To cure any given case, the precise condition and temperament, age and sex and symptoms must first be understood, and the superabundant elements be dissipated, or the absent ones supplied to the body; either of which being done, health becomes a mathematical certainty. Owing to the absence or preponderance of these elements in their bodies, people are afflicted with *Scrofula, Fits, Tape-Worm, Epilepsy, Consumption, Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Liver Disease, Gravel, L'anker, Rheumatism, Insanity, Ulcers, Tumors, Salt Rheum, Spermatorrhea or Seminal Weakness*, and the various affections of the *Stomach, Brain, Lungs and Heart*, and with *Piles and Fistula*; all of which morbid conditions can only be removed, 1st, by vacating the body and blood of all deleterious substances and humors; and, 2d, by supplying the elements whereof it stands in need. That physician is a fool who claims, or expects to cure men of opposite temperament of the same disease, with one medicine. It cannot be done, and never will be, else Science is at

fault: which cannot be the case, seeing that she absolutely demonstrates that each of the above diseases indicates the absence from the body of one, two, three, and in the case of *Seminal Losses*, no less than *Seven* of the primates named. Therefore in accordance with the system of *Positive Medicine*, in every case, the symptoms and temperament, age and sex being known, the Practitioner names the disease, and then, dictated by inexorable Science, proceeds to furnish just what Nature, the only great Physician, needs in order to be enabled to effect

THE GRAND SECRET.

cure. There can be no guess-work at all about the matter, but he proceeds with geometrical precision to a certain and foreseen result; and that too, not by deleterious compounds of any sort, but by means of an *Entirely New Class* of curative agents, the result of years of experiment and study. These compounds, steady and uniform in their effects, and absolutely *Positive* in curative results, a desideratum never before attained in the history of medicine. For instance: Chemical research has enabled us to bring to light a hitherto supposed unattainable combination of proximate principles, with certain ultimate elements, which constitutes one of the most thorough specifics known for a certain class of ailments which affect many, but of which they do not like to complain, or consult a doctor. It is the *only* remedy extant for SPERMATORRHEA or Seminal losses; is the most efficient agent yet discovered, in case of Atony and morbidity of the sexual apparatus in either sex. In Leucorrhœa, it stands alone. It is the agent for the cure, not only of HABIT, but of the disastrous effects of ignorance, even where insanity has resulted; because it supplies that whereof the body has been drained, and therefore is indicated in all affections of the Brain, Nervous System and Heart.

During my travels in various parts of the world, civilized and barbarian, it has been my habit to note the physical as well as the mental condition of the various branches of the human family; and in all cases I have observed that the grosser races were most free of those ailments which attack the abdominal viscera; and I attribute much of the illnesses of civilized people to the early-learned and often long-continued habit of self-abuse — a habit chargeable upon both sexes alike. Seeing these things, I made it the purpose of my life to search out the means of relief and ease. I do not pretend to have entirely succeeded in this grand object, but the results attending my practice in the Atlantic States of America, prove incontestibly that I have approached nearer to it than any other living man. I may not violate

approached nearer to it than any other living man. I may not violate the sacred confidence bestowed in me, else I might refer to those who have been rescued when even Hope herself stood ready to take her everlasting flight.

As I do not expect to remain in this country long, and as I hope to retire from practice altogether in a short time, for the reason that my physical constitution will not bear the exertion necessary to a large practice, such as I have been honored with for years past, I am willing to impart my formulas and methods of treatment to properly

qualified persons, for a reasonable compensation. I have not yet done so, although a treaty is in progress for my specifics and formulas, for scrofula, rheumatism, seminal weakness, epilepsy, and diseases of the female pelvis. The right to make my advertised medicines I expect to dispose of for this coast ere I leave it on my intended tour around the globe—a journey undertaken with the view of studying the phases, moods, and diseases of man's soul, as in previous journeys I studied those of his body.

The system of Positive Medicine is the only correct one extant—embracing the broadest eclecticism, but rejecting all poisons, crudities and negative preparations. It goes further than mere eclecticism, for it is based on Nature herself. For instance: We know that all, or nearly all, the primates of the globe, to a greater or less extent, in different localities, climates, races and temperaments, enter into the human composition, and that the absence or excess of one or more of these occasions illness of the body, and in some cases, as in loss of the elements of ~~semen, brings on~~ mental disease of the most distressing and appalling kind; and hence my plan is to totally neutralize the foul humors in the body, then remove them, then, when this end is reached, restore the lacking material or dissipate the excessive ones, as occasion may demand.

I believe most firmly that, in originating this NEW SCHOOL OF MEDICINE, I am inaugurating a POSITIVE THERAPEUTICAL SYSTEM, which in a century will sweep all the pathies out of existence, for the reason that it, unlike all others, proceeds to attain its end on purely mathematical principles.

CONCLUSION.

I had scarcely landed on these shores from my long journey over the seas, than patients, some of whom I had corresponded with, flocked to me; and as I was known to maintain views, peculiar and original, on the sexual question in its social, pathological, and other aspects, they importuned me for them, so that I resolved to place them in outline before the public, and hence this little brochure. But I find that I cannot remain here without practicing medicine to some extent, and therefore I have arranged so to do, with the gentleman associated with me in the publication of this pamphlet. BUT I WISH IT DISTINCTLY

UNDERSTOOD, that I in no way engage in *his* practice as an aurist, oculist, or curer of the forms of disease mentioned in his card; for his skill is great therein, and to emulate him is a task I do not intend to venture upon, as he has made his practice the study of a lifetime. On the contrary, I shall, as heretofore, CONFINE MYSELF STRICTLY TO MY OWN PECULIAR SPECIALITY, viz.: the

TREATMENT OF DISEASES OF THE PELVIC VISCERA,

and those forms of illness depending thereon to a greater or less extent, some of which are named in the preceding pages. Of course, as both sexes suffer from infractions of the great health-law, I treat them, old or young, for their ailments, and my terms will be in accordance with the importance and nature of the case. As the materials I use are costly and difficult to be procured, my prices correspond, and will range from \$10 upward. My fee for advice, without medicine, will be from \$5 to \$10; with medicine, more. I have arranged for the manufacture of my Life-Wine, or Invigorant. Its name suggests its use and office, either alone or in combination with the others. It will, to quote the language of a patient, restored by its use, "Put life in hoary age, and fire in the veins of ice!" not by mere stimulation, but by permanent invigoration. Persons who have become exhausted by folly, study, overworking of the brain, sedentary habits and excess, have herein their only remedy. It will be put up in gallons and half gallons at \$15 and \$25; in quarts, concentrated, at \$10. My Anti-Septic, alone, (for the cure of scrofulous diseases,) is sold at \$2 a bottle, but when accompanied by my preparations for Ulcerations, Foul-Blood, Leuchorrhœa, and similar complaints, the whole costs \$10 to \$20. Patients must state all their symptoms, their age, sex; married; how long: any *Domestic*, hereditary, or acquired diseases; temperament and complexion.

Scrofulous persons obtain relief, and not unfrequently are perfectly cured by my Positive System.

Syphilitic or Venereal Affections abound in community, to an extent perfectly frightful to contemplate; and yet it is but a just punishment for human sin. Of course no physician who expects the countenance of the better class of society will make it a leading branch of his practice. And I want nothing to do with it in any shape, nor would I treat it at all, were it not that *innocent persons* are not unfrequently its victims; for be it known that this disease can be contracted by shaking hands, in using a seat, cane, fan, or article of apparel of one infected

with this loathsome disease. In such cases I will treat and cure it; but my prices will be high, as my method is not to lay the disease asleep, or drive it back into the bones and viscera, but to hurl it out of the body altogether, so that it shall not reappear to blast man's peace or keep terror hanging over him—or her. My fee for advice in this disease, with or without a course of medicine, will be \$20 and upwards.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

• No person in general practice has a full knowledge of the articles I use, and NO ONE LIVING KNOWS HOW I CURE SPERMATORRHEA, therefore this is to caution all persons against so-called "clairvoyants" and others, who claim to have full possession of my formulas. All they have are those I printed some years ago, and long before I completed my system of Positive Medicine. Therefore all persons who want my advice must state their case in full, and address as follows, enclosing stamps for return letters:

DR. P. B. RANDOLPH,

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

I am in the habit of guaranteeing cases for a certain sum, and as a proof that the articles I use are perfectly harmless, I hereby state that I give nothing but what I would give my own children if they were ill.

CATARRH.

One hundred thousand persons die yearly on this continent with consumption. Every physician knows that with fully two-thirds of this number the disease first commenced as a

Catarrh in the Nose,

the next step being to the throat and bronchial tubes, and lastly the lungs. It is easier to cure Catarrh than Consumption, and by curing the former we prevent the latter. Persons should understand that the better way to cure Consumption is to prevent it. The symptoms of Catarrh as they generally appear are at first sight very slight. Persons find that they have frequent attacks, and are more sensitive to changes of temperature. In this condition the nose may be dry, or a slight discharge, thin and acrid, afterwards becoming thick and adhesive. As the disease becomes chronic the discharges are increased in quantity and changed in quality; they are now thick and heavy, and are either got rid of by blowing the nose or else they fall into the throat and are hawked or coughed off. The secretions are offen-

THE GRAND SECRET.

sive, causing a bad breath, the voice is thick and nasal, the eyes are weak, the sense of smell is greatly impaired or destroyed, and deafness frequently takes place. Another common and important symptom of Catarrh is that the person is obliged to clear his throat in the morning of a thick, slimy mucus, which has fallen from the head during the night. When this takes place the person may be sure that his disease is on the way to the lungs, and should lose no time in arresting it.

The above are the symptoms of Catarrh as they appear in different cases. Already, I have cured a large number of cases in California, and especially in this city. Price for cure, \$20, or in very severe cases as high as \$40. Give particulars of case, and send cash by Wells, Fargo & Co., on receipt of which medicine will be sent, with full directions—warranted to cure.

OTORRHOEA,

or discharges from the ~~ears—in some cases~~ from mouth and nostrils—is one of the most disgusting and dreadful diseases that can afflict mankind. It is most common with, if not wholly peculiar to, persons of serofulous diathesis. It is usually caused by measles, scarlet fever or cold, but may result from any cause producing inflammation of the mucous membranes of any cavity of the head. Neglected, it almost always results in Polypi or tumors and caries, or rotting of bone, causing complete disorganization of the hearing or nasal apparatus.

I will furnish medicine to cure every case, at from \$30 to \$50. Address as below, giving all particulars.

RHEUMATISM

~~It is well known to say anything about, except this:~~ I will send ~~the medicine~~ warranted to cure, for \$10 the first package, and, if this ~~does not~~ complete cure, only \$10 more, for which *I will cure* ~~the case, or return the cost.~~

GRAVEL, OR CALCULUS

in the kidneys, ureters or bladder, also Biliary Calculus or Gall stones, are rapidly removed and cured, effected by medicines in my possession. Price, for full package, \$30; half package, \$15. If they do not entirely cure, I will consider the amounts as so much paid upon the further treatment, and will make the cure perfect by the persons putting ~~themselves~~ under my treatment in this city.

Questions to be answered by those who wish to avail themselves of our professional skill:

How old are you? Of what temperament, or combination of temperaments?—or you may tell the color of your hair, eyes, complexion, and whether you are fleshy or thin. What do you understand your disease to be? Tell how long you have been affected; and, in short, give a minute account of your case from the first as near as you can. What have you done, or had done, for the removal of your ailment?

My medicines are almost, if not wholly, vegetable—many of them derived from the pharmacopœia of the Red Man, to whom in a great degree God has opened the laboratory of Nature. They are harmless, but they are **POSITIVE MEDICINES**; and by their efficacy in hundreds of cases, when all old methods of practice have failed, I have proved them. We earnestly desire to benefit and to cure you—and **WE CAN DO IT!**

Address, with stamp,

DR. PILKINGTON, San Francisco.

☛ Dr. Randolph's office is with Dr. Pilkington.