

# The Alpha.

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Human Rights before all Laws and Constitutions.—Gerrit Smith.  
The Divine Right of Every Child to be Well Born.

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## WHAT IS LOVE?

There is probably no subject in all the vast realm of subjects that has been so much speculated about, and has received so much attention from all thinking people, as that which we will call the attraction of opposites, generally designated at its first appearance as love. We are astonished, but not perplexed at the harmonious blending of opposites in physical nature, and we have some faint inkling of the causes that obtain in the swift union and wonderful results of the introduction of an acid to an alkali, but we are utterly swamped when we endeavor to find a philosophical and common-sense reason for the attraction that exists between the fine and the coarse, the refined and the vulgar, the honest and the dishonest in human nature. If these attractions were not as a rule fleeting and ephemeral, scarcely ever enduring after marriage, it would not be so difficult to ascribe a reason at least for the very common phenomena. But these attractions, though strong and passionate as the deepest affection, are rarely ever lasting, or rather they do not last after a close acquaintance. For example, take the young lady who was willing to leave kindred, wealth, society, and all the refinements and luxuries to which she had always been accustomed, to share the fate of her father's coachman. In this case the reaction from the singular fascination is said to have occurred within two days after the nuptial knot was tied. The sweet and subtle something which had not only made it possible for this girl to turn her back upon a parent's love, and a luxurious home, but easy, and above all things desirable, began to change into another subtle something just as soon as she was taken into the more private and inner life of this man whom she had chosen for her husband out of all the world. At first it was a slight, and to her a most unaccountable aversion. The man was kind, and as considerate as he knew how to be. There was nothing to find fault with. She had no wish to pick flaws. On the contrary, all the pride of her nature was in arms against any falling off of the strength of her affection. She had taken a step which all the world disapproved. Before marriage she had been as confident of the truth and staying power of her love for this man, as she had been of her own existence. The slightest touch of his work-hardened hand thrilled her with the most exquisite pleasure. No woman was ever to all appearance more madly in love. No music was sweeter to her ears than his coarse and ungrammatical language. There was even an extra fascination about this disregard of conventional rules. She turned with real pleasure from the conversation of scholars and

the refined gentlemen of her own set to the society of this man, who didn't know a noun from an adverb, and who was as destitute of any intellectual originality as a clam. This slight and inexplicable aversion after an incredibly short time, deepened into positive dislike, and the sound of his approaching footsteps, which had once filled her heart with the most eager delight, came to be like the knell of doom to her. Circumstances had not been favorable to a knowledge of her husband's habits before marriage, but when she came to sit opposite him at table, and had ample opportunity to observe the way in which he partook of food, this love upon which she had built such fond hopes of an eternal union, began to totter and tremble upon its throne. Because this man shoveled his food into his mouth with his knife, and leaned heavily upon the table as he ate, and smacked his lips appreciatively, his wife's affection, which had been warranted to stand the wear and tear of time, poverty, sickness, and death, was perceptibly lessened. Contempt in some measure took the place of the wild, passionate love which once had filled her heart. Had he been unkind and neglected her, she could still have loved him. It is probable that he might have stayed out night after night, and returned in the gray of the morning, drunk, and bedraggled, and her affection would not have wavered—at least for some time; but vulgar manners at the table she could not bear. An occasional blow would not so quickly have knocked the love from her nature as the neglect on her husband's part to remove his hat when he came into her presence. Dissipation, neglect, and unkindness would all have had their effect in time, but not nearly so soon. So, in a very short time, aversion and contempt grew into positive hatred, and this woman's life with this man came at last to be the most awful and abject bondage possible to conceive of. The only hours that were endurable to her were those which kept her husband confined at his business.

Now, what was the meaning of this change? The influence which had attracted her up to a given point, turned suddenly to repulsion. It had been strong enough to keep her brave and determined through a series of crises which might well terrify and weaken any woman who was not sure of her own heart. It had carried her through all manner of disagreements and opposition, and made it possible for her to even consent to an elopement; but when the excitement was all over, and the time had come for the husband and wife to settle down into practical, sober, every-day house-keeping, this attraction proved to be the veriest snare and delusion, and it came to pass that two lives were

wrecked. Who or what was to blame in this matter? The woman had apparently every reason for believing herself in love, and it certainly could not be expected that the young coachman could be insensible to the compliment paid to him by this beautiful member of the aristocracy, nor could he be expected to be grateful for the compliment and refuse the gift. Such an action as that could only be possible to a man of developed intellect and strong moral character. If science or experience had made known any way to distinguish the love which we know exists in this world, from a certain magnetic attraction which seems to be purely physical, and consequently exceedingly swift and strong in its inception, and as swift to depart, then this woman would have been to blame; but she probably knew no better, and was as honest in thinking herself in love as the woman whose love endures. It is easy to say that the difference in the social positions of this man and woman accounted for the subsequent misery, but the same social distinctions existed when the girl supposed herself in love for time and eternity. It is doubtful even if an opportunity for a more intimate companionship before marriage had been afforded her, it would have had the effect of opening her eyes upon the true state of the case. The effect of her lover's elbows upon the dining table, and his animal style of getting outside of his food, would doubtless have added to the unique fascination which he exercised upon her. This apparent affection which existed on the girl's part was simply a sham which perfectly resembled the real article. It was so like the real fruit for which she hungered, that it could only be known for what it was by eating it. Then it was bitter and unclean, and naturally was no longer desired. One might multiply case with case, and still be as far off as ever from getting at any truth that would be of assistance in such crises.

"Common-sense might be of service," suggests a critic. An excellent preventive of some kinds of mischief; but in a case of this kind, the glamour of the spell is so strong that it is sure to throw common-sense and judgment, and even observation entirely into the shade. Criticism comes afterward, and rarely ever in time to be of service.

A Brooklyn girl of exceptional refinement, talent, and common-sense, whose family belonged to the best society, that is, the most cultured and most truly honorable, fell in love, or thought she did, with her dancing-master, a young ignoramus, whose only claim to consideration lay in the grace and agility of his faultlessly shaped legs. This is no exaggeration. The man knew literally nothing but his profession, and for this he was pre-eminently fitted, both by nature and education. When the pupil's admiration for her teacher came to the consciousness of her family, their anxiety can better be imagined than described. Steps were immediately taken to counteract the obnoxious influence, but as is usually the case, were too late. Opposition strengthened the bond, and after a few months of indescribable anxiety, a very quiet wedding took place at the residence of the bride's mother. It was the only course possible, as a refusal to have the ceremony at home would have resulted in a run-away performance which would have

been harder to bear than the other. There was nothing to do but allow this rarely gifted girl to throw herself away in marriage upon a man in every respect unworthy of her.

"You will see," she said to her mother a day or two before the wedding, "that I am right. You are so prejudiced against—that it may take some time before you will acknowledge it, but I know that we are exactly fitted to each other; and I should be the happiest girl in Brooklyn, if only things were different at home. But it is so strange that you, who have always been so fair and kind and unselfish, can not admit the good qualities of the man whom I so dearly love."

What could this, or any other affectionate and discreet mother say under such circumstances, knowing as did this one that destitution and unhappiness as surely waited for this girl who had been reared so tenderly and educated so carefully, as night is sure to follow the day? But the mother's judgment, derived from an ample experience, was worth nothing to her daughter. She, like all the rest of the world, must find out for herself, and suffer and regret like the rest. The honeymoon of this couple was shorter even than the wife's friends had prophesied. Just three weeks from the wedding-day the wife presented herself at her mother's door, and alone. The first glance at her haggard, sorrow-stricken face was sufficient to tell the whole story, and it needed not the subsequent broken words, "Mother, I have come to stay," to paint the whole dreadful picture. When asked what the trouble was, she replied:

"Not one thing, but everything. It was so different from what I had expected."

"Oh, yes," the mother answered, "but if that is all, you have no excuse. Marriage is not like a garment that one can put on and off at pleasure."

The response was as desperate as it was unexpected.

"I shall not blame you if you refuse to give me shelter," she said, "but I will never speak to — again as long as I live. There is one resource left to me, and I assure you that death would be infinitely preferable to one hour of that man's society."

There was no more exaggeration about this statement than there had been about the one previously made in reference to the strength of her love for this man whom she now as strongly detested. We know that this attraction does not endure even between persons of the same social standing, and of similar taste and culture. So it is clear that there is a something that we call love, and which lasts as long as life endures, and a something else which resembles it so perfectly that up to date there is no way to distinguish between the two. So, what is love, and what is the nature of the ephemeral attraction that closely resembles it? If the marital mistakes and miseries which have occurred in other generations could only profit this one, there would then be some good accomplished by past suffering. Perhaps there is no other way by which development can be so surely attained as by the yoking together of men and women who are totally unsuited to each other. If the intention of Divinity is to "shape our ends rough," there is certainly no rougher method that could possibly be employed. But all the same, we want to know what

is love, and what is the something which is called love, but which is no more like it than the pure, newly-fallen snow is like the mud of the gutter.

—*Phrenological Journal*.

ELEANOR KIRK.

#### LOVE.

A short time ago I heard a noted lecturer say that the word orthodox was the best and most expressive word of the English language, and I was filled with surprise that one so learned and wise should have forgotten the unbounded and ineffable influence of the word *Love*.

It seems to me that every good action has its beginning in love and that all happiness is from the same source.

Love is the desire to see others happy. This may not at first seem to be true, but every experiment will prove it to be so beyond a doubt. When we desire the happiness of any being to that degree that we will sacrifice our own happiness in order to render it to them, then we may know that we truly love them. But when, though we feel kindly towards another, we are not willing to bear the burden of unhappiness ourselves, if necessary to render them happy, then, if we love them at all, it is with a selfish love. Though I dislike to say it, it is none the less true that the greater part of what we see as love, is selfish love; that is, though the feeling of love for an object is strong yet the love for self is even greater. Such love can never bring to any one the same degree of undefiled joy that the generous and sacrificing love will; that this is true is signified by the great respect and admiration we all have for the latter whenever we see a true example of it.

There is more pleasure of living to be had from one kind thought than from hours of malice or despite. If this is true, and surely it would a malignant mind that would say it was not, why should we not all try to cultivate kind feelings for every living object; love for that which is good, charity for that which is evil. If the power of love was only more fully known and practiced, parents would have little need for the use of the rod.

It is my fortune to be acquainted in a family where I do not think the father ever spoke an unkind or angry word to his children, and where it would be just as rare for any one of them to disobey him; their love for him, which has not only been created but cultivated, is such that his wish is theirs, and though it may at first cross their desire, yet there is no hesitancy in their minds when his wish has been expressed, and this is no more than could be in every family, as far as the children are concerned, if the parents did and always had understood the secret of love in its full power. The same can be had in the school-room, and indeed it is a pleasure to know that there is a constant change progressing in that direction.

We have pleasing evidence on every side of us, that the human heart is slowly but surely growing in kindness and overcoming the unfeeling hardness that in the time of the Roman empire even allowed friends to murder each other for the pleasure of themselves and the heartless throng gathered to witness what to them was sport.

The object sought is plain; the manner of obtaining

it may not be so much so. The union of body and mind is complete; the mind obtains its inspiration from the body and the body must surely obtain its life from the nourishment we take to support it; this being plain can it not be true that our minds and dispositions are affected to an unlimited degree by the kind of nourishment we take for our bodies? The happy and gentle little lamb that eats the tender grass is not the same in disposition as the ravenous wolf who is seeking to destroy him, whose nutriment is of the basest kind.

I need not say more, the comparison can be carried unerringly through all nature. If the desire exists, as I doubt not it does, a hint is better than a sermon.

A kind heart will have its sorrows, but its joys are ineffable.

CHAS. L. HYDE.

#### ANOTHER PHASE OF LOVE.

If we are correct in our philosophy; if the ultimate in love is naturally limited as a law, to the great and fundamental purpose of continuing the human species on earth; if this view is to possess us, a good many things logically follow, some of which we will proceed to point out.

(a) It is not advisable to arouse and evoke passion in its strength and desire previous to full puberty, nor then and afterward when there is no justification of or wise wish for parentage.

(b) If so little is to be given to mere physical love, then a great deal could be saved for platonic, for material culture, the increase of knowledge, the joy of friendship, and every noble achievement.

(c) In a community disciplined to this standard, there would be unusual freedom of intercourse, little jealousy, little solicitude, a paradise for girls that no serpent could enter.

(d) In such abeyance of animal passion, every fact relating to the reproduction of the species, the differentiation of the sexes, and the like, could be calmly and thoroughly discussed.

(e) In the improved state of mind and heart, aged women, plain women, women not voluptuous or magnetizers of soft desire, could be more adequately appreciated; their social, moral, and intellectual worth, varied work and usefulness acknowledged, and a merely handsome woman, a Venus, would not secure such disproportionate attention.

(f) If mere lust be abated, then women may dress more sensibly, appear more naturally, be allowed more freedom, escape all the thralldom of the harem, devote herself assiduously to every good word and work in which she instinctively delights or her brothers are engaged.

(g) Also, in the new world of rational self-control, we should finally escape elopements—many avengements, tragedies, divorces, ill-considered marriages, and so on—a long, dismal chapter.

(h) In the trend of consistency, the mastery of the greatest passion would be accompanied and followed by the giving to the spirit the dominion over all the lower tiers of faculty in the brain of man. Oh, the guilt, the weakness, the waste, the confusion, the pain, the darkness, from which man would emerge!—*Phrenological Journal*, January, 1884.

## PHYSICAL AND MORAL HERITAGE.

[Continued.]

There is abundance of historical evidence bearing on this point, yet it does not to every mind bear the same interpretation. Thus the Jews have been brought forward as a proof of the correctness of both views, viz.: the propriety and the impropriety of allied and family marriages. Mr. Walker classes them as degraded, along with, and from the same causes as, the Hindoos and the gypsies—that is, close unions amongst members of one family. Dr. Steinau, on the other hand, upholds the entire family of Abraham as an instance of the propriety of such family connections: “Abraham married his half-sister, Isaac the daughter of his first-cousin, and Jacob his first-cousin, furnishing three near marriages in succession, and yet they became the foundation of a stock, which if not gigantic like the Anakim and their relatives of Gath, does not appear to have been deficient in any physical respect, but, on the contrary, has continued to furnish to the present day numerous examples of various excellence. . . . and the practice of the Jews to the present day not only shows that the same views have been handed down to the latest posterity, but their average health, longevity, and intelligence, under every circumstance of climate and mode of life, and even in opposition to many adverse influences, are powerful evidences that the dread of intermarriage of relatives on physical grounds is as futile as that of many other superstitious fears.”

We can scarcely admit a “peculiar” and chosen people like the Jews to be a sufficient argument\* against phenomena so serious and so generally admitted. Popular opinion and scientific induction equally lead to the impression that although one marriage between near relatives may be unattended by evil consequences immediately perceptible, yet it is very rare that the second or third is so innocent. There usually arises amongst the children resulting from such unions a tendency to disorders, functional or organic, of the nervous system, or of the nutritive organs, tending in the former case to unsoundness of mind, and in the latter to conditions bordering on scrofula or on allied affections. M. Devay found in the children proceeding from one hundred and twenty-one consanguine marriages twenty-two cases of sterility (actual and virtual), twenty-seven cases of various deformities, and two deaf mutes. Dr. Boinet knew five idiots in five different families sprung from this sort of marriage. A celebrated lawyer, married to a cousin, lost three children from hydrocephalus. A manufacturer at Lyons, similarly married, had fourteen children; eight died of convulsions at an early age; only one survived; the remainder died of scrofulous affections. In our own circle of acquaintance we know of several families where there is an idiot child, or where many of the members have the most strongly marked nervous peculiarities, to which the parents and ancestry were strangers, and for which there seemed to be no plausible reason, except that their

\* “Moreover,” as Dr. Devay observes, “the Jew offers *extenuating* circumstances in his consanguinity. Disseminated over the whole globe—nomadic and commercial in habits—they change almost imperceptibly, and are to each other dwelling in north, south, or temperate zones, almost like different races. And, after all, amongst this people, we find in plenty the maladies ascribed to consanguine unions, and the Israelitish type has singularly lost its force and beauty.”

parents were cousins, and that the families had been in the habit of intermarrying.\*

Thus reason, theory, and observation combine to prove the impropriety of consanguine unions, and the advisability of a contrast of constitution or race in the parents. There is also what may be termed a *factitious consanguinity*, arising from identity or similarity of position. Manners, customs, habits of life, occupation, etc., which institute necessarily the same constitution and temperament, and give proclivity to the same morbid affections. Marriages between persons so constituted, are liable to be attended, though perhaps not to the same extent, by similar inconvenience to those amongst actual relatives. Lallemand remarks, that “nothing is more favorable to the improvement of populations than their crossing with those who live in opposed conditions, because evil tendencies on each side neutralize each other in offspring (and because each supplies what the other needs.) It is thus that the most beautiful families of the south are those which proceed from Germans or Hollanders allied to women of the country.” M. Devay also remarks, that those families of Berlin which are most remarkable for their beauty, their force, and their intelligence, proceed from French exiles married to young ladies of Berlin. Dr. Pritchard remarks, that “in some parts of Ireland, where the Celtic population of that island are nearly unmixed, they are in general a people of short stature, small limbs and features; where they are mixed with English settlers, or with the Lowlanders of Scotland, the people are remarkable for fine figures, tall stature, and great physical energy.”

Leaving this point, we pass on to notice the results of certain vicious habits in the parents upon their offspring; amongst which, standing out in bold relief, we notice intemperance, which we shall take as illustrating sufficiently the whole series of vices. We have already noticed the hereditary nature of drunkenness, and some of its morbid results; we have now to trace more especially some of the modifications caused in the physical and moral nature of the child, due to such habits in the parent. The first point to be noticed is this, that the *habit* of the parent, when inherited, does not appear in

\* This subject of consanguine marriage appears to us of so much importance that we are induced to give some further illustrations. Dr. Berniso, of Louisville, has collected the particulars of thirty-four consanguine marriages, from which result the following important details: Seven of these, or slightly more than one-fifth, were unfruitful. From the twenty-seven fruitful marriages, one hundred and ninety-two children were born; of these fifty-eight perished in infancy or early life. Of the one hundred and thirty-four who arrived at maturity forty-six appear to be healthy; thirty-two are reported as “deteriorated,” but without absolute disease; nine others are not reported upon as to physical condition. The remaining forty-seven, manifestly diseased, twenty-three are scrofulous, four are epileptic, two are insane, two are dumb, four are idiots, two are blind, two are deformed, five are albinos, six have defective vision, and one has chorea.

If these numbers be compared with the proportions of those in the entire population suffering from the corresponding diseases, we shall observe a most striking preponderance here. To mention but one instance, that of epilepsy: the disease is calculated by M. Herpin, a distinguished French physician, to occur about six times in one thousand of the population; even this is considered by many to be too high an estimate; yet in the case of these consanguine marriages we find four cases in one hundred and thirty-four individuals. The statistics collected by Dr. Howe are still more decided. In his report on idiosyncrasy he mentions the details of seventeen marriages of blood-relations, from which resulted ninety-five children. Of these forty-four were idiots, twelve scrofulous and puny, one deaf, one dwarf; only thirty-seven of even tolerable health. From numerous instances under our own observation we select but one, that of a marriage between cousins belonging to a family that had intermarried more than once before. From this marriage resulted several children; one was an utter idiot, a second was nearly so and had deformed hands, a third was epileptic, and manifested depraved tendencies; the others were with one exception of a low grade of intellectual development. The exceptional case was a female, who died not long after marriage; her first and only child died of a convulsive disorder. These facts might be indefinitely multiplied, but they are sufficient for purposes of illustration; and it cannot be doubted that they are of the gravest significance.

the child *merely as a habit*, but in most cases as an irresistible impulse, a disease. This disease, known as oinomania or dipsomania, is quite readily to be distinguished from ordinary intemperate habits; it is characterized by a recent writer in the *Psychological Journal* as "an impulsive desire for stimulant drinks, uncontrollable by any motives that can be addressed to the understanding or conscience, in which self-interest, self-esteem, friendship, love, religion, are appealed to in vain; in which the passion for drink is the master passion, and subdues to itself every other desire and faculty of the soul." \* \* \* "The victims of it are often the offspring of persons who have indulged in stimulants, or who have weakened the cerebrum by vicious habits or undue mental labor." \*

Let us glance at a sketch of such an individual given by M. Morel, and then ask how far such a one is a responsible being:—"Such cases present themselves to our observation with the predominance of a phenomenon of the psychical order, which I have already had occasion to mention, *i. e.*, a complete abolition of all the moral sentiments. One might say that no distinction between good and evil remains in the minds of these degraded beings. They have desolated and ruined their families without experiencing the least regret; in the acute state of their delirium, they have nearly destroyed all that came in their way, and preserve no remembrance of it. The love of vagabondism seems to govern the acts of a great number of them. They quit their homes without troubling themselves where they may go; they cannot explain the motives of their disorderly tendencies; their existence is passed in the extremest apathy, the most absolute indifference, and volition seems to be replaced by a stupid automatism."

This by its phenomena, its progress, and its termination, is clearly marked as a diseased condition, and under its influence infractions of social right and order are often committed, which are in the present state of our law punished *as crimes*, instead of being treated as diseases, and for which we should hold the unfortunate subject to be as irresponsible as any other maniac, and remove him from society, and from the means whereby to gratify his morbid propensities accordingly. For, what is really the state of the case? This unhappy person is born with a strong tendency towards vice, inherited perhaps from his own parents, perhaps in still more confirmed cases, from a long line of vicious ancestry. *Theoretically* considered, this impulsive tendency may probably not be absolutely irresistible, but *practically* it is almost if not altogether so. For whilst the organism is so constituted as to receive vividly impressions of temptation, the force of the will and the power of resist-

\* The same writer gives, amongst other striking illustrations, the following: "In the case of a member of an artistic profession, there is great natural talent and aptitude for business, so that he gives the highest satisfaction to his employers; but at varying intervals of time—from a few weeks to several months—the oinomaniac is absent for several days from his office on a drunken 'spree.' When he returns, great is his remorse, bitter his self-condemnation, loud and resolutely expressed his promises to resist temptation. For a while all goes on well; but sooner or later the temptation comes, the alcoholic stimulant is presented, is irresistible, and a paroxysm is the result, to end as before. Now, the brother of this impulsive oinomaniac is the victim of continuous drunkenness; the father of both was a continuous drunkard, who believed himself to be a teetotal, to be made of glass, etc., and who in a paroxysm of inebriate fury, burnt a cat alive; and the grandmother's brother was also an impulsive, and finally a continuous oinomaniac. It is related of this grand-uncle, that his friends having taken away his clothes on a Sunday morning, hoping to confine him to the house, he went into his warehouse, and donning a funeral cloak, made his way to the dram shop. These cases illustrate the *hereditary* transmission of the predisposition from generation to generation."

ance are indefinitely diminished, so that moral liberty must be considered as in abeyance. This diminution of the power of the will is one of the most constant phenomena attendant, both upon drinking and opium-eating. "This," says a writer already quoted, "is a very important point in the history of oinomania, especially in relation to those persons which are clearly to be traced to hereditary transmission, either from insane parents, or from those who have enfeebled their cerebrum by nerve stimulants. Indeed, this inferiority of the will is itself virtually a species of imbecility not always doubtless accompanied by imbecility of intellect, but occasionally, on the contrary, associated with the highest powers of thought and imagination."

The two Coleridges, father and son, exemplify this point most strikingly; the elder was an opium-eater, and writes of himself that, not only in reference to this sensual indulgence, but in all the relations of life, his will was utterly powerless. Hartly Coleridge inherited his father's necessity for stimulant (which in his case was alcoholic), and with it his weakness of volition. Even when young, his brother thus writes of him, "a certain impunity of will had already shown itself. His sensibility was intense, and he had not wherewithal to control it. He could not open a letter without trembling. He shrank from mental pain; he was beyond measure impatient of constraint. \* \* \* He yielded, *as it were unconsciously* to slight temptations, slight in themselves, and slight to him, *as if swayed by a mechanical impulse apart from his own volition.* It looked like an organic defect, a congenital imperfection." He was well aware of his own weakness. In one of his books he wrote as follows:

"Oh! woful impotence of weak resolve,  
Recorded rashly to the writer's shame,  
Days pass away, and Time's large orbs revolve,  
And every day beholds me still the same,  
Till oft-neglected purpose loses aim,  
And hope becomes a flat, unheeded lie."

These exalted types of mind contrasted with such weaknesses are not common; but the weakness itself in its most aggravated form is so. Such men are not responsible, in the sense in which soundly organized men are. The elder Coleridge *knew* that he was not, and wished to be sent to an asylum to be cured of his propensities; this was not effected, but he had a constant special attendant for the purpose. But there is no such resource as this for those in the lower walks of life, and of lower orders of intellect. Their temptations are more gross, and are not unfrequently indulged by means of theft or violence, and the perpetrators are treated as common malefactors. They are perhaps imprisoned, and for the time this is salutary, because they *cannot* obtain drink, but they constantly relapse and are constantly re-punished; and hence is ever recruited that hopeless and incorrigible body of our criminal population, the stock and capital of our police courts. This system is manifestly unjust; there *is* wilful crime in plenty in the world, but there *is* also disease of mind which resembles and re-enacts crime; and to punish this disease, is neither humane nor reasonable; for punishment, far from curing, chiefly exacerbates it. For the continuance of it, there are two principal reasons;

one of which is trivial enough, whilst the other contains practical difficulties of no ordinary character, and which may for some time to come prove insuperable. The first to which we allude is this—there are enlightened men in all professions who recognize mental unsoundness as forming a very material element in human actions, but they are still in the minority. In courts of justice this plea is occasionally brought forward in accordance with the dictates of humanity and true philosophy, but in the special case of which we are now speaking, the *name* is unfortunate. No sooner is it proved that the accused is laboring under the disease called dipsomania, than the opposed counsel makes the inevitable pun of “tipso-mania,” and few juries are proof against so cogent an argument. It will be remembered that this occurred not many weeks ago in one of our courts. The second reason is of a much more serious nature, it is one of distinction. It is feared crime might go unpunished under the name of disease, and that so encouragement might be given to vicious propensities and actions. That this would be a difficulty in actual administration, there is no doubt; but if the position be true,\* should his consideration stand in the way of its due recognition?

We are not now concerned to point out the precise mode of investigation—we assert that there is a disease such as is described above—a disease almost as well and characteristically marked in its psychical aspect, as small-pox is in its physical; that this disease is hereditary; and that the victims of such sad heritage crowd our criminal assembles. Let but this be once understood by our authorities, and it will not be long before means will be found to erect an equitable system of judgment upon it; and amongst these means, the most efficient will be a reference to ancestry. But it is not necessary that children should always inherit the actual alcoholic tendencies of their parents in order to present a type of progressive degradation. Some of them, many indeed, enter the world completely degenerate, in the condition of hopeless imbeciles or idiots. A forcible illustration of this point is found in Norway, where the spirit duty was removed in 1825. Between that time and 1835, the increase of insanity amounted to fifty per cent. on the previous proportion, but the increase of *congenital idiocy* was one hundred and fifty per cent.

Out of three hundred idiots examined by Dr. Howe in the State of Massachusetts, one hundred and forty-

\*“And who can deny that there are many hundred persons now under restraint in our asylums who are less dangerous to themselves and society, more amenable to motives, possessed of more self-control, more rational, in short, in every respect, than the thousands of oinomaniaes who now infest society uncontrolled. \* \* \* transmitting to their wretched offspring their own morbid cerebral organization, as a Pandora’s box from which a host of miserable disorders will inevitably arise.”—*Psychological Journal*, April, 1855.

In France a person accused of crime, but showing signs of such a disease, is submitted to the examination of a commission appointed for the purpose to decide whether he is in a responsible state of mind or otherwise. If he is considered responsible, the jury try the facts as in ordinary cases, and the judgment proceeds; if not, the facts are still tried, but seclusion in an asylum is substituted for other punishment. It cannot be said that under this system criminals escape punishment, for it may be fairly questioned whether to a man sane and merely vicious, the isolation in such an institution, and the inability therein involved to gratify his natural tastes and evil inclinations, is not a greater punishment than the treadmill or other labor would be.

The instincts of these oinomaniaes, and those suffering under analogous affection, the erotomaniaes, seem to be as violent and little under any control from the intellect or will as those of a carnivorous animal when it smells or tastes of blood, or as the condition alluded to in these lines in reference to another appetite:

“*Nome vides ut tota tremor perterriti equorum  
Corpora, si tantam notas odor attingit auras?  
At neque eos jam frenata virum, neque verbera seiva,  
Non scopuli rupesque carae, atque objecta retardant.  
Flumina, correptos nuda torquentia montes.*”

five were the children of intemperate parents. In Sweden two hundred millions of *litres* (*say pints*) of some form of spirit are consumed annually. If, from the population of three million, we take an allowance of half for young children, some women, and those who from education and common sense restrain themselves within due bounds of temperance, we shall find one million five hundred thousand persons who each consume from eighty to one hundred pints of spirit (whiskey?) annually. Children of eight, ten, or twelve years of age, drink like their parents; the parents know no better way of quieting their infants than giving them linen soaked in whiskey to suck. Dr. Magnus Huss testifies as a consequence of all this, that the whole people is degenerating; that insanity, suicide, and crime are frightfully on the increase; that new and aggravated diseases have invaded all classes of society; that sterility and the premature death of children is much more common; and that congenital imbecility and idiocy are in fearful proportion to the numbers born. Other children born of intemperate parents, *live intellectually* up to a certain age; after which, they either remain stationary or gradually sink back into a state almost resembling idiocy.

“After having painfully acquired some degree of information and fitness for occupation, they find themselves not only capable of no farther progress, but they became successively incapable of fulfilling their functions” (Morel); and all this, it must be remembered, without any actual transgression of their own. The above quoted writer gives many melancholy histories of these lamentable heritages; one or two of which we shall briefly quote. F— was the son of an excellent workingman who had early given himself up to drinking. The son inherited the tendency. He had seven children, of whose history the following is a summary: The first two died of convulsion. The third had attained some skill in handicraft, but fell away into a state of idiocy at twenty-two years of age. The fourth attained a certain amount of intelligence which he could not exceed and relapsed into profound melancholy with a tendency to suicide, which terminated in harmless imbecility. The fifth is of a peculiar and irritable character, and has broken all relations with his family. The sixth was a daughter with the strongest hysteric tendencies; profoundly impressed with the sad spectacle of her family, she has been seriously troubled in her reason repeatedly. The seventh is a remarkable intelligent workman, but extremely nervous and depressed; he indulges in the most despairing anticipations with regard to his life and reason.

The history of four generations of a family sketched by M. Morel, is full of instruction; it includes father, son, grandson, and great-grandson.

*First Generation.*—The father was an habitual drunkard, and was killed in a public-house brawl.

*Second Generation.*—The son inherited his father’s habits, which gave rise to attacks of mania, terminating in paralysis and death.

*Third Generation.*—The grandson was strictly sober, but was full of hypochondriacal and imaginary fears of persecutions, etc., and has homicidal tendencies.

*Fourth Generation.*—The fourth in descent had very

limited intelligence, and had an attack of madness when sixteen years old, terminating in stupidity nearly amounting to idiocy. With him probably the race becomes extinct. And thus we perceive the persistence of the taint, in the fact that a generation of absolute temperance will not avert the fatal issue.

Innumerable are the forms in which the evil tendency acts upon the offspring. As has been before remarked, they need not inherit\* the identical habits or dispositions of the parents, but they inherit a faulty defective or vicious organization, which develops itself in the most varied forms of disease or character. It may, in one of the children only, manifest itself in a simple neuropathy, an hysterical tendency, an oddity or peculiarity of manner or of disposition; but *all these, when due to such an origin*, are capable of giving rise to affections of the mind of the gravest possible significance.

\*The writer to whom we are indebted for many of the illustrations quoted on the subject of intemperance, mentions the following case: "A merchant is under our notice, affected with hopeless imbecility and general paralysis, for years before his mental disorder manifested symptoms of cerebral disease. One of these was, that after smoking a cigar he could not lift his eyelids so as to open his eyes, nor, on some occasions could he articulate the word he would utter. He took alcoholic drinks in quantity far beyond the power of resistance of his brain, and fell a victim of their morbid action. Now this individual has a son and a daughter approaching adult life. The former has been subject from childhood, at varying intervals, to paroxysms of extreme terror and distress, arising from no obvious or known cause, very similar to those which attack the oimaniacs, but *as yet* (being but sixteen years of age), without the impulsive desire for stimulants. Previously to the attack, there is a great irritability and restlessness, with a tendency to sleep; then the outbreak of inexplicable terror commences, usually in the night, continuing for two or three days. When it subsides, he is left weak, ill, and exhausted. The daughter on the contrary, is passionately fond of every kind of pleasure, as dancing, society, etc., excels in artistic accomplishments, and is singularly vivacious and animated. Both these children have manifestly derived from their father a cerebral constitution, which will endanger their well-being and happiness as years advance, by predisposing to the development of those insane impulses which we have discussed, or to various forms of melancholia."

We append an additional note from M. Morel: "I constantly find the sad victims of the alcoholic intoxication of their parents in their favorite resorts (*milieux de predilection*), the asylums for the insane, prisons, and houses of correction. I as constantly observe amongst them deviations from the normal type of humanity, manifesting themselves not only by arrests of development and anomalies of constitution, but also by those vicious dispositions of the intellectual order which seem to be deeply rooted in the organization of these unfortunates, and which are the unmistakable indices of their *double fecundation in respect of both physical and moral evil*."—*Traite de degenerescences, etc.*, p. 568.

#### WHAT SHALL BE THE CURE?

Last week a man at Decatur, this State, attempted to outrage an orphan girl about thirteen years old, and there are so many other cases through here recently that the people almost feel as though they should do something to stop the awful work. Your plan, to castrate every man who seduces, attempts to do it, or does commit rape on a girl or lady, I believe is the best plan. A year or two in the penitentiary is no cure for rape. I wish you would write another piece bearing on the subject.

C—

I have of late received very many letters somewhat like the foregoing, and all from *men* too, who see, feel and realize that the only safety for their mothers, sisters and little girls, is to suppress by some means the great crime of rape. It is precisely as Mr. C— says: "A year or two in the penitentiary is not a *cure*." It will prevent the imprisoned criminal from perpetrating a like horrid deed while he is in durance; but once free, his base passions and brutal instincts will lead him to follow in the same old line of life that he led before his incarceration. What we want is not to punish the guilty, but to protect the helpless. Therefore, until we

can generate a race whose passions will be controlled by reason and judgment, we must prevent further outrages from those who are too ignorant, depraved and ill-born to keep their amative natures in check, by the best and surest means we can devise. Were I to copy for you the list of rapes and attempted rapes committed during the past month, and only those made public in our common newspapers, you would be appalled at the number and the vileness of the perpetrators; and not one dissenting voice would be heard against a law compelling either the perpetual sequestration of such criminals from all womankind, or their castration by the surgeon's knife. The criminal to have his own choice. One friend writes me that the latter remedy does not kill the desire, but on the contrary adds to its intensity by rendering it insatiable. Should this be so, in rare cases, then for such unfortunates sequestration from women will be the final verdict.

The insane and the idiot forfeits his right to liberty, and surely the rapist is no more worthy of the blessed boon of freedom than those unfortunates are. Society is bound to protect itself and its members from all social evils. From theft, murder, arson and the whole long list of crimes.

The day will come when no professional thief will be allowed to ply his calling, but after the second conviction he will be forever sequestered from his kind. It is a disgrace on our civilization to let men loose that we know will prey upon the industry of others. We punish the starving wretch who takes a loaf of bread for his perishing family, but the thief who has stolen ninety-and-nine times is set free and allowed his liberty till he forfeits it once more by being caught in the one hundredth attempt, and so it goes on.

Friends, we need not only fewer and better children but fewer and better laws. We need a higher and cleaner civilization. A purer and more chaste education. We need to study the laws of heredity and sexual physiology, so that we can purge our race of all that is so disgraceful to humanity. Seduction, rape and enforced motherhood must be unknown crimes in the coming future of independent free womanhood.

Marriage does not mean motherhood. It is now a civil contract where each is a full and equal partner. The two unite for life, intending to be close, warm, true and loving companions and co-laborers, sharing equally and fully in all things. Where these contracts are lived up to, no rapist will ever be generated, for if children come they will be not only born of love, but of reason, judgment and careful preparation. Work one and all for this grand and good era and so shall it hasten to come.

ELIZABETH D. SLENKER.

## IS NOT THIS PAPER NEEDED? WON'T YOU TAKE IT AND CIRCULATE IT?

### Subscription and Advertising Rates.

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One square, (space equal to six lines nonpareil.) first insertion one dollar; each subsequent insertion, fifty cents.

#### Correspondence:

Letters consisting of personal opinions should be not more than half column in length. Letters containing important facts or interesting matter may sometimes be longer.

All communications, books for review, &c., should be addressed to Caroline B. Winslow, Editor of "The Alpha," No. 1 Grant Place, Washington, D. C.

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We send THE ALPHA to no one unless it is paid for, and we discontinue it at the expiration of the time for which payment has been made. Persons receiving it who have not subscribed for it *may be sure* that it has been sent and paid for by a friend, or neighbor, and that *no bill* will ever be presented for it.

# THE ALPHA.

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No. 7.

THE price of "Tokology" and "The Lost Name," as quoted in February ALPHA, is a mistake. "Tokology" is sold at \$1.50, and "The Lost Name" at ten cents each. It was a mistake not discovered till too late to correct.

THE National Suffrage Association will hold its annual convention March 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th, at Lincoln Hall. Morning sessions to be devoted to business, afternoon and evening to speaking and discussion. There will be a large delegation of our most talented women from the far West, South and East. Much important work will be done. Come up to these meetings, all good and true women; let us unite our strength, moral and spiritual, and create such an all-convincing and irresistible influence that the marble walls of the Capitol will be permeated and shaken, and our obtuse legislators be induced to do justice by the larger half of the human family, and thereby make our country a true republic, which it is not now.

LETTERS by a mother to mothers "On the Formation, Growth and Care of the Teeth," by the wife of a dentist, Mrs. M. W. J., is a very useful, wise, and sensible series of sixteen letters, on how the body is built up; the important part the teeth play in digestion, assimilation and nutrition; when and how the teeth are

formed; why they are often deformed or defective; how to overcome hereditary tendencies to defective teeth; what mothers can do to furnish good bone and teeth material to their infants before birth and during lactation. It is a most complete treatise on the formation and preservation of the teeth and their relation to the life, health and happiness of individuals; scientific, and yet in a most pleasing, popular style. Every one should read it and be benefitted by the wisdom and sound sense exhibited by the author. It is published in Atlanta, Georgia.

A BACHELOR'S TALK ABOUT MARRIED LIFE AND THINGS ADJACENT. By Wm. Aikman, D. D. author of "Life at Home," etc. 12mo, pages 273. Price, \$1.50. Fowler and Wells, publishers, 753 Broadway, New York.

Our Bachelor is evidently fully impressed with the fact that it is the little things of life and their adjustment that make up the sum of human happiness or misery. There is no doubt he is correct, and the manner in which he treats of the incidents and fictions of domestic life is very refreshing, demanding justice and equality for married couples and for children, without any ultra or agrarian expressions. In great patience and gentleness, he leads the minds of his readers to healthful introspection, and they almost wonder "how the author knew how an incident almost identical with the one he relates had occurred in our family." Those contemplating marriage and those already wearing the yoke, cannot help being benefitted and interested by perusing its pages. The topics which engage attention show that his point of view in the observation of home is that which is appreciated by the majority of those who have any sincere ideas on the subject, and who wish to live and be happy in this present world. For instance, among them are "A Home not like Heaven," "Mrs. Frank Holman's House-keeping," "Obedient Babies," "A Young Wife's Troubles," "The Dead Babe," "Politeness in the Home," "After the Honeymoon," "Taking and not Giving," "Promises to Children Broken," "A Horse, Sir, is like a Child," "Responsibility put on the Inexperienced," "Little Courtesies." The author's style is simple and clear and direct. His chapters are not prolonged essays, but short, sprightly, cheerful, and agreeable to read and to be heard read. There is good meat in them—incidents and suggestions that are useful.

COLETA, ILL., January 30, 1884.

DR. C. B. WINSLOW: Inclosed find one dollar, for which please renew my subscription to THE ALPHA. I renew it not because its doctrine as to sexual practice is fully clear to me, but because it familiarizes us with the subject and thus opens the way so that knowledge and consequently right action, whatever it may ultimately be found to be, may take the place of the ignorance and consequently wrong action, the source of all



unhappiness, that now so largely obtains. I often query within myself to know where, other than in man-made doctrines, do we find authority for shame and concealment in connection with our sex natures, since they not only lie at the very root and foundation of our existence, but also largely shape for good or ill our youthful and more mature years. If a parent is secretive and insincere, its progeny is liable to be of like kind. We do not gather figs from thistles, &c. I thus bear testimony against a double life, that no right action need be hid, and that it makes no wrong action right to do it behind a bedroom door. Let us not close our ears to a higher truth; let us have that which, as is truly said, "shall make us free." I am fully satisfied that THE ALPHA seeks to better human life, and I hope it will receive all encouragement to that end.

J. A.

"J. A." writes wisely and well. It is the reproach of our nineteenth century civilization that we make the highest and most sacred functions of our being a disgraceful, hidden shame—the creative function, that so closely allies us to our Heavenly Father, and should crown us with glory and honor. He is likewise right in his conjecture that THE ALPHA has not the *whole truth*. We are painfully aware of that ourselves. But we hope by faithfully giving in its columns the truth as we see it and as fast as it is revealed to us, it will become a means of grace to our own souls and others, showing many that now walk in darkness a higher and a better way.—Ed.

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#### LOVE.

While there appears to be many varieties of this divine attribute of the soul, in reality there is but one love—the divine, all-pervading love of the Father of all love, all light, all life. The varieties are but variations of this divine principle. "Life is built upon love, even hate is little more than concealed love."

The love that so often fills the imagination and blinds the reason of the youthful susceptible dreamer, is the magnetic power a strong and positive will exerts over a passive and impressible mind, and is most frequently manifested in the school-girl friendships and first loves of very young people. This form of love or rather fascination is well defined and dissected in the first article in the present number of THE ALPHA. While a still higher type is shown in Mr. Hyde's definition: "Love is the desire to increase the sum of human happiness by making others happy."

A few years since a valentine party was given in this city by a very intellectual and spiritually-minded young lady to her friends. After discussing the various phases of love as presented to the youthful mind, they gradually approached the subject of the highest and purest affection known to mortals and aspired to by the immortals. The following pledge was given to each person present to be taken to their homes as a memento of a very remarkable occasion, and to be signed by those that felt ready to bind themselves to strive after imperishable happiness:

"Thou shalt LOVE the Lord thy God with ALL THY HEART, and with ALL THY SOUL, and with ALL THY STRENGTH, and with ALL THY MIND; and thy neighbor as thyself."—*Luke x.27.*

That thy heart learn *gratitude and tenderness.*

That thy soul aspire to *truth and faithfulness.*

That thy strength be kept to *beauty and helpfulness.*

That thy mind attain *courage and purity.*

That thou fail not in *equity and helpfulness.*

For this I pledge myself to strive daily.

.....18 . . . . .

The guests departed from that memorable entertainment feeling they had been very near celestial regions and rich in self-respect, their hearts blessed by pure aspirations and aglow with divine passion that must have created for them a new heaven and a new earth that has illumined more or less their subsequent lives. What a power for good this young hostess possessed over her companions? It is deathless. She has since been called "up higher." But her face is still set in a halo of light; her fair hands still beckon her friends to follow her and her memory is a precious benediction.

But the sweetest travesty on this divine element of our Heavenly Father we transpose for the closing course in this feast. "The best wine last." This pure conception is in striking contrast to the popular interpretation and as far as possible from its grosser influences which so sadly stifle the inner life and cause, in many of us, spiritual dysphoria and atrophy, and we become voiceless, lifeless and stunted.

This poem may be familiar to most of our readers, but it will bear reading and re-reading many times and oft:

#### THE LOVE OF GOD.

BY SAXE HOLM.

Like a cradle rocking, rocking,  
Silent, peaceful, to and fro,  
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping  
On the little face below,  
Hangs this green earth, surging, turning  
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow,  
Falls the light of God's face bending  
Down and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer,  
Toss and cry and will not rest,  
Are the ones the tender mother  
Holds the closest, loves the best;  
So when we are weak and wretched,  
By our sins cast down, distressed,  
Then it is that God's own patience  
Holds us closest, loves us best.

Oh! great heart of God, whose loving  
Cannot hindered be nor crossed,  
Will not weary, will not even  
In our death itself be lost.  
Love divine, of such great loving  
Only mothers know the cost,  
Cost of love, which all love passing,  
Gave a Son to save the lost.

May our hearts and lives be filled with this divine love, and it will be well with us.—[Ed.]

## THE DOWNWARD GRADE.

A reporter of the *National Republican* recently visited the Washington Poorhouse, and found what can be seen in any public lodging house or almshouse, that all its inmates were not of what is called the lower strata of society. Men and women of all grades and professions congregate in these wretched places. They are the victims of bad generation and bad habits, cheated out of their birthrights, that drag humanity downward, as surely as inanimate things obey the law of gravitation in the physical world. Education, wealth, home nor family influence could keep these born vagabonds from finding their level of moral degradation :

At the workhouse door the reporter was met by an old Irish watchman, who had guarded the portals of that institution for many years.

"Yes," he said, with a strong Irish accent, in answer to an inquiry, "many queer people are brought here. An old southern judge used to be among our regular callers. But the old judge made his last trip to the workhouse several months ago. He died in the van while on the way to 'put in some more time.' Another distinguished visitor was a whilom stately old commodore in the confederate navy. Then there was also a former brevet brigadier general of New York volunteers, and several ex-regular army officers."

Many queer cases are found in the workhouse. Among the number was Louis Coombs, who is serving out a term for vagrancy. He is a very old man, with a frowsy head of white hair, that ill became his striped prison garb. "I was considered a remarkable man at one time," he said, "but I have met with reverses. By profession I am a copper and steel plate printer. I did all of the government work of this city, such as engrossing congressional bills, &c., from 1826 to 1850. It was I who printed all of those beautiful frontispieces for the famous silk worm mill."

Another character is Edward Johnson, a very old colored man, known as the shaving gatherer. His occupation when not incarcerated is to gather shavings from about carpenter shops and sell them to families for kindling. But "Uncle Ed" is an habitual drunkard, and when in that condition uses a great amount of profanity, consequently he is frequently gathered in by the police.

Mary Nuttrell, a debauched looking white woman, is a regular habitue of the workhouse. It is claimed she has drunk enough liquor in her lifetime to float an iron-clad. Mary has eaten eighteen Christmas dinners in the institution in which she is now confined.

An old tailor is another odd character. He has spent many terms in the workhouse, where he was found yesterday working hard at patching zebra uniforms.

The female prisoners are generally a hard looking set, and nearly all of them chew tobacco. None of them have ever been known to refuse the ration of tobacco, issued twice a week. A new feature of the institution is a school recently established, where the juvenile prisoners are taught the elementary English branches.

Referring to the charges against the prisoners, the superintendent said that a majority of them were va-

grants. Many belong to the class known as professional criminals. They are men who go from city to city and commit petty crimes in order that they may be imprisoned. They seem to enjoy imprisonment with the same *gout* that a connoisseur enjoys good wine or brandy.

"I have overheard this class talking together," said Superintendent Stoutenburgh. "They have said, 'Well, this is a better workhouse than the one at New York or Baltimore, and I guess I'll try the Sing Sing the next time, or the Albany prison, or the Washington jail.'"

## THE SILENT MISSION.

It is not long since the descendants of one abandoned woman were carefully traced through several generations, and found to be, with scarcely a single exception, vicious, ignorant, and besotted, inmates of jails and poorhouses. The truth, conveyed by these facts, has long been recognized by thoughtful persons,—that the tendency of vice is to create vice—that ignorance, passion, and crime perpetuate the same. This idea, and the hope of saving precious souls, must have led, I think, to the establishment of the institution called the *New England Moral Reform Society*—by many titled "*The Silent Mission*."

With the impure, and the self-righteous, this "Temporary Home" for misguided woman is not popular. But wide-minded and intelligent persons understand and approve its efforts and aims. It is meant as a means of succor for individuals, and as a source of relief to society. It has been forty-three years in existence. It has saved many a wayward girl; sustained many a deceived and abandoned one; prevented the crimes of infanticide and suicide; and been an incalculable help to the community. Hundreds of women, now leading pure and upright lives, virtuous wives and mothers, have had a dark page of their early youth kindly turned out of sight of a censorious and unpitiful public by the noble women of the Silent Mission.

The latter say little of the punishment of these breakers of the law. They have heard too many cruel stories; felt the throbbings of too many anguished hearts; witnessed physical sufferings, and ministered to the dark endings of death too many times to cry, "what shall be done to her?" They know too surely that the way of the transgressor is hard, and their task is to help what can be helped, and dismiss with the injunction—"Go, and sin no more."

In its practical workings, the Home is meant to be partly self-supporting. The actual expense incident to the reception of every inmate must be met; and in cases where the distressed friends of the girl will pay for her board and care, or she can furnish the needed sum from her own purse, this exigency is met; but many a desperate, friendless, stricken creature comes begging shelter, and it is the rule of the Home never to turn such away; no matter how penniless, she must be helped and cared for in some form. In this way the Home often becomes burdened—its outgoes far exceeding its income—and it must depend entirely upon the hearts and consciences of the public. Efforts are made by its managers, the story of its purpose goes quietly from mouth to mouth, and noiselessly spreads; the

magazine (*The Home Guardian*) published monthly in its behalf, tells the story of its progress; and the right hand that knoweth not what the left hand doeth, drops unostentatiously into its coffers. Its officers make judicious solicitations, and frequent legacies are received from those who, during their lives have known and sympathized with the work. Gifts are privately made by old inmates who gratefully remember their friend in need. But in times of financial depression, the institution is oftentimes embarrassed for funds, and its bills met only by the extreme exertion of its self-sacrificing managers.

Though the institution is conducted most prudently, and its pretensions are very modest—the house being simply a large home-like mansion in Oak Place—it has not been sustained without difficulty. Some persons, often those of large means, who give readily to a more showy charity, are incapable of appreciating its broad and Christian principles, and object to its workings as affording a refuge from sin. It is true that some have proved unworthy of the kind motives which gave them assistance in time of trouble, but those cases are only occasional; character, happiness, and even life is saved.

No opportunity is lost by the officers in getting a hold upon girls actually living in houses of ill-fame. Their confidence is sought, their reform entreated, and where there is any hope in that direction, their distant friends are communicated with. The society aims to be what its title indicates—a moral reform society.

In view of this, and its ever-recurring needs, it would be well to remember how far we can each lend aid to this excellent effort and genuine charity. There must be food for the workers, and for those under their care, fuel, lights; and also clothing for those innocent little ones, upon whom the world scarcely turns a look of pity.

If any clear head and kind heart is affected by this statement of facts, we hope they will feel the wish to lend a hand. They can help in no better work.

Temporary Home of the Society at No. 6 Oak Place, Boston, Mass.

#### HIS REASONS.

(From the *Christian Register*.)

As no one replied to the gentleman who gave his reasons for giving up smoking, I would like to say a few words in regard to them:—

He says he does not count fifty or sixty dollars a year very much for cigars. How much good might he have done with half that amount in deeds of noble charity, in helping even one of God's poor unfortunates to a higher and better life!

He tells us his wife and daughter urge his giving up the cigar, but he loves it. They would not be alienated from him, they loved him so dearly, and so have endured his selfish habit, hoping and trusting that in time they might prevail upon him through that very love to renounce it, for *their sweet sakes*.

Tobacco, he thinks, makes him good-natured and genial. If so, he surely could be all that without it; for nature must have been wonderfully lavish with him, to have given him a disposition to withstand so long and well the hurtful influence of tobacco.

But the reason he gives for abandoning the habit,

seems to me the most selfish of all. To do for that friend (not but the friend's reasons were very noble and self-sacrificing on his part, but he never indulged, so bad nothing to give up), an old school-fellow, that which he refused to do for a wife whom, he says, he is as much in love with as he was twenty years ago, or for a lovely daughter, who has always been sunshine to his heart ever since she was born, is a strange exhibition of affection, or a strange lack of it.

A WIFE AND MOTHER.

#### ADVICE OF AN OLD LADY.

Now, John, listen to me, for I am older than you, or I couldn't be your mother. Never do you marry a young woman, John, before you have contrived to happen at the house where she lives, at least four or five times before breakfast. You should know how late she lies in bed in the morning. You should know whether her complexion is the same in the morning that it is in the evening, or whether the morning wash and the towel have robbed her of her evening bloom. You should take care to surprise her, so that you may see her in her morning dress, and observe how her hair looks when she is not expecting you. If possible you should be where you could hear her morning conversation between her and her mother. If she is ill-natured and snappish to her mother, so she will be to you, depend upon it. But if you find her up and dressed neatly in the morning, with the same countenance, the same neatly combed hair, the same ready and pleasant answers to her mother, which characterizes her appearance and deportment in the evening, and particularly if she is lending a hand to get the breakfast ready in good season, she is a prize, John, and the sooner you secure her to yourself the better.

No Use.—There is no use in putting up the motto "God Bless our Home," if the father is a rough old bear, and the spirit of discourtesy and rudeness is taught by the parents of the children, and by the older to the younger. There is no use in putting up the motto "The Lord Will Provide," while the father is shiftless the mother is shiftless, the boys refuse to work, and the girls busy themselves over gewgaws and finery. There is no use in putting up the motto "The Greatest of These is Charity," while the tongue of the backbiter wags in the family, and silly gossip is dispensed at the tea-table. There is no use in placing up conspicuously the motto "The Liberal Man Deviseth Liberal Things," while the money chinks in the pockets of the head of the household, groaning to get out to see the light of day, and there are dollars and dimes for wines and tobacco and other luxuries, but positively not a cent for really good and deserving objects. In how many houses are these mottoes standing—let us say hanging—sarcasms which serve only to point a jest and adorn a satire? The beauty of quiet lives is trustful, hopeful, free-handed, charitable—lives of surpassing loveliness; and those lives shed their own incomparable fragrance, and the world knows where to find them. And they shall remain fresh and fadeless when the colors of pigment and the worsted and the floss have faded, and the frames have rotted away in their joists.—*Olive Branch*.

## UNPHYSIOLOGICAL MARRIAGES.

The mischief resulting from marriages entered into without having due regard to physiological conditions are only too frequently the matter of observation to family physicians. Intermarriages among hereditary inebriates are, perhaps, among the most copious and melancholy examples. An observed case recorded by the editor of the *Quarterly Journal of Inebriety* affords a striking example of this. "The ancestors of A. B. were Irish, and inebriates. Owing to a rise in real estate, the son became wealthy. He was talented, and a paroxysmal inebriate at twenty-six years of age. He married a pious woman having neurotic ancestors, in spite of the protest of the family physician. Seven children followed the marriage; two died in infancy of convulsions; the third is now in an insane asylum, hopelessly incurable; the fourth grew to manhood, and is now an inebriate pauper and criminal, having been in prison five out of the last eight years; the fifth became the wife of a wealthy man, and, in a paroxysm of inebriate insanity, killed her child, poisoned her husband, and committed suicide. The sixth is a low dealer in spirits and a petty criminal, who has repeatedly been punished for crime. The seventh, after a short life of great excesses, died in a public hospital. The father became a paralytic, lost his property, and died in an asylum. The mother died at 34.—*British Medical Journal*.

## RIGHT EDUCATION.

A friend lately gave me a copy of THE ALPHA, the first I ever saw of it or knew of the existence of such a publication. A perusal of it induces me to write you a brief letter now, and, perhaps, I may write one or more hereafter. For many years I have believed in, practiced, and advocated to some extent the principles of the Moral Education Society without knowing of its existence, or that of any similar one; and, though nearly seventy years old, I think I can aid you in sowing seed that will, in due time, bear fruit. But I doubt if mankind will generally adopt your principles in full before Gabriel will blow his trumpet; though much good may be done before that time by judicious and persevering efforts.

I have been surprised—but have got over that long ago—to find how freely and earnestly highly respectable, and in many respects very intelligent women, single as well as married ones, will talk on this and kindred subjects with a man that they believe has sense enough to know that they mean no more than they say, and honor enough to not betray their confidence; if they think they can gain any desired information from him, and in return as freely give him any information that they can, if they think he desires it. From such I have obtained much information that I have, some of which I have been able to make useful to others in the course of human events, and some of which was only interesting to me as physiological facts and as evidence of their confidence in my honor. There is a lamentable amount of ignorance on these subjects, and that ignorance begets a morbid curiosity that results in misery in many ways, sometimes by thoughtless imprudence and sometimes deliberate villainy. There is no man living who esteems real modesty more than I do,

but I hold in utter contempt mock modesty, which is not only a barrier to the progress of much needed reforms in society, but is frequently used as a means of concealment of gross vices. PHILANTHROPIST.

## AN OPEN LETTER.

A man writes: "You say the sexual organism is dual in function—procreative and magnetic; that the first involves the sexual act, but the second does not, necessarily. I want some light on that subject, if you can and will give it. I should be happy to practice it if I can."

Now, my friend, (or friends, if there be others,) the first step to take is to desire to live the highest and purest life of which you are capable. Consecrate yourself to a pure, grand, noble manhood. Aspire to live in such a way that the world will be the better for your living in it. Forget self and selfish desires. Seek the society of good, pure women; and forget, by force of will, the fact of sex. Repress all passionate thoughts and feelings and allow nothing to draw your attention in that direction. Associate freely with the opposite sex, and with those between whom and yourself there could exist no other relations than those of friendship. Play, sing, read, talk, and work with them, if you can. Interest yourself in what concerns the good of those around you and humanity in general. Harbor not, even for an instant, a single thought that you would be ashamed for your women friends to know. Let your strongest and constant effort be, to be pure, even in your inmost soul. Do not indulge or listen to vulgar jokes or questionable allusions concerning men and women, or the sexual relations. They are sacred, and should never be lightly spoken of. Have some honorable business that shall occupy your mind and hands, nor allow your thoughts to run idly in morbid directions. Take plenty of fresh air and exercise. Be above everything low and mean in any way. Be careful of diet, and avoid all stimulating and seasoned foods, and everything constipating or concentrated. "Whatever stimulates the body stimulates (and rouses) the animal passions," says O. S. Fowler. Keep the bowels and all the waste channels of the body free and in good working order. Keep the body clean and sweet by frequent bathing. "Even from the body's purity the mind receives a secret sympathetic aid." Cherish for every woman the same reverence that you would for mother or sister; and though the conditions and surroundings of her life may be such as to place her lower in the scale of development than yourself, yet she is a human being and by nature your equal, and, mayhap, by your own pure life you may kindle in her the desire to elevate herself to your plane. Avoid all inharmonious relations in life as far as possible, and be at peace with yourself and the world. A pure-minded, clean, wholesome man will never lack for women friends, who, intuitively recognizing his worth, will freely welcome him to their homes, society and friendship; and when the associations between men and women are happy and unrestrained, the exchange of the life-giving magnetic forces will be free, beneficial and satisfactory to all; leaving nothing to be repented of and no surfeit that repels and debases. RITA BELLE.

PAINESVILLE, OHIO.

## THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

Happiness is the chief object for which we labor. And this is natural and right, a duty. We were not made for sorrow, but for joy. Our souls were not wrought to be wasted in melancholy. Our minds were not given us to spend in darkness. It was designed that we should enjoy life's sunshine and its flowers. It is our duty to be good and our duty to be happy. And yet in the pursuit of happiness how few pause to consider wherein it consists and how best to obtain it.

It does not depend so much upon circumstances as one might suppose. Many of the honorable, distinguished and prosperous men around us are unhappy, and the fault is not with their surroundings, *but with themselves*. They have failed to adopt the true philosophy of life. They wait for happiness instead of going to work and making it. They undervalue the good that they possess, and throw away the pearls in hand to grasp something less valuable beyond their reach. Pleasure they never seem to know, because they are never ready to enjoy it. Something is wrong all the time and the wrong is always just about them.

A very common error is to imagine that happiness is to be found in idleness. But it is the earnest workers, not the idlers, who truly enjoy life of all human beings; they are the most wretched who have no useful employment. Neither does happiness depend upon the possession of wealth. All of the noblest duties of life may be performed, all of life's highest honors obtained and its purest pleasures enjoyed without wealth. Yet many think that nothing will do for themselves or their children but wealth. Not a good character, not virtue—*nothing but wealth*. But when all is gained the joy passes away in the passion, and though a godless ambition is satisfied, it does not bring happiness. Those who are benevolent are the truly rich and happy. If they have not money to waste in a life of idleness and sensualism, they may still enjoy the luxury of doing good, of scattering blessings all around them; kind words to comfort the unfortunate, and smiles to cheer the sad and suffering. In seeking the happiness of others they secure their own. Many marry for money with the expectation that it will bring them luxury and ease; but money, when made a leading motive for marriage, always proves a snare and a curse. No amount of gold will secure peace of mind, or purchase that most precious gift of heaven—*pure and holy love*.

The drunkard and libertine seek happiness in their sensual indulgences, yet blush and quail beneath the open eye of virtue, and acknowledge, when too late, that their cup contained only poisonous and most bitter dregs. We cannot violate the will of God and be happy. We cannot sinfully indulge a single passion or pleasure without incurring a penalty. If the thoughts and energies are enlisted in the fleeting pleasures of licentiousness and vice, an unhappy life, a painful and premature death, physical and mental and moral destruction, are the inevitable results. The proper use of good things, and the avoidance of evil things, honesty in our dealings, benevolence in our intentions, a love of purity and truth, the cultivation of kindness and affection for our fellow-man, and obedience to the laws

of God—these will insure the sweetest joys of youth, health and happiness in the prime of life, and sweet memory in old age.  
E. P. JONES.

## A LETTER FROM OUR VERMONT MISSIONARY.

DEAR SISTER: You see I have not left the field. I feel more deeply involved in this great work than I ever dreamed of in my highest enthusiasm for its service. I have points of operation and interest in town and country in another State and even in Canada. We live in a wonderful era, when one humble woman in a quiet country town can reach and influence so many, and so far. I send you two more new subscribers, and have others I hope to get, but people are so slow. Dear Dr. Miller has sent me another donation of her useful books, "Vital Force" and "Fathers' and Mothers' Advice." When the spring opens I shall begin to sell and distribute, I hope. Now I am surrounded by a sea of ice and snow, and ice that keeps me indoors for weeks at a time, but I nearly always succeed in getting to Sunday school, and then I carry some of my precious pamphlets in my cloak pocket and almost always have an opportunity to drop a seed here and there in places that look dark and barren. Surely the time must come when people will know something of their own great needs. I hope we are to have another missionary who will work in the great West. She lives in Idaho. Inclosed address. Please send her THE ALPHA and a package of your best pamphlets, for which please find money inclosed. You will excuse my greed for reform-literature, if I could tell you half I dare and do. More than a year ago I put "Vital Force" into the overcoat pocket of a man that called at our house. He was a stranger to me, though working in the neighborhood. I wrote a note and inclosed in the book, asking his serious attention to the contents of both. When I put them into his pocket my heart was full of hope and fear, and I prayed God to take care of his own, and He certainly has, and blessed the effort. Next Monday this man starts for Minnesota; he takes with him Dr. Cowan's "Science of a New Life," many copies of "Vital Force," and a "Father's and Mother's Advice," other moral, educational tracts and pamphlets and ALPHAS, and is determined to be a missionary to sell, to lend, and to give, for the cause of human enlightenment. He renews his mother's subscription to THE ALPHA, so she may do good with it while he is gone. As for myself, I have to do this work or die. It is my health; we live by breathing, so I work to live. It is no thanks to me. What I do, I dare not leave undone, while there is so much intemperance of every kind all around me. Tobacco becomes more and more an annoyance and I am more and more convinced that it is not only a detriment, but a hindrance to the growth of the love of purity in the soul. Can you write something strong on salivary waste as a cause of indigestion? I could fill quires of paper relating scenes; pathetic incidents, that I encounter when I am out calling among the people. I called at one house where father, mother, and ten children had whooping-cough. They were in a most distressed condition. The man was sure he would die, the wife and mother coughed as hard as her husband, but

she had to wait upon him and the ten children, besides cooking for the family. The husband had hired two other hands to help to do his work, but the poor wife had no help in her toil. She would stop, cling to whatever was nearest, have her paroxysm of coughing and go on with her wearisome toil—showing the difference between the perseverance and endurance of the man and woman. One word more—keep me well supplied with your publications—for I feel, if I do not keep THE ALPHA, or some other publication advocating the same doctrine, in the hands of those that are passive or very nearly converted to continence, for a reminder, the cause will suffer, for the world has so long lived in Egypt, that while Moses is on the mountain-top receiving new inspirations for them, these weak ones are in danger of returning to the flesh pots and they will have many followers. The presence of the published word speaks awful searching words of truth and warning. God bless you and your labors for truth and purity.

M. B. C.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

LYNN, MASS.

DEAR MRS. WINSLOW: Enclosed I send you one dollar, renewing subscription for THE ALPHA. Owing to sickness, I allowed same to expire with November number, 1883; but I find as I am able to resume my reading, that I miss its interesting and important teachings very much, and wish it might be issued weekly. How unfortunate that so many of our intelligent people, those who might have an influence with others, should be so thoughtless and indifferent to these vital questions so ably treated in its pages. May you and its able corps of writers live long to aid in moulding a higher public sentiment relative to the principles it teaches, is the wish of your friend.

M. P. S. F.

ORANGE CAL., January 15, 1884.

DEARLY LOVED MRS. WINSLOW: I am prepared to send fifty cents for seed for my January sowing; but as we see no reference to January extras, my husband is sure that their issue is discontinued. I shall be greatly disappointed if it be so, for I have rejoiced in the opportunity to reach so many with the little which we can spare, and write to ask you. Words cannot express the interest I feel, nor my longing to scatter far and wide your precious paper. I shall not forget the joyous thankfulness that filled my soul when first I knew that such work was being done. Alexis, too, is a reformer in all directions. I am unable to meet or talk with people, but through my mother, my sister, and the mail, I have sent the paper where I could. And since my mother, Mrs. Joslin, has been able to subscribe, she gives me hers to send away. I am one of the unfortunate badly born. Since 1876 I have been a perfect wreck; but now, with Alexis' help, I am rebuilding. Until this winter I have not been able to read THE ALPHA for myself. A— is bread-winner, physician, nurse, washer (we do not iron), baker and at times seamster. And this, my dear mother, is why we can do so little for THE ALPHA. Because of my inability A— has no time. I have longed to let you know that we are not indifferent. I trust you will pardon the selfish part of this letter, and believe us to be your friends, personally and in your work. My sister, Mrs. Saxton, is going to send for THE ALPHA.

H. LEB.

BERLIN, N. J., October 30, 1883.

MRS. WINSLOW: Through the kindness of a noble woman, I have, for some months past, had the reading of your excellent paper, THE ALPHA, and no one can rejoice more than I do, to know that there is one paper that starts at the beginning instead of the middle to improve the race of humanity. A great deal of money and labor have been spent in improving domestic animals to great advantage, but very little thought has been given to the improvement of the human race, which if rightly generated would need no re-generation. I have observed in my travels through the world of near eighty-three years two classes of children, one class so kind, gentle, loving and obedient, that they only need be told by the parent what to do, and they are

ready to do it; while the other class have no fixed principles, and always want a rod hanging over them to enforce obedience. The former appear, as far as I could obtain proof, to be the children of healthy parents begotten in love; whilst the latter are the offsprings of diseased parents, and the fruits of animal passion. You are pursuing the true course to overcome this evil. Make the fountain pure and healthy, and the water that flows from it will be pure. Fewer and better children should be the motto of all parents, and it must be before the race becomes what it should and can be. I know a woman who has had fourteen children, and only eight of them living; another has had fourteen, and only three living; another only thirty-three years old, has had ten, and only two living; and these three women all live within three minutes walk of each other, in a very sparsely settled village. There are causes for all this premature mortality and you are pointing them out, and if all parents would read your paper and practice its important truths, half the children born would not die before their seventh year as they do now. Success to your labors. May you toil on until parents know as much about raising children, as they do about breeding swine.

Yours incereely,

J. HACKER.

MT. LEBANON, February 14, 1884.

FRIEND WINSLOW: I had all the papers I wished to take, but on the receipt of your letter I have reread and reconsidered. THE ALPHA is a marvel. Shakers have worked hard and waited long for the time when men and women would begin to be rational to their own bodies and the propagation of the race. Unclean, impure fastidiousness, in the garb of modesty, has been the rule heretofore. "In this mountain shall the Lord of Hosts make unto all people a feast of fat things, a feast of wine on the lees; of fat things full of marrow. In this mountain he will destroy the face of the covering cast over all nations and the veil that is spread over all people."—Is. 25-6-7.

Has there not been amongst all people upon earth a covering and a veil cast over the use and abuse of the perpetuating process of humanity? A century ago the veil was removed and the covering of secrecy taken off among the Shakers. Now it begins to be taken off outside of this mountain, and a paper like THE ALPHA, edited by a woman, is supported. To tolerate it would have been more than could have been expected or borne before the pioneer work of Shakers. Go on and prosper.

Respectfully,

F. W. EVANS.

THE HOME LEA, PENKETH, NEAR WARRINGTON,

December 3, 1883.

MY DEAR MRS. WINSLOW: \* \* \* I make great use of THE ALPHA by lending it to friends. Permit me to express my admiration of the courage and devotion which enables you to edit a paper so greatly needed. I only wish it could be in the hands of every one who contemplates bringing a human soul into existence. To the newly-married it is a priceless boon and to those with sons and daughters about to launch into married life it gives a valuable opportunity and speaks words of truth and wisdom, for which I am sure they will be ever grateful. It was very sweet to me to have my daughter-in-law thank me for instructing my son (her husband) in the great laws of life and a rightful care and respect for her womanhood, and for this I must thank your valuable paper. May you long be spared to edit it, and live to see a wiser and a better generation rise up to call you blessed. With all kindly greetings, I am ever yours for endless progression in the path of righteousness,

MARGARET E. PARKER.

NAPLES, ONTARIO CO., N. Y., December 31, 1883.

DR. C. B. WINSLOW: If mankind will reverently learn the lessons of nature, and become intelligently receptive like the unconscious flower, which unrolls its petals to receive the vivifying heat and light of Heaven, they may very rapidly bud and blossom into happy families and progressive brother and sisterhoods. There is no antagonism between enlightened reason and Father and Mother God. If "male and female in the image of God created He them," there is evidently a mother in heaven.

Not long since I called at the house of a distant relative, saw there a child between six and seven years old; when spoken to would shut its lips tight; could not speak a word. I asked the cause. The mother told me in an early stage of the child's existence (say three months) a woman came into her house and talked very abusive. She said because the woman was older than she that she would not talk back, so shut her lips tight, and the result is seen in the child. Yours for reform.

E. M. A.

WATER CURE, *January 23, 1884.*

MY DEAR MRS. WINSLOW: Not long ago I received a letter from a young lady, who teaches the kindergarten where my little son goes, and who has the charge of him in my absence. In her letter she says: "If we can have such grand men and women as we find here and there in the world born in this haphazard manner, governed by the law and order which THE ALPHA teaches, what would we have? Gods, I do believe." In another place she says: "I think THE ALPHA teachings are divine, and if some earnest men and women would go through our land lecturing upon these subjects, would it not hasten the good time coming?" This I have thought before, and hope that some are even now preparing for the work. However, I have learned in the last few months to trust, pray, and wait for such blessings.

Before I left home, in the *Congregationalist* I saw an article entitled the "New England Divorce Reform League," Samuel W. Dike, secretary or president. I wrote to him asking if he did not think the teachings of your society would do much toward remedying that evil, and soon after I came here I received his reply, which I will send to you. So I know of one who dares to speak on the subject, and hope you know of more. But right here, where there is such a grand opportunity for those in charge to hand their patients these pamphlets, and so open their eyes to their true condition, the cause and remedy in many cases, there is nothing being done. They come here and get better, go away to their former habits of life, get down and come again. Pray for this place that the eyes of the physicians may be opened to the grand possibilities for good which could be accomplished. With this I send a pamphlet which you may have seen, and which has interested me very much as bearing so directly on what THE ALPHA teaches, and coming from so different a source. The advice with regard to prevention at the end, being a believer in THE ALPHA I of course do not approve, and for that reason would not like to hand the pamphlet to any one. But I have thought that some extracts from it published in THE ALPHA might do some good. They certainly answer the question which was urged by a lady to whom THE ALPHA was given, and that lady a physician and a physician's wife. How would the world be peopled if this was universally believed? So many probably would not have children. Which, however, is not true, for many reasons. Have you ever seen that "Vegetarianism the Cure for Intemperance"? I wish you would publish it or something like it.

With love and good cheer, your friend,

MRS. C. G. C.—

## ALL HAIL.

All hail the grand and glorious morning  
And the golden light that dawning  
And the monitor within  
Searching out the paths of sin.

Let us at this precious hour  
Be led by this mighty power,  
Let us look afar and see  
What makes this bright eternity.

Let the gods that condescend  
With their loving hearts to blend,  
Travel with us till the storms  
Change us into fairer forms.

Let our spirits onward rise,  
Till we reach beyond the skies;  
Let us the finer forces find,  
With all that's pure and good combined.

M. E. DILLAURY.

"What though Death may toll  
His scornful prophecy of nevermore,  
A still small voice is near unto my soul  
Assuring me of life for evermore."  
"And friends, dear friends, when it shall be  
That this low breath is gone from me,  
And round my bier ye come to weep,  
Let one, most loving of you all,  
Say, 'Not a tear must o'er her fall—  
He giveth His beloved sleep.'"

—Unity.

## THE ALPHA.

MARY WHITCHER.

The alphabet is well begun  
And several letters learned;  
And ere you reach the X, Y, Z,  
By few it will be spurned.

Man works with God, and God with man,  
In every noble cause;  
No fear of failure in the plan  
Sustained by Heaven's laws.

That "very good" approved of God,  
Must gain its Eden home  
Before the Savior or His word  
Within the heart finds room.

Who bids "God speed" with helping hand  
Foresees the victory won,  
And with the victors may they stand  
When God makes up His own.

CANTERBURY, N. H.

## HARMONY.

"Among the rest, a small unsightly root,  
But of divine effect, he culled me out.  
The leaf was darkish and had prickles on it,  
But in another country, as he said,  
Rose a bright golden flower, but not in this soil.  
\* \* \* \* \* He called it harmony."

A little dust the summer breeze  
Had sifted up within a cleft  
A slanted raindrop from the trees,  
A tiny seed by chance airs left.  
It was enough, the seedling grew,  
And from the barren rock-heart drew  
Her dimpled leaf and tender bud.  
And dews that did the bare rock shed,  
And crowned at length her simple head  
With utter sweetness breathed afar,  
And burning like a dusky star.  
Sweetness upon so little fed,  
Ah me! Ah me!  
And yet hearts go uncomforted.

For hearts, dear love, such seedlings are  
That need so little ah, so less  
Than little on this earth to bear,  
The sun-sweet blossom happiness;  
And sing, those dying hearts that come  
To go, — their swan song flying home.  
A touch, a tender tone, no more,  
A face that lingers by the door.  
To turn and smile, a fond word said,  
A kiss, — these things make heaven; and yet  
We do neglect, refuse, forget  
To give that little ere 'tis fled,  
Ah me! Ah me!  
And sad hearts go uncomforted.

I asked of thee but little, nay  
Not for the golden fruit thy bough  
Ripens for thee and thine, who day  
By day beneath its shadow grow;  
Only for what, from thy full store  
Had made me rich, nor left thee poor:  
A drift of blossom needed not  
For fruit, yet blessing some dim spot.  
A touch, a tender word, soon said,  
Fond tones that seem our dead again,  
Come back after long years of pain.  
Lonely, for these my sick heart bled,  
Ah me! Ah me!  
Sad hearts that go uncomforted.

ELLICE HOPKINS—England.

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